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A Canadian Journal of Literature and Life.

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A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

VOL. 1. }
No. 1. }

Saturday, January 15th, 1887.

{ JOHN CHARLES DENT,
Editor and Proprietor.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE preliminary note is one of salutation.

When a new literary undertaking is launched upon the broad sea of public favour, some explanation of its aims is naturally looked for at the hands of its projectors.

The primary object of those who are responsible for the birth of ARCTURUS is to furnish the Canadian public with a weekly newspaper which, while preserving a high standard of literary excellence, shall address itself to a wide circle of readers, and shall deal with questions of general interest in a readable and popular manner.

ARCTURUS will be the organ of no individual, party or clique. In its columns political questions will be discussed from time to time as occasion may arise, but this will be done from a national and not from a partisan point of view. With respect to religious, social and literary questions, it will enrol in its service writers of various and diverse shades of opinion, who will be allowed the utmost freedom of expression consistent with recognized fitness and propriety. No meritorious contribution on any subject whatever will be excluded merely because it may not be in accord with the prevalent tone of public opinion, or because it does not reflect the personal views of the editor. In short, whoever has a message to deliver upon any subject of interest to Canadians or to humanity at large will have an opportunity of delivering it in these columns, provided the deliverance be

made to conform to well-understood ideas as to the usages and amenities of civilized life.

The contents of the paper will mainly consist of

1. Readable and brightly-written editorials on the noteworthy topics of the time, contributed by persons whose education and experience have specially fitted them to speak with authority upon such subjects. Among these latter are included some of the foremost writers in this country. There will also be occasional contributions from prominent writers in Great Britain and the United States.

2. Editorial notes on seasonable and interesting subjects which do not call for extended or elaborate treatment.

3. Literary notes, wherein the most recent intelligence relating to authors and books will be presented in a compact and succinct form, so as to embody in brief space all the most important literary news of the day.

4. Reviews of and readings from new books, more especially those of native production, or which have a special interest for Canadians.

5. A limited space will be devoted to poetical contributions, and to correspondence on subjects of general interest or importance.

6. A specialty will be made of short tales and sketches. So far as practicable, these will be original, and written expressly for the columns of ARCTURUS. When original stories of merit are not obtainable, selections will be made with care and judgment from extraneous sources.

The editor solicits, and will be glad to publish and pay for, well-written contributions to any or all of the departments, but he cannot undertake to be responsible for MSS. which may be accidentally lost, nor can he under any circumstances enter into correspondence with authors whose contributions it may for any reason be thought fit to reject. Stamps to pay return postage should always accompany a manuscript offered for acceptance, in case it may not be deemed suitable for publication.

ALTHOUGH the Provincial elections are over and done with, the voice of the party press is still for war. The reason is not far to seek. The general opinion among Reformers seems to be that a dissolution of the Dominion Parliament is imminent, and that we are on the verge of a general election for the House of Commons. They are therefore desirous of keeping Mr. Mowat's triumph well before the people, and of making the most of the weak points of the losing side. Conservatives, on the other hand, are smarting under the sense of a crushing defeat, and the asperities of the campaign are yet fresh in their memories. We need not look for much relief from the strain until the great agony is over.

AT the time of this present writing there has been no dissolution, though rumours are rife to the effect that it will have taken place before the day closes. Those who harp the loudest on this string are not a whit better informed than their neighbours. It is difficult to see what purpose the Government can hope to serve in bringing on the turmoil of an election at the present time, unless it be a simple desire to be relieved from suspense. So far as a dispassionate mind can judge, the odds are very much against them just now, and the future offers small inducement for delay; but Sir John Macdonald has always had strong staying powers, and has shown himself trustful of his stars.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER is now on his way to Canada, ostensibly to confer with his leader as to the political situation. It seems to be generally understood that he is to stay here, and that he will accept an important office in the Government. Sir Charles's past has not been of a kind to inspire the highest confidence in his future, but he is unquestionably a strong man, more especially on the stump, and in his native province he is a formidable factor for his opponents to deal with. His health is said to have been completely restored by his residence abroad, and should he take the field in the ensuing campaign we may look out for some interesting exchanges of left-hand compliments between him and Sir Richard Cartwright. Both gentlemen have great gifts in the way of vituperation, and the atmosphere will be electric wherever they may happen to be brought into contact.

It seems to be generally understood that Europe is on the verge of a tremendous conflict—a conflict more widespread and momentous than any which has taken place there since the Crimean war. Russia and Austria have hitherto been regarded as the prime factors in the approaching struggle, but they now count merely for two pieces on the board. France and Germany must inevitably be involved, and that Turkey will have her say in the matter is a foregone conclusion. Italy is also pretty certain to be dragged in. Of deeper significance to us is the fact that Great Britain cannot hope to keep clear of the struggle. There seems but too good reason to fear that the whole European continent is likely to be divided into two formidable camps, and that hostilities cannot well be postponed beyond the approaching spring. The impending war-cloud may haply pass by, but

it would be hoping against hope to look for a successful solution of the many complicated difficulties which stare the nations in the face. Tennyson may as well leave Locksley Hall alone, and revert to "the long, long canker of peace" which soured his digestion more than thirty years ago.

THE sudden death of Lord Iddesleigh from heart disease removes from English politics a superlatively respectable, but by no means an overtowering figure. Such spurs as he had he won as Sir Stafford Northcote, the Commoner, and he had barely had time to become accustomed to the atmosphere of the House of Lords ere he succumbed to the malady which had long overshadowed him. Sir Stafford was an eminently useful, hard-working man, who had a high sense of the responsibilities of his position, and was held in high esteem, not only by those of his own political complexion, but also by his opponents. For nine months back he has been rendered exceedingly uncomfortable by the necessity of coming into frequent official contact with Lord Randolph Churchill, for whose character of political opinions he had not a very moderate degree of respect. Since Sir Randolph's resignation he has been practically crowded out of the ministry. His malady was one especially susceptible to mental influences, and it is extremely probable that his death has been hastened by the worry incidental to his position. His friends and relations will probably mentally hold Salisbury, as well as Lord Randolph Churchill responsible, to some extent, for the calamity which has come upon them.

No sojourner in Canada ever left behind him a greater number of personal friends on leaving our shores than did Lord Dufferin, and there are more than a few Canadians who will be sorry to hear that the climate of India has pretty nearly done its work upon his constitution, insomuch that it is very doubtful whether he will be able to complete his term of office as Viceroy. It is no secret that he is far from being a wealthy man for one occupying so elevated a position, and that his official income is a matter of the greatest moment to him. He expresses his determination to either stay out his term or die in harness, but his physicians declare, that should he become much worse than he has been for some months past he will at least be compelled to relinquish his official duties, and such a relinquishment would doubtless be followed by his immediate return to a less trying climate. Lord Dufferin has long been recognized by English statesmen of both parties as one of the ablest of Her Majesty's servants of the second rank. When he passes to his rest it may truly be said of him, as was said nearly a quarter of a century ago upon the death of Lord Elgin: "Happy are the country and the age in which such men are to be found in the second rank, and are content to be there."

OWING to the difficulties and drawbacks inseparable from the issue of a first number, it has been found necessary to cancel a good many editorial notes, as well as a quantity of other important matter. In future numbers increased space will be allotted to the more interesting features of the paper, and there will be greater variety in the general contents.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

Terms, in advance, \$2.00 a year, or \$1.00 for six months. Subscribers not paying in advance will be charged 50c. extra. Clubs of three, \$5.00; clubs of five or more, to one address, \$1.60 each. Subscriptions may begin any time. *Advertisements*.—\$4.00 per line per annum; six months, \$3.00; single insertion, 25c. per line. No advertisement charged less than five lines. *Business communications* should be addressed, Business Manager, ARCTURUS, Room U, Arcade (Victoria Street entrance), Toronto.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

AN editorial announcement in last Saturday's issue of the Toronto *Mail* has given rise to a greater amount of comment and discussion than any recent product of Canadian journalism. In this city, more especially, the discussion in political and journalistic circles has been well-nigh incessant. When the nature of the announcement is borne in mind, it is not at all to be wondered at that a keen and widespread interest should have been aroused in the public mind. It would have been strange, indeed, had the case been otherwise, for, to the bulk of the community, the information conveyed must have been not only altogether unexpected but positively startling. It was announced, in the clearest and most explicit terms of which language is capable, that the *Mail* has freed itself from the fetters which have bound it in the past: that it has ceased to be the mouthpiece of any political party or faction, and that it will henceforward be in the fullest and widest sense an independent organ of public opinion, "serving neither party, and criticizing both with the freedom born of a complete deliverance from party ties."

As most readers of these columns are aware, the *Mail* took a halting and unassured step in the direction of independence several months ago, when it repudiated certain planks in the Liberal Conservative platform, and adopted one or two planks which were not supposed to be generally acceptable to the present Government at Ottawa. But this proceeding did not count for much, and certainly did not find many ardent sympathizers. There was a widespread suspicion that the *Mail* was not sincere, as, notwithstanding certain utterances savouring of independence, the prevailing tone of the paper continued to be that of a party organ. The latest pronouncement, however, is susceptible of no misunderstanding. The language employed is as direct and unmistakable as language very well can be. It is at once dignified and emphatic, and the journal responsible for it stands clearly committed to a judicial and independent course so long as it continues to be carried on under its present auspices. After such a declaration as it has given to the world, a return to party subservience would surely be the precursor to its extinction. Assuredly it could never again hope that its professions should be received with respect.

The *Mail* was established between fourteen and fifteen years since as the official organ of the Liberal Conservative party in Canada. The commonly-received belief has been that it was originally in large measure founded, and that it has all along been in some measure supported, by party funds.

Until within the last few months it has uniformly been the outspoken advocate of party, and the unswerving defender of the policy of Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues. Anything like independent action has never been looked for at its hands, and nothing in the shape of opposition to the Liberal Conservative policy has ever been regarded as either probable or possible. It is proverbially said that the unexpected always happens, and there can be no question that the old saw has in this instance received an unqualified confirmation.

Assuming the *Mail* to be in serious earnest—an assumption fully borne out by its course during the three or four days which have elapsed since its portentous announcement—its new departure is a most hopeful and encouraging sign. Rabid and unreasoning partisanship has long been the curse of Canadian journalism, and the greatest drawback to political and intellectual progress in this country. "Party government," to quote the *Mail's* own article, "has been simply a contest of factions, each side fighting for its own hand, and both agreeing to shirk those great moral and political questions which must be settled if the prosperity of the country is to endure. Our representatives are not free agents in the Legislature, but accept from the caucus an imperative mandate to support one side or the other; and the sacrifice of the public interests to the party's welfare is the frequent and inevitable consequence." These words have the right ring about them, and will find an echo in the heart of every Canadian to whom his country's interests are dearer than those of his party. The number of Canadians of this way of thinking is much larger than is commonly supposed. The number, moreover, is increasing day by day. That the *Mail's* departure will give an impetus to the open profession of such opinions is as certain as daylight. Several journals controlled by writers of zeal and intelligence have led the way in this direction; but most of them have been hampered by pecuniary and other considerations which have prevented them from obtaining that circulation and influence which under more favourable circumstances they would almost certainly have acquired. But the *Mail* is emphatically a moulder of opinion, and one of the very foremost of Canadian newspapers. Its change of base is most significant, and, unless we fail to read the signs of the times aright, it foreshadows other and even more momentous changes at no distant day.

It seems to us that never in the history of our country was there a more conspicuous opening for a daily newspaper which dares to speak forth the words of truth and soberness without fear or favour. The journal which will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth on various public questions has an assured future before it. The subjects calling aloud for honest consideration are many, and are moreover of such importance that their consideration cannot much longer be deferred. Our national finances are in a condition which may well give rise to grave solicitude. Reforms of a radical character are imperatively demanded in the Civil Service. Various phases of the religious question are forcing themselves upon public attention. The

North-Western problem is one which cannot safely be left unsolved. The voice of Prohibition is beginning to make itself heard with most miraculous organ. Our interprovincial relations are ever and anon strained to a point which threatens the rupture of Confederation. As regards our relations with the mother country, no man of any political prescience can suppose that they can much longer remain upon their present footing. The scheme of an Imperial Federation of Great Britain and her colonies, in the opinion of most persons who have given much consideration to the subject, is totally impracticable. At all events it presents difficulties which must be inseparable for many years to come. There remain the alternatives of independence and annexation to the United States.

With respect to the latter, our party journals have caused many persons to think and speak of the project under the breath, as if the discussion thereof involved something nearly approaching treason. The *Mail* itself has been wont to take this view of the annexation question. Its point of vision, however, has recently undergone a change. It now proclaims that it does not count it treason for Canadians to discuss their future, and it denies the right of "any European power, not excepting Great Britain, to place a check upon the will of the Canadian people respecting any matter in which their interests are at stake." It is very unlikely that Great Britain will feel herself impelled to impose any such check. Annexation has not yet come within the domain of practical politics, either in Canada or across the line. A few years since we used to see frequent allusions to the "manifest destiny" theory in certain United States newspapers, but for some time past republican editors have found more pressing and practical subjects to write about, and have been much more chary of offering advice to their northerly neighbours. That a good many intelligent Canadians, more especially in the Maritime Provinces, have a bias in favor of annexation it would be idle to deny; but there is no present agitation on the subject, nor is any such agitation likely to arise in the near future, unless in the event of some unlooked-for crisis in our affairs. Such a crisis may at any time arise. Should the consensus of opinion in Canada declare itself clearly in favor of a union with the States, there can hardly be much doubt of the final result. The time for the coercion of American colonies by European States is past. In the case of our own country it is by no means probable that any British ministry would take upon itself the responsibility of making the attempt, and if it did it would soon cease to exist as a ministry. Our territory is too large to be held in forced subjection, even by the mighty power of Great Britain. Moreover, in the unhappy event of a conflict between us and the mother country the United States could hardly remain neutral, and there can of course be no doubt as to the side she would take. But such a struggle is of all unlikely things the most unlikely. When the parting comes between us and our parent it will come quietly, by mutual arrangement, and this whether the inducement to separation should be annexation or independence.

Independence has found a good many advocates in our midst, more especially among the young men who have been trained to think. The project was first heard of soon after the accomplishment of Confederation, and there has been a slow but steady growth ever since until within the last year or two, during which little has been heard of it. Few of its advocates are in any haste to bring about the cherished result, and no really prominent public man has ventured to identify himself with the movement, if movement it can be called. True, there is a Canadian Independence Society in Toronto at the present time, but we understand that the membership is under a score, and that there has been no meeting for several months. There is also an annexation society, composed of some capable and scholarly young men, but they have set on foot no active agitation, and do not seem to be growing very rapidly in numbers. They do not even openly call themselves annexationists, but constitutionalists, and their society is called a Constitutional Society. They do not seem to be in deadly earnest, nor to cherish any desperate or treasonable designs. It is certainly no harm for a few thinking young men to meet together for the purpose of making themselves familiar with the constitution of the United States, and the study of De Tocqueville will hurt no one who is mentally fitted to take part in political discussions.

To return for a moment to our muttons: With such momentous questions as these confronting it at every turn, no independent Canadian journal needs to be at a loss for timely topics for discussion. We hope to see the *Mail* taking up these subjects, and dealing with them in the trenchant fashion which it has at its command when it really buckles itself down to serious work. We, in our own feeble way, intend to consider them from time to time, and in doing so we shall not hesitate to express our deliberate convictions with regard to every one of them. Meanwhile, we congratulate the independent press of Canada upon the accession to its ranks of so powerful an ally as the late organ of Liberal Conservatism in the Dominion.—J. C. D.

THE LABOUR QUESTION IN POLITICS.

ONE of the most notable developments of the year just closed is the appearance of a new political party. The labour question is now fairly in politics. The remarkably large vote polled for three labour candidates for Montreal in the Quebec provincial elections, followed by the nomination in several of the larger cities of Western Ontario of Labour Reformers for the local legislature—one of the number being successful in the contest—shows that the movement has taken deep root among the working class. Henceforth the demand for Labour Reform, backed by a powerful organization which looks to independent political action as the means for accomplishing its objects, is a factor with which the politicians will have to reckon. It is no mere temporary or spasmodic agitation, but one of steady growth, and the result of the spread of principles here which have obtained widespread acceptance in other communities.

The aim and scope of the political Labour Reform movement is little understood even by those who take an active interest in

politics. Party newspapers continually speak of it as though its principal aim were the election of workmen to representative positions. Politicians try to head it off, as was done in Toronto and Hamilton, by giving the party nomination to trade unionists—and express themselves amazed at the folly and ingratitude of the Labour Reformers when they refuse to be satisfied with such working-class representatives. If to put “workingmen” into Parliament were the only motive of the new departure, its adherents might very reasonably have supported the candidature of Edward F. Clarke in this city, John Burns in Hamilton, and A. B. Ingram in West Elgin—all genuine members of the working class, and trades unionists. But the Labour Reform movement is far broader and more comprehensive in its scope. Not simply to elect workmen, either in the enlarged or the restricted sense of the term, but to effect an entire and organic change in the relations between labour and capital is the real object in view. The platform itself, radical as it is, embracing many reforms so sweeping that their accomplishment can hardly be looked for in this generation, conveys an imperfect idea of the spirit of the new departure. Every platform is necessarily a compromise, embodying concessions not only to weak brethren but to public opinion. It is freely admitted that the present demands of the Labour Reformers are merely tentative, including only such reforms as it is now expedient to agitate for. Present organizations, measures of plans of action, are merely the germs. The precise form of their fuller development none can foresee.

Obviously, the mere election of workmen who are also partisans and the nominees of the old parties would not in the least avail towards creating such a revolution in present habits of thought as must be accomplished even before the ameliorative measures now demanded could be carried into effect. So long as members of Parliament are the slaves of the caucus, bound to answer the summons of the party whip, it matters not whether they are wage-earners or members of the professional and capitalist classes. The old parties, Liberal and Conservative, alike are dominated by capitalism—pervaded root and branch with the ideas of the old political economy; believers in the theory that industrial matters are and ought to be regulated by competition under the law of supply and demand. The single exception of the N.P. proves nothing. The Conservatives have never carried the principle of tariff protection to its logical conclusion by undertaking to protect labour against capital. Should a limitation of the hours of factory labour to eight per day, or a system of compulsory arbitration for regulating wages according to profits be proposed, both parties would array themselves against such measures. Liberals and Conservatives alike would denounce them as an interference with the “right of private contract,” and invoke the law of supply and demand as being the necessary and sufficient principle determining the length of the working day, and the distribution of the value created by labour. While such opinions prevail—while men are content to quote the platitudes of a system of political economy, formulated under entirely different conditions than those which now exist, and persistently ignore the changes wrought by the progress of mechanical invention and the wonderful expansion of the industrial system, the work to be done by the Labour Reform party is mainly and essentially educational. The securing of a few palliative measures such as the Factory Act, the Employers’ Liability Act and the like, and the election of a wage-earner to the legislature, are infinitesimal gains in themselves, important only as vantage-ground won in a battle which must be fought inch by inch.

The Canadian Labour Reform movement, like nearly every important political or social agitation which obtains a foothold here, derives its impulse from the United States. Let those who would condemn it on that account remember that the Confederation of the provinces, the protective policy, the Scott Act, and many other Canadian institutions and measures, owe their origin to the same source. This is not wholly due to imitation. It is rather a case in which like causes produce like effects. The conditions of Canadian life and industry are similar to those on the other side of the border, but as the Americans are in a more advanced stage of national development, having a larger and denser population, the conditions demanding and producing social and political changes show themselves sooner in the United States. Canada nearly always follows in the same direction, after an interval during which we have been growing up to the condition, and developing the same phases of public opinion through which our neighbours have previously passed. It is so with the labour question. Owing to the exhaustion of the public domain; to cutting off the wage-workers’ opportunities for self-employment; to the building up of large cities with populations absolutely dependent on the labour of their hands; to the mobilization of the forces of labour by the wonderful expansion of steam transportation, the conditions of life for the masses in the large centres have been approximating very rapidly to the European standard. Comparisons of the rate of wages paid now with the scale of a generation ago are misleading and fallacious. With the growth of large cities the landless labourer loses many advantages for which no advance in wages can compensate him. The squalor and filth of the tenement house, with its enforced associations with the vicious and criminal, the impossibility of procuring wholesome and comfortable house accommodation with fresh air and elbow room, the expenses entailed by modern city life in many directions formerly unknown—all these tend to make the lot of the urban wage-earner increasingly irksome. Popular education—defective though it is—democratic institutions, with their teaching of the doctrine of human equality and brotherhood, and the extent and universality of industrial organizations, have combined to force the question to the front. Since the establishment of the order of the Knights of Labour, designed to supplement the trade unions by welding together all branches of labour for common action and the securing of radical and permanent reforms, the question has taken on an entirely new phase. It is slowly beginning to be understood that the Labour question is not a mere matter of the increase of wages or the shortening of hours, to be fought out between workmen and their respective employers, but a far deeper and more difficult problem, involving the overthrow of those conditions which no concessions, however extensive, by individual employers, or even by the whole class of employers, could effect. It is realized that behind the employer stands the power of monopoly in all its forms, by which the land, the railroads and the financial system are controlled by the few, and used to exploit industry. The pressure of these influences is such that the employer of labour, even if willing, is powerless to do much to remedy existing abuses. Labour Reform, as understood where the question is of older standing than in Canada, is a demand for social re-adjustment; for new standards of public opinion; for a re-written political economy; for the establishment, in short, of labour value as the only test of any man’s right to draw from the community the products of the labour of others.

That the full import of the contest upon which they have entered

may not yet be understood by some Canadian wage-earners in no wise detracts from these conclusions. The question with us is only in its initial stages, because the conditions which have culminated in the American labour problem are not yet felt to their full intensity. Our cities are small as compared with New York and Chicago. Our unoccupied arable land is cheaper and more accessible than that remaining in the American West. Our population and industries are mainly rural. But in proportion as the country grows, and large centres are built up—in proportion as the self-employed farmer and the small tradesman of the villages become relatively smaller factors as compared with the capitalist and the wage-earner, the Labour question will become of continually increasing urgency, and what is at present little more than the skirmish line of the army of toil will swell to a formidable host.

P. T.

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

THE people of this Province are now in a position to consider judiciously all that has been said by ecclesiastically-minded, as well as by political partisans during the recent election campaign, on the use of the bible as a whole, or otherwise, in the schools of Ontario.

I take direct issue with most of the combatants in the many-sided squabble, and boldly avow my conviction that the bible as a mere book, whether in its complete form or as "Scripture Readings," has no right to a place in the schools of this country, on any plea that may not be urged with just as much propriety for the best thoughts of other sacred books, barring the one plea that the majority of our people are professing Christians.

Confessedly, the high and public schools are not Protestant. The Minister of Education himself has frequently affirmed this of late in his speeches. At Strathroy he informed his audience that the schools were open alike to Christian, Jew and Mahometan. Inferentially, they are equally free to Buddhist, Gueber, Agnostic and Atheist. In matters of conscience the *majority* argument is absolutely worthless, so that we have here the very best authority for the statement that our schools are not even distinctively Christian. But many clergymen and other people profess to hold a very different view, in the advocacy of which some of them have gained for themselves a little cheap notoriety, at the expense of more than one Christian virtue, and to the serious detriment of common sense.

With the law as it stood formerly, I and those like-minded with me were not disposed to find very serious fault. Then the reading of scripture was permissive or recommendatory. Now it is a matter of compulsion. If, as is stated, only 55 per cent. of the teachers made use of the bible last year, whereas 98 per cent. do so to-day, what is the gain? Is it 43 per cent. increase of that "righteousness which exalteth a nation," or, is it not merely 43 per cent. of compulsion, hypocrisy, and time-serving?

Questionable as are both of the departmental percentages quoted, but allowing them for argument's sake, it is a fact that a large and increasing number of Ontario (male) teachers are either supremely indifferent to the use of the bible, or are so far gone in agnosticism as to "care for none of those things." This may be deplorable, but it is true, and I humbly and reverentially submit it for the grave consideration of that ecclesiastical Bumbledom which has figured so flatulently in the press of late. And when it is borne in mind that the members composing that self-same Bumbledom are gentlemen who profess to lament another

change in the School Act, which is calculated, as they say, to place Roman Catholic laymen more completely under the thumb of the priest, we are driven to the amusing but withal serious conclusion that sauce for the Protestant goose is something very different for the Catholic gander. Bumbledom groans in spirit as it laments the possible and probable earthly fate of the poor benighted Papist who may dare to fly in the face of his "reverend father" by insisting to be assessed as a public school supporter. It declares that the amended law deprives our Catholic fellow-citizens of their liberty. But what of the many teachers and trustees whose consciences have been coerced at its instigation in connection with the Scripture Readings? How many boards of trustees, how many teachers now using the bible or the readings on compulsion, dare avow to their respective parsons that they do so only in obedience to law, their preferences being all the other way? Whatever the result might be in such a case concerning the well-to-do trustee, we have a shrewd inkling of the fate in store for the "poor but honest" teacher who would dare so to express his convictions.

A stock argument is that the demand was set up by the teachers themselves to have bible-reading in the schools made compulsory. If this were true, it would be stupid, for why should teachers ask for a law to make them do what they always had it in their power to do? But it is not true. The fact is that a few pietists brought the subject before the Provincial Teachers' Association, and worded their resolution in such a manner as almost to make any one who opposed it set the seal to his own professional death-warrant. It is on record that of all the representatives present at the Association, only one spoke out against the motion, although several voted to have it quashed. Similar resolutions were passed in a number of counties, and mainly, I venture to believe, for the same reason that Roman Catholics (as is said) will henceforth support their sectarian schools; viz., that the teachers did not care to place themselves in opposition to the clergy.

As a scheme to make the teacher do the work of the minister, the attempt has been successful, but only in so far as legal recognition and enactment are concerned; for, after all, the reading of scripture in the greater number of schools in this country will continue to be of the most perfunctory character. In the future, as in the past, the really good teacher will embrace every opportunity to enforce upon his pupils both the precept and the practice of all those maxims of Christianity and religion which experience has tested, and, having tested, has proved to embody the essentials of good citizenship. Beyond this, I claim that no state-paid teacher has any right to go; and no state-supported school has any right to demand or permit more.

But if, as is contended by Bumbledom, the reading of God's word in our schools is so imperatively necessary for the well-being of society, how is it that this country has managed to worry along so contentedly all these years, on only 50 per cent. of scripture in these institutions? And how is that in but a fraction of one per cent. of the schools have the ministers of God's word availed themselves of the law permitting them to indoctrinate the youth of their own sects and denominations? It is matter for regret that the Minister of Education betrayed so much consanguinity with the mollusk when he was bulldozed by Bumbledom on this subject, and it is a little too bad that when the pietists and their satellites got all they desired and more than they deserved, they should behave in so unchristianlike a manner as we know they have done.

But it was ever thus, and the Minister of Education may rest assured that he has not heard the last of this matter. In a short time the agitation will assume the form of a demand for Protestant sectarian schools, and the clamorous ones will prove to a demonstration that all the trouble has been brought about by the machinations of crafty prelates belonging to a proverbially crafty hierarchy. About this time it is not improbable that the common sense of the majority will advocate the abolition of even the Roman Catholic separate school system, and will plead for a purely secular national arrangement.

As a matter of simple choice between the whole bible and the book of selections we much prefer the latter, for the trivial reason that our children are not specially interested in knowing that "Jechonias begat Salathiel, and Salathiel begat Zorobabel," and so on; neither are they likely to be edified by the perusal of stories compared with which the details of the Campbell divorce suit indicate a moderately high standard of social and moral ethics.

A.

LITERARY NOTES.

MANY Torontonians will remember the name and personality of Mr. Arthur W. Gundry, a gentleman who was formerly a law student in this city, and who left six or seven years ago. During his residence here he was known as a clever and brilliant young man, and a pleasant, facile writer, with a decided taste for literature. A translation from his pen of *Manon Lescaut* is announced as about to be issued by a New York publishing house. A good many of his Toronto friends will doubtless be interested by this announcement.

Scribner's Magazine is almost an old story by this time, but ARCTURUS has not previously had an opportunity of referring to it. The first number has been received with pæans of praise from the American press—praise which is hardly warranted by the facts. Nobody doubts the Scribners' ability to produce a first-class magazine, but the truth is that the January number is not what might reasonably have been looked for at their hands. The literary matter is not of a high order, and some of it is decidedly poor. The engravings seem cheap and common as compared with the exquisite work in *Harper's* and *The Century*, and they have not even been carefully printed. The headlines do not appear to be well suited to the pages, and the mechanical work generally is decidedly inferior to that of its great rivals. These defects will probably be remedied in subsequent numbers. If not, *Harper's* and *The Century* have nothing to fear from the rivalry of the new venture, notwithstanding its low price.

WE have before us the prospectus of an *édition de luxe* of the complete works of George Eliot, now in course of publication by Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, of Boston. The edition is to be completed in twelve octavo volumes published at intervals of a month apart, and it is expected that the last volume will be issued towards the close of the current year. There are to be fifty or more original etchings printed on India paper, and the topography is to be faultless. The edition is sold to subscribers only, and is limited to five hundred copies. The etchings to the first volume, containing *Adam Bede*, are now lying before us. They are of exquisite workmanship and design. The portrait of poor Hetty, as she stands in the dairy of the Hall Farm, with a roll of butter in her "cool hand," exhibits an artist's fine insight. Another picture represents Adam in his workshop, measuring the lumber for his father's coffin. The surroundings here are well executed, but the human figure strikes us as having been drawn from an American model. Certainly there is nothing to indicate the Saxon character and "large presence" of the straight-backed carpenter of Hayslope. The etching of the Hall Farm is evidently a close adaptation of the vignette known to the readers of Blackwood's crown octavo series. We understand that the edition is almost entirely taken up, and that the publishers have reserved the right to raise the price. Messrs. Williamson & Co, of Toronto, are the local agents.

MR. BENJAMIN SULTE, one of the leading historical writers of the Province of Quebec, has long been a proscribed quantity among the hierarchy of the Lower Province. The tone of his writings is Liberal, not to say Radical, and when he comes across a spade he is accustomed to label it by its correct name. Several years ago he published a valuable work recounting the history of the seigniories of Lower Canada, in which he told a few plain truths about the operations of the Jesuit Fathers in the early days of New France. The Ultramontane press came down upon him without mercy, and did its utmost to prevent the circulation of his book. There seems to be a determination to carry the war into Africa against Mr. Sulte. He recently contributed his hundredth article to the *Revue Canadienne*, and the conductors of that magazine deemed the occasion a suitable one for giving a banquet in his honour. No sooner did this fact become known than the hostile press set up an organized howl, alleging that Mr. Sulte had earned the everlasting contempt of his fellow-countrymen by defiling the glorious annals of his native land. At the head of the howlers is *La Vérité*—a paper which seems to be singularly mis-named, la vérité being apparently the last thing it desires to see. It is not long since a book written by the editor of this paper was placed under an interdict in Quebec, because the condition of the French Canadian *habitant* of half a century ago was portrayed in perfectly truthful but unflattering colours. Mr. Parkman's writings have met with similar treatment. It is evidently something very far removed from la vérité that the Ultramontanes of Lower Canada want to hear.

MRS. LANGTRY, the actress, is an aspirant for literary fame, and is now writing a novel dealing with social life in England and the United States. It is whispered by quidnuncs who profess to have seen a portion of the MS. that the tone of the book is decidedly fast, and more than a little tart. Unless rumour does the authoress injustice, she is well qualified, by personal experience, to write a novel descriptive of fast life on two continents.

Book Review.

SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE. By H. Rider Haggard, author of "King Solomon's Mines," etc. New York, Harper & Brothers. Toronto, R. W. Douglas & Co.

The many thousands of persons who read *King Solomon's Mines* upon its first appearance last year will eagerly welcome a new story from the same ingenious hand. It is safe to say that few romances written during the present generation have been read with a more feverish interest than was the marvellous record of African adventure which held us all spell-bound a few months ago. We might indeed go still further, and say that not since Edgar Poe, through the *alter ego* of Arthur Gordon Pym, conveyed us away through lightning and tempest to the southern seas, and brought us face to face with the Pallid Figure "of the perfect whiteness of snow"—not since those antediluvian times had any story of mere adventure stirred our pulses as they were stirred by the reading of *King Solomon's Mines*. With what breathless interest we followed the fortunes of those intrepid travellers who explored the mysteries of the strange region lying beyond and to the north of Sheba's breasts! How eagerly we traversed that vast piece of ancient engineering yclept "Solomon's Road"; and with what unspeakable wonderment did we explore the illimitable recesses of the dark cavern behind the figures of the three Silent Ones! How our nerves thrilled with horror at the truly diabolical conception of Gagool! Not a very wholesome interest, perhaps, is that aroused by such narratives. To tell the simple truth, they contain a strong infusion of the morbid; but the intensity of interest is supreme, and the reader, having once

made a fair beginning, finds it impossible to lay the volume down until he reaches the colophon.

The present story, take it for all in all, is even more enthralling than *King Solomon's Mines*. It deals with the marvellous, not to say the absolutely impossible, to an extent far beyond the legitimate limits of realistic fiction. In its pages, indeed, even more than in those of its predecessor, probability is pretty well cast to the winds. Yet the feverish interest never abates. The reader is carried along at such a pace that he ceases to look, or even to ask, for probability; and there could be no more incontestable evidence of the writer's genuine literary power than is furnished by this fact alone. Mr. Haggard once more transports us to an unexplored region of the Dark Continent, where we are introduced to a mysterious Veiled Woman, who has been alive for more than two thousand years, and who yet preserves the first fresh loveliness of early womanhood. Her beauty is so transcendent that it shines with a supernal radiance, and to see her is to worship at her shrine for the rest of the beholder's existence. Whoever once catches a glimpse of her unveiled features can never again put away from him the glorious vision of her charms. Her intellect is represented as commensurate with her physical beauty, and she is acquainted with many esoteric secrets of nature which enable her to work what seem to be miracles, though she disdains all acquaintance with magic. She has the baneful power of blasting the life and utterly destroying the vital forces of any one against whom she merely stretches forth her hand. One marvel succeeds another in interminable sequence. We are taken down into a weird subterranean cavern, where blazes a fire embodying the great principle of life. Yet we seldom or never feel disposed to smile at these extravagances. Some of Hiya's soliloquies, perhaps, are a trifle suggestive of the Moonbeam and Starbeam of the late Lord Lytton, and the remarks of Job, the English servant, are sometimes more like burlesque than reality; but before we have time to analyze their essential absurdity we are confronted by situations so tremendous that we are literally compelled to hold the breath. It is inconceivable that anyone should read the description of the walking of the plank from the spur of the rock to the gigantic rocking-stone, as related in the twenty-fourth chapter, without involuntarily shifting his position in his chair. If any situation could be more awe-inspiring than this, it is the terrific leap backward over the yawning gulf, as given a little later on. The intensity of such scenes as these is positively painful, and at times the reader feels like one struggling with a hideous nightmare, inasmuch that when he reaches the end he experiences a sense as of relief from a long ordeal of mental strain.

It cannot, of course, be pretended that writing of this sort is of the highest order. The realism, for instance, vivid as it is, is of a very different order from the realism of Charlotte Brontë. The imagination displayed is of a totally different species from that of Nathaniel Hawthorne. But all things have their limitations, and Mr. Haggard makes no attempt to depict character with a master's hand. His strong point is an inventive imagination, and in this particular the only contemporary writer who can lay claim to surpass him, or indeed to come anywhere near him, is Robert Louis Stevenson. The author of *She* is a man of unquestionable genius, who in this, his latest story, has surpassed all his previous efforts. It is tolerably safe to predict that he will never write a book which, so far as mere absorbing, overpowering interest is concerned, will more effectually hold the reader's attention. A new story from his pen has already begun to appear in the pages of *Longman's Magazine*.

Poetry.

THE DWINA.—A ROUGH RUSSIAN BALLAD.

BY MRS. D. OGILVY.

STONY-BROWED DWINA, thy face is as flint,
Horsemen and waggons cross, scoring no dint,
Cossacks patrol thee and leave thee as hard,
Camp-fires but blacken and spot thee like pard,
For the dead and silent river lies rigid and still.

Down on thy sedgy banks picquet the troops,
Scaring the night-wolves with carols and whoops,
Crackle their faggots of drift-wood and hay,
And the steam of their pots fills the nostril of day,
But the dead silent river lies rigid and still.

Sledges pass sliding from hamlet to town,
Lovers and comrades, and none doth he drown,
Harness-bells tinkling in musical glee,
For to none comes the sorrow that came unto me,
And the dead silent river lies rigid and still.

I go to the Dwina, I stand on his wave,
Where Ivan, my dead, has no grass on his grave,
Stronger than granite that coffins a Czar,
Solid as pavement, and polished as spar,
Where the dead silent river lies rigid and still.

Stronger than granite? nay, falser than sand!
Fatal the clasp of thy slippery hand,
Cruel as vulture's the clutch of thy claws,
Who shall redeem from the merciless jaws
Of the dead silent river so rigid and still?

Crisp lay the new-fallen snow on thy breast,
Trembled the white moon through haze in the west,
Far in the thicket the wolf-cub was howling,
Down by the sheep-cotes the wolf-dam was prowling,
And the dead silent river lay rigid and still.

When Ivan my lover, my husband, my lord,
Lightly and cheerily stepped on the sward,
Light with his hopes of the morrow and me,
That the reeds on the margin leaned after to see,
But the dead silent river lay rigid and still.

O'er the fresh snow-fall, the winter-long frost,
O'er the broad Dwina the forester crost,
Snares at his girdle, and gun at his side,
Gamebag weighed heavy with gifts for his bride,
And the dead silent river lay rigid and still.

Rigid and silent, and crouching for prey,
Crouching for him who went singing his way,
Oxen were stabled, and sheep were in fold,
But Ivan was struggling in torrents ice-cold,
'Neath the dead silent river so rigid and still.

Home he came never, we searched by the ford,
Small was the fissure that swallowed my lord,
Glassy ice-sheetings had frozen above,
A crystalline cover to seal up my love,
In the dead silent river so rigid and still.

Still by the Dwina my home torches burn,
Faithful I watch for my bridegroom's return,
When the moon sparkles on hoarfrost and tree,
I see my love crossing the Dwina to me
O'er the dead silent river so rigid and still.

Always approaching, he never arrives,
Howls the north-east wind, the dusty snow drives.
Snapping like touchwood I hear the ice crack,
And my lover is drowned in the water-hole black,
'Neath the dead silent river so rigid and still.

[The following story was written by the editor of this paper nearly ten years ago, for the pages of *Belford's Monthly Magazine*. It was published in the number of that periodical for May, 1877, and is now reproduced with the consent of the owners of the copyright. The conclusion of it will appear next week, and it will be followed by a succession of original tales, written specially for the columns of ARCTURUS.]

THE GERRARD STREET MYSTERY.

I.

My name is William Francis Furlong. My occupation is that of a commission merchant, and my place of business is on St. Paul Street, in the City of Montreal. I have resided in Montreal ever since shortly after my marriage, in 1862, to my cousin, Alice Playter, of Toronto. My name may not be familiar to the present generation of Torontonians, though I was born in Toronto, and passed the early years of my life there. Since the days of my youth my visits to the Upper Province have been few, and—with one exception—very brief; so that I have doubtless passed out of the remembrance of many persons with whom I was once on terms of intimacy. Still, there are several residents of Toronto whom I am happy to number among my warmest personal friends at the present day. There are also a good many persons of middle age, not in Toronto only, but scattered here and there throughout various parts of Ontario, who will have no difficulty in recalling my name as that of one of their fellow-students at Upper Canada College. The name of my late uncle, Richard Yardington, is of course well known to all old residents of Toronto, where he spent the last thirty-two years of his life. He settled there in the year 1829, when the place was still known as Little York. He opened a small store on Yonge Street, and his commercial career was a reasonably prosperous one. By steady degrees the small store developed into what, in those times, was regarded as a considerable establishment. In the course of years the owner acquired a competency, and in 1854 retired from business altogether. From that time up to the day of his death he lived in his own house on Gerrard Street.

After mature deliberation, I have resolved to give to the Canadian public an account of some rather singular circumstances connected with my residence in Toronto. Though repeatedly urged to do so, I have hitherto refrained from giving any extended publicity to those circumstances, in consequence of my inability to see any good purpose to be served thereby. The only person, however, whose reputation can be injuriously affected by the details has been dead for some years. He has left behind him no one whose feelings can be shocked by the disclosure, and the story is in itself sufficiently remarkable to be worth the telling. Told accordingly, it shall be; and the only fictitious element introduced into the narrative shall be the name of one of the persons most immediately concerned in it.

At the time of taking up his abode in Toronto—or rather in Little York—my uncle Richard was a widower, and childless; his wife having died several months previously. His only relatives on his side of the Atlantic were two maiden sisters, a few years younger than himself. He never contracted a second matrimonial alliance, and for some time after his arrival here his sisters lived in his house, and were dependent upon him for support. After the lapse of a few years, both of them married and settled down in homes of their own. The elder of them subsequently became my mother. She was left a widow when I was a mere boy, and survived my father only a few months. I was an only child, and as my parents had been in humble circumstances, the charge of my maintenance devolved upon my uncle, to whose kindness I am indebted for such educational training as I have received. After sending me to school and college for several years, he took me into his store, and gave me my first insight into commercial life. I lived with him, and both then and always received at his hands the kindness of a father, in which light I eventually almost came to regard him. His younger sister, who was married to a watchmaker called Elias Playter, lived at Quebec from the time of her

marriage until her death, which took place in 1846. Her husband had been unsuccessful in business, and was moreover of dissipated habits. He was left with one child—a daughter—on his hands; and as my uncle was averse to the idea of his sister's child remaining under the control of one so unfit to provide for her welfare, he proposed to adopt the little girl as his own. To this proposition Mr. Elias Playter readily assented, and little Alice was soon domiciled with her uncle and myself in Toronto.

Brought up, as we were, under the same roof, and seeing each other every day of our lives, a childish attachment sprang up between my cousin Alice and myself. As the years rolled by, this attachment ripened into a tender affection, which eventually resulted in an engagement between us. Our engagement was made with the full and cordial approval of my uncle, who did not share the prejudice entertained by many persons against marriages between cousins. He stipulated, however, that our marriage should be deferred until I had seen somewhat more of the world, and until we had both reached an age when we might reasonably be presumed to know our own minds. He was also, not unnaturally, desirous that before taking upon myself the responsibility of marriage I should give some evidence of my ability to provide for a wife, and for other contingencies usually consequent upon matrimony. He made no secret of his intention to divide his property between Alice and myself at his death; and the fact that no actual division would be necessary in the event of our marriage with each other was doubtless one reason for his ready acquiescence in our engagement. He was, however, of a vigorous constitution, strictly regular and methodical in all his habits, and likely to live to an advanced age. He could hardly be called parsimonious, but, like most men who have successfully fought their own way through life, he was rather fond of authority, and little disposed to divest himself of his wealth until he should have no further occasion for it. He expressed his willingness to establish me in business, either in Toronto or elsewhere, and to give me the benefit of his experience in all mercantile transactions.

When matters had reached this pass I had just completed my twenty-first year, my cousin being three years younger. Since my uncle's retirement I had engaged in one or two little speculations on my own account, which had turned out fairly successful, but I had not devoted myself to any regular or fixed pursuit. Before any definite arrangements had been concluded as to the course of my future life, a circumstance occurred which seemed to open a way for me to turn to good account such mercantile talent as I possessed. An old friend of my uncle's opportunely arrived in Toronto from Melbourne, Australia, where, in the course of a few years, he had risen from the position of a junior clerk to that of senior partner in a prominent commercial house. He painted the land of his adoption in glowing colours, and assured my uncle and myself that it presented an inviting field for a young man of energy and business capacity, more especially if he had a small capital at his command. The matter was carefully debated in our domestic circle. I was naturally averse to a separation from Alice, but my imagination took fire at Mr. Redpath's glowing account of his own splendid success. I pictured myself returning to Canada after an absence of four or five years with a mountain of gold at my command, as the result of my own energy and acuteness. In imagination, I saw myself settled down with Alice in a palatial mansion on Jarvis Street, and living in affluence all the rest of my days. My uncle bade me consult my own judgment in the matter, but rather encouraged the idea than otherwise. He offered to advance me £500, and I had about half that sum as the result of my own speculations. Mr. Redpath, who was just about returning to Melbourne, promised to aid me to the extent of his power with his local knowledge and advice. In less than a fortnight from that time he and I were on our way to the other side of the globe.

We reached our destination early in the month of September, 1857. My life in Australia has no direct bearing upon the course of events to be related, and may be passed over in very few words. I engaged in various enterprises, and achieved a certain measure of success. If none of my ventures proved eminently prosperous, I at least met with no serious disasters. At the end of four years—that is to say, in September, 1861—I made up my account with

the world, and found I was worth ten thousand dollars. I had, however, become terribly homesick, and longed for the termination of my voluntary exile. I had, of course, kept up a regular correspondence with Alice and Uncle Richard, and of late they had both pressed me to return home. "You have enough," wrote my uncle, "to give you a good start in Toronto, and I see no reason why Alice and you should keep apart any longer. You will have no housekeeping expenses, for I intend you to live with me. I am getting old, and shall be glad of your companionship in my declining years. You will have a comfortable home while I live, and when I die you will get all I have between you. Write as soon as you receive this, and let us know how soon you can be here,—the sooner the better."

The letter containing this pressing invitation found me in a mood very much disposed to accept it. The only enterprise I had on hand which would be likely to delay me was a transaction in wool, which, as I then believed, would be closed by the end of January or the beginning of February. By the first of March I should certainly be in a condition to start on my homeward voyage, and I determined that my departure should take place about that time. I wrote both to Alice and my uncle, apprising them of my intention, and announcing my expectation to reach Toronto not later than the middle of May.

The letters so written were posted on the 19th of September, in time for the mail which left on the following day. On the 27th, to my huge surprise and gratification, the wool transaction referred to was unexpectedly concluded, and I was at liberty, if so disposed, to start for home by the next fast mail steamer, the *Southern Cross*, leaving Melbourne on the 11th of October. I was so disposed, and made my preparations accordingly. It was useless, I reflected, to write to my uncle or to Alice, acquainting them with the change in my plans, for I should take the shortest route home, and should probably be in Toronto as soon as a letter could get there. I resolved to telegraph from New York, upon my arrival there, so as not to take them altogether by surprise.

The morning of the 11th of October found me on board the *Southern Cross*, where I shook hands with Mr Redpath and several other friends who accompanied me on board for a last farewell. The particulars of the voyage to England are not pertinent to the story, and may be given very briefly. I took the Red Sea route, and arrived at Marseilles about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th of November. From Marseilles I travelled by rail to Calais, and so impatient was I to reach my journey's end without loss of time, that I did not even stay over to behold the glories of Paris. I had a commission to execute in London, which, however, delayed me there only a few hours, and I hurried down to Liverpool, in the hope of catching the Cunard Steamer for New York. I missed it by about two hours, but the *Persia* was detailed to start on a special trip to Boston on the following day. I secured a berth, and at eight o'clock next morning steamed out of the Mersey on my way homeward.

The voyage from Liverpool to Boston consumed fourteen days. All I need say about it is, that before arriving at the latter port I formed an intimate acquaintance with one of the passengers—Mr. Junius H. Gridley, a Boston merchant, who was returning from a hurried business trip to Europe. He was—and is—a most agreeable companion. We were thrown together a good deal during the voyage, and we then laid the foundation of a friendship which has ever since subsisted between us. Before the dome of the State House loomed in sight he had extracted a promise from me to spend a night with him before pursuing my journey. We landed at the wharf in East Boston on the evening of the 17th of December, and I accompanied him to his house on West Newton Street, where I remained until the following morning. Upon consulting the time-table, we found that the Albany express would leave at 11.30 a.m. This left several hours at my disposal, and we sallied forth immediately after breakfast to visit some of the lions of the American Athens.

In the course of our peregrinations through the streets, we dropped into the post office, which had recently been established in the Merchants' Exchange Building, on State Street. Seeing the countless piles of mail-matter, I jestingly remarked to my friend that there seemed to be letters enough there to go round

the whole human family. He replied in the same mood, whereupon I banteringly suggested the probability that among so many letters, surely there ought to be one for me.

"Nothing more reasonable," he replied. "We Bostonians are always bountiful to strangers. Here is the General Delivery, and here is the department where letters addressed to the Furlong family are kept in stock. Pray inquire for yourself."

The joke I confess was not a very brilliant one; but with a grave countenance I stepped up to the wicket and asked the young lady in attendance:

"Anything for W. F. Furlong?"

She took from a pigeon-hole a handful of correspondence, and proceeded to run her eye over the addresses. When about half the pile had been exhausted, she stopped, and propounded the usual inquiry in case of strangers:

"Where do you expect letters from?"

"From Toronto," I replied.

To my no small astonishment she immediately handed me a letter, bearing the Toronto post-mark. The address was in the peculiar and well-known handwriting of my uncle Richard.

Scarcely crediting the evidence of my senses I tore open the envelope, and read as follows:—

"TORONTO, 9th December, 1861.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM—I am so glad to know that you are coming home so much sooner than you expected when you wrote last, and that you will eat your Christmas dinner with us. For reasons which you will learn when you arrive, it will not be a very merry Christmas at our house, but your presence will make it much more bearable than it would be without you. I have not told Alice that you are coming. Let it be a joyful surprise for her, as some compensation for the sorrows she has had to endure lately. You needn't telegraph. I will meet you at the G. W. R. station.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"RICHARD YARDINGTON."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked my friend, seeing the blank look of surprise on my face. "Of course the letter is not for you; why on earth did you open it?"

"It is for me," I answered. "See here, Gridley, old man; have you been playing me a trick? If you haven't, this is the strangest thing I ever knew in my life."

Of course he hadn't been playing me a trick. A moment's reflection showed me that such a thing was impossible. Here was the envelope, with the Toronto post-mark of the 9th of December, at which time he been with me on board the *Persia*, on the Banks of Newfoundland. Besides, he was a gentleman, and would not have played so poor and stupid a joke upon his guest. And, to put the matter beyond all possibility of doubt, I remembered that I had never mentioned my cousin's name in his hearing.

I handed him the letter. He read it carefully through twice over, and was as much mystified at its contents as myself; for during our passage across the Atlantic I had explained to him the circumstances under which I was returning home.

By what conceivable means had my uncle been made aware of my departure from Melbourne? Had Mr. Redpath written to him, as soon as I acquainted that gentleman with my intentions? But even if such were the case, the latter could not have left before I did, and could not possibly have reached Toronto by the 9th of December. Had I been seen in England by some one who knew me, and had that some one written from there? Most unlikely; and even if such a thing had happened, it was impossible that the letter could have reached Toronto by the 9th. I need hardly inform the reader that there was no telegraphic communication at that time. And how could my uncle know that I would take the Boston route? And if he had known, how could he foresee that I would do anything so absurd as to call at the Boston post office and inquire for letters? "I will meet you at the G. W. R. station." How was he to know by what train I would reach Toronto, unless I notified him by telegraph? And that he expressly stated to be unnecessary.

We did no more sight-seeing. I obeyed the hint contained in the letter, and sent no telegram. My friend accompanied me down to the Boston and Albany station, where I waited in feverish impatience for the departure of the train. We talked over the matter until 11.30, in the vain hope of finding some clue to the mystery. Then I started on my journey. Mr. Gridley's curiosity

was roused, and I promised to send him an explanation immediately upon my arrival at home.

No sooner had the train glided out of the station than I settled myself in my seat, drew the tantalizing letter from my pocket, and proceeded to read and re-read it again and again. A very few perusals sufficed to fix its contents in my memory, so that I could repeat every word with my eyes shut. Still, I continued to scrutinize the paper, the penmanship, and even the tint of the ink. For what purpose, do you ask? For no purpose, except that I hoped, in some mysterious manner, to obtain more light on the subject. No light came, however. The more I scrutinized and pondered, the greater was my mystification. The paper was a simple sheet of white letter-paper, of the kind ordinarily used by my uncle in his correspondence. So far as I could see, there was nothing peculiar about the ink. Anyone familiar with my uncle's writing could have sworn that no hand but his had penned the lines. His well-known signature, a masterpiece of involved hieroglyphics, was there in all its indistinctness, written as no one but himself could ever have written it. And yet, for some unaccountable reason, I was half-disposed to suspect forgery. Forgery! What nonsense. Any one clever enough to imitate Richard Yardington's handwriting would have employed his talents more profitably than by indulging in a mischievous and purposeless jest. Not a bank in Toronto but would have discounted a note with that signature affixed to it.

Desisting from all attempts to solve these problems, I then tried to fathom the meaning of other points in the letter. What misfortune had happened to mar the Christmas festivities at my uncle's house? And what could the reference to my cousin Alice's sorrows mean? She was not ill. *That*, I thought, might be taken for granted. My uncle would hardly have referred to her illness as "one of the sorrows she has had to endure lately." Certainly, illness may be regarded in the light of a sorrow; but "sorrow" was not precisely the word which a straightforward man like Uncle Richard would have applied to it. I could conceive of no other cause of affliction in her case. My uncle was well, as was evidenced by his having written the letter, and by his avowed intention to meet me at the station. Her father had died long before I started for Australia. She had no other near relation except myself, and she had no cause for anxiety, much less for "sorrow," on my account. I thought it singular, too, that my uncle, having in some strange manner become acquainted with my movements, had withheld the knowledge from Alice. It did not square with my preconceived ideas of him that he would derive any satisfaction from taking his niece by surprise.

All was a muddle together, and as my temples throbbed with the intensity of my thoughts, I was half-disposed to believe myself in a troubled dream from which I should presently awake. Meanwhile, on glided the train.

A heavy snow-storm delayed us for several hours, and we reached Hamilton too late for the mid-day express for Toronto. We got there, however, in time for the accommodation leaving Hamilton at 3.15 p.m., and we would reach Toronto at 5.05. I walked from one end of the train to the other in hopes of finding some one I knew, from whom I could make enquiries about home. Not a soul. I saw several persons whom I knew to be residents of Toronto, but none with whom I had ever been personally acquainted, and none of them would be likely to know anything about my uncle's domestic arrangements. All that remained to be done under these circumstances was to restrain my curiosity as well as I could until reaching Toronto. By the by, would my uncle really meet me at the station, according to his promise? Surely not. By what means could he possibly know that I would arrive by this train? Still, he seemed to have such accurate information respecting my proceedings that there was no saying where his knowledge began or ended. I tried not to think about the matter, but as the train approached Toronto my impatience became positively feverish in its intensity. We were not more than three minutes behind time, and as we glided in front of the Union Station, I passed out on to the platform of the car, and peered intently through the darkness. Suddenly my heart gave a great bound. There, sure enough, standing in front of the door of the waiting room, was my uncle, plainly discernible by the

fitful glare of the overhanging lamps. Before the train came to a stand-still, I sprang from the car and advanced towards him. He was looking out for me, but his eyes not being as young as mine, he did not recognize me until I grasped him by the hand. He greeted me warmly, seizing me by the waist, and almost raising me from the ground. I at once noticed several changes in his appearance; changes for which I was wholly unprepared. He had aged very much since I had last seen him, and the lines about his mouth had deepened considerably. The iron-grey hair which I remembered so well had disappeared; its place being supplied with a new and rather dandified-looking wig. The old-fashioned great-coat which he had worn ever since I could remember, had been supplanted by a modern frock of spruce cut, with seal-skin collar and cuffs. All this I noticed in the first hurried greetings that passed between us.

"Never mind your luggage, my boy," he remarked. "Leave it till to-morrow, when we will send down for it. If you are not tired we'll walk home instead of taking a cab. I have a good deal to say to you before we get there."

I had not slept since leaving Boston, but was too much excited to be conscious of fatigue, and as will readily be believed, I was anxious enough to hear what he had to say. We passed from the station, and proceeded up York Street, arm in arm.

"And now, Uncle Richard," I said, as soon as we were well clear of the crowd,— "keep me no longer in suspense. First and foremost, is Alice well?"

"Quite well, but for reasons you will soon understand, she is in deep grief. You must know that——"

"But," I interrupted, "tell me, in the name of all that's wonderful how you knew I was coming by this train; and how did you come to write to me at Boston?"

Just then we came to the corner of Front Street, where was a lamp-post. As we reached the spot where the light of the lamp was most brilliant, he turned half round, looked me full in the face, and smiled a sort of wintry smile. The expression of his countenance was almost ghastly.

"Uncle," I quickly said, "what's the matter? Are you not well?"

"I am not as strong as I used to be, and have had a good deal to try me of late. Have patience, and I will tell you all. Let us walk more slowly, or I shall not have time to finish before we get home. In order that you may clearly understand how matters are, I had better begin at the beginning, and I hope you will not interrupt me with any questions till I have done. How I knew you would call at the Boston post-office, and that you would arrive in Toronto by this train, will come last in order. By the by, have you my letter with you?"

"The one you wrote to me at Boston? Yes, here it is," I replied, taking it from my pocket-book.

"Let me have it."

I handed it to him, and he put it into the breast pocket of his inside coat. I wondered at this proceeding on his part, but made no remark upon it.

We moderated our pace, and he began his narration. Of course I don't pretend to remember his exact words, but they were to this effect. During the winter following my departure for Melbourne, he had formed the acquaintance of a gentleman who had then recently settled in Toronto. The name of this gentleman was Marcus Weatherley, who had commenced business as a wholesale provision merchant immediately upon his arrival, and had been engaged in it ever since. For more than three years the acquaintance between him and my uncle had been very slight, but during the last summer they had had some real estate transactions together, and had become intimate. Weatherley, who was a comparatively young man, and unmarried, had been invited to the house on Gerrard Street, where he had more recently become a pretty frequent visitor. More recently still, his visits had become so frequent that my uncle had suspected him of a desire to be attentive to my cousin, and had thought proper to enlighten him as to her engagement with me. From that day his visits had been voluntarily discontinued. My uncle had not given much consideration to the subject until a fortnight afterwards, when he

had accidentally become aware of the fact that Weatherley was in embarrassed circumstances.

Here my uncle paused in his narrative to take breath. He then added, in a low tone, and putting his mouth almost close to my ear :

"And, Willie, my boy, I have at last found out something else. He has forty-two thousand dollars falling due here and in Montreal within the next ten days, and *he has forged my signature to acceptances for thirty-nine thousand seven hundred and sixteen dollars and twenty-four cents.*"

Those, to the best of my belief, were his exact words. We had walked up York Street to Queen, and had then gone down Queen to Yonge, when we turned up the east side on our way homeward. At the moment when the last words were uttered we had got to a few yards north of Crookshank Street, immediately in front of a chemist's shop which was, I think, the third house from the corner. The window of this shop was well lighted, and its brightness was reflected on the sidewalk in front. Just then, two gentlemen walking rapidly in the opposite direction to that we were taking, brushed by us ; but I was too deeply absorbed in my uncle's communication to pay much attention to passers-by. Scarcely had they passed, however, ere one of them stopped, and exclaimed :

"Surely that is Willie Furlong !"

I turned, and recognized Johnny Gray, one of my oldest friends. I relinquished my uncle's arm for a moment, and shook hands with Gray, who said :

"I am surprised to see you. I heard, only a few days ago, that you were not to be here till next spring."

"I am here," I remarked, "somewhat in advance of my own expectations." I then hurriedly inquired after several of our common friends, to which inquiries he briefly replied.

"All well," he said ; "but you are in a hurry, and so am I. Don't let me detain you. Be sure and look in on me to-morrow. You will find me at the old place, in the Romain Buildings."

We again shook hands, and he passed on down the street with the gentleman who accompanied him. I then turned to re-possess myself of my uncle's arm. The old gentleman had evidently walked on, for he was not in sight. I hurried along, making sure of overtaking him before reaching Gould Street, for my interview with Gray had occupied barely a minute. In another minute I was at the corner of Gould Street. No signs of Uncle Richard. I quickened my pace to a run, which soon brought me to Gerrard Street. Still no signs of my uncle. I had certainly not passed him on the way, and he could not have got farther on his homeward route than here. He must have called in at one of the stores ; a strange thing for him to do under the circumstances. I retraced my steps all the way to the front of the chemist's shop, peering into every window and doorway as I passed along. No one in the least resembling him was to be seen.

I stood still for a moment, and reflected. Even if he had run at full speed—a thing most unseemly for him to do—he could not have reached the corner of Gerrard Street before I had done so. And what should he run for ? He certainly did not wish to avoid me, for he had more to tell me before reaching home. Perhaps he had turned down Gould Street. At any rate, there was no use waiting for him. I might as well go home at once. And I did.

Upon reaching the old familiar spot, I opened the gate, passed on up the steps to the front door, and rang the bell. The door was opened by a domestic who had not formed part of the establishment in my time, and who did not know me ; but Alice happened to be passing through the hall, and heard my voice as I inquired for Uncle Richard. Another moment and she was in my arms. With a strange foreboding at my heart I noticed that she was in deep mourning. We passed into the dining-room, where the table was laid for dinner.

"Has Uncle Richard come in ?" I asked, as soon as we were alone. "Why did he run away from me ?"

"Who ?" exclaimed Alice, with a start ; "what do you mean, Willie ? Is it possible you have not heard ?"

"Heard what ?"

"I see you have *not* heard," she replied. "Sit down, Willie, and prepare yourself for painful news. But first tell me what you

meant by saying what you did just now,—who was it that ran away from you ?"

"Well, I should perhaps hardly call it running away, but he certainly disappeared most mysteriously, down here near the corner of Yonge and Crookshank Streets."

"Of whom are you speaking ?"

"Of Uncle Richard, of course."

"Uncle Richard ! The corner of Yonge and Crookshank Streets ! When did you see him there ?"

"When ? A quarter of an hour ago. He met me at the station, and we walked up together till I met Johnny Gray. I turned to speak to Johnny for a moment, when——"

"Willie, what on earth are you talking about ? You are labouring under some strange delusion. *Uncle Richard died of apoplexy more than six weeks ago, and lies buried in St. James's Cemetery.*"

(Concluded next week.)

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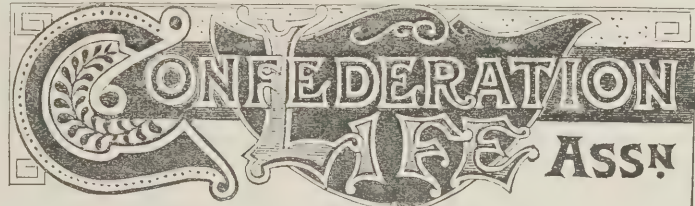
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A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

Vol. 1. }
No. 2. }

Saturday, January 22nd, 1887.

{ JOHN CHARLES DENT,
Editor and Proprietor.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

A SHORT week ago nobody unconnected with the Dominion Government could safely have predicted the precise date of the impending dissolution, although the leading organ of the Opposition indulged in some very confident prophesyings on the subject. These predictions were not borne out by the event. However, the dissolution is now an accomplished fact, and the writs for the elections are out. The anxiously-expected event will take place on the 22nd of February. The date of the meeting of the new Parliament has been fixed for the 7th of April, though of course that will be subject to future modification, according to the exigencies that may arise. The approaching contest will be fought out with a keenness unparalleled during recent years. The head and front of the Government is aware that thousands of his somewhere friends have of late been sitting in judgment upon him—many of them with a leaning rather unfavourable to him than otherwise. He is an old man, much broken with affairs of State, and he well knows that if he should be defeated now his day will have passed away forever. His opponent, Mr. Blake, is probably equally convinced that the election day must be decisive of his own fate. He has worked patiently, albeit fitfully, for many years, to grasp the prize which has persistently eluded him, and it is hardly likely that he would continue in public life should the fruition of his hopes be any longer postponed.

The political campaign has fairly set in. A few days more will see the opposing forces actively at work, and the succeeding weeks will be weeks of perpetual turmoil and agitation throughout the Dominion. Ordinary and legitimate business will be generally regarded as a secondary consideration to that of gaining the support of the "free and independent" voter. The emissaries of the Government seem to be pretty well organized under the general direction of Sir John himself and the Hon. Thomas White. Sir John's own share in the business will probably be confined to addressing public meetings in the West. A notable peculiarity of the campaign is the large number of new candidates who are already announced to take the field. Some of these are young men of high promise. Certainly an infusion of new blood is very much needed in public life in Canada. Young blood has a tendency to be aggressive, and whatever tends to break up the so-called "party lines" at present in vogue will afford good cause for congratulation.

ANOTHER noticeable feature is the number of those who were once staunch supporters of the Government, but who, for various reasons, have of late years arrayed themselves in Opposition. Conspicuous among these are the Hon. Peter Mitchell and Colonel Domville, two gentlemen from the Maritime Provinces, both of whom were vehement, out-and-out supporters of Sir John Macdonald's Government. Mr. Mitchell may fairly be classed as an Oppositionist for the future, as he attended a party caucus the other day, and must be held to have formally allied himself against his former colleagues. Another recalcitrant is the Hon. William McDougall, who has been out of public life for some years past, but who is likely to re-enter the political arena for an Ontario constituency. Mr. McDougall was a leading figure in the Canadian Parliament, both before and subsequent to Confederation, and if appearances are to be trusted he has lost little or

none of the virile energy which once made him distinguished there. It will be remembered that his last appearance in politics was as the champion and principal member of the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature. He was at that time in harmony with the Government at Ottawa, and had little in common with Mr. Blake. Of late he has manifested a willingness to co-operate with the last-named gentleman, and it is understood that the *rapprochement* between them was brought about through the diplomatic intervention of the Premier of Ontario. From a source which we have abundant reason to regard as trustworthy, we learn that within the last two days overtures have been made by the Reform Party to Mr. McDougall to become a candidate for Centre Toronto at the forthcoming elections. His response to the overtures has not yet been received. He would unquestionably be a strong candidate. In the event of his acceptance, and of his being successful in his election, he would in fact be a supporter of Mr. Blake; and in the event of a Reform Government succeeding to power, it would be no unlikely thing if "the people's William" were to accept an important office in it. To any one who knows the history of the past, the conjunction of such forces must appear ominous, to say the least of it. But there is no need to anticipate so far. Mr. McDougall has not yet gained his election, and Mr. Blake's party is still in Opposition. Sir John has always proved himself to be a hard man to beat, and there is no substantial reason for believing that he will falsify his record during the approaching contest. There are other defections from his side, in addition to those already named, but none of so great importance.

As for Sir John, it is hardly likely that he would much longer continue in active political life, even should the electorate again pronounce in his favour. His long fight has left its scars upon him, and he is no longer the active spirit of former years. His service has been a long one, and he doubtless feels that he is entitled to repose under the shadow of his laurels for the rest of his life. Sir Charles Tupper's return to Canada just at this juncture can only mean one of two things. Either he is coming to fight the battle in Nova Scotia, which no one else can fight so well, or else he is here to succeed Sir John. He is the only possible successor, and even he would labour under serious disadvantages in that capacity, as he lies under the stigma of a clouded past. His arrival is anxiously awaited at Ottawa.

THE Government is said to be much disturbed over the dissensions between Mr. Langevin and Mr. Chapleau. An unofficial despatch from Ottawa announces that the latter has actually resigned his place in the Cabinet. Up to the time of our going to press this report lacks confirmation, but there is no doubt that Mr. Chapleau has of late more than once been on the point of resigning, and that he has only been prevented from doing so by the intervention of other members of the Government. The dissensions between these two gentlemen are no new thing. They have disturbed the councils of the nation anytime these three years, and it looks as if these two stars cannot much longer con-

tinue to revolve in the same orbit, whatever may be the fate of the Government at the coming elections. There are few persons in this Province who would regard the final retirement from public life of either or both of them as a national calamity. Sir Hector's retirement, however, is not at present among the probabilities. There is much more likelihood of the retirement of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, who is said to have been restive for some weeks past. The rumour that Sir Alexander Campbell is to retire, and that he will succeed the Hon. John Beverley Robinson as Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario has also been renewed within the last day or two. Should this programme be carried out it is presumed that Mr. Robinson would become a candidate for one of the Toronto constituencies—probably the Western Division, where he would certainly poll a large vote, and be a lion in the path of the Labour candidate, Mr. Edmund E. Sheppard. But how would Mr. Beatty like this arrangement?

NOTHING could well be more absurd than the attitude of those Canadian newspapers which persist in declaring, in the face of the clearest evidence, that the *Mail's* new departure is a mere blind: that it is playing a deep game in order to deceive the electors, and score an underhand victory for the Liberal Conservative party at the polls. It is hardly credible that any of those who harp the loudest to this senseless tune have any real belief in the quality of their music. The *Mail* may have made a false step. That would possibly be open to argument, though anybody who should undertake to maintain the affirmative would have no easy task on his hands. But to say that the *Mail* has adopted the independent cry for partisan purposes is to ignore all the facts. From this time forward that paper is irrevocably committed to an independent platform. The ex-organ of Liberal Conservatism has utterly cut the ground from under its feet, and has left itself no place for repentance—if by repentance is understood a return to party allegiance. No plausible reason has been assigned for such a tortuous policy. How the adoption of so senseless a course could benefit Sir John and his colleagues we have not been informed. That Sir John himself is immeasurably disgusted by the defection of his quondam organ has already been made sufficiently apparent. At the present moment he is looking anxiously about him for a journal which shall be the accredited exponent of his policy, and, so far as known to the public, he has not yet found one to his liking. There are several able aspirants for the position. All sorts of rumours are flying about. It is asserted that overtures have been made to the *Toronto World*, but that that journal holds its columns at a prohibitive price. The *Hamilton Spectator*, the *London Free Press* and the *Toronto Telegram* are also said to be in the field. Other stories, some of which are of a perfectly astounding nature, are afloat—the simple fact of the matter being that nothing is definitely settled, or, at any rate, definitely known. When Sir John thinks proper to show his hand we shall know all about it, and until that time arrives all must be idle speculation. One thing only may be accepted as hard fact: the *Mail* and

the Liberal Conservative party have permanently parted company.

WHEN one reads of the ferocities practised in by-gone centuries by the Spanish Inquisition, one is strongly tempted to call in question the truthfulness of some of the details. A similar disposition to doubt comes over the mind, when one reads of the excruciating punishments which were inflicted, in mediæval times, for offences so slight as hardly to deserve any punishment at all. The history of European settlement in America, again, teems with accounts of cruelties so hideous that the imagination rises in revolt against them. Such narratives have to be gone through with as part of a liberal education, but they are far from pleasant reading. They make the reader ashamed of his species, and it is comforting to him to reflect that these things happened long ago, during a stage of civilization which humanity has long since outgrown.

Are we justified in laying this flattering unction to our souls? Do we really manage these things so much better than they were managed in the Middle Ages? Some features of a case which has just come to light in the Toronto Police Court may almost challenge comparison with the atrocities over which one grinds one's teeth when reading about "the Romans of the New World." A little child of eight years old—a girl—has within the last few days been veritably put to the torture in this city—this city which prides itself upon being the intellectual centre of Canada. The little sufferer has had the palms of her hands placed against a hot stove and held there until they were partly cooked. Then her lips and tongue were forcibly held against the same hissing stove until the skin adhered to the metal. One cold night in November last she was tied up in a stable, and left there until the following morning. The incarnate fiend who perpetrated these atrocities was a woman—the wife of the child's father, and by consequence the stepmother of the child. The father himself was *particeps criminis*, and upon the whole the more despicable of the two, for he was subservient to his wife, and too great a coward to take the part of the unhappy little martyr. Upon one occasion, when the child ran to him fresh from the torture, and with agonized cries exposed her blistered hands, she was informed by her loving parent that it served her right, and that she had not been burned enough. Such ghastly details as these seem hard to believe, but not only have they been established by the clearest evidence, but they have in all essential respects been admitted by the culprits themselves. The latter have been sentenced to a year's imprisonment each, the man going to the Central Prison and the woman to the Mercer Reformatory.

As was naturally to be expected, Henry George's espousal of the cause of Dr. McGlynn in the first number of his new paper has brought down upon his head the anathemas of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York. The proprietor of the *Standard* must be presumed to have counted the cost of the course he has seen fit to adopt, and is doubtless prepared to fight it out on that line. As one of the

most eloquent expounders of his peculiar platform, Mr. George was compelled to take a pronounced stand on this question, and is now reaping the fruits which he has sown. Many earnest Labour Reformers are deploring the inevitable split in their ranks, but Protestant opinion is of course almost a unit in favour of Mr. George's contention. As for the *Standard* itself, independently of this *casus belli*, it has started out under particularly favourable auspices, with a large capital at its back, and it will doubtless be an important factor in the moulding of opinion in the United States. But for some time to come, Mr. George must not expect to lie on a bed of roses.

A CORRESPONDENT in another column calls attention to the Sabbatarian wave which is sweeping with apparently resistless force over our city at the present time. The new organ of Secularism in Toronto has a note on the same subject in its last issue. It is impossible for anyone of liberal ideas to avoid feeling a certain degree of sympathy with the views expressed by these writers. The gloomiest and most unlovely periods in history have been those wherein this rigidly righteous principle has found most acceptance. Who would not pray to be delivered from a recurrence of the Puritan Sabbath? Religion is a thing which "exalteth a nation," as well as an individual, but there is no necessary connection between religion and Sabbatarianism, which is too often a mere synonym for bigotry and intolerance. Those who insist on a rigid observance of the first day of the week, to the inconvenience and discomfort of a large and respectable portion of the community, are surely oblivious of Who it was that said "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." They have forgotten how

"The Sabbath Breaker walked
Amid the golden corn,"

and how he inveighed against those who make clean the outside of the cup and the platter. It is hard, however, to kick against the pricks, more especially at the present time, when the labour organizations and the Sabbatarians find themselves upon the same platform on the Sunday question. The workingman is afraid that if street-cars are permitted to run on Sunday he will be compelled to do seven days' work for six days' pay, and that if milk is delivered or funerals are held on Sunday he will be placed at a similar disadvantage. The Sabbatarians are of course actuated by different motives. Most of them doubtless act from honest conviction; but there is a zeal which is not according to knowledge. Their star just at present is decidedly in the ascendant. They are in fact masters of the situation. But they would do well to bear in mind the old aphorism about the last straw and the camel's back. Several months ago Colonel Denison, in passing judgment in the Toronto Police Court on a case involving a similar question remarked: "There will be a revolt against this some day." Nothing is more certain than that after the wave comes the reaction; and this ultra-Puritanical element in Toronto would do well to bear in mind.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22ND, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

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GHOSTS OF EMINENT CANADIANS.**THE CAUSE OF POLITICAL CORRUPTION.**

THERE is probably no constitutionally governed country—certainly no English-speaking country—where the charge of corruption is so continually brought against the ministry of the day as in Canada. Allowance must of course be made for the habitual exaggerations of the Opposition; but making every reasonable discount on this score, it may be said that nowhere is the expenditure of public money by the government, with the object of purchasing support, so systematic and shameless. Even those ardent supporters of the ministry who in public profess to deprecate the attacks of Opposition newspapers as unfounded will in private admit that government is carried on by wholesale corruption. The excuse which in the eyes of many amounts to a justification of this system is that it can be carried on in no other way. Corruption, in short, in the opinion of a much larger proportion of public men and political thinkers than is generally supposed, is a governmental necessity. Liberal newspapers may reply to such a statement with a shrill shriek of protest, but on what other ground can the complacency with which the majority of Canadians regard the matter be accounted for? There is no reason to suppose that the people of this country are on a lower plane of public morality than Englishmen or Americans. Yet despite the clearest evidence that the Dominion administration depends for its existence on purchased legislative votes: that it has reduced corruption to a system, and squandered the public money recklessly in order to retain power: it finds defenders and champions among men of excellent personal character, and the repeated exposures of the most flagrant acts of corruption by a vigilant Opposition press excite little indignation. To what is this due, but to a widespread conviction that such methods are really the only means by which a Canadian government can be conducted, and that a change in its *personnel* would be unavailing

to change the conditions which make corruption an essential feature of administration?

To denounce corruption in unsparing terms: to publish specific instances, showing the manner in which the government have expended public money in the bribery of provincial delegates influential corporations or individual members of parliament: is unavailing in the face of a public opinion which is prepared to condone bribery as an unfortunate necessity. Should it not rather be the part of those sincerely anxious to remedy the evil to try to discover the root of the disease, instead of turning all their attentions to the symptoms? The underlying cause of corruption is the need which every administration is under of securing a working majority in a Parliament which consists of a number of cliques and sections having little in common but the general desire to turn their positions to account. Theoretically the Canadian people are politically divided between the Liberal Conservative and Reform parties. Practically, as our rulers know to their cost, the purely party tie is weak, excepting in Ontario, and the real dividing lines are those of locality, race and creed. Each party, instead of being a homogeneous whole, animated by distinctive principles and held together by the force of old associations, is divided and subdivided in a dozen directions. There is no real community of sentiment, for instance, between the Ontario Orangeman, the Quebec Bleu, and the ministerialist from Nova Scotia or British Columbia, whose sole reason for supporting Sir John Macdonald rather than Mr. Blake is that the former has shown his willingness to yield to repeated demands for "better terms." The elements which make up the Opposition are equally incongruous. The politics of Old Canada were always complicated by sectional divisions; the war-cries of race and creed, and the selfish clamours of petty cliques anxious to barter parliamentary support for the bestowal of patronage upon their adherents. And what but confusion worse confounded could be expected when the party divisions of Grit and Tory—which had largely lost any small significance they at one time possessed in the provinces where they originated—were forced upon the people of the other provinces on their admission to the Dominion?

It is the system of responsible government, applied to a country and a population to the requirements of which it is wholly unadapted, that puts a premium on corruption. When the essential condition of a government's existence is that it shall possess a continuous majority in a legislative body which is a fortuitous concourse of electoral delegations, cliques and factions, what but corruption could possibly result? Sir John Macdonald is the development of these political environments. Were he displaced to-morrow and Mr. Blake installed in power, he would either be compelled by the force of circumstances to adopt similar methods to those of his predecessor, or—if he maintained his integrity and determined to rule honestly—he would speedily find that he had undertaken an impossible task, and would be compelled to resign the leadership to less scrupulous hands. "But," exclaims the Reform reader, "Mr. Mackenzie was honest, as even his opponents now admit." True, and the fact that Mr. Mackenzie's administration lost ground from the outset, and only remained in power for one parliamentary term, is a strong illustration of the impossibility of honest government under our present system.

Responsible government, as practiced in England, is the outcome of a long period of growth under peculiar conditions which obtain nowhere else. It is only workable where the parlia-

mentary forces are divided into two parties, each having a well-defined policy, and being pervaded by a strong community of feeling. The appearance of the Irish party and the breaking up of the two historic English organizations into smaller factions are rapidly making responsible government impossible, even in the country where it originated. Parliamentary majorities are shifting and uncertain, and a succession of weak and unstable governments testifies to the unsuitability of the system to the altered conditions of public life. How much less is it adapted to a country like Canada, where party distinctions are largely adventitious? The election of the executive for a fixed term by a direct vote of the whole people, free from any interference or control by the legislature, is the only way to prevent the corruption that has made Canadian politics a byword.

L. H.

GREYHOUNDS OF THE ATLANTIC.

THERE is more than a little commotion among the owners of the various trans-Atlantic steamship lines just now, and there can be no doubt that some startling changes are about to be set on foot. A mileage record has been published in London and New York, shewing the average rates of speed attained by vessels belonging to the principal lines. From this record it appears that there are eleven steamships traversing the Atlantic which average as much as, or slightly more than, sixteen knots a day. Of these eleven, only three are the property of British companies. Nine others, of which only four are British, average upwards of fifteen knots per diem. The best showing is made by the North German line, and the British Post Office Department, upon the impartial principle of getting the best value for the public money, have awarded a proportionate share of the trans-Atlantic mail contracts to that line. This has caused not a little animadversion in the English press, and it is suggested by several influential papers that from patriotic motives, English mails should be sent in English ships.

The most marked effect, however, has been produced upon the Cunard line, which is the wealthiest of all the maritime companies, and which, moreover, has the great banking-house of the Barings at its back. For some years past no maritime enterprise has made money, and the Cunard Company has shared in the general depression, but it is financially able to stand much greater strains than any to which it has hitherto been subjected, and is regarded as an easy first. The Government's recent action in withdrawing the trans-Atlantic mail contract from this corporation, and in issuing an injunction against it, was altogether unexpected, and the company, which has carried the mails without interruption for about forty years, feels intense chagrin. It has projected a scheme which, if successfully carried out, bids fair to establish its supremacy among the great maritime companies of the world. It purposes to build a new fleet of steamers, each one of which is to be a veritable greyhound of the Atlantic. In respect of fittings and accommodation, as well as of speed, the new ships are to be ahead of anything now afloat, while as regards size they will be exceeded only by the *Great Eastern*, and perhaps the *City of Rome*. They are to be propelled by gas instead of coal, thus economizing a large amount of space, and each vessel is to be supplied with two screws, so as to obviate or abridge the wearisome delay consequent upon a broken shaft.

All this is significant, but there are other details of the scheme more significant still. The new fleet will sail from London direct, instead of from Liverpool, and will call at Plymouth instead of at Queenstown. This idea opens up endless possibilities

—nay, probabilities. Comparatively few passengers would sail from Liverpool if they had the option of embarking on a first-class steamer at London. London is the real starting point, as well as the main point of arrival, of four-fifths of trans-Atlantic passengers. The railway journey between there and Liverpool is long and wearisome, a thing which most persons would be thankful to avoid. The channel passage, though not unattended with danger, is most interesting, and except in a few isolated cases, the additional peril would really count for little or nothing. In a word, the new route would not only be the fashionable one, but from mere motives of convenience it would be patronized by pretty nearly everybody who had no particular reason for taking one of the old routes.

But a still more momentous result would be the blow inflicted upon Liverpool, with its thirteen miles of docks, its boundless forests of tall masts, and its long prestige as the most important shipping port in the world. Queenstown, of course, would also suffer in proportion, but the proportion would be so small that one almost loses sight of it.

Later developments of this important project will be looked for with interest and anxiety by all who are in the habit of going down to the sea in ships.

NOW OR NEVER—NOW AND FOREVER.

(From the *Toronto World* of January 20th.)

IN the pending contest Mr. Blake must either make a spoon or spoil a horn. With him it is a case of make or break. As one of his followers has said: "What we require is a leader who wins, as Mowat does." Mr. Mowat's phenomenal success as a winner long since excited admiration upon one side and envy upon the other, while Mr. Blake's failures to win have been conspicuous by their frequency. He has never won anything that can be called a considerable victory since the day he ousted John Sandfield Macdonald from the premiership of Ontario. He was not in the country when his party was scattered to the winds in 1878, but he necessarily shared in the consequences of that defeat, even to the extent of losing his own seat for South Bruce. He was badly beaten in 1882, his personal return for West Durham having been a matter of course. In the present contest Mr. Blake possesses adventitious aids such as he never enjoyed before since he confronted John Sandfield with the Scott and railway cries. The repealers of Nova Scotia, the Home Rulers and Rielites of New Brunswick, the Orangemen of Prince Edward Island, the Rielites of Quebec, the Catholic vote of Ontario—most of it at least—are all within his reach. To be beaten again under such circumstances would be to be beaten indeed. We are not now discussing the cost of victory under such circumstances. That will take care of itself should a victory be achieved.

At this juncture defeat would mean to Sir John the winding up of a long and heavy account with a country which is still his debtor. To Mr. Blake it would signify that he had missed his chance and must make way for Mr. Mowat, the man who wins victories.

It is now or never with the leader of the Federal Opposition, and now and forever with the leader of the Federal Government.

Is there anything which is more certain to sap the foundations of morality than the public maintenance of a creed which has long ceased to command the assent and even the respect of its recognized defenders?—Farrar's *Seekers After God*.

Poetry.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

BY ARTHUR E. W. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

If you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years;
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and toiling and thirsting,
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces.
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion
So gently and lovely and listless,
And murmurs a tune so resistless
To him who hath suffered and hears—
You shall surely without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,
And yield to the long curb'd emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes
Your face, as though some one had kissed you;
Or think at least some one who missed you
Hath sent you a thought—if that cheers;
Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,
May pass for a tender word spoken:
—Enough, while around you there rushes
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
Brim over, and baffle resistance,
And roll down bleared roads to each distance
Of past desolation and years;
Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
And leave you no Past and no Morrow:
For what man is able to master
And stem the great Fountain of Tears?

But the floods of the tears meet and gather;
The sound of them all grows like thunder:
—O into what bosom, I wonder,
Is poured the whole sorrow of years?
For Eternity only seems keeping
Account of the great human weeping:
May God then, the Maker and Father—
May He find a place for the tears!

Correspondence.

Editor ARCTURUS:

A METHODIST clergyman, in a recent sermon delivered in this city, objected to the holding of funerals, the delivery of milk and hack-hiring on Sunday.

I suppose he thinks such things are sinful because they are done in pursuit of an ordinary calling. In other words no work must be permitted on Sunday. I take it that what he called "work" he believed to be a sin in the eyes of God, of whose will he professes to have a full and complete revelation. Hence it is his duty not only to abstain from "work" on Sunday himself, but to compel his fellow-citizens to do the same. The logical result of this reasoning is that in future all Sunday driving, etc., must cease, except in cases of "absolute necessity," whatever those words may mean.

Now, I, for one, object to the curtailing of any of these pursuits by law. Is it advisable or right, on principles of religious toleration or natural justice, for a majority of Toronto's citizens to force on a thinking and respectable minority, regulations which are the outcome of peculiar religious views? The acts complained of are not wrong in themselves, but are to be restrained only because it is imagined that they are displeasing to an Infinite Deity, whose only command on the subject refers to our *Saturday* and not our *Sunday*. If the "moral wave" means a wave of religious intolerance the Blue Laws had better be re-enacted at once.—JOSHUA DAVIDSON.

AMY'S COUSIN.

BY AMY.

LET me begin with the very first mention of me which occurs in "Locksley Hall." It is that my "cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young." I pass over that with the observation that I was a year and a quarter older than my soulful cousin. "And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung." Now, do just consider that. He hasn't said a syllable about his being in love with me. O dear no! I began, of course. The idea of pretending that the first thing he noticed was that I was making sheep's eyes at him! So like a little conceited wretch of a schoolboy, who deserves nothing better than to be whipped and sent home to bed! And that is exactly what my cousin was at the time to which he refers. Then he says he told me how all the current of his being set to me, and how I blushed. Gracious heavens! What girl with the most rudimentary knowledge of how to flirt with her cousin would have the smallest difficulty in producing a blush when he uttered such idiotic expressions? Besides, every one knows that trying very hard not to laugh makes one's face very red. But observe what follows. There am I, blushing and "Saying 'I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;' saying 'dost thou love me, cousin?'" weeping, 'I have loved thee long.' Notice particularly that even he, in the paroxysms of his ridiculous puerile jealousy, dare not so much as suggest that there was even the pretence of an engagement between us. I understand the world has changed very much in the last few years; but if cousins aged respectively nineteen and a quarter and eighteen mayn't go through this sort of thing without incurring the risk of an action for breach of promise, I can only say it is not nearly so good a place for girls as it was in my time. But he parades the walks we used to take "many a morning," and even the kisses that were allowed him. Much kissing he would have got if I had ever dreamt he was going to turn out such a perfect little sneak!

Next he gets on to the time of my marriage, which happened naturally enough some two years after all this childishness was over. He reviles me for being "falsier than all fancy fathoms, falsier than all songs have sung, Puppet to a father's threats and servile to a shrewish tongue." As if I wanted any threats to makeme delighted to marry a model squire, excellent sportsman, and prince of good fellows. Nor do I think that to call his aunt a shrew was a nice return to make for all the kindness she showed in letting him stay at Locksley for all his holidays and allowing him to talk as much nonsense as he liked to his cousin. But do consider the vanity, the perfectly infantile vanity, of the lines that come next. He wants to know whether it is well to wish me happy, "having known me to decline On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine." Really the expression "having known me" speaks for itself. Is it possible for the conceit of any merely human puppy to go further? As to my husband, he says in so many words "thou art mated with a clown." The meaning of this is that my husband, being a grown-up man, did not waste his time in imagining sickly nonsense about the Parliament of Man, and the war-drum throbbing no longer, and that sort of rubbish. As to the war-balloons which are to precede that delightful consummation, I dare say my husband would have taken a great deal of interest in them, only he came into his property and resigned his commission in the Engineers a good many years before balloons were used in war at all. This part of the poem is extremely juvenile and silly; but what follows is much worse. For I have always been sorry that my cousin could ever have been so entirely lost to every consideration of propriety, and I am afraid I must say of decency, as to imagine for himself discreditable scenes at which, if they or anything remotely resembling them had ever taken place, no person but me and my husband could possibly have been present. After which, having perhaps grace to feel a little bit ashamed of himself, he falls a-cursing like a very coal-heaver—cursing everything he can think of, in the most abusive language to which he can lay his tongue, in a manner certainly not suggestive of a nicely-balanced temper.

Not content with informing me that my husband is a drunken sot, and that I shall have to become as much like him as possible,

my amiable cousin goes on to prophesy, and declares that when I grow up I shall ill-treat my daughter, and preach down her heart, whatever that means, and obligingly recommends me to perish in my self-contempt. Then he intimates that he is perfectly ashamed of himself, not for his abominable behaviour, but for having "loved so slight a thing" as me, forsooth—the young imp! But, no matter; he will go and console himself with some nasty black woman. As he abandons this intention almost as soon as it has been formed, I think he would have spared this last insult if he had had any purpose in his mind except to mortify me!

The last thing I want to say about my modest and chivalrous relative is in reference to a matter which is not stated very explicitly in the ballad itself—and that is, how it came to be written. It will be remembered that he wrote it on revisiting Locksley, and that he did not come alone. "Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn." It was early morn: it was 3.45 a.m., and they were all on their way home from a subscription dance, following a local cricket match. My cousin speaks of the others as "my gay companions." "My merry [or, still better mellow] companions" would not have scared so well, but to many minds it would have conveyed the poet's meaning with greater accuracy. They were excessively merry, and they had a "bugle-horn"—I should have called it a French-horn—and the noise that they made "sounding" upon it as they clattered up and down the road in their drag outside the park gates, while their companion, propped against a tree, poured out his maudlin verses, kept us all awake until it was pretty late morn. But of course we did not know till afterwards that they had come with my cousin, or what that ingenuous lad was doing under cover of their remorseless tooting.—*The Bookmart*.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

ON all the attempts of Ontario to develop a system of education, the great clog is Brag. We vie with the schools of Britain, of Germany and of the United States for the sake of Brag. We make pretentiously ostentatious displays at London and Philadelphia, simply because we want to Brag. The programmes for High and Public Schools are pedantically voluminous because dictated by a spirit of Brag. Our Normal Schools flourish on Brag, and on nothing (or very little) but Brag. Brag tinctures the management of many Collegiate Institutes, High Schools and Model Schools, and the newly-organized Training Institutes are largely based on Brag. The present Minister of Education is not to blame for the establishment of the Brag system, but he is blameworthy for its continuance by direct encouragement. The best teachers in the Province are painfully conscious that things educational are not what they seem. Many of those who are not the best are deeply impressed with a similar belief, and the others, who probably form the majority, have never given the subject any attention.

ONE of the most promising signs in connection with our elementary educational affairs is the wholesale plucking that took place recently in the examination of candidates for first-class certificates, at Kingston, Hamilton, Guelph and Strathroy. Hitherto, those who went up for the final ordeal seemed to regard the probabilities of failure as hardly worth taking into account. Should proper discrimination continue to be employed at the Training Institutes the time will come all the more speedily when holders of first-class certificates may be regarded as first-class teachers.

MR. MACKINTOSH, for several years second master in the Provincial Model School, has been appointed to the principalship of that institution. There is every reason to believe that he will aim to make the school true to its name. He will doubtless be ably seconded by Mr. Murray, who takes the second mastership, and who is also a gentleman of long experience and sound judgment. It would not be easy to find two better men.

IF there is any truth in the rumour that our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria purposes to signalize her jubilee by conferring knighthood and perhaps a few higher titles upon one or two thousand of her colonial dignitaries, it is high time for the democratic good sense of our people to assert itself by humble petition,

craving that Canada, at all events, may not have to suffer from any such infliction. We have had quite enough of that sort of thing, and when we take into account that men like Gladstone, Bright and Chamberlain in the old land, and Brown, Mackenzie and Blake in our own country, have refused to accept the titular bauble, we have one good reason at our command. But we have many more, as every intelligent Canadian knows, and it will be a matter of no difficulty to put these in the form of an earnest prayer, to be laid at the foot of the throne. At first sight this may not appear to be an educational note, but look at it again.

THE Minutes and Proceedings of the 26th Annual Convention of the Ontario Teachers' Association, held August 10th, 11th and 12th, 1886, have just been issued. Many of the papers read are excellent. That of Mr. D. C. McHenry, M.A., on Prizes and Scholarships, is perhaps the most thoughtful and suggestive, the writer being no friend to the prize system. Dr. Dewart's paper on Education and Progress betrays no lack of trust in Providence and humanity. He has no faith in "theorists and hobbyists, who exaggerate existing evils," and declares his firm belief that the "world moves onward, upward, heavenward, slowly but surely."

LITERARY NOTES.

THE countless admirers of Herbert Spencer will be glad to hear that his health is completely restored, and that a new work from his pen, enlarged from articles which have already appeared, is now in the press. Its title is "Factors of Organic Evolution," and it is said to contain some altogether novel ideas on the subject of the origin of species.

WE have received a copy of Parts II. and III. of the Special Report of the Bureau of Education convened at New Orleans two years ago, in connexion with the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition. These parts contain a number of interesting papers on subjects relating to education in this Province, concerning which we may probably have something to say in a future number.

THE two volumes of Hayward's *Correspondence*, recently published in London, are full of interesting matter bearing upon the politics and literature of the last half century. One of the oddest things in them is an inquiry made by Macvey Napier about Thackeray, in 1845. At that date Mr. Napier was editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, to which periodical Hayward was a contributor. "Will you tell me," writes Napier, "confidentially, of course, whether you know anything of a Mr. Thackeray, about whom Longman has written me, thinking he would be a good hand for light articles? He says that this Mr. Thackeray is one of the best writers in *Punch*." A Mr. Thackeray is good, considering that he had already given to the world *Barry Lyndon*, the *Great Hoggarty Diamond*, and a score of minor sketches wherein all the world can now recognize the hand of a man of genius.

THE fourth volume of the *Narrative and Critical History of America*, edited by Mr. Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard University, is now in process of delivery to Toronto subscribers. The chapters on Jacques Cartier and his successors, Champlain, Acadia, the Jesuit Relations, and Frontenac and his Times are of special interest to Canadian readers. The last-named is written by Mr. George Stewart, jr., of Quebec, whose writings are widely known in this country. Mr. Stewart has never done better work than in this volume, and he is to be congratulated upon his share in the production of the most noteworthy series of historical writings that have ever been issued on this continent. We hope ere long to refer at some length to the specially characteristic features of this praiseworthy enterprise. Meanwhile it will be sufficient to say that the possession of all the other histories of America from the earliest settlement of the continent down to the present day will not compensate for the absence of this all-comprehending work. Nobody who is unfamiliar with its pages can truly say that he has studied the subject down to the latest developments of American scholarship.

To say that the servant-girl question presents one of the most perplexing problems which will have to be solved in the not dis-

tant future, would merely be to repeat what has already become an old story. The proprietors of *Cassell's Magazine* would appear to have pondered on the subject until they have become positively desperate. They have offered a prize of \$25 for the best practical paper on "The Domestic Service Difficulty in America," and a condition is imposed that no paper sent in for competition shall contain fewer than 2,000 words. The first idea which presents itself to the mind on reading this announcement is that the prize-money seems ludicrously small, when the importance of the subject matter is considered. No writer whose opinions count for much—certainly no writer of acknowledged eminence—would deem it worth his while to enter the lists. Several of the great New York dailies pay at a higher rate for editorial matter every day in the week. Messrs. Cassell & Co. should improve on their bid by a cipher or two. Important social reforms, however, are seldom brought about by such means.

APROPOS of the servant-girl question, a distinguished English man of letters has recently been compelled to pass through an ordeal to which we will venture to say no parallel can be found in the annals of literature. Persons who follow literary matters with attention are more or less familiar with the nature of the late controversy between Edmund W. Gosse and Mr. Churton Collins. For the enlightenment of those who are unacquainted with the facts, it may briefly be said that some time ago Mr. Gosse published a series of lectures on English literature, previously delivered by him as Clark Lecturer in Trinity College, Cambridge. His quondam friend and fellow-worker, Mr. Collins, attacked it in the *Quarterly Review* with a malignant ferocity which reminded old stagers of the days of John Wilson Croker. Articles in the *Quarterly* are not signed, and the literary assassin, skulking behind the mask of the anonymous, deemed himself safe from discovery. But the attack was too base and shameful to admit of its being allowed to pass by in quietness. It became the talk of the clubs, the drawing-rooms, the green-rooms and the newspaper offices. Then the authorship came out, and for once a sense of the claims of truth and justice over-rode literary jealousy. All that was respectable in London journalism and periodical literature arrayed itself on Mr. Gosse's side, and administered a pretty effectual quietus to his assailant, who has doubtless learned a lesson which will last him his lifetime. The correspondence published on the subject would make a portly volume, and Mr. Gosse's name was brought more prominently before the public than it had ever been. At the present day he stands several notches higher in public estimation than he did before the onslaught upon him. But his troubles did not end when the public verdict had been pronounced in his favour. He received a shock from an altogether unexpected quarter. Is it not written: "A man's foes shall be they of his own household?" His cook suddenly and solemnly gave notice of her intention to leave his service. She was a good cook, and her mistress had no desire to lose her. Upon instituting an inquiry into the matter Mr. Gosse found, to his intense disgust, that her determination to leave was due to the fact that "master's name had been so much in the papers," and she had been tormented by some of her associates on that score until she really couldn't endure it any longer. It is consoling, on Mr. Gosse's account, to learn that this sensitive female proved amenable to remonstrance, and finally consented to withdraw her notice to quit. The whole story sounds like fiction, but it is simple unadorned fact. It is even worse than the case of the poet Rogers's valet. The latter worthy gave notice of his intention to leave his master's service, and upon being interrogated by the poet as to his reasons, replied, "You are so dull in the buggy."

THE writer of *Sibylline Leaves*, in the *London Daily News*—understood to be Mr. Andrew Lang—has been liberating his mind on the subject of Frank Stockton. He is of opinion that Mr. S. is on the whole rather a clever writer; a matter as to which no competent critic ought to be long in making up his mind. He complains, however, that the humour is not sufficiently laughter-provoking, and declares that he got only one very small grin out of the adventures of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. So accom-

plished a scholar as Mr. Lang ought to know that much of the brightest humour in the English language is provocative of laughter to only a very moderate degree, while some of it is even provocative of tears. Mr. Stockton's humour is fine and delicate. It is far removed from the hilarious horse play that shoots out the tongue. It has a quality which belongs to itself alone, and which is not soon likely to find a successful imitator. But perhaps Mr. Lang is only indulging his own quiet humour, after all, in this little preachment. Certainly one can hardly suppose him to be in serious earnest when he objects that Mrs. Lecks and Mr. Aleshine never refer to "the consolations of religion." When one comes to a phrase like this, used in such a connection, it is clearly time to drop the subject.

WILLIAM BLACK has just been figuring in the courts. He brought an action against John Dicks, the well-known publisher of a number of the cheapest class of books and periodicals, for having published a libel upon him in *Bow Bells*. Mr. Black, like many of his contemporaries, has had to pay the penalty of success, and has been subjected to a large amount of envious tittle-tattle and back-biting. It appears that there has been a good deal of gossip in the clubs about his ancestry and family relations. Some of this gossip found its way into a recent number of *Bow Bells*, where it was alleged that Mr. Black was of very lowly origin, and that he was ashamed of his poor relations. An aunt of his was alleged to be in the poor-house, owing to her nephew's refusal to provide her with half a crown a week. He was declared to be mean and close-fisted, with an eye always open to the main chance. He was charged with having married for money on the two occasions when he has slipped his head within the matrimonial noose. Not one of these statements has any foundation in fact, and Mr. Black determined to put a stop to the slanders in circulation against him. He dragged the wealthy but miserly publisher of *Bow Bells* before a jury of his countrymen, and demanded damages for the injury he had sustained. On the trial he went into the witness box and testified to the facts. It appears that his first wife had no portion whatever, and that his second wife had nothing but the expectation of succeeding to £3,000 upon the death of her father. Mr. Black testified that he never refused to provide his aunt with the weekly half crown, inasmuch as he never had an aunt, who was a purely imaginary personage. The jury gave him a verdict of £100, which will probably be devoted to festivities for himself and his friends at one of the clubs to which he belongs. The writer of these lines had the good fortune to spend several days in Mr. Black's company during last summer, at the Shakespeare Inn, Stratford-upon-Avon; and he can certainly bear testimony to the fact that penuriousness is one of the very last infirmities which can truthfully be laid to the charge of the author of *A Princess of Thule* and *Judith Shakespeare*.

A CITY contemporary had a short article on Henry George's new paper a few days ago, in the course of which it remarked upon the general incapacity of literary men for the editorial chair. Its comments upon Thackeray and Mark Twain were in the main just enough. But "in the main" is a saving clause. Thackeray failed as editor of the *Cornhill* because his heart was larger than his head, in which respect the general run of editors are not in the least like him. Mark Twain, again, failed because he was too well off financially, and too indolent physically, to undertake the laborious drudgery which must perforce fall to the share of every editor who does his work faithfully. But where did our contemporary stumble on its original information about Dickens? It declares that "although Charles Dickens began life as a newspaper reporter he did not make a great success of popular editing, even upon magazines, which approach the book style much more closely than the newspaper does." This is a singular mistake. Dickens was for about two weeks the nominal editor of the *Daily News*. In this rôle he was not a success. He lacked the necessary training to enable him to discharge the duties of editor of a daily newspaper with credit to himself, and he had the good sense to resign his position. Upon no other occasion that we can call to mind did he ever undertake editorial duties in connection with a newspaper. But Dickens was probably the best magazine editor

the world has ever seen. His discrimination as to the value of copy almost seemed to savour of inspiration. He was regarded by the entire magazine press of London as a phenomenon. He established *Household Words*, and made a remarkable success of it, and the magazine was only discontinued because of the refusal of the publishers to permit him to tell in its pages his own version of the story of the trouble between himself and his wife. He next established *All the Year Round*, which during his lifetime was one of the greatest successes known to the history of periodical literature. The aroma of success still clings to it, notwithstanding the incompetence of his son and namesake, who, however, has sufficient judgment to depute the really important duties of the editorial chair to more capable hands.

THE attention of readers of this department is called to several interesting announcements to be found in the first column of the editorial page. All the sketches and papers there announced as shortly to appear have been, or will be, written specially for ARCTURUS. All, or most of them, have a local colouring, and are tolerably certain to be read with avidity upon their appearance. We have received a good many letters of inquiry concerning *The Gerrard Street Mystery*, which is concluded in the present number. The conclusion itself forms the most satisfactory answer to these inquiries, and to it our correspondents are respectfully referred.

THE story of *Gagtooth's Image*, which is to appear next week, is for the most part a story of Illinois, but its starting-point is "old Bob Southworth's" curiosity shop, on the east side of Yonge Street, Toronto, nearly opposite St. Mary Street. Every Torontonian knows the place, which was kept by Southworth until somewhat more than a year ago. *Gagtooth's Image* is a pathetic and rather sombre narrative, likely to touch many hearts in a tender place. *Aspects of Authorship* deals with the methods pursued by many hack writers for the press, whose literary workshop is laid bare to the reader's view. *Literary Experiences* will embody interesting unpublished letters from the late Charles Reade, George Henry Lewes, Lady Lytton, W. Hepworth Dixon, J. Hain Friswell (author of *The Gentle Life*), and others. *Ghosts of Eminent Canadians* will be of a totally different character from any of the preceding, and will appeal to a different class of readers.

MAXON LESCAUT, of which mention was made in last week's issue, has reached this office from Messrs. F. T. Jones & Co., the New York publishers. It will receive due attention in a future number.

VERY nearly every Canadian author of repute has been requested to lecture before the Canadian Club in New York, and several of them have already lectured there with acceptance. There is a large Canadian colony in New York, and the club has been the means of bringing the various members of it into close and cordial relations. It is understood to be now fully established on a satisfactory financial basis.

TRULY, of the making of books there is no end. The English statistics for 1886 show a manifest falling off from the preceding year, but even in 1886 no fewer than 3,984 new books were published, and this was exclusive of more than 1,200 issues of new editions. The American market is yet to be heard from. There would appear to be some ground for Mr. Lowell's contention that this nineteenth century is reading itself into superficiality.

MR. THOMAS HODGINS's *Manual on Voters' Lists* and his other little book on the Canadian Franchise Acts have both received favourable notice from the *English Law Quarterly Review*. The author is an acknowledged authority in this country on the law and practice of Parliament. Many readers will remember the series of letters on this subject published a few years ago in one of the city papers, and signed "Parliamentum." Mr. Hodgins is understood to be the author of those letters, which embody a fund of suggestive matter in very brief compass.

"WHAT is education?" asks a writer. Well, it is something a college graduate thinks he has until he becomes a newspaper man.

CURIOUS CENTRAL AFRICAN PEOPLES.

THE Rev. T. J. Coomber, a Baptist missionary, has given to the Royal Geographical Society an account of his voyage, in company with the Rev. George Grenfell and in the missionary steamer *Peace*, up the Congo to the Bangala, and up the Bochini to the junction of Kwango. The width of the river, from Stanley Pool to the Bochini, varies from twelve hundred yards to two miles. It is swift and strong, and navigation has to be performed carefully, on account of up cropping feldspathic rocks. An interesting feature of the first days' sails was the little clusters of huts on the sand banks in twos, fours, and sixes, inhabited by Ba-Buma people, who sold beer and caught fish. The people are ruled by a queen, Nga Nkabe, whose husband, or "prince consort," Nchielo, "knows his place, and sits quietly by, smoking his pipe meekly and philosophically, while his wife rules." She is tall, brawny, and dignified, and about fifty years old, but "did not seem to think it beneath her to take her paddle, and, entering into a little canoe with another woman, to go herself to cut us a bunch of plantains." Her great desire was to possess a double-barrelled gun, and she was evidently pleased with a present of cloths, a big bell, a soldier's great-coat, and some brass. The Ba-Buma were the best specimens of the African encountered on the journey. The women wear brass collars weighing from twenty-five to thirty pounds. The most primitive people seen by the travellers were the Ikelemba, about the great Ruki River, who go about with bow and arrow, or spears and shield, or a murderous sacrificial knife, wearing hats made of monkey-skins, of which the head of the animal comes to the front of their heads, while the tail hangs down behind. They are cruel, ingeniously cruel, and indulge among other amusements in chasing their human victims across the country as our hunters would chase a fox. Another exercise of their braves is inflicting "death by the knife," in which the head of the victim is so adjusted that, when it is cut off by a blow of a sickle-shaped knife, it is tossed by the spring of a sapling high into the air. In strange contrast with these revolting practices was "a pretty little performance by children, lasting several hours, and consisting, first, of clever dancing, and then of a little bit of operatic acting, after the style of a Greek play, the chorus part of which was very prettily rendered by little girls of eight to twelve years old. A strange-looking bier was carried in on the shoulders of four men. On the top of it was somebody or something covered over with red baize cloth. Sitting up at one end was a little girl looking sad and mournful. This bier (a native bamboo bed) was placed on the ground and surrounded by the 'chorus'—six little girls. A plaintive song was chanted by a woman who came to the side of the bier, which was chorused by the little girls. It was really pretty and effective; the idea of a drama in Central Africa surprised us altogether. We could understand but little of the words sung, but caught the frequent repetition at the end of the chorus of 'Ka-wa-ka' ('He is not dead'). After a time the spells of incantation were considered to have worked, and there was a noticeable heaving and shuddering in the covered mass at the girl's feet. The red cloth was drawn aside, and a girl was discovered, her chest heaving quickly and her limbs trembling as if in a paroxysm of epilepsy. Two persons came forward, and, taking her by her arms, raised her to her feet.... The little performance was enacted to please the white man." —*Popular Science Monthly*.

PROFESSOR ZWEIFBEER is a very absent-minded man. He was busily engaged in solving some scientific problem. The servant hastily opened the door of his studio and announced a great family event: "A little stranger has arrived." "Eh?" "It is a little boy." "Little boy? Well, ask him what he wants."

Nobody outside of the profession has any idea how difficult it is for an editor to satisfy his patrons. For instance: A Western paper announced as follows: "Mr. Maguire will wash himself before he assumes the office of sheriff." This made Maguire mad, and he demanded a retraction, which the paper made thus: "Mr. Maguire requests us to deny that he will wash himself before he assumes the office of sheriff." Oddly enough, this only enraged Maguire the more. Some people are so hard to please.

THE GERRARD STREET MYSTERY.

(Concluded from last week.)

II.

I DON'T know how long I sat there, trying to think, with my face buried in my hands. My mind had been kept on a strain during the last thirty hours, and the succession of surprises to which I had been subjected had temporarily paralyzed my faculties. For a few moments after Alice's announcement I must have been in a sort of stupor. My imagination, I remember, ran riot about everything in general, and nothing in particular. My cousin's momentary impression was that I had met with an accident of some kind, which had unhinged my brain. The first distinct remembrance I have after this is, that I suddenly awoke from my stupor to find Alice kneeling at my feet, and holding me by the hand. Then my mental powers came back to me, and I recalled all the incidents of the evening.

"When did uncle's death take place?" I asked.

"On the 3rd of November, about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was quite unexpected, though he had not enjoyed his usual health for some weeks before. He fell down in the hall, just as he was returning from a walk, and died within two hours. He never spoke or recognized any one after his seizure."

"What has become of his old overcoat?" I asked.

"His old overcoat, Willie—what a question!" replied Alice, evidently thinking that I was again drifting back into insensibility.

"Did he continue to wear it up to the day of his death?" I asked.

"No. Cold weather set in very early this last fall, and he was compelled to don his winter clothing earlier than usual. He had a new overcoat made within a fortnight before he died. He had it on at the time of his seizure. But why do you ask?"

"Was the new coat cut by a fashionable tailor, and had it a fur collar and cuffs?"

"It was cut at Stovel's, I think. It had a fur collar and cuffs."

"When did he begin to wear a wig?"

"About the same time that he began to wear his new overcoat. I wrote you a letter at the time, making merry over his youthful appearance and hinting—of course only in jest—that he was looking out for a young wife. But you surely did not receive my letter. You must have been on your way home before it was written."

"I left Melbourne on the 11th of October. The wig, I suppose, was buried with him?"

"Yes."

"And where is the overcoat?"

"In the wardrobe upstairs, in uncle's room."

"Come and show it to me."

I led the way upstairs, my cousin following. In the hall on the first floor we encountered my old friend Mrs. Daly, the housekeeper. She threw up her hands in surprise at seeing me. Our greeting was very brief; I was too intent on solving the problem which had exercised my mind ever since receiving the letter at Boston, to pay much attention to anything else. Two words, however, explained to her where we were going, and at our request she accompanied us. We passed into my uncle's room. My cousin drew the key of the wardrobe from a drawer where it was kept, and unlocked the door. There hung the overcoat. A single glance was sufficient. It was the same.

The dazed sensation in my head began to make itself felt again. The atmosphere of the room seemed to oppress me, and closing the door of the wardrobe, I led the way down stairs again to the dining-room, followed by my cousin. Mrs. Daly had sense enough to perceive that we were discussing family matters, and retired to her own room.

I took my cousin's hand in mine, and asked:

"Will you tell me what you know of Mr. Marcus Weatherley?"

This was evidently another surprise for her. How could I have heard of Marcus Weatherley? She answered, however, without hesitation:

I know very little of him. Uncle Richard and he had some dealings a few months since, and in that way he became a visitor

here. After a while he began to call pretty often, but his visits suddenly ceased a short time before uncle's death. I need not affect any reserve with you. Uncle Richard thought he came after me, and gave him a hint that you had a prior claim. He never called afterwards. I am rather glad that he didn't, for there is something about him that I don't quite like. I am at a loss to say what the something is; but his manner always impressed me with the idea that he was not exactly what he seemed to be on the surface. Perhaps I misjudged him. Indeed, I think I must have done so, for he stands well with everybody, and is highly respected."

I looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. It was ten minutes to seven. I rose from my seat.

"I will ask you to excuse me for an hour or two, Alice. I must find Johnny Gray."

"But you will not leave me, Willie, until you have given me some clue to your unexpected arrival, and to the strange questions you have been asking? Dinner is ready, and can be served at once. Pray don't go out again till you have dined."

She clung to my arm. It was evident that she considered me mad, and thought it probable that I might make away with myself. This I could not bear. As for eating any dinner, that was simply impossible in my then frame of mind, although I had not tasted food since leaving Rochester. I resolved to tell her all. I resumed my seat. She placed herself on a stool at my feet, and listened while I told her all that I have set down as happening to me subsequently to my last letter to her from Melbourne.

"And now, Alice, you know why I wish to see Johnny Gray."

She would have accompanied me, but I thought it better to prosecute my inquiries alone. I promised to return sometime during the night, and tell her the result of my interview with Gray. That gentleman had married, and become a householder on his own account during my absence in Australia. Alice knew his address, and gave me the number of his house, which was on Church Street. A few minutes rapid walking brought me to his door. I had no great expectation of finding him at home, as I deemed it probable that he had not returned from wherever he had been going when I met him; but I should be able to find out when he was expected, and would either wait or go in search of him. Fortune favoured me for once, however; he had returned more than an hour before. I was ushered into the drawing-room, where I found him playing cribbage with his wife.

"Why, Willie," he exclaimed, advancing to welcome me, "this is kinder than I expected. I hardly looked for you before to-morrow. All the better; we have just been speaking of you. Ellen, this is my old friend, Willie Furlong, the returned convict, whose banishment you have so often heard me deplore."

After exchanging brief courtesies with Mrs. Gray, I turned to her husband.

"Johnny, did you notice anything remarkable about the old gentleman who was with me when we met on Yonge Street this evening?"

"Old gentleman! who? There was no one with you when I met you."

"Think again. He and I were walking arm in arm, and you had passed us before you recognized me, and mentioned my name."

He looked hard in my face for a moment, and then said positively:

"You are wrong, Willie. You were certainly alone when we met. You were walking slowly, and I must have noticed if any one had been with you."

"It is you who are wrong," I retorted, almost sternly. "I was accompanied by an elderly gentleman, who wore a great coat with fur collar and cuffs, and we were conversing earnestly together when you passed us."

He hesitated an instant, and seemed to consider, but there was no shade of doubt on his face.

"Have it your own way, old boy," he said. "All I can say is that I saw no one but yourself, and neither did Charley Leitch who was with me. After parting from you we commented upon your evident abstraction, and the sombre expression of your countenance, which we attributed to your having only recently heard of the sudden death of your Uncle Richard. If any old gentleman

had been with you we could not possibly have failed to notice him.” Without a single word by way of explanation or apology, I jumped from my seat, passed out into the hall, seized my hat, and left the house.

III.

OUT into the street I rushed like a madman, banging the door after me. I knew that Johnny would follow me for an explanation, so I ran like lightning round the next corner, and thence down to Yonge Street. Then I dropped into a walk, regained my breath, and asked myself what I should do next.

Suddenly I bethought me of Dr. Marsden, an old friend of my uncle's. I hailed a passing cab, and drove to his house. The doctor was in his consultation-room, and alone.

Of course he was surprised to see me, and gave expression to some appropriate words of sympathy at my bereavement. “But how is it that I see you so soon?” he asked—“I understood that you were not expected for some months to come.”

Then I began my story, which I related with great circumstantiality of detail, bringing it down to the moment of my arrival at his house. He listened with the closest attention, never interrupting me by a single exclamation until I had finished. Then he began to ask questions, some of which I thought strangely irrelevant.

“Have you enjoyed your usual good health during your residence abroad?”

“Never better in my life. I have not had a moment's illness since you last saw me.”

“And how have you prospered in your business enterprises?”

“Reasonably well; but pray doctor, let us confine ourselves to the matter in hand. I have come for friendly, not professional, advice.”

“All in good time, my boy,” he calmly remarked. This was tantalizing. My strange narrative did not seem to have disturbed his serenity in the least degree.

“Did you have a pleasant passage?” he asked, after a brief pause. “The ocean, I believe, is generally rough at this time of year.”

“I felt a little squeamish for a day or two after leaving Melbourne,” I replied, “but I soon got over it, and it was not very bad even while it lasted. I am a tolerably good sailor.”

“And you have had no special ground of anxiety of late? At least not until you received this wonderful letter”—he added, with a perceptible contraction of his lips, as though trying to repress a smile.

Then I saw what he was driving at.

“Doctor,” I exclaimed, with some exasperation in my tone—“pray dismiss from your mind the idea that what I have told you is the result of a diseased imagination. I am as sane as you are. The letter itself affords sufficient evidence that I am not quite such a fool as you take me for.”

“My dear boy, I don't take you for a fool at all, although you are a little excited just at present. But I thought you said you returned the letter to—ahem—your uncle.”

For the moment I had forgotten that important fact. But I was not altogether without evidence that I had not been the victim of a disordered brain. My friend Gridley could corroborate the receipt of the letter, and its contents. My cousin could bear witness that I had displayed an acquaintance with facts which I would not have been likely to learn from any one but my uncle. I had referred to his wig and overcoat, and had mentioned to her the name of Mr. Marcus Weatherley—a name which I had never heard before in my life. I called Dr. Marsden's attention to these matters, and asked him to explain them if he could.

“I admit,” said the doctor, “that I don't quite see my way to a satisfactory explanation just at present. But let us look the thing squarely in the face. During an acquaintance of nearly thirty years, I always found your uncle a truthful man, who was cautious enough to make no statements about his neighbours that he was not able to prove. Your informant, on the other hand, does not seem to have confined himself to facts. He made a charge of forgery against a gentleman whose moral and commercial integrity are unquestioned by all who know him. I know Marcus

Weatherley pretty well, and am not disposed to pronounce him a forger and a scoundrel upon the unsupported evidence of a shadowy old gentleman who appears and disappears in the most mysterious manner, and who cannot be laid hold of and held responsible for his slanders in a court of law. And it is not true, as far as I know and believe, that Marcus Weatherley is embarrassed in his circumstances. Such confidence have I in his solvency and integrity that I would not be afraid to take up all his outstanding paper without asking a question. If you will make inquiry, you will find that my opinion is shared by all the bankers in the city. And I have no hesitation in saying that you will find no acceptances with your uncle's name to them, either in this market or elsewhere.”

“That I will try to ascertain to-morrow,” I replied. “Meanwhile, Dr. Marsden, will you oblige your old friend's nephew by writing to Mr. Junius Gridley, and asking him to acquaint you with the contents of the letter, and with the circumstances under which I received it?”

“It seems an absurd thing to do,” he said, “but I will if you like. What shall I say?” and he sat down at his desk to write the letter.

It was written in less than five minutes. It simply asked for the desired information, and requested an immediate reply. Below the doctor's signature I added a short postscript in these words:—

“My story about the letter and its contents is discredited. Pray answer fully, and at once.—W. F. F.”

At my request the doctor accompanied me to the Post-office, on Toronto Street, and dropped the letter into the box with his own hands. I bade him good night, and repaired to the Rossin House. I did not feel like encountering Alice again until I could place myself in a more satisfactory light before her. I despatched a messenger to her with a short note stating that I had not discovered anything important, and requesting her not to wait up for me. Then I engaged a room and went to bed.

But not to sleep. All night long I tossed about from one side of the bed to the other; and at daylight, feverish and unrefreshed, I strolled out. I returned in time for breakfast, but ate little or nothing. I longed for the arrival of ten o'clock, when the banks would open.

After breakfast I sat down in the reading-room of the hotel, and vainly tried to fix my attention upon the local columns of that morning's paper. I remember reading over several items time after time, without any comprehension of their meaning. After that I remember—nothing.

Nothing! All was blank for more than five weeks. When consciousness came back to me I found myself in bed in my own old room, in the house on Gerrard Street, and Alice and Dr. Marsden were standing by my bedside.

No need to tell how my hair had been removed, nor about the bags of ice that had been applied to my head. No need to linger over any details of the “pitiless fever that burned in my brain.” No need, either, to linger over my progress back to convalescence, and thence to complete recovery. In a week from the time I have mentioned, I was permitted to sit up in bed, propped up by a mountain of pillows. My impatience would brook no further delay, and I was allowed to ask questions about what had happened in the interval which had elapsed since my overwrought nerves gave way under the prolonged strain upon them. First, Junius Gridley's letter in reply to Dr. Marsden was placed in my hands. I have it still in my possession, and I transcribe the following copy from the original now lying before me:—

“DR. MARSDEN :

Boston, Dec. 22nd, 1861.

“In reply to your letter, which has just been received, I have to say that Mr. Furlong and myself became acquainted for the first time during our recent passage from Liverpool to Boston, in the *Persia*, which arrived here on Monday last. Mr. Furlong accompanied me home, and remained until Tuesday morning, when I took him to see the Public Library, the State House, the Athenæum, Faneuil Hall, and other points of interest. We casually dropped into the post-office, and he remarked upon the great number of letters there. At my instigation—made, of course, in jest—he applied at the General Delivery for letters for himself. He received one bearing the Toronto post-mark. He was naturally very much surprised at receiving it, and was not less so at its contents. After reading it he handed

t to me, and I also read it carefully. I cannot recollect it word for word, but it professed to come from 'his affectionate uncle, Richard Yardington.' It expressed pleasure at his coming home sooner than had been anticipated, and hinted in rather vague terms at some calamity. It referred to a lady called Alice, and stated that she had not been informed of Mr. Furlong's intended arrival. There was something too, about his presence at home being a recompense to her for recent grief which she had sustained. It also expressed the writer's intention to meet his nephew at the Toronto railway station upon his arrival, and stated that no telegram need be sent. This, as nearly as I can remember, was about all there was in the letter. Mr. Furlong professed to recognize the handwriting as his uncle's. It was a cramped hand, not easy to read, and the signature was so peculiarly formed that I was hardly able to decipher it. The peculiarity consisted of the extreme irregularity in the formation of the letters, no two of which were of equal size; and capitals were interspersed promiscuously, more especially throughout the surname.

"Mr. Furlong was much agitated by the contents of the letter, and was anxious for the arrival of the time of his departure. He left by the B. & A. train at 11.30. This is really all I know about the matter, and I have been anxiously expecting to hear from him ever since he left. I confess that I feel curious, and should be glad to hear from him—that is, of course, unless something is involved which it would be impertinent for a comparative stranger to pry into.

"Yours, &c.,

"JUNIOUS H. GRIDLEY."

So that my friend had completely corroborated my account, so far as the letter was concerned. My account, however, stood in no need of corroboration, as will presently appear.

When I was stricken down, Alice and Dr. Marsden were the only persons to whom I had communicated what my uncle had said to me during our walk from the station. They both maintained silence on the matter, except to each other. Between themselves, in the early days of my illness, they discussed it with a good deal of feeling on each side. Alice implicitly believed my story from first to last. She was wise enough to see that I had been made acquainted with matters that I could not possibly have learned through any of the ordinary channels of communication. In short, she was not so enamoured of professional jargon as to have lost her common sense. The doctor, however, with the mole-blindness of many of his tribe, refused to believe. Nothing of this kind had previously come within the range of his own experience, and it was therefore impossible. He accounted for it all upon the hypothesis of my impending fever. He is not the only physician who mistakes cause for effect, and *vice versa*.

During the second week of my prostration, Mr. Marcus Weatherley absconded. This event, so totally unlooked-for by those who had had dealings with him, at once brought his financial condition to light. It was found that he had been really insolvent for several months past. The day after his departure a number of his acceptances became due. These acceptances proved to be four in number, amounting to exactly forty-two thousand dollars. So that that part of my uncle's story was confirmed. One of the acceptances was payable in Montreal, and was for \$2,283.76. The other three were payable at different banks in Toronto. These last had been drawn at sixty days, and each of them bore a signature presumed to be that of Richard Yardington. One of them was for \$8,972.11; another was for \$10,114.63; and the third and last was for \$20,629.50. A short sum in simple addition will show us the aggregate of these three amounts—

\$8,972 11

10,114 63

20,629 50

\$39,716 24

which was the amount for which my uncle claimed that his name had been forged.

Within a week after these things came to light, a letter addressed to the manager of one of the leading banking institutions of Toronto arrived from Mr. Marcus Weatherley. He wrote from New York, but stated that he should leave there within an hour from the time of posting his letter. He voluntarily admitted having forged my uncle's name to the three acceptances above referred to, and entered into other details about his affairs which, though interesting enough to his creditors at that time, would have no special interest for the public at the present day. The banks where the acceptances had been discounted were wise after the fact, and detected numerous little details wherein the forged signatures differed from genuine signatures of my Uncle Richard.

In each case they pocketed the loss and held their tongues, and I dare say they will not thank me for calling attention to the matter, even at this distance of time.

There is not much more to tell. Marcus Weatherley, the forger, met his fate within a few days after writing his letter from New York. He took passage at New Bedford, Massachusetts, in a sailing vessel called the *Petrel*, bound for Havana. The *Petrel* sailed from port on the 12th of January, 1862, and went down in mid-ocean with all hands on the 23rd of the same month. She sank in full sight of the captain and crew of the *City of Baltimore* (Inman Line), but the hurricane prevailing was such that the latter were unable to render any assistance, or to save one of the ill-fated crew from the fury of the waves.

At an early stage in the story I mentioned that the only fictitious element should be the name of one of the characters introduced. The name is that of Marcus Weatherley himself. The person whom I have so designated really bore a different name—one that is still remembered by scores of people in Toronto. He has paid the penalty of his misdeeds, and I see nothing to be gained by perpetuating them in connection with his own proper name. In all other particulars the foregoing narrative is as true as a tolerably retentive memory has enabled me to record it.

I don't propose to attempt any psychological explanation of the events here recorded, for the very sufficient reason that only one explanation is possible. The weird letter and its contents, as has been seen, do not rest upon my testimony alone. With respect to my walk from the station with Uncle Richard, and the communication made by him to me, all the details are as real to my mind as any other incidents of my life. The only obvious deduction is, that I was made the recipient of a communication of the kind which the world is accustomed to regard as supernatural.

Mr. Owen has my full permission to appropriate this story in the next edition of his "Debatable Land between this World and the Next." Should he do so, his readers will doubtless be favoured with an elaborate analysis of the facts, and with a pseudo-philosophic theory about spiritual communion with human beings. My wife, who is an enthusiastic student of electro-biology, is disposed to believe that Weatherley's mind, over-weighted by the knowledge of his forgery, was in some occult manner, and unconsciously to himself, constrained to act upon my own senses. I prefer, however, simply to narrate the facts. I may or may not have my own theory about those facts. The reader is at perfect liberty to form one of his own if he so pleases. I may mention that Dr. Marsden professes to believe to the present day that my brain was disordered by the approach of the fever which eventually struck me down, and that all I have described was merely the result of what he, with delightful periphrasis, calls "an abnormal condition of the system, induced by causes too remote for specific diagnosis."

It will be observed that, whether I was under an hallucination or not, the information supposed to be derived from my uncle was strictly accurate in all its details. The fact that the disclosure subsequently became unnecessary through the confession of Weatherley does not seem to me to afford any argument for the hallucination theory. My uncle's communication was important at the time when it was given to me; and we have no reason for believing that "those who are gone before" are universally gifted with a knowledge of the future.

It was open to me to make the facts public as soon as they became known to me, and had I done so, Marcus Weatherley might have been arrested and punished for his crime. Had not my illness supervened, I think I should have made discoveries in the course of the day following my arrival in Toronto which would have led to his arrest.

Such speculations are profitless enough, but they have often formed the topic of discussion between my wife and myself. Gridley, too, whenever he pays us a visit, invariably revives the subject, which he long ago christened "The Gerrard Street Mystery," although it might just as correctly be called "The Yonge Street Mystery," or, "The Mystery at the Union Station." He has urged me a hundred times over to publish the story; and now, after all these years, I follow his counsel, and adopt his nomenclature in the title.

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The Rev. G. M. Milligan, pastor of Jarvis Street Presbyterian Church, writes,

384 Sherbourne St., Toronto,
July 26th, 1883.

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GEO. M. MILLIGAN.

S. VERNON, ESQ.,

Sept. 10th, 1886.

Dear Sir,—I consider it my duty to the public to give the following statement:—I suffered neuralgia of the most excruciating character, in both temples, the pain shooting down into the shoulders occasionally, accompanied by morbid sensations in my extremities. After other means had failed I thought I would try electricity, and, having ascertained that you were the most successful electro-therapist in Ontario, I obtained your services. Through your instructions as to the use of the battery, and from several treatments received at your office, I am now in very good health.

I remain, thankfully yours,

Malvern, P.O.

L. D. CLOSSEN, M.D.

St. Marys, Oct. 13th, 1884.

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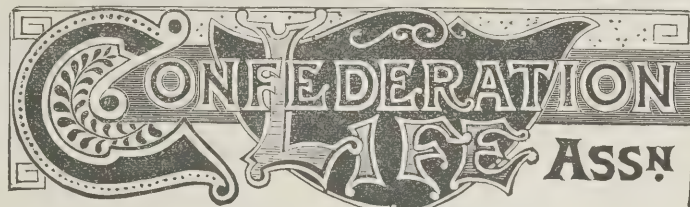
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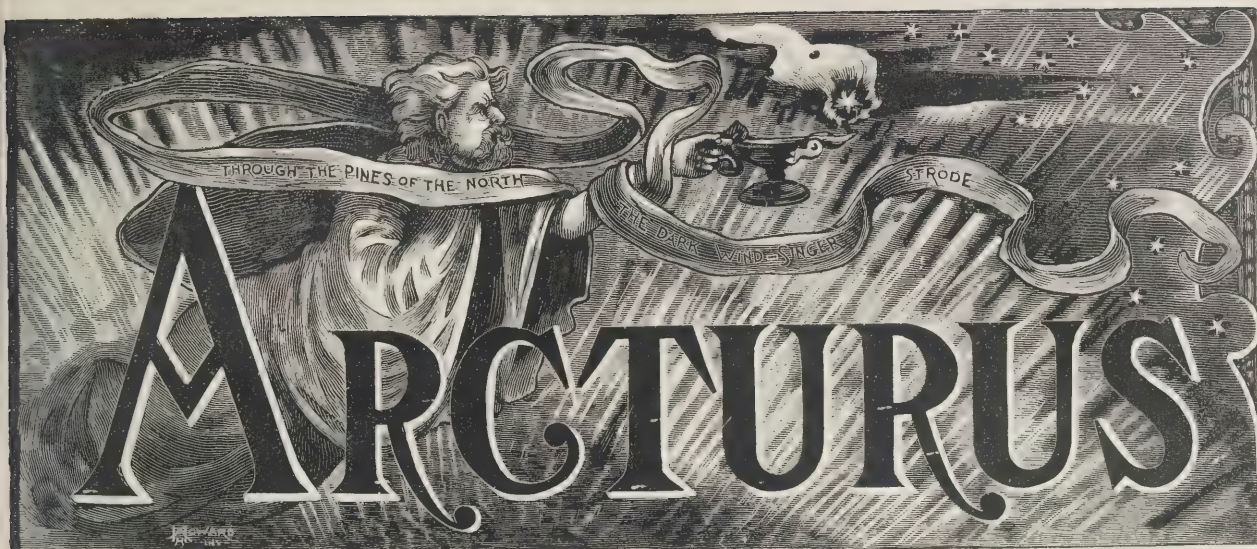
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VOL. 1. }
No. 3. }

Saturday, January 29th, 1887.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE election campaign is now in active progress. It differs from previous campaigns in one essential respect. There is no real party cry before the electors—at any rate in this Province—and the question practically resolves itself into a choice between Sir John and Mr. Blake. If a Conservative be asked as to the guiding-star of his political principles at the present time, he will reply that he is going to "support Sir John," and he will probably point to the C.P.R. and the N.P. as all-sufficient reasons for so doing. Ask a Grit, and the pretty certain reponse is that he will vote for any man who opposes Sir John, without much reference to anything else. The large number of people who have no political opinions at all will vote for a good "local" man; one who takes up zealously some local demand, and can persuade a sufficient number of electors that his return will secure its realization. There is no doubt that the elections will turn very much on Provincial as opposed to Dominion interests. This state of things is much to be regretted, though it will always be so to some extent, and especially in the absence of any question of vital interest. Mr. Blake has made no pretence of placing a policy before the country, and, under existing circumstances, he must not be surprised if people decline to take him entirely upon trust. While it would be folly to attempt any sort of forecast as to the result of the contest, it is unquestionable that

a large majority of those to whom one speaks on the subject incline to the opinion that Sir John will be sustained, though by a very narrow majority.

For the present, competition among Liberal Conservative newspapers for the distinction of becoming Government organ-in-chief is over. The question has been solved by the establishment of a new journal in Toronto, called *The Daily Standard*, which has been placed under the editorial management of Mr. Louis P. Kribs. There is a prevalent opinion that the new venture has merely been set up to answer the purpose of a campaign sheet, and that it will cease to exist as soon as the elections are over. We are no better informed on this subject than our neighbours, but it may not unreasonably be supposed that in a Conservative centre like Toronto there exists an opening—almost a necessity—for a permanent advocate of the Conservative policy. Should the *Standard* prove equal to such a position there can be no reason, so far as an outsider can see, for its discontinuance. Its continued existence will probably depend partly upon the extent to which it may realize the expectations of its founders, and partly, perhaps, upon the result of the elections. Its articles so far have not been deficient in vigour. The following, *apropos* of the *Globe's* recent allegations as to the impending insanity of Sir John Macdonald, is a not unfavourable specimen of its journalistic style:

"The late Mr. George Brown and Mr. Gordon Brown were manly fighters who gave and took and wore honourable scars won in many a fight. But their spirit has passed out of Grit journalism, and in its place has come small-souled mediocrity, with its brutality that disorganizes and its servility that disgusts. But although the new and vitriolic pens of the new dispensation have poured out their venom on the reputation of a man whose greatest crime is that he loves his country well, yet they have not prevailed, nor will they ever prevail, against that great and unmeasurable character that has a place in the hearts of his countrymen that Mr. Blake can never hope to fill."

SIR CHARLES TUPPER has reached Ottawa in safety, and has been promptly interviewed by the ubiquitous reporters at our national capital. Sir Charles was at first reticent as to the object of his journey, but after an interview with Sir John Macdonald he became more communicative. He declares that his mission has nothing whatever to do with the impending elections, and that he did not even know of them until he reached New York. His real object in crossing the Atlantic at this stormy season of the year was to discuss "very important public questions with Sir John" and the Government. These very important public questions are stated to be "in connection with the proposed Canadian treaty with Spain, and certain changes in the Imperial Institute." That anybody is expected to believe such a tale as this seems incredible, more especially when Sir Charles himself intimates that he does not believe he will return to London. That he came out with a certain definite purpose fully agreed upon between himself and the head of the Government may safely be taken for granted. It may also be assumed that he will take an active part in the present campaign, and that the roar of his lungs will resound from more than one hustings. The rumour that he will oppose Mr. Blake in West Durham is probably unfounded. It is much more likely that he will lead the van of the campaign in his native province of Nova Scotia, where all his oratory and personal influence will be urgently needed by the adherents of the Government. The latest despatches from Ottawa announce, as might have been anticipated, that he will accept a place in the Government.

THE recent debate on the Edmunds Fishery Bill in the United States Senate evoked an amount of loud and splenetic talk which had much better have been left unsaid. Some of the speakers expressed themselves with a degree of acrimony and ill-temper which astonished the more sober-minded of their audience. For this display of irritation it is only reasonable that some allowance should be made, but it does not reflect much credit on the good sense of those who indulged in it. There never was a time in the history of the world when it was so desirable, in the interests of mankind, that a good understanding should exist between the two great English-speaking nations. Those who sit in the councils of the nation incur a serious responsibility when they seek to inflame animosities which arose from mutual misapprehension and mutual want of forbearance. These animosities are things of the past, and ought to have been dead and buried long ago. In this matter of the fisheries we are of opinion that we have the best of the argument, but we are far from believing that all the right is on one side and all the wrong on the other. It is a case for temperate discussion and dispassionate arbitration, not for inconsiderate aggressiveness or blatant displays of the eagle's claws.

THE Woodstock *Sentinel-Review* of Friday, January 21st, has a trenchant article on "Fiction in Politics," which deserves to receive a wide circulation throughout the land at the present time. As all readers of the newspapers know, the tone of the Canadian party press has become a crying

disgrace to the country. Nothing is too low, petty or mean for the hired journalistic assassin, whose only mission in life is to serve, according to his lights, the interests of his party. His delight is to stab his opponent in the back, or where that is impracticable to at least strike him below the belt. He has no sort of regard for truth, justice, or even common decency.

"We do not believe," says the *Sentinel-Review*, "indeed we deny that all Conservative politicians are liars; and we are quite willing to admit, too, that some Liberal politicians are—whenever a lie will serve their purpose better than the truth. About political speakers and political writers who will deliberately repeat or assert what they know to be untrue of their opponents, or in the discussion of public questions, there can be but one opinion among decent people. Whether they are party men or 'independents' they are a pest to society and to political life that should be eradicated. That such shameless liars are too common in Canada no one can deny, any more than that public opinion here too often condones their infamy. Those who will expose and run down to political death such living libels upon the honour of public life will render a high service to the country. And those newspapers that expect their reporters and leader writers to lie in the hope of securing a party advantage should be driven from the homes of the people to make way for what is decent and pure."

Canada has made considerable progress in civilization, and it is high time that public opinion should frown down this tainted survival of incapacity and savagery.

BRITISH politics are still in an unsettled and far from satisfactory condition. About this there is no doubt, but the information at our command is still so meagre that considerable doubt exists about everything else. All the "news" we receive comes so palpably tainted with an American bias that beyond the few positive statements of fact it is worthless. So far as can be judged at this distance from the scene of action, Lord Randolph Churchill has acted with an unwise precipitation which, while it has damaged the Government, will much more seriously damage his own political future by reviving in men's minds those ideas of his instability which his satisfactory record as leader of the House had done much to remove. One thing is certain: wisely or unwisely, intentionally or not, Lord Randolph's action will do more to hurry forward a sweeping civil service reform than years of agitation. The prodigal expenditure in all departments of the civil service is something quite beyond the power of ordinary belief, and the "soft snaps" are very soft and very numerous. The accession of Mr. Goschen is an event of great importance to the ministry. As a financier he stands high. As a politician he is a tower of strength among that party, so numerous and so steadily increasing in England, the "moderate" middle class; and as a man of great wealth and influence in the money markets of the world, he is of course a considerable social force. Mr. Gladstone made his reputation as Chancellor of the Exchequer during a period of unrivalled prosperity. He scored a great success by clearing the customs' tariff of a long list of articles, the tax on which never paid the cost of collection. Give Mr. Goschen fair play, and he will make quite as useful, though

perhaps not so brilliant, a Chancellor as his quondam political chief. His recent defeat at Liverpool will probably be followed by his return for some "safe" constituency.

THE Canadian toboggan is growing apace in favour with the beaux and belles of New York and Boston. Tobogganing has, in fact, become as popular an amusement there as it has long been in the principal cities of Canada. And it is not confined to the centres of population, but is widely practised in rural communities throughout the Northern States. During the present season hundreds of slides have been erected in New England alone, and scores of others are now in course of erection. Coasting sleds are still, as formerly, imported from Quebec and Montreal in great numbers, but they are also manufactured by the thousand in New York City, and the demand far exceeds the supply. After this, who shall say that Canada has given nothing to the world?

SARTOR RESARTUS has been altogether outdone of late by a learned Swiss physician named Garre, who dubs himself a "scarpologist." Herr Teufelsdröckh merely professed to expound the philosophy of old clothes. The scarpologist interprets every phase of a man's character by the shape of his old boots. He claims that in nothing is human folly and frailty so truthfully delineated as in the method of wearing the covering for the feet. He has discovered the interpretation of every pedal peculiarity, and if he is furnished with a pair of old boots or shoes he can indicate the character of the wearer with unerring precision. If you find a man whose pedal covering first wears away at the outside edges and toe-caps, beware of him, for he is a murderer at heart, and if he has not already been guilty of murder it is merely because the opportunity or inducement has been wanting. The question presents itself: will the learned Doctor be the founder of a school? Shall we be afflicted with a succession of scarpological lecturers who will hold examinations, and who, after manipulating the cast-off boots of their patrons, will give charts of character graded on a scale of 1 to 10? The subject opens up a wide field of inquiry.

THOUSANDS of persons in all parts of the world will hail with delight the intelligence that a distinguished French physician has discovered a remarkably successful mode of treating that much-dreaded disease popularly known as consumption. The discoverer is a Dr. Bergeon, of Lyons, who is recognized throughout the French provinces as a physician of great learning and high professional standing. He has for many years made a specialty of the treatment of the various forms of phthisis, and his reputation has extended to Paris. His method consists of diurnal injections of carbonic acid gas, in combination with sulphuretted hydrogen. The treatment is attended with little or no pain, and is said to have been productive of the most marvellous results, even in cases where the disease was of long standing, and where the structure of the lungs had been seriously impaired. Under this painless regimen night-sweats are arrested after a few applications, and the patient's cough

ceases to be accompanied by expectoration. In cases where the tubercular deposit is of recent formation, the progress of the malady has in almost every instance been speedily checked, and complete cures have been brought about within the brief space of three or four months. The ordinary medical practitioner will naturally be disposed to look upon the new treatment with incredulity until it has been fully tested, but the professors in the great hospitals of Paris have adopted the innovation, and are now experimenting with it—so far with the most gratifying results. Some of the leading medical authorities of America are so strongly impressed in its favour that they are moving for the introduction of it into the New York hospitals, where it will be fairly tested and reported upon. Should these experiments prove all, or even the half, that is expected of them, Dr. Bergeon will go down to posterity as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race, and many an emaciated consumptive will have reason to bless his name.

THE announcement in our first issue, to the effect that the editor of ARCTURUS would be glad to receive and pay for original contributions to the various departments of this paper, has produced results which at least prove something for the literary activity among us. The number of stories, poems and discursive sketches received at this office during the past fortnight would, if printed, furnish out a library of fair dimensions. For the information of the senders, it may as well be announced that each contribution is numbered at the time of its arrival, and that it will in all cases be examined and considered in its turn. Some days will necessarily elapse between the time of receiving a manuscript and the time of pronouncing judgment upon it.

AMONG the numerous contributions to Jubilee Literature, *The Life of Her Majesty the Queen*, by Sarah Tytler, with an introduction by Lord Ronald Leveson Gower, is entitled to a due share of consideration. It contains a good many of the steel engravings which form a special feature of Virtue's publications, and a Jubilee Number has just been added, bringing the events of Her Majesty's life down to the current year. The publisher of the Canadian edition is George Virtue, 10½ Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was in his day recognized not only as a poet and essayist of lofty range, but as an authority on the highest departments of politics. In his *Table-Talk* may be found the following deliverance on the Irish Question, which is of special significance at the present time:—"I am quite sure that no dangers are to be feared for England from the disannexing and independence of Ireland at all comparable with the evils that have been, and will yet be, caused to England by the union. We have never received one particle of advantage from our association with Ireland, whilst we have in many most vital particulars violated the principles of the British constitution solely for the purpose of conciliating Irish agitators, and of endeavouring—a vain endeavour—to find room for them under the same Government. Mr. Pitt has received great credit for effecting the union; but I believe it will sooner or later be discovered that the manner in which, and the terms upon which he effected it, made it the most fatal blow ever levelled against the peace and prosperity of England. If men could learn from history, what lessons it might teach us! But passion and party blind our eyes, and the light which experience gives is a lantern on the stern, which shines only on the waves behind us."

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29TH, 1887.

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THE RACE MOVEMENT.

RACE prejudice is growing in Canada, and if we are to form an idea of its volume and character from the tone and spirit of the French Canadian press, the antipathy which over a million of people are said to hold against their brethren who speak another language is very deep-rooted and widespread. Perfect cordiality between French and English Canadians we have never had. Of mutual toleration we have had much, but within the last decade coolness of a most pronounced type has sprung up between the two races, and this feeling promises to increase in time. The length of "boycotting" has not been reached, but it may come before long. Of course, most statements are general rather than particular. There are many persons of both nationalities who live in kindly sympathy with each other, but they belong to the better circles of society, are well educated in both languages, and because of their profession or business are thrown into daily intercourse with one another. As a rule, they are exceptionally liberal-minded, broad in their views and principles, and, though a difference in religion exists, questions of faith and observance seldom obtrude themselves offensively among them. Among the masses, however, a very different state of affairs exists, and it is their voice which finds utterance in the press, and from the lips of demagogues. It is from them that the mischief will come.

The unfriendliness of the races is no new thing in Canada. It has been steadily growing ever since the Conquest, when the blood of Wolfe and Montcalm reddened the soil of Quebec. Up to 1837 the British oligarchy ruled the French with a rod of iron. True, the laws, language and institutions of the conquered nationality were guaranteed to them, and could not be changed without breaking one of the most solemn treaties ever entered into; but the French had no sympathetic voice in the government. Against this injustice they rightly rose in rebellion, and though they were put down in the field, and by hanging and transportation, the cause for which they fought and bled was won. It was a gallant crusade against Family Compactism and irresponsible government, and though the French would have had their rights in time, there can be no doubt that their action precipitated matters, and forced an unwilling and insolent official class to accede to their demands. The rebellion did good generally, but for civil and political liberty it accomplished a great deal, and was a step in a direction which every lover of freedom and real manhood ought to applaud. From that day to this the bitter feeling towards English-speaking Canadians has become intensified. Political, social and economical advancement has emphasized itself into a creed with the French Canadian, whose aspirations to rule and govern in all things, even to crowding the English out of the country, has almost developed into a passion. Already they hold the chief offices in the Province of Quebec, which they proudly call a French province, and as they number

1,073,820 against 285,207 made up of persons of other nationalities, it may be admitted that they are not far wrong in the assumption. It is an unwritten law that the Lieutenant-Governor, the Prime Minister and the majority of the members of the local government shall be French Roman Catholics. The most that English Protestantism can claim, only by sufferance and not by right, is a representation of two in the provincial administration. In Civil Service appointments, of course, the French are largely in the ascendant. Thus we see half a century after the rebellion of 1837 the order of things reversed. The English who granted so much are now supplicants for the very favours which they were so loth to give. The whirligig of time has brought about its revenges. However, the trade and commerce of the country are still in the hands of the English. A few great merchants in the dry goods and grocery businesses are French, but the large lumber operators, the principal ship-owners and bankers are English and Scotch; and as long as commerce holds any sway the perfidious Saxon will keep his place.

For the safety of the Confederation, for the peace of Canada, one would wish that race prejudice might be banished from the Dominion. But how can it be banished when an illiberal press courts the subject rather than ignores it? Politically French Canada is divided into three camps, the Castors, the Bleus and the Rouges. The first named is the most dangerous of all. It is the ultramontane party pure and simple—Conservative, of course, but narrow, bigoted, and extreme in its views. The Castors still praise the Inquisition, and their cue is invariably taken from the most prejudiced portion of the clergy. The Jesuit influence always goes with the Castors, and could they gain power the future of Canada would develop into a State with views no larger than those which might be held by a petty province of Spain or Austria. The Bleus are Conservatives of ampler tastes and aspirations. They are French, of course, and their prophet is the present Secretary of State for Canada—not a great man, but a very eloquent and politic leader. "Principles," said Artemus Ward, "I have none; I'm in the show business." The minister is in the show business, and as he has to fight the Castors, a wing of his own cherished political party, he descends to any mode of warfare which exigency may suggest. Of the two parties, the Bleus are preferable to the Castors. They, at least, are more Liberal, though their love for the English element is hardly deeper. The Rouges are the Liberals or Radicals of Lower Canada. They number a smaller band, because the Church sees in them a force which might grow and develop into the Reds of Old France. The Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec, the real Potentate of Canada, is a man of extremely broad views. His political leanings are Liberal, and, when he can, he helps the Rouges, but his wings are clipped now and then, and constant appeals to Rome are made by the enemies within his own camp—the extreme ultramontanes, and the devoted members of the *Cercle Catholique*,—a body of religious enthusiasts who are more Catholic than his Holiness himself, and who prove a constant thorn in the flesh of his Eminence of Quebec. The Rouges are more radical than the Liberals, and approve of every political movement which has a tendency to smash up every thing in general, and Conservatism in particular. Their chief difficulty is in getting subscribers to their tenets of faith. In the remote country parishes they cannot succeed, because the Church there is generally Conservative, and dreads the importation of new ideas. The cure has the notion, rightly or wrongly, that Rouge really

means Red, and the only Red he knows is the Red of France. From that Red he prays Heaven to defend him. But Liberalism is growing, and the old order of things is changing. The Pope has been convinced that Rouge and Bleu are two political terms in Canada; that Rouge means Liberal and Bleu Tory; that Rouges are not always enemies of the Church, and that Bleus are not always saviours and defenders of the faith. Monsignor Conroy taught the substance of this doctrine when he came out to Canada seven or eight years ago, as Papal Ablegate. He was a man of generous views and ample Catholicity and scholarship. He forbade the clergy from meddling with politics and the elections, and had he lived his teachings might have availed much. The seed he planted, however, has done some good, and the spirit of his lessons is growing, and yearly promising a riper harvest. He found the district ignorant in many things. He found prejudice, and political infamy. He nearly killed out the former, and he extended so strong an arm to the latter that it at once sprang to its feet. Race prejudice as a question had not come before him. Had it reached his vision, he might have stayed its advance. Dom Smeulders, the Belgian priest, who came from the Pope a few months ago, is a man of different stamp. He easily fell into the hands of ultramontanes and Jesuits. His mission failed because he was not strong, and French Canada went back ten years.

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will next week conclude what I have to say on this subject. A CANADIAN.

Montreal.

THE EUROPEAN CRISIS.

THE thunder-clouds are settling over Europe with ominous darkness. The occurrence of such small disturbances as the Albanian revolt is often the precursor of greater storms. Not that the revolt of the Arnauts is likely to spread or prove formidable; but it clearly denotes the eruptive state of Eastern Europe at the present time. Whether Prince Bismarck would not welcome a general imbroglio as a further means of Teutonic unification, which is seriously threatened by internal dissatisfaction, is a moot point. The common cry of danger to the Fatherland would dispel all minor party troubles by a tremendous wave of patriotism, the results of which would be lasting. France seems to be energetically entrenching herself on the borders of Alsace and Lorraine, probably with a view of recovery; but General Boulanger's antecedents scarcely warrant his assumption of a Napoleon's rôle, and doubtless the intimate knowledge of French movements possessed at Berlin would effectually prevent any recapture of territory by surprise. It is not unlikely that in case of any attempted reprisal by the French, General Von Moltke would regard the future preservation of peace as dependent upon the entire acquisition of the River Moselle as a natural boundary. At any rate, if Germany were attacked it would not be in accordance with the creed of Bismarck to act solely on the defensive. In point of actual utility the French army is perhaps at about its highest *café* heat. Its enthusiasm is always feverish, and its conduct impulsive; but it is to be doubted whether the members of General Boulanger's new military fencing club are a match for the players of the great Moltkean war game.

Along the east, the Bulgarian crucible has been on the point of explosion several times owing to the addition of Russia's diplomatic gunpowder; but the fear of a disastrous conflagration has prevented her from throwing in a decisive quantity. If Central and Western Europe could only rid itself of minor grievances and racial hatreds, an effective combination would prevent the further

encroachment of Russian barbarism, which is the chief hindrance to the general progress of Eastern Europe. Such a desideratum, however, is not likely to be obtained, and the probable alliance of Western and Eastern powers will, in the case of war, produce a conflict that will retard civilization and imperil the slow growth of liberty in Oriental climes. Italy has no need to anticipate any *casus belli*; but in case of any alteration of the Mediterranean outlets, as the second naval power, her voice and arm would probably be raised. The interests of Austria are materially concerned in the ultimate fate of the Balkan principalities, and the extension of her littoral is not beyond the dreams of her more sanguine diplomats. Everything seems to depend upon the immediate actions of Russia. After taking so lively a part in creating the storm it remains to be seen whether she has the courage to face its full rage. It is certain that she dare not do so alone, and the question is where can she look confidently for allies. It is on this solution the general peace of Europe depends, and so far as is at present discernible the bureaucracy of St. Petersburg has not secured the unconditional services of any other power. At the same time it is equally certain that it has approached every strong power which was at all likely to respond to the embraces of a bear, and the weaker ones likely to be crushed by its hug.

The position of Britain is that of an honest policeman watching the movements of suspected burglars and their confederates inside the house. His duty is clear when the right moment arrives for its execution, and the odds of opposition or the chances of assistance will not alter his determination to uphold the law. But England will not be without assistance when the critical moment arrives, and the only danger lies in the probability that, in the midst of party dissensions the critical moment may not be perceived, and the interference may be too late. In any case, hostile movements are not likely to happen before the spring, and it may be that diplomatic action on the part of a few interested powers in concert will after all prevent the catastrophe of European war.

E. G. G.

Book Notice.

THE STORY OF MANON LESCAUT AND OF THE CHEVALIER DES GRIEUX. Translated from the French of L'Abbé Prévost, by Arthur W. Gundry. From the edition of 1753. New York, F. T. Jones & Co. Toronto, R. W. Douglas & Co.

This book will probably be new to most Upper Canadian readers into whose hands it may chance to fall, though it is still widely read in Old France and New France, just as *Tom Jones* is widely read in Old England and New England. It was written and published about a century and a half ago, by one of those dissolute but scholarly hangers-on of the church who regarded the profession of divinity as an eligible road to worldly preferment. There is good reason for believing that it is in large measure an autobiography, and many of the most moving incidents are known to be transcripts of real passages in the author's own life. Upon its first publication it was read throughout the greater part of Europe, and it has ever since held its place as, in its way, one of the masterpieces of French literature. Mr. Saintsbury refers to it as the first masterpiece of French literature which can properly be called a novel. It is chiefly devoted to recording the joys and sorrows, and more especially the amours, of a faithless, unprincipled woman and her infatuated lover. The tone is decidedly French throughout, and the book is by no means

the sort of thing which an English or Canadian mother would care to place in the hands of her daughter—or, for that matter, of her son. To those who are likely to read it, however, the work is certainly harmless, and its charm of style makes its perusal a most agreeable pastime. As for its morality, the less said the better. As a rule, one does not resort to French novels written by profligate clergyman for lessons in morality.

The edition under consideration may almost lay claim to be considered an *édition de luxe*. It is well printed, in a clear, bold type, and the illustrations, which are of exceptional excellence, are about as numerous as the pages. With regard to the merits of the translation, having no French copy of the work before us, we are of course unable to speak; but the phraseology employed is smooth and polished, and the most *blasé* of novel readers will hardly find the story tedious. Moreover, Mr. Gundry's attainments as a French scholar are such that one may feel tolerably safe in assuming his work to have been well done. In her new and attractive dress, the fair and frail Manon will almost certainly gain a new lease of popularity.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

THE first concert of the Philharmonic's fifteenth season was given on Tuesday evening, at the Toronto Horticultural Pavilion. The audience, a very large one, and, for Toronto, ultra-fashionable was warmly appreciative, if not very discriminating. The programme was composed of "The Spectre's Bride," Dvorak; Overture, "Phédre," Massenet; "Ah forse E' lui" (*Traviata*), Verdi; Flute Solo, "Du, Du, liegst mir am Herzen," Böhm; and the Trio "Qual Volutta Trascorre" (*I Lombardi*), Verdi. The principal vocalists were Miss Arthurs, soprano; Mr. Mockridge, tenor; and Mr. Geo. Prehn, bass. The solo-flautist was Mr. J. C. Arlidge. About 250 voices were in the chorus and 40 instruments in the orchestra. Mr. Torrington conducted.

The interest of musicians centered in the Dvorak novelty—"The Spectre's Bride"—while all were anxious to hear Miss Arthurs upon this her Canadian *début*, after about seven years of preparation for the operatic stage in Europe.

Dvorak's work is one of great beauty, abounding in original forms and with typical melodic phrases which add significance to the dramatic event they are intended to emphasize. Exception has been taken to the verbal repetitions (English edition) which certainly are calculated to entangle the sense to an exasperating degree. But the work is one of a class, and is by no means singular in the respect complained of. The orchestration is full and rich throughout, and the solo parts are no less poetically and admirably written than the concerted parts.

Of Miss Arthurs' singing there can be but one opinion, and it is fortunate that she was not confined to delineating the woes and sufferings of the "maiden wan." Opera, and unquestionably Italian opera, is her true sphere. With the *Traviata* aria (Patti's favourite) Miss Arthurs carried her hearers by storm, and an undeniable *encore* and floral tributes almost without end emphasized the favour with which this particular number was received.

Mr. Prehn was a conscientious artist throughout his exacting part as *Narrator* in the "Spectre's Bride," and no less satisfactory in the "Lombardi" trio. It is greatly to be hoped that we shall hear Mr. Prehn again, and at an early date. Mr. Mockridge, although occasionally over-weighted by the orchestra, was in unusually good voice, and certainly achieved a legitimate success. An extended word of praise is due to Mr. Arlidge's flute number, as well as to the chorus and orchestra, but limited space forbids anything beyond this bare acknowledgment.

Congratulations are due to Mr. Torrington, who through the medium of the Philharmonic Society has placed music lovers under a deep obligation by his bold and energetic attempts to create an interest in modern musical works previously unheard here. At this date, too, and as a result of these efforts, it may be believed that art patronage is not altogether a matter of fashion with us, but that a true musical instinct does exist. OCTAVE.

Correspondence.

SINCE the issue of the first number we have received a great many letters from various sources expressing appreciation of the political, social and literary stand assumed by this paper. These letters are written by reverend clergymen, grave judges, and persons eminent in political and professional life. Among them all, none has afforded the editor greater satisfaction than one received a few days since from an old and much-valued friend resident in western county. The following extracts are of public interest:

"Your leader on 'An Independent Newspaper' is completely in harmony with my own views, as it doubtless is with those of thousands of our fellow-countrymen. Less than an hour ago, while in conversation with ———, ex-mayor of ———, who is a Grit of the Grits, I learned from him, much to my astonishment, that his earnest desire is to see the early development of a Canadian National party, on lines widely diverging from those of the Sir John A. Macdonald Conservatives and the Blake Reformers. When men like our ex-mayor, a life-long reader of the *Globe*, born and bred a Reformer, a wool-dyed Grit, professes a desire to throw up the party sponge, it occurs to me there is enough to justify the belief that there are Lots in numbers sufficient to save the city. It remains for the *Mail*, ARCTURUS, and other journals of the same fearless, independent spirit to marshal the forces for a coming fray in behalf of a Canada to be made a country fit for Canadians to live in and to die in.

"In the article over the signature A, I am pleased to find discussed a question on which the writer seems to me to strike the proper key-note. The public schools must be rendered non-sectarian. The duty of the Canadian of the future will be to make the school-house like the counting-house—a place of business and not a place for divine worship. * * * Then, why should your income and mine be taxed, and that of the churches and religious houses be allowed to escape the attention of the assessor? My attitude here is: 'Stand and deliver!' to the church and its offshoots, and if they don't feel disposed to respond to the hint of the tax gatherer, I say, let us turn loose the bailiffs to learn the reason why. With his enemies, it is said, Black Hawk acted on the principle that it was upon the whole the safest to kill, skin and eat them. There are a lot of remnants of mediæval ideas and institutions, heirs of kings, nobles, right reverends and other things of the sort that we could properly dispose of in a truly Black Hawk fashion, devouring them alone excepted. What I mean by heirs of kings and nobles is the surplage of titles in this country. What use have we for them? We could get along very well without vicereignty and knighthood and his Eminence and his Grace, and the sooner we laugh them out of court the better. * * *

"And now, one word before closing. Who and what is Mrs. Ogilvy? Where did you capture a poetess with so much of the plunge and dash and music of old Tom Campbell's muse? Is she a lineal descendant of Lochiel himself? Upon my soul,

'In the dead silent river so rigid and still,'

I imagine I catch the real tones of the author of *Lochiel's Warning*. *The Dwina* is an admirable poem.

'Home he came never, we searched by the ford;
Small was the fissure that swallowed my lord.
Glassy ice-sheetings had frozen above,
A crystalline cover to seal up my love
In the dead silent river so rigid and still.'

This stanza I do certainly think very fine indeed. Campbell himself has left us few sweeter or more rhythmical. He wrote many not half so good. The poem should have ended with the quoted stanza. What follows seems rather of the inverted climax order of beauties. The 'ice-crack' and the 'water hole black' smack of bucolic surroundings. But the 'glassy ice-sheetings,' forming 'a crystalline cover' for the dead Ivan, much more than redeem the writer's reputation. I forgive her, in consideration of the pretty metaphors strung like pearls on the last three lines of the stanza for the bad taste of drowning her lover in a water hole black, after already drowning him enough for all poetical requirements in a stream with a name so poetical as Dwina. But of criticism *quantum suff.*"

Poetry.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER!

WEALTH, and glory, and place and power,
What are they worth to me or you?
For the lease of life runs out in an hour,
And death stands ready to claim his due;
Sounding honours or heaps of gold,
What are they all when all is told?

A pain or a pleasure, a smile or a tear—
What does it matter which we claim?
For we step from the cradle into the bier,
And a careless world goes on the same.
Hours of gladness or hours of sorrow,
What does it matter to us to-morrow?

Truth of love or vow of friend,
Tender caresses or cruel sneers,
What does it matter to us in the end?
For the brief day dies and the long night nears.
Passionate kisses, or tears of gall,
The grave will open and cover them all.

Homeless vagrant, or honoured guest,
Poor and humble, or rich and great—
All are racked with the world's unrest,
All must meet with the common fate.
Life from childhood till we are old,
What is all when all is told? —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HERE are two songlets by Dean Swift which may be read in either Latin or English:

*Apud in is almi de si re,
Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re,
Alo ver I findit a gestis,
His miseri ne ver at restis.*

A pudding is all my desire,
My mistress I never require.
A lover I find it a jest is;
His misery never at rest is.

Another in the same style and vein, is equally happy:

*"Mollis abuti,
Has an acuti,
No lasso finis,
Mollis divinis.
O mi de armis tres,
I mina dis tres,
Cantu disco ver
Meas alo ver?"*

"Moll is a beauty,
Has an acute eye,
No lass so fine is,
Molly divine is.
O! my dear mistress,
I'm in a distress,
Can't you discover
Me as a lover?"

The following is still another of Swift's exertations in this kind:

*"Letus paco fit tis time:
"Let us pack off—it is time!"*

LITERARY NOTES.

WILLIAM KIRBY, of Niagara, has received a letter from Lord Tennyson testifying to the great pleasure he has derived from *Le Chien d'Or*. The laureate recognizes the possibilities of the legend, and declares that he would like to write a poem on the same subject. This praise is well deserved, and doubtless affords much gratification to Mr. Kirby and his numerous friends.

WE have received from Ingersoll, Ont., a gorgeously bound little volume of poetry, entitled *Musings on the Banks of the Canadian Thames*, by James McIntyre. As the book was issued in 1884, it is now too late for us to make any attempt to review it. From a letter which accompanies the volume we learn that the author was a personal friend of Robert Gourley, "the Banished

Briton," whose sad story forms one of the most moving episodes in the history of Upper Canada. The following lines, which we find on p. 36, will give some idea of the author's versification and power of expression:

There came to Oxford Robert Gourley,
In his old age his health was poorly;
He was a relic of the past,
In his dotage sinking fast.
Yet he was erect and tall,
Like noble ruined castle wall.
In early times they did him impeach,
For demanding right of speech,
Now Oxford he wished to represent
In Canadian Parliament;
But him the riding did not honour,
But elected Doctor Connor.

The rhythmical flow of the last two lines is something altogether out of the common way.

FROM the Rose Publishing Co. we have received *Loved I Not Honour More*, by Annie Rothwell, and *A Mystery*, by Caris Simla—two of the latest additions to the Rose Pocket Library. From the same house comes Rose's *Hand-Book of Dominion Politics*, compiled and edited by A. C. Campbell, which has already won recognition as an exceedingly useful little book of reference.

MR. J. M. LÉMOINE, of Quebec, author of *Maple Leaves*, *Picturesque Quebec*, and half a dozen other interesting books, lectured before the Canadian Club, of New York, on the evening of Thursday, the 27th inst. His subject was "Heroines of Canada." These lectures by Canadian writers have become highly popular among Canadian residents of New York, and are largely attended.

IN the last number of the *Cornhill Magazine* there is a picturesquely-written sketch which will be read with special interest by Canadians. It is entitled "Calabogie," and must have been written, we take it, by Mr. Grant Allen, naturalist, novelist, and what not. It describes a trip made in a director's carriage over the Kingston & Pembroke Railway to Calabogie Lake, which is referred to as "a beautiful little sheet of water formed by an expansion of the Madawaska River, one of the head waters of the Ottawa, among the unsophisticated and forest-clad ranges of the Laurentian hills." The writer was thoroughly enchanted by all he saw, and his raptures are expressed in language very pleasant to read. Even in the frigid depths of this characteristic Canadian winter, he carries us back to the glorious summer weather when he visited the comparatively unknown region which is now being rapidly opened up to the world. The High Falls of the Madawaska arouse him to a lofty pitch of enthusiasm. "Ten minutes' struggle through the pathless bush," he writes, "brought us at last face to face with a great cataract, and we stood breathless in front of the finest fall, save only Montmorenci (for I don't consider Niagara at all in the running), that we had yet seen on the American continent." Yet a few years, and this Madawaska region will have become as well known to the world as the Thousand Islands and the St. Lawrence. Much of the country opened up by the C.P.R. is a hitherto unexplored fairy-land. May every portion of it find an admirer as eloquent as the writer of "Calabogie."

So far as may be judged from "surface indications," admirers of H. Rider Haggard's peculiar school of fiction have a rare treat in store for them. His new story, commenced in the January number of *Longman's*, is a sequel to *King Solomon's Mines*. Its title is *Allan Quartermain: being an Account of his Further Adventures and Discoveries in Company with Sir Henry Curtis, Bart., Captain John Good, R.N., and one Umslopogaas*. It is to contain some characteristic illustrations, among which are "fac-similes of either face of the Sherd of Amenartas, and of the various uncial Greek, Roman, Black-letter and early English inscriptions thereon inscribed." From all which it would appear as though the most marvellous features of *She* and *King Solomon* are to be combined in the new story. The circulation of *Longman's* has already received an impetus in consequence of the announcement.

GAGTOOTH'S IMAGE.

ABOUT three o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 4th of September, 1884, I was riding up Yonge Street, in the city of Toronto, on the top of a crowded omnibus. The omnibus was bound for Thornhill, and my own destination was the intermediate village of Meadowvale. Having been in Canada only a short time, and being almost a stranger in Toronto, I dare say I was looking around me with more attention and curiosity than persons who are "native here, and to the manner born," are accustomed to exhibit. We had just passed Isabella Street, and were rapidly nearing Charles Street, when I noticed on my right hand a large, dilapidated frame building, standing in solitary isolation a few feet back from the highway, and presenting the appearance of a veritable Old Curiosity Shop. A business was carried on here in second-hand furniture of the poorest description, and the object of the proprietor seemed to have been to collect about him all sorts of worn-out commodities, and objects which were utterly unmarketable. Everybody who lived in Toronto at the time indicated will remember the establishment, which, as I subsequently learned, was owned and carried on by a man named Robert Southworth, familiarly known to his customers as "Old Bob." I had no sooner arrived abreast of the gateway leading into the yard immediately adjoining the building to the southward, than my eyes rested upon something which instantly caused them to open themselves to their very widest capacity, and constrained me to signal the driver to stop; which he had no sooner done than I alighted from my seat and requested him to proceed on his journey without me. The driver eyed me suspiciously, and evidently regarded me as an odd customer, but he obeyed my request, and drove on northward, leaving me standing in the middle of the street.

From my elevated seat on the roof of the bus, I had caught a hurried glimpse of a commonplace-looking little marble figure, placed on the top of a pedestal, in the yard already referred to, where several other figures in marble, wood, bronze, stucco and what not, were exposed for sale.

The particular figure which had attracted my attention was about fifteen inches in height, and represented a little child in the attitude of prayer. Anyone seeing it for the first time would probably have taken it for a representation of the Infant Samuel. I have called it commonplace; and, considered as a work of art, such it undoubtedly was; yet it must have possessed a certain distinctive individuality, for the brief glance which I had caught of it, even at that distance, had been sufficient to convince me that the figure was an old acquaintance of mine. It was in consequence of that conviction that I had dismounted from the omnibus, forgetful, for the moment, of everything but the matter which was uppermost in my mind.

I lost no time in passing through the gateway leading into the yard, and in walking up to the pedestal upon which the little figure was placed. Taking the latter in my hand, I found, as I had expected, that it was not attached to the pedestal, which was of totally different material, and much more elaborate workmanship. Turning the figure upside down, my eyes rested on these words, deeply cut into the little circular throne upon which the figure rested:—JACKSON: PEORIA, 1854.

At this juncture the proprietor of the establishment walked up to where I was standing beside the pedestal.

"Like to look at something in that way, sir?" he asked—"we have more inside."

"What is the price of this?" I asked, indicating the figure in my hand.

"That, sir; you may have that for fifty cents—of course without the pedestal, which don't belong to it."

"Have you had it on hand long?"

"I don't know, but if you'll step inside for a moment I can tell you. This way, sir."

Taking the figure under my arm, I followed him into what he called "the office"—a small and dirty room, crowded with old furniture in the last stage of dilapidation. From a desk in one corner he took a large tome labelled "Stock Book," to which he referred, after glancing at a hieroglyphical device pasted on the figure which I held under my arm.

"Yes, sir—had that ever since the 14th of March, 1880—bought it at Morris & Blackwell's sale, sir."

"Who and what are Messrs. Morris & Blackwell?" I enquired.

"They were auctioneers, down on Adelaide Street, in the city, sir. Failed some time last winter. Mr. Morris has since died, and I believe Blackwell, the other partner, went to the States."

After a few more questions, finding that he knew nothing whatever about the matter beyond what he had already told me, I paid over the fifty cents; and, declining with thanks his offer to send my purchase home for me, I marched off with it down the street, and made the best of my way back to the Rossin House, where I had been staying for some days before.

From what has been said, it will be inferred that I—a stranger in Canada—must have had some special reason for incumbering myself in my travels with an intrinsically worthless piece of common Columbia marble.

I had a special reason. I had often seen that little figure before; and the last time I had seen it, previous to the occasion above mentioned, had been at the town of Peoria, in the State of Illinois, sometime in the month of June, 1855.

There is a story connected with that little praying figure; a story which, to me, is a very touching one; and I believe myself to be the only human being capable of telling it. Indeed, I am only able to tell a part of it. How the figure came to be sold by auction, in the city of Toronto, at Messrs. Morris & Blackwell's sale on the 14th of March, 1880, or how it ever came to be in this part of the world at all, I know no more than the reader does; but I can probably tell all that is worth knowing about the matter.

In the year 1850, and for I know not how long previously, there lived at Peoria, Illinois, a journeyman-blacksmith named Abner Fink. I mention the date, 1850, because it was in that year that I myself settled in Peoria, and first had any knowledge of him; but I believe he had then been living there for some length of time. He was employed at the foundry of Messrs. Gowanlock & Van Duzer, and was known for an excellent workman, of steady habits and good moral character—qualification which were by no means universal, nor even common, among persons of his calling and degree of life, at the time and place of which I am writing. But he was still more conspicuous (on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle) for another quality—that of reticence. It was very rarely indeed that he spoke to any one, except when called upon to reply to a question; and even then it was noticeable that he invariably employed the fewest and most concise words in his vocabulary. If brevity were the body, as well as the soul of wit, Fink must have been about the wittiest man that ever lived, the Monosyllabic Traveller not excepted. He never received a letter from any one during the whole time of his stay at Peoria; nor, so far as was known, did he ever write to any one. Indeed, there was no evidence that he was able to write. He never went to church, nor even to "meeting;" never attended any public entertainments; never took any holidays. All his time was spent either at the foundry where he worked or at the boarding-house where he lodged. In the latter place, the greater part of his hours of relaxation were spent in looking either out of window or into the fire; thinking, apparently, about nothing particular. All endeavours on the part of his fellow-boarders to draw him into conversation were utterly fruitless. No one in the place knew anything about his past life, and when his fellow-journeymen in the workshop attempted to inveigle him into any confidences on that subject he had a trick of calling up a harsh and sinister expression of countenance which effectually nipped all such experiments in the bud. Even his employers failed to elicit anything from him on this head, beyond the somewhat vague piece of intelligence that he hailed from "down east." The foreman of the establishment, with a desperate attempt at facetiousness, used to say of him that no one knew who he was, where he came from, where he was going to, or what he was going to do when he got there.

And yet, this utter lack of sociability could scarcely have arisen from positive surliness or unkindness of disposition. Instances were not wanting in which he had given pretty strong evidence that he carried beneath that rugged and uncouth exterior a kinder

and more gentle heart than is possessed by most men. Upon one occasion he had jumped, at the imminent peril of his life, from the bridge which spans the Illinois river just above the entrance to the lake, and had fished up a drowning child from its depths, and borne it to the shore in safety. In doing so he had been compelled to swim through a swift and strong current which would have swamped any swimmer with one particle less strength, endurance and pluck. At another time, hearing his landlady say, at dinner, that an execution was in the house of a sick man with a large family, at the other end of the town, he left his dinner untouched, trudged off to the place indicated, and—though the debtor was an utter stranger to him—paid off the debt and costs in full, without taking any assignment of the judgment or other security. Then he quietly went back to his work. From my knowledge of the worthless and impetuous character of the debtor, I am of opinion that Fink never received a cent in the way of reimbursement.

In personal appearance he was short and stout. His age, when I first knew him, must have been somewhere in the neighbourhood of thirty-five. The only peculiarity about his face was an abnormal formation of one of his front teeth, which protruded, and stuck out almost horizontally. This, as may be supposed, did not tend to improve an expression of countenance which in other respects was not very prepossessing. One of the anvil-strikers happening to allude to him one day in his absence by the name of "Gagtooth," the felicity of the sobriquet at once commended itself to the good taste of the other hands in the shop, who thereafter commonly spoke of him by that name, and eventually it came to be applied to him by every one in the town.

My acquaintance with him began when I had been in Peoria about a week. I may premise that I am a physician and surgeon—a graduate of Harvard. Peoria was at that time a comparatively new place, but it gave promise of going ahead rapidly; a promise, by the way, which it has since amply redeemed. Messrs. Gowanlock and Van Duzer's foundry was a pretty extensive one for a small town in a comparatively new district. They kept about a hundred and fifty hands employed all the year round, and during the busy season this number was more than doubled. It was in consequence of my having received the appointment of medical attendant to that establishment that I buried myself in the west, instead of settling down in my native State of Massachusetts.

Poor Gagtooth was one of my first surgical patients. It came about in this wise. At the foundry, two days in the week, viz., Tuesdays and Fridays, were chiefly devoted to what is called "casting." On these days it was necessary to convey large masses of melted iron, in vessels specially manufactured for that purpose, from one end of the moulding shop to the other. It was, of course, very desirable that the metal should not be allowed to cool while in transit, and that as little time as possible should be lost in transferring it from the furnace to the moulds. For this purpose Gagtooth's services were frequently called into requisition, as he was by far the strongest man about the place, and could without assistance carry one end of one of the vessels, which was considered pretty good work for two ordinary men.

Well, one unlucky Friday afternoon he was hard at work at this employment, and as was usual with all the hands in the moulding-shop at such times, he was stripped naked from the waist upwards. He was gallantly supporting one end of one of the large receptacles already mentioned, which happened to be rather fuller than usual of the red-hot molten metal. He had nearly reached the moulding-box into which the contents of the vessel were to be poured, when he stumbled against a piece of scantling which was lying in his way. He fell, and as a necessary consequence his end of the vessel fell likewise, spilling the contents all over his body, which was literally deluged by the red, hissing, boiling liquid fire. It must have seemed to the terror-stricken onlookers like a bath of blood.

Further details of the frightful accident, and of my treatment of the case, might be interesting to such of the readers of this paper as happen to belong to my own profession; but to general readers such details would be simply shocking. How

even his tremendous vitality and vigour of constitution brought him through it all is a mystery to me to this day. I am thirty-six years older than I was at that time. Since then I have acted as surgeon to a fighting regiment all through the great rebellion. I have had patients of all sorts of temperaments and constitutions under my charge, but never have I been brought into contact with a case which seemed more hopeless in my eyes. He must surely have had more than one life in him. I have never had my hands on so magnificent a specimen of the human frame as his was; and better still—and this doubtless contributed materially to his recovery—I have never had a case under my management where the patient bore his sufferings with such uniform fortitude and endurance. Suffice it to say that he recovered, and that his face bore no traces of the frightful ordeal through which he had passed. I don't think he was ever quite the same man as before his accident. I think his nervous system received a shock which eventually tended to shorten his life. But he was still known as incomparably the strongest man in Peoria, and continued to perform the work of two men at the moulding-shop on casting days. In every other respect he was apparently the same: not a whit more disposed to be companionable than before his accident. I used frequently to meet him on the street, as he was going to and fro between his boarding-house and the work-shop. He was always alone, and more than once I came to a full stop and enquired after his health, or anything else that seemed to afford a feasible topic for conversation. He was uniformly civil, and even respectful, but confined his remarks to replying to my questions, which, as usual, was done in the fewest words.

During the twelve months succeeding his recovery, so far as I am aware, nothing occurred worthy of being recorded in Gagtooth's annals. About the expiration of that time, however, his landlady, by his authority, at his request, and in his presence, made an announcement to the boarders assembled at the dinner-table which, I should think, must literally have taken away their breaths.

Gagtooth was going to be married!

I don't suppose it would have occasioned greater astonishment if it had been announced as an actual fact that the Illinois river had commenced to flow backwards. It was suprising, incredible; but, like many other suprising and incredible things, it was true. Gagtooth was really and truly about to marry. The object of his choice was his landlady's sister, by name Lucinda Bowsby. How or when the wooing had been carried on, how the engagement had been led up to, and in what terms the all-important question had been propounded, I am not prepared to say. I need hardly observe that none of the boarders had entertained the faintest suspicion that anything of the kind was impending. The courtship, from first to last, must have been somewhat of a piece with that of the late Mr. Barkis. But alas! Gagtooth did not settle his affections so judiciously, nor did he draw such a prize in the matrimonial lottery as Barkis did. Two women more entirely dissimilar, in every respect, than Peggotty and Lucinda Bowsby can hardly be imagined. Lucinda was nineteen years of age. She was pretty, and, for a girl of her class and station in life, tolerably well educated. But she was notwithstanding a light, giddy creature—and, I fear, something worse, even at that time. At all events, she had a very questionable sort of reputation among the boarders in the house, and was regarded with suspicion by everyone who knew anything about her, poor Gagtooth alone excepted.

In due time the wedding took place. It was solemnized at the boarding-house; and the bride and bridegroom, disdaining to defer to the common usage, spent their honeymoon in their own house. Gagtooth had rented and furnished a little frame dwelling on the outskirts of the town, on the bank of the river; and thither the couple retired as soon as the hymeneal knot was tied. Next morning the bridegroom made his appearance at his forge and went to work as usual, as though nothing had occurred to disturb the serenity of his life.

Time passed by. Rumours now and then reached my ears to the effect that Mrs. Fink was not behaving herself very well, and that she was leading her husband rather a hard life of it. She had been seen driving out into the country with a young lawyer from Springfield, who occasionally came over to Peoria to attend

the sittings of the District Court. She moreover had the reputation of habitually indulging in the contents of the cup which cheers and likewise inebriates. However, in the regular course of things, I was called upon to assist at the first appearance upon life's stage of a little boy, upon whom his parents bestowed the name of Charlie.

The night of Charlie's birth was the first time I had ever been in the house, and if I remember aright it was the first time I had ever set eyes on Mrs. Fink since her marriage. I was not long in making up my mind about her; and I had ample opportunities for forming an opinion as to her character, for she was unable to leave her bed for more than a month, during which time I was in attendance upon her almost daily. I also attended little Charlie through measles, scarlet-rash, whooping-cough, and all his childish ailments; and in fact I was a pretty regular visitor at the house from the time of his birth until his father left the neighborhood, as I shall presently have to relate. I believe Mrs. Fink to have been not merely a profligate woman, but a thoroughly bad and heartless one in every respect. She was perfectly indifferent to her husband, whom she shamefully neglected, and almost indifferent to her child. She seemed to care for nothing in the world but dress and strong waters; and to procure these there was no depth of degradation to which she would not stoop.

As a result of my constant professional attendance upon his mother during the first month of little Charlie's life, I became better acquainted with his father than anyone in Peoria had ever done. He seemed to know that I saw into and sympathized with his domestic troubles, and my silent sympathy seemed to afford him some consolation. As the months and years passed by, his wife's conduct became worse and worse, and his affectionous centered themselves entirely upon his child, whom he loved with a passionate affection to which I have never seen a parallel.

And Charlie was a child made to be loved. When he was two years old he was beyond all comparison the dearest and most beautiful little fellow I have ever seen. His fat, plump, chubby little figure, modelled after Cupid's own; his curly flaxen hair; his matchless complexion, fair and clear as the sky on a sunny summer day; and his bright, round, expressive eyes, which imparted intelligence to his every feature, combined to make him the idol of his father, the envy of all the mothers in town, and the admiration of every one who saw him. At noon, when the great foundry-bell rang, which was the signal for the workmen to go to dinner, Charlie might regularly be seen, toddling as fast as his stout little legs could spin, along the footpath leading over the common in the direction of the workshops. When about halfway across, he would be certain to meet his father, who, taking the child up in his bare, brawny, smoke-begrimed arms, would carry him home—the contrast between the two strongly suggesting Vulcan and Cupid. At six o'clock in the evening, when the bell announced that work was over for the day, a similar little drama was enacted. It would be difficult to say whether Vulcan or Cupid derived the greater amount of pleasure from these semi-daily incidents. After tea, the two were never separate for a moment. While the mother was perhaps busily engaged in the perusal of some worthless novel, the father would sit with his darling on his knee, listening to his childish prattle, and perhaps so far going out of himself as to tell the child a little story. It seemed to be an understood thing that the mother should take no care or notice of the boy during her husband's presence in the house. Regularly, when the clock on the chimney-piece struck eight, Charlie would jump down from his father's knee and run across the room for his night-dress, returning to his father to have it put on. When this had been done he would kneel down and repeat a simple little prayer, in which One who loved little children like Charlie was invoked to bless father and mother and make him a good boy; after which his father would place him in his little crib, where he soon slept the sleep of happy childhood.

My own house was not far from theirs, and I was so fond of Charlie that it was no uncommon thing for me to drop in upon them for a few minutes, when returning from my office in the evening. Upon one occasion I noticed the child more particularly than usual while he was in the act of saying his prayers. His eyes were closed, his plump little hands were clasped, and his

cherubic little face was turned upwards with an expression of infantile trustfulness and adoration which I shall never forget. I have never seen, nor do I ever expect to see, anything else half so beautiful. When he arose from his knees and came up to me to say "Good Night," I kissed his upturned little face with even greater fervour than usual. After he had been put to bed I mentioned the matter to his father, and said something about my regret that the child's expression had not been caught by a sculptor and fixed in stone.

I had little idea of the effect my remarks were destined to produce. A few evenings afterwards he informed me, much to my surprise, that he had determined to act upon the idea which my words had suggested to his mind, and that he had instructed Heber Jackson, the marble-cutter, to go to work at a "stone likeness" of little Charlie, and to finish it up as soon as possible. He did not seem to understand that the proper performance of such a task required anything more than mere mechanical skill, and that an ordinary tomb-stone cutter was scarcely the sort of artist to do justice to it.

However, when the "stone-likeness" was finished and sent home, I confess I was astonished to see how well Jackson had succeeded. He had not, of course, caught the child's exact expression. It is probable, indeed, that he never saw the expression on Charlie's face which had seemed so beautiful to me, and which had suggested to me the idea of its being "embodied in marble," as the professionals call it. But the image was at all events, according to order, a "likeness." The true lineaments were there, and I would have recognized it for a representation of my little friend at the first glance, wherever I might have seen it. In short, it was precisely one of those works of art which have no artistic value whatever for anyone who is unacquainted with, or uninterested in, the subject represented; but knowing and loving little Charlie as I did, I confess that I used to contemplate Jackson's piece of workmanship with an admiration and enthusiasm which the contents of the Italian galleries have failed to arouse in me.

Well, the months flew by until some time in the spring of 1855, when the town was electrified by the sudden and totally unexpected failure of Messrs. Gowanlock and VanDuzer, who up to that time were currently reported to be one of the wealthiest and most thriving firms in the State. Their failure was not only a great misfortune for the workmen, who were thus thrown out of present employment—for the creditors did not carry on the business—but was regarded as a public calamity to the town and neighbourhood, the prosperity whereof had been enhanced in no inconsiderable degree by the carrying on of so extensive an establishment in their midst, and by the enterprise and energy of the proprietors, both of whom were first-rate business men. The failure was in no measure attributable either to dishonesty or want of prudence on the part of Messrs. Gowanlock and VanDuzer, but simply to the invention of a new patent which rendered valueless the particular agricultural implement which constituted the specialty of the establishment, and of which there was an enormous stock on hand. There was not the shadow of a hope of the firm being able to get upon its legs again. The partners surrendered everything, almost to the last dollar, and shortly afterwards left Illinois for California.

Now, this failure, which more or less affected the entire population of Peoria, was especially disastrous to poor Fink. For years past he had been saving money, and as Messrs. Gowanlock and VanDuzer allowed interest at a liberal rate upon all deposits left in their hands by their workmen, all his surplus earnings remained untouched. The consequence was that the accumulations of years were swamped at one fell swoop, and he found himself reduced to poverty. And as though misfortune were not satisfied with visiting him thus heavily, the very day of the failure he was stricken down by typhoid fever: not the typhoid fever known in Canada—which is bad enough—but the terrible putrid typhoid of the west, which is known nowhere else on the face of the globe, and in which the mortality in some years reaches forty per cent.

Of course I was at once called in. I did my best for the patient, which was very little. I tried hard, however, to keep his wife sober, and to compel her to nurse him judiciously. As for little

Charlie, I took him home with me to my own house, where he remained until his father was so far convalescent as to prevent all fear of infection. Meanwhile I knew nothing about Gagtooth's money having been deposited in the hands of his employers, and consequently was ignorant of his loss. I did not learn this circumstance for weeks afterwards, and of course had no reason for supposing that his wife was in anywise straitened for money. Once, when her husband had been prostrated for about a fortnight, I saw her with a roll of bank notes in her hand. Little did I suspect how they had been obtained.

Shortly after my patient had begun to sit up in his arm-chair for a little while every day, he begged so hard for little Charlie's presence that, as soon as I was satisfied that all danger of infection was past, I consented to allow the child to return to his own home. In less than a month afterwards the invalid was able to walk out in the garden for a few minutes every day when the weather was favourable, and in these walks Charlie was his constant companion. The affection of the poor fellow for his flaxen-haired darling was manifested in every glance of his eye, and in every tone of his voice. He would kiss the little chap and pat him on the head a hundred times a day. He would tell him stories until he himself was completely exhausted; and although I knew that this tended to retard his complete recovery, I had not the heart to forbid it. I have often since felt thankful that I never made any attempt to do so.

At last the fifteenth of September arrived. On the morning of that day Messrs. Rockwell and Dunbar's Combined Circus and Menagerie made a triumphal entry into Peoria, and was to exhibit on the green, down by the river bank. The performance had been ostentatiously advertised and placarded on every dead-wall in town for a month back, and all the children in the place, little Charlie included, were wild on the subject. Signor Martigny was to enter a den containing three full-grown lions, and was to go through the terrific and disgusting ordeal usual on such occasions. Gagtooth, of course, was unable to go; but, being unwilling to deny his child any reasonable pleasure, he had consented to Charlie's going with his mother. I happened to be passing the house on my way homewards to dinner, just as the pair were about to start, and called in to say good-day to my patient. Never shall I forget the embrace and the kiss which the father bestowed upon the little fellow. I can see them now, after all these years, almost as distinctly as I saw them on that terrible fifteenth of September, 1855. They perfectly clung to each other, and seemed unwilling to part, even for the two or three hours during which the performance was to last. I can see the mother too, impatiently waiting in the doorway, and telling Charlie that if he didn't stop that nonsense they would be too late to see Samson killing the lion. She—Heaven help her!—thought nothing and cared nothing about the pleasure the child was to derive from the entertainment. She was only anxious on her own account; impatient to shew her good looks and her cheap finery to the two thousand and odd people assembled under the huge tent.

At last they started. Gagtooth got up and walked to the door, following them with his eye as far as he could see them down the dusty street. Then he returned, and sat down in his chair. Poor fellow! he was destined never to see either of them alive again.

Notwithstanding her fear lest she might not arrive in time for the commencement of the performance, Mrs Fink and her charge reached the ground at least half an hour before the ticket office was opened; and I regret to say that that half hour was sufficient to enable her to form an acquaintance with one of the property men of the establishment, to whom she contrived to make herself so agreeable that he passed her and Charlie into the tent free of charge. She was not admitted at the front entrance, but from the tiring-room at the back, whence the performers enter. She sat down just at the left of this entrance, immediately adjoining the lion's cage. Ere long the performance commenced. Signor Martigny, when his turn came, entered the cage as per announcement; but he was not long in discovering by various signs not to be mistaken that his charges were in no humour to be played with on that day. Even the ring master, from his place in the centre of the ring, perceived that Old King of the Forest, the largest and

most vicious of the lions, was meditating mischief, and called to the Signor to come out of the cage. The Signor, keeping his eye steadily fixed on the brute, began a retrograde movement from the den. He had the door open, and was swiftly backing through, when, with a roar which seemed to shake the very earth, Old King sprang upon him from the opposite side of the cage, dashing him to the ground like a ninepin, and rushed through the aperture into the crowd. Quick as lightning the other two followed, and thus three savage lions were loose and unshackled in the midst of upwards of two thousand men, women and children.

I wish to linger over the details as briefly as possible. I am thankful to say that I was not present, and that I am unable to describe the occurrence from personal observation.

Poor little Charlie and his mother, sitting close to the cage, were the very first victims. The child himself, I think, and hope, never knew what hurt him. His skull was fractured by one stroke of the brute's paw. Signor Martigny escaped with his right arm slit into ribbons. Big Joe Pentland, the clown, with one well-directed stroke of a crowbar, smashed Old King of the Forest's jaw into a hundred pieces, but not before it had closed in the left breast of Charlie's mother. She lived for nearly an hour afterwards, but never uttered a syllable. I wonder if she was conscious. I wonder if it was permitted to her to realize what her sin—for sin it must have been, in contemplation, if not in deed—had brought upon herself and her child. Had she paid her way into the circus, and entered in front, instead of coquetting with the property-man, she would have been sitting under a different part of the tent, and neither she nor Charlie would have sustained any injury, for the two younger lions were shot before they had leapt ten paces from the cage door. Old King was easily despatched after Joe Pentland's tremendous blow. Besides Charlie and his mother, two men and one woman were killed on the spot; another woman died next day from the injuries received, and several other persons were more or less severely hurt.

Immediately after dinner I had driven out into the country to pay a professional visit, so that I heard nothing about what had occurred until some hours afterwards. I was informed of it, however, before I reached the town, on my way homeward. To say that I was inexpressibly shocked and grieved would merely be to repeat a very stupid platitude, and to say that I was a human being. I had learned to love poor little Charlie almost as dearly as I loved my own children. And his father—what would be the consequence to him?

I drove direct to his house, which was filled with people—neighbours and others who had called to administer such consolation as the circumstances would admit of. I am not ashamed to confess that the moment my eyes rested upon the bereaved father I burst into tears. He sat with his child's body in his lap, and seemed literally transformed into stone. A breeze came in through the open doorway and stirred his thin iron-gray locks, as he sat there in his arm chair. He was unconscious of everything—even of the presence of strangers. His eyes were fixed and glazed. Not a sound of any kind, not even a moan, passed his lips; and it was only after feeling his pulse that I was able to pronounce with certainty that he was alive. One single gleam of animation overspread his features for an instant when I gently removed the crushed little corpse from his knees, and laid it on the bed, but he quickly relapsed into stolidity. I was informed that he had sat thus ever since he had first received the corpse from the arms of Joe Pentland, who had brought it home without changing his clown's dress. Heaven grant that I may never look upon such a sight again as the poor, half-recovered invalid presented during the whole of that night, and for several days afterwards.

For the next three days I spent all the time with him I possibly could, for I dreaded either a relapse of the fever or the loss of his reason. The neighbours were very kind, and took upon themselves the burden of everything connected with the funeral. As for Fink himself, he seemed to take everything for granted, and interfered with nothing. When the time arrived for fastening down the coffin lids, I could not bear to permit that ceremony to be performed without affording him an opportunity of kissing the dead lips of his darling for the last time. I gently led him up to the side of the bed upon which the two coffins were placed. At sight

of his little boy's dead face, he fainted, and before he revived I had the lids fastened down. It would have been cruelty to subject him to the ordeal a second time.

The day after the funeral he was sufficiently recovered from the shock to be able to talk. He informed me that he had concluded to leave the neighbourhood, and requested me to draw up a poster, advertising all his furniture and effects for sale by auction. He intended, he said, to sell everything except Charlie's clothes and his own, and these, together with a lock of the child's hair and a few of his toys, were all he intended to take away with him.

"But of course," I remarked, "you don't intend to sell the 'stone likeness'?"

He looked at me rather strangely, and made no reply. I glanced round the room, and, to my surprise, the little statue was nowhere to be seen. It then occurred to me that I had not noticed it since Gagtooth had been taken ill.

"By the by, where is it?" I enquired—"I don't see it."

After a moment's hesitation he told me the whole story. It was then that I learned for the first time that he had lost all his savings through the failure of Messrs. Gowanlock and Van Duzer, and that the morning when he had been taken ill there had been only a dollar in the house. On that morning he had acquainted his wife with his loss, but had strictly enjoined secrecy upon her, as both Gowanlock and Van Duzer had promised him most solemnly that inasmuch as they regarded their indebtedness to him as being upon a different footing from their ordinary liabilities, he should assuredly be paid in full out of the first money at their command. He had implicit reliance upon their word, and requested me to take charge of the money upon its arrival, and to keep it until he instructed me, by post or otherwise, how to dispose of it. To this I of course consented. The rest of the story he could only repeat upon the authority of his wife, but I have no reason for disbelieving any portion of it. It seems that a day or two after his illness commenced, and after he had become insensible, his wife had been at her wits' end for money to provide necessaries for the house, and I dare say she spent more for liquor than for necessaries. She declared that she had made up her mind to apply to me for a loan, when a stranger called at the house, attracted, as he said, by the little image, which had been placed in the front window, and was thus visible to passers by. He announced himself as Mr. Silas Pomeroy, merchant, of Myrtle Street, Springfield. He said that the face of the little image strikingly reminded him of the face of a child of his own which had died some time before. He had not supposed that the figure was a likeness of any one, and had stepped in, upon the impulse of the moment, in the hope that he might be able to purchase it. He was willing to pay a liberal price. The negotiation ended in his taking the image away with him, and leaving a hundred dollars in its stead; on which sum Mrs. Fink had kept house ever since. Her husband, of course, knew nothing of this for weeks afterwards. When he began to get better, his wife had acquainted him with the facts. He had found no fault with her, as he had determined to repurchase the image at any cost, so soon as he might be able to earn money enough. As for getting a duplicate, that was out of the question, for Heber Jackson had been carried off by the typhoid epidemic, and Charlie had changed considerably during the fifteen months which had elapsed since the image had been finished. And now poor little Charlie himself was gone, and the great desire of his father's heart was to regain possession of the image. With that view, as soon as the sale should be over he would start for Springfield, tell his story to Pomeroy, and offer him his money back again. As to any further plans, he did not know, he said, what he would do, or where he would go; but he would certainly never live in Peoria again.

In a few days the sale took place, and Gagtooth started for Springfield with about three hundred dollars in his pocket. Springfield is seventy miles from Peoria. He was to return in about ten days, by which time a tombstone was to be ready for Charlie's grave. He had not ordered one for his wife, who was not buried in the same grave with the child, but in one just beside him.

He returned within the ten days. His journey had been a fruitless one. Pomeroy had become insolvent, and had absconded from Springfield a month before. No one knew whither he had gone, but he must have taken the image with him, as it was not among the effects which he had left behind him. His friends knew that he was greatly attached to the image, in consequence of its real or fancied resemblance to his dead child. Nothing more reasonable, then, than to suppose he had taken it away with him.

Gagtooth announced to me his determination of starting on an expedition to find Pomeroy, and never giving up the search while his money held out. He had no idea where to look for the fugitive, but rather thought he would try California first. He could hardly expect to receive any remittance from Gowanlock and Van Duzer for some months to come, but he would acquaint me with his address from time to time, and if anything arrived from them I could forward it to him.

And so, having seen the tombstone set up over little Charlie's grave, he bade me good-bye, and that was the last time I ever saw him alive.

There is little more to tell. I supposed him to be in the far west, prosecuting his researches, until one night in the early spring of the following year. Charlie and his mother had been interred in a corner of the churchyard adjoining the second Baptist Church, which at that time was on the very outskirts of the town, in a lonely, unfrequented spot, not far from the iron bridge. Late in the evening of the seventh of April, 1856, a woman passing along the road in the cold, dim twilight, saw a bulky object stretched out upon Charlie's grave. She called at the nearest house, and stated her belief that a man was lying dead in the churchyard. Upon investigation, her surmise proved to be correct.

And that man was Gagtooth.

Dead: partially, no doubt, from cold and exposure; but chiefly, I believe, from a broken heart. Where had he spent the six months which had elapsed since I bade him farewell?

To this question I am unable to reply; but this much was evident: he had dragged himself back just in time to die on the grave of the little boy whom he had loved so dearly, and whose brief existence had probably supplied the one bright spot in his father's life.

I had him buried in the same grave with Charlie; and there, on the banks of the Illinois river, "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

I never received any remittances from his former employers, nor did I ever learn anything further of Silas Pomeroy. Indeed, so many years have rolled away since the occurrence of the events above narrated; years pregnant with great events to the American Republic: events, I am proud so say, in which I bore my part: that the wear and tear of life had nearly obliterated all memory of the episode from my mind, until, as detailed in the opening paragraphs of this story, I saw "Gagtooth's Image," from the top of a Thornhill omnibus. That image is now in my possession, and no extremity less urgent than that under which it was sold to Silas Pomeroy, of Myrtle Street, Springfield, will ever induce me to part with it.

J. C. D.

At the age of 25 a man should have acquired his maximum height, varying normally from 5ft. 6in. to 6ft. His weight should slowly increase throughout the adult period, being at 30 a little less than the maximum, which should be reached at 40. The weight is very variable between the normal limits; but the average among men of medium height 25 years old may be placed at about 140 pounds. The power of endurance should be greatest between 20 and 30; that is, a man should be better able to endure severe hardships between 20 and 30 than at any other time of life. The system may perhaps bear the burden of more protracted but less vigorous exertions during the period of maturity; but intense heat or cold of short duration, and such work as lifting heavy weights, taking short but rapid runs, and indeed every exercise which taxes severely but briefly the muscular and nervous systems, are best borne at the adult age.

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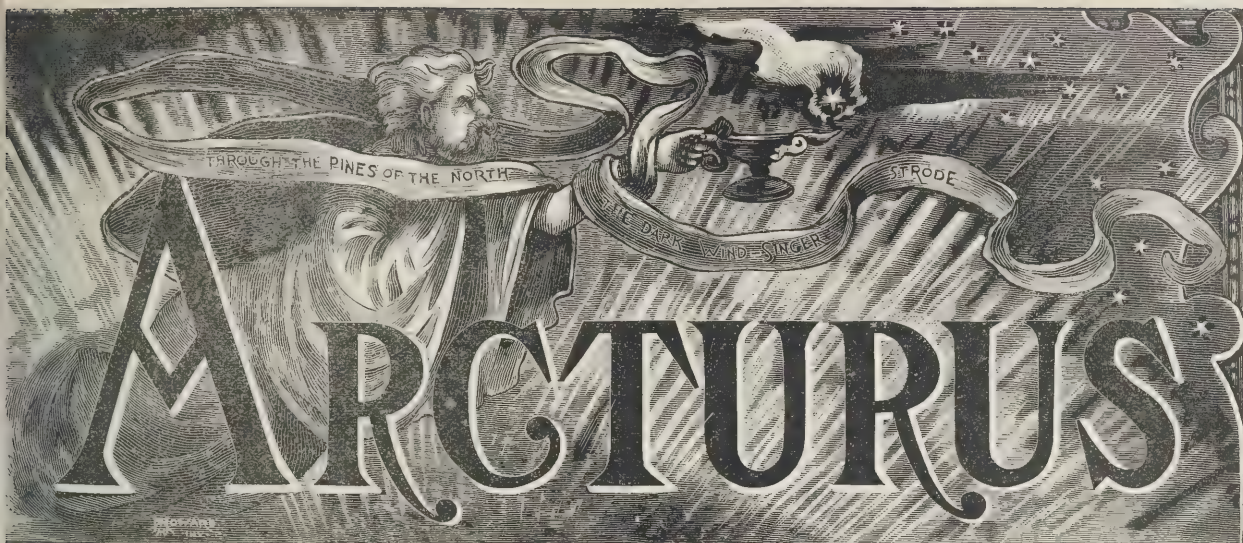
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St. Marys, Oct. 13th, 1884.

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ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

VOL. I. }
No. 4. }

Saturday, February 5th, 1887.

{ \$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
{ SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THERE is a certain amount of opposition to Mr. Jury in East Toronto, on the ground of his religious belief; or rather, upon the ground of his alleged total *want* of religious belief. This plea has been openly put forward, not by the illiterate and ignorant, but by persons of education and (presumable) intelligence, who appear to suppose that in setting up such a cry they are rendering an essential service to the cause of religion. In a contingency like this, no journal professing to be conducted on independent and enlightened principles can afford to keep silence.

WITH Mr. Jury, as a member of a political party, this paper has no present concern. Whether he is a Grit or a Liberal Conservative is a question which for us has no particular significance. But of Mr. Jury as a man, a member of society, and a candidate for Parliament, we claim to hold, and to have the right to express, one or two distinct and positive opinions. These opinions are so strongly held that they amount to heartfelt convictions. They may be expressed somewhat after this fashion. If Mr. Jury's political principles are unsound or pernicious; if they are dangerous to the common weal; if he is personally stupid or unprogressive; if he conducts his business in a dishonest or disreputable manner; if his private life is dissolute or impure—any or all of these circumstances, if clearly established, would afford more or less justification for opposing his return. But a man's religious belief stands upon a different footing. It is a matter lying entirely between himself and his Maker. Generally speaking, it is a thing altogether beyond his own control. It has nothing whatever to do with his eligibility to sit in the legislature, any more than it has to do with his fitness to travel by rail, to occupy a comfortable dwelling-house, or to break stones upon the highway. If a man applies for authority to preach the Gospel under the direction of his spiritual superiors; if he asks for employment as a city missionary; if he seeks to be

appointed a member of the synod, the presbytery or the church conference: in all such contingencies as these, an enquiry into his religious belief becomes eminently right and proper. But the question has no right to be asked, or even taken into account, in the ordinary business of everyday life, with which religious belief has no necessary connection. One might have supposed that Macaulay's presentation of this argument more than fifty years ago had been so entirely conclusive that any subsequent reiteration of it would not be called for. "Nobody," he wrote, "has ever thought of compelling cobblers to make any declaration on the true faith of a Christian. Any man would rather have his shoes mended by a heretical cobbler than by a person who had subscribed all the Thirty-Nine Articles but had never handled an awl. Men act thus, not because they are indifferent to religion, but because they do not see what religion has to do with the mending of their shoes. Yet religion has as much to do with the mending of shoes as with the budget and the army estimates"—or, Macaulay might have added, with the ordinary and legitimate duties of a member of Parliament. The man who, in this year of grace 1887, raises the question of the religious belief of a candidate for Parliament is at least half a century behind his age. Most certainly he has no right to enrol himself in the ranks of Liberalism.

WHAT are the material facts with regard to Mr. Jury? So far as we have been able to learn, he is an advanced, but by no means an ultra Radical in all matters, whether religious, political or social. He is neither a Socialist nor a visionary. He believes in reforming the constitution, not in overturning it. As compared with some trusted members of the Reform party, his political views may almost be called moderate. Of his perfect sincerity in all matters nobody appears to entertain the slightest doubt. He is no scoffer, and does not go out of his way to proclaim his views to the multitude. That he is bright and intelligent, with all his wits about him, and that he can render a reason for his opinions, no one who has talked with him for five minutes will venture to deny. He is known as an honourable, enterprising man of business, whose word is his bond, and whose private life is unimpeachable. All these things his opponents are compelled to admit. How about the private lives of those whose voices are raised the most loudly against him? Will they bear the test of minute investigation as well as his? We trow not. There is an old proverb about those who dwell in glass houses, and there are certain persons who might do worse than bear this proverb in mind.

MR. MERCIER, we are told, "is prepared to pass an orthodox school law—that is, one approved by the bishops of the Province, for we can do nothing without them just now—but later on, when we get the masses educated enough to realize the advantages of lay teaching, then we can do better still." Just so. Mr. Mercier has evidently taken to heart the wisdom of the prudent mother who advised her son not to go into the water until he had learned to swim.

THE question of State education, and of Common and Separate Schools, of which we heard so much during the late provincial contest, is now being put on one side as troublesome. This may suit the play of the party hacks on both sides, but it will not suit the people. It is an awkward matter, and the longer it is shuffled with the worse it will become. We can see but one possible solution of the difficulty. We must establish State secular schools, and the Separate Schools must go. That is to say, to the levying of the education rate there must be no exceptions. If any sect wants schools apart, they should be allowed only on two conditions:—(1) That they be supported entirely by those who asked for them; and (2) That the education given be well up to the average of the Common Schools. We should not then hear of much demand for Separate Schools. Rate-supported schools for Catholics were a compromise, and, like most compromises, a mistake; because if they have them we cannot justly refuse them to any other religious body which becomes numerous enough to make the claim. Public opinion may not yet be ready for such a change; but if the attention of candidates is now called to the education difficulty, it is to be hoped that some among the number will have the pluck to try and ripen opinion among their constituents.

ENGLISHMEN who have paid a brief visit to this continent are very apt to go home and complain that English matters are generally misunderstood out here. There is some truth in this, but there is also fair excuse for such misunderstanding. Thus, it certainly does appear strange to us on this side of the Atlantic that just now, for example, while the political leaders of the nation are stirred to their nethermost depths, the society leaders are all in one form or another figuring in the Divorce Court. The Dilke case was bad, and the Campbell case was if possible worse. Now we are threatened with a batch of aristocratic divorce suits, and we are told that for intensity of interest and piquancy of detail the unsavoury reputations of Dilke and Campbell will be left in the shade. One lady, "a society belle," appears with twelve respondents. It is to be hoped that we shall be spared the details, especially in the full flavour of their piquancy. Several American papers have lately earned honourable mention for refusing to soil their pages by printing these details. This is better than having several columns of the offensive matter sent through by cable, and as an antidote, a moral editorial to say how shocking it all is. Some

Canadian papers might in the future act on the hint here conveyed. It however rests very much with the public, as editors, all the world over, will cater to the public taste.

THE explanation of Lord Randolph Churchill has fallen very flat. The course he has pursued is generally condemned by his friends, but considered praiseworthy by his opponents—a very dubious compliment. He has acted from pique, justifiable enough, possibly, from the kind of opposition he has met with from the ultra Conservatives in the Cabinet, yet much to be regretted from a public point of view. His late action is to be regretted, because it will for some time mar his usefulness. In view of the condition of things on the European Continent the Marquis of Salisbury cannot be blamed for not reducing the army and navy estimates. Of much more importance than the paring off of an odd million or so in the estimates is the question of efficiency, which is in truth the real economy. It is so in the small affairs of ordinary life, but especially so in matters of great public import. Lord Randolph's course has caused excitement in the various branches of the civil service, but economic spasms are frequent in England, and seldom result in much reform. His lordship has undoubtedly for the time impaired his usefulness, and rudely checked the onward course of a promising career.

RANTING for the plaudits of the gallery is a trick well known on the stage, and raving on the platform to secure the popular vote is an old expedient of the average American politician. Some of our neighbours across the line are just now very angry, and, as far as they are able, have already declared war and shed much blood. The only thing to be regretted is that occasionally this hysteric shrieking is heard abroad, and is sometimes mistaken for American opinion. Hence has arisen the idea one so often hears expressed in England that with the Yankees it is in all matters a case of "win, tin, or wrangle." The present cry for our fish or our blood will be pointed to as confirming the idea. But whatever the language of the press or the platform may be, the language of diplomacy is essentially courteous, and we may safely infer that when Minister Phelps calls on the Marquis of Salisbury those gentlemen neither commence nor close the conference by shaking their fists in one another's faces. Let tuft-hunting congressmen and senators squall ever so loudly, the present dispute will of course be amicably settled, and Canadians, by acting with firmness and dignity, will preserve their rights and hold their own. We can also set an example of calmness in the matter. We need not use jeers and jibes ourselves, nor encourage their use in others; but we can all so act that we may, in the eloquent words of John Bright—used many years ago during a much more serious crisis—"do all that lies in our power to promote generous thoughts and generous words and generous deeds between two great nations, both speaking the English language, and both entitled, from a common origin, to lay claim to the English name."

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT, - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

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THE RACE MOVEMENT.

I CONTINUE my remarks from last week.

Like the Castors and the Bleus, the Rouges have little love for the English. They see in the latter a constantly opposing force, and they imagine that were Quebec solely French, between the warring Conservative wings of a great political party, they might grow numerous enough in time to wrest power, and govern the country after their own fashion. As bitter attacks on English nationality appear in their newspapers as may be found in the Castor and Bleu journals, and certainly their public speakers and orators are as defiant and insolent as the noisiest Tory demagogue in the list. Now, why is this so? Can any one answer the question? Hatred of the English must come from the cradle. Not long ago, in the city of Quebec, Louis Frechette's drama of *Papineau* was performed in a theatre. The play is full of keen allusions against English rule, and some witty speeches at the expense of the Saxon occur at intervals. In the gallery were seated three hundred boys of from ten to eighteen years of age. They could only have been connected with the revolution in the remotest way. Father or grandfather, perhaps, may have taken a part in the struggle; yet though fifty years had passed away, and all the wrongs had been redressed, whenever one of these patriotic speeches was uttered by the performers, cheer after cheer rent the building, and the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. The youngsters were really moved; their eyes flashed fire, and their faces burned hot and red, just as if the struggle had occurred yesterday, and they had been active participants in the fray. Now, all this means much. As a sign of the times it means a very great deal, and reveals a condition of things that steady-going old English loyalists cannot tolerate. It shows that, perhaps, after all, French Canadian loyalty to Great Britain is only skin deep and not at all sincere.

The French Canadian is tenacious of his language. He insists on its use in every public department, in Parliament, and in the Courts of Justice. Litigation is rendered doubly more expensive than it is in Ontario because every step in court is made in both languages. The lawyers plead in French and in English. An interpreter translates for the benefit of the jury, which is always a mixed one, and the Judge charges in both tongues. Law is thus rendered costly and cumbersome. Next to his religion, the French Canadian values his language, and the ultra newspapers even go to the length of advising their readers to teach their children French only, lest the learning of English might corrupt the tongue. Of course, this counsel is not followed by the intelligent people of the country, but it is given all the same, and in some of the remote districts it is really acted upon.

Every French Canadian has a dream of Paris, and when he can afford it he goes to the gay city to find his fancy rudely

shaken. For the most part he is pious, never misses his mass, and reads only the books which are not prohibited by his Church. The France he treasures in his heart is the France of Louis the Fourteenth. With the France of to-day, with its treatment of sacred things and its cruelty towards the Roman Catholic clergy he cannot have much sympathy, and when he returns to Canada after a few months sojourn in that country, he rarely wishes to cross the sea again. The vision did not come up to his expectations. But he does not love England any better. He loves French Canada more, and would live all his days a French Provincialist, narrow and circumscribed, but supremely happy in his faith, his environment and his mode of life. His priest encourages him to stay at home, and to marry young. Large families are the rule rather than the exception. Immigration from France is not desired. The Church preaches against the admission into Quebec Province of careless, half-infidel Frenchmen who are apt to bring new ideas into the close community over which he presides. As a result of this the inflow of real Frenchmen, as the natives of France are called, is very small—not a dozen a year. The local government spends very little to bring immigrants into the country, but much is expended to bring French Canadians back from the United States. Many go every year to the manufacturing towns of New England and New York, where they are better paid, better fed, and sure of more constant employment than they would be were they to remain in Canada. Often they return home; some do not venture away again, but the majority of them pass their time between the place of their birth and the place of their adoption. Their clergy do not like them to go away. They fear that they may become inoculated by intercourse with their heretical neighbours, and there is always danger that they may leave the Church. Hence every effort is made by Church and State to secure their frequent return, with a view always of eventually inducing them to permanently stay in Canada.

Socially, the French Canadian is a good neighbour. He is frugal and cheerful, and though he works hard his scale of remuneration is not high. Both sexes love showy finery, and a man and woman will often pinch their stomachs in order that their backs may be well covered. Side by side with Englishmen they have lived many years on terms of apparent friendship. There has never been real cordiality between the races, except in occasional cases. Before Confederation parties in Parliament were so evenly divided that business could not go on, and political deadlocks often checked Parliamentary progress and advancement. To kill the deadlock, leaders proposed a larger union, and Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island were invited to throw in their lot with old Canada, and form one Dominion. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick did so, and later on the little Island entered the union. Matters worked with tolerable smoothness for a while, but promise of trouble comes with the extraordinary development within the last ten or a dozen years of intense race prejudice. If this spirit is not soon curbed it must, without doubt, imperil the safety of Confederation. In Montreal the feeling runs stronger than elsewhere, though in Quebec it is only less violent in degree. The Quebec newspapers can be as rabid as their *confreres* in Montreal on occasion, and when war is waged in the journals of the day, vituperation, abuse and scurrility form the principle weapons of the belligerents. The spectacle is not edifying, and such discussions only serve to widen the breach between the two nationalities, and to fan the flame to greater heat than ever.

The chief objection to French domination lies in the aggressive way in which the claims of the French are preferred and insisted on. The English population would not care so much about the demands of French Canada were they presented in anything like polite or Parliamentary terms. But they are disgusted with the towering, domineering insolence of the claimants, and when it is considered that fully three-fourths of the taxation of the country is borne by the proscribed race, it is no wonder that the English cannot tolerate French aggressiveness.

The politicians and press encourage discord among the races. They have objects to serve in keeping the two sections of population apart, and they play on the fears and the prejudices of English and French alike, in all the moods and tenses of their vocabulary. Bloodshed may come sooner than many expect. It may come at once, unless wise counsels prevail, and the demon of race-passion is downed. The French and English will never love each other, but they might at least live in peace together. "Civil liberty was given them (the French) by the British sword," says Parkman, "but the conqueror left their religious systems untouched, and through it they have imposed upon themselves a weight of ecclesiastical tutelage that finds few equals in the most Catholic countries of Europe. Such guardianship is not without certain advantages. When faithfully exercised it aids to uphold some of the tamer virtues, if that can be called a virtue which needs the constant presence of a sentinel to keep it from escaping; but it is fatal to mental robustness and moral courage; and if French Canada would fulfil its aspirations it must cease to be one of the most priest-ridden communities of the modern world."

Montreal.

A CANADIAN.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

RECENT numbers of *The Forum* and *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* contain two striking articles on literary criticism, which the general reader will look at with more or less interest. The savage attack of the *Quarterly Review* on Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Shakspeare to Pope," suggests the *Forum's* paper on literary log-rolling, and the weakness and spitefulness of the average newspaper reviews of new books afford Mr. Edgar Fawcett the opportunity of saying some sharp things in *Lippincott* on criticism in general, and the men and women who dissect the current literature of the day for the American public in particular. Mr. Fawcett asks "Should critics be gentlemen?" but before he is quite finished with his subject, he shows conclusively that the average newspaper critic is not only not a gentleman in feeling or in manner, but is indeed a coarse, ignorant and narrow-minded individual, whimsical and conceited to the very extreme, and conscious of power which he may use at will for the purpose of crushing and destroying the literary life of any one against whom he chooses to level his shafts. Mr. Fawcett has evidently suffered much from the critics, both the gushers who praise his books without reading them, and the malignant ones who read them with the single object of finding weak points in the narrative and false quantities in his verse, each being equally obnoxious to the novelist and poet. Mr. Fawcett prints several examples to show the tenableness of his argument, but clever as his reasoning undoubtedly is, his contribution to the literature of his subject is only new in degree. What he says about the critics of to-day could have been said, and was said, nearly a hundred years ago. We all know the savagery of the early *Quarterly Review* and what it did for Keats. And such men as Macaulay and Jeffrey and Sydney Smith and the *Edinburgh Review*ers, did not think it beneath their dignity to cut up their neighbours' books, and even the authors on themselves, occasion. These reviewers used to meet and improve on each other's work. Macaulay, or some one else, tells the story that after one of the *coterie* had said all the sharp things that he

could say about a book and its author, the manuscript of the assault was submitted to the other friends in council, when each one present contributed spices of ridicule or knifeful of pain, the object being to make the blow as telling and as severe as the combined ability of these masters of sharp writing could make it. We have really nothing like this now-a-days, though, perhaps venomous criticism is more frequent than helpful or sympathetic reviewing. Of George D. Prentice, who could be as witty and wise as he was harsh and cold-blooded, when moved by his mood, it is related that during a visit of Horace Mann to his sanctum in Kentucky he asked that skilful master of nervous English to cut up a political opponent in his best style. Prentice put on his hat and went out, saying that he would return in a couple of hours, and telling Mann not to spare himself, but to lay on his strokes as heavily as he could. Mann flattered himself that he was equal to the mark. He began his task at once, and by the time that Prentice returned he had completed the article, and was contemplating it with the fierce joy that blood-thirsty critics feel. "There," said he to the editor, "will that do? How do you like it?" Prentice read it over carefully, and with evident delight, but when he had reached the conclusion he said to Mann: "Have you any objection to my adding a few paragraphs, by way of finishing it?" "Oh, no," said Mann—whereupon Prentice seized his pen, and began "Thus far, we have restrained our feelings." It may be conjectured that the attack was pointed enough when those two doughty veterans of the pen had said all that they wanted to say on the subject.

Well, as may be said, double-headed criticism, particularly of letters, is not so common in our day; but it is not so much against the severity of the newspaper reviewers that Mr. Fawcett complains. He finds fault with the general inadequacy of the average book notices, the ignorance of the critics, and their lack of equipment for the work they undertake, without the slightest misgiving regarding their fitness and aptitude. Of course, he scolds a good deal, but this is allowable, for have we not said, and has not Mr. Fawcett himself said that he is a sufferer? Mr. Fawcett's weakest point is where he recommends the total abolition of the newspaper critic. "All published comments on books in current newspapers" our author regards as "absurdly needless," and he would banish them from the columns of the journals, had he but his way. To this sweeping specimen of destructive criticism on the part of Mr. Fawcett we may well demur. Surely the book reviewing in the United States, faulty as it is, and spiteful as it must occasionally be, is preferable to the treatment which Canadian writers receive from the average Canadian newspaper. The Canadian world is so given to politics and commerce that the great organs of public opinion can find little or no space to devote to Canadian authorship. No Canadian newspaper employs a regular book reviewer, and such notices as from time to time appear are most trivial and perfunctory. Throughout the whole Dominion of Canada, not more than three or four daily newspapers take the slightest interest in literature, and three or four only attempt to publish reviews of books. This might please Mr. Fawcett, but it is not an encouraging showing for us.

Mr. Fawcett cites, with approval, the methods of a New York firm of publishers, who send their books to authors of established fame, and invite opinions on their merits. These they print as advertisements, and the plan is no doubt good, but how long does Mr. Fawcett think that authors of reputation would be found willing to act as "puffers" for the book-sellers? Of the making of books there is no end, and the kindly critics would soon find themselves unable to keep up with the demand on their time and patience, which the new system of book-noticing would entail. To the publisher, certainly, the plan has the merit of cheapness, but think of the trials of the unfortunate writer of "established fame," who would have to wade through all sorts of books merely to oblige. Mr. Fawcett, of course, does not call this real criticism, but he considers that it would be a "compromise, not a settlement; an improvement, not a remedy." Glendower could call spirits from the vasty deep. The publishers would soon find that the notices they summoned would not come. No author of established fame could afford to put himself in the position Mr. Fawcett and indeed other

riters of as charming English would like to see him occupy towards his brethren of the pen. And this leads us to say a word or two about Mr. J. Clayton Adams's article on "Literary log-rolling" in the *Forum*. Mr. Adams is rather captious, and he snarls. Without mentioning his name, he makes an onslaught on Mr. George Parsons Lathrop's pleasant paper in a late *Harper* on the literary movement in New York. Mr. Lathrop had a difficult task to pursue, but he managed to do it creditably, and while his portraits of the poets and novelists of Gotham are warm-tinted, the colouring was not laid on with a trowel. His picture is an agreeable one, and full of interest to lovers of literary chit-chat. Mr. Adams is down on literary clubs, and evidently, on literary friendships as well. He says there are *cliques* and rings in New York, and that mutual puffery of each other's wares is an established thing among his fellow authors in the great city. He insists that eulogy and compliment are indulged in *ad nauseam*. "The matter," he says, "is too contemptible for laughter, and too noisome to be passed over in silence. Every man of letters who seeks fame by the straight and honourable road is interested in seeing literary chicanery exposed; for if these censurable practices are to be continued, honest men will be obliged to adopt similar methods or be forced altogether from the field. Literature will then become little better than sensational journalism, and he whose tongue is the oiliest, or whose purse is the longest, will achieve the highest literary reputation." And this unlovely drawing reveals Mr. Adams's opinion of the men who represent the literary activity of the New York of the present day. He says, "the public—the poor, thoughtless, deluded public—has it no rights which men of the pen are bound to respect? Apparently none which these 'authors' recognize, else they would not so systematically palm off upon it their spurious wares disguised under the gilt and tinsel of false labels. They look upon the public through the same spectacles as the mountebank, who dances and plays his tricks upon the stage to win applause and dollars, regarding it merely as a body for them to practice on. Like the vendors of patent cure-alls, they have learned the value of persistent advertising, for they have discovered that the credulous public is as ready to swallow literary charlatanism, when well-sugared, as pills and panaceas. What if the reputation—or, rather, the notoriety—thus won be as ephemeral as it is factitious? These gentlemen live only from hand to mouth, for they are probably shrewd enough to know that not one of them will be heard of twenty years hence, and that the books which they so systematically puff into a brief existence will long ere then pass to the second-hand stalls or the pulp-mill. But they never give a thought to the future, for, like the courtesan, they stake their all to win the joys of a gilded present, and make no effort to grasp what they feel to be for them an impossible immortality." One is forced to the conclusion, after reading all this, that Mr. Adams is soured with the literary world. He is evidently without the charmed circle. But is it true that there are literary rings in New York, that men write puffs of each other's books in the newspapers and in the magazines, and that really meritorious work is snuffed out? Is it true, as averred by this sharp critic, that newspaper men and magazinists exchange space in each other's publications, to the detriment of the reading public? If all these charges are true, then indeed, is the literary movement in New York in a sorry enough condition. If Mr. Fawcett's critics are not gentlemen, but spiteful and revengeful creatures, then indeed, the art of criticism in New York is in a bad way. But is there no mean between these two sweeping assertions? The spirit of Mr. Adams's article is ungenerous to a degree. He writes with the jaundiced pen of a disappointed man. Mr. Fawcett's presentation is far more Catholic in tone.—GEORGE STEWART, JR.

THE Madras *Times* reports an extraordinary case which came on for hearing recently before the Madras Small Cause Court. A native doctor sued a clerk for the sum of fifty rupees for extracting a devil from the body of his brother. The clerk's defence was that his brother was not possessed of a devil at all. After some discussion the case was adjourned.

Correspondence.

WE have very great pleasure in inserting the following remarkable well-written letter from a genuine workingman.

The Sabbath or Rest Day Question.

Editor ARCTURUS:

SIR:—There is a letter and also an editorial in ARCTURUS of January 22nd on the Sabbath-day question. Joshua Davidson, the writer of the letter, complains of intolerance on the part of the religious public. The editorial writer is afraid, rather, that Sabbatarians are going too far in the attempt to force a rigid observance of the first day of the week.

Whether Joshua Davidson is justified in his complaint, or the editorial writer has any reason to fear the actions of Sabbatarians and workingmen, is a matter that time only can properly solve.

In the meantime, it is a fit subject for discussion, and it is a matter of interest to all *bona fide* toilers, whether labour on this day shall be curtailed as much as possible, consistently with justice. This is a question that should be approached with a sincerity of purpose in the interest of humanity. It wants no flip-pant individualism, no carping criticism. It is not a matter whether *my* selfish desires shall be gratified with a ride or a whim on that day, but whether I can benefit my fellow-toilers by abstaining from such gratification. Many Christians, doubtless, have "a zeal of God which is not according to knowledge." And may it not be said with propriety that there are others who may be similarly classed? Any one individual, or *coterie* of individuals, does not monopolize all the knowledge. Majorities, certainly, are not always right. "Let him who is free from sin cast the first stone," may be applied in the present case. All of us, more or less, have our *local* light as we look out upon things. And it focuses our sight with a bias. Upon the broad ground of humanity we should stand, endeavouring to prevent this bias shadowing our reason as we deal with the Rest Day question. I do not know Joshua Davidson, or the editorial writer. They may be diligent toilers for ten or twelve hours in the day for six days in the week. If they are, their sympathy, *certainly*, can be counted on for the toiling masses.

Too many of us are liable to lose sight of the fact that this is a selfish world, wherein we want our particular whim carried out or our selfish desires gratified. In fact we seem not to care to stop to ask the better side of our human nature: "Am I adding pain to others by this particular whim, or by my self-gratification." Now, the question focuses itself into one particular point. Do these Sabbatarians desire to increase or *ease* the burdens of humanity, as well as to please the "Infinite Deity," when they attempt to enforce a rigid observance of the Lord's Day? It is not whether necessary work shall be done on this day, for works of necessity and mercy, as well as religion, come within the lines of those Sabbatarians. No bugbear, if you please, of "intolerance," and of those "gloomiest and unlovely" periods of history to act as arguments against the question. The ignorant past is not wanted, but the intelligent present *is* wanted to come to our aid and solve this question. If these Sabbatarians appear to be intolerant in their attempt to enforce rigid laws against unnecessary labour on this day, be careful that you do not condemn yourselves of a graver fault.

If these Sabbatarians err in being too stringent in the enforcement of the law, they do not err to gratify their fleshly desires, for many of them deny themselves of what would gratify their selfish inclinations in keeping this day holy unto God. But from your reasoning you follow a contrary line of action. You wish your selfish desires to be gratified, and because these Sabbatarians wish to interpose a law against your self-gratification you "kick against the pricks." While these Sabbatarians are *intolerant* in a humane as well as a godly cause, you are *intolerant* because your self gratification is interfered with. Self-gratification has been too long a plausible argument used by mistaken friends, as well as by misguiding enemies, of the honest toilers of this world. Intelligent workmen are beginning to see that the yoke of these Sabbatarians is easy in comparison to the grinding burden of incessant toil. They look upon this Rest Day as one great

step in the direction of their social happiness. These lower masses of workingmen have been, and are, the great burden bearers and sufferers from incessant toil. The more hours they work the less pay they get, and as a consequence greater suffering is entailed upon them.

They have been crying in the night
Beneath the burden they have borne;
They have borne it until the light
Shone in upon their weary plight;
Now they are striking for the right,
Out from the darkness so forlorn.

Toronto, Jan. 25th, 1887.

JOHN PLANE.

Editor ARCTURUS:

SIR:—Noticing an editorial comment in ARCTURUS, commenting on the conduct of the Hintons towards their little girl, and the punishment they have received, will you allow me to say a word? I do not for a single moment justify their cruelty, but I think I can account for it. For some time back a wave of sentiment has prevailed in this country against the employment of corporal punishment in the education of the young of both sexes, and as the young have to be punished, resort is had to other means, frequently more severe and never so safe as a sound whipping. A morbid desire is created for devising fancy punishment, and in avoiding the use of the rod, the child is subjected to corrections of inquisitorial severity. I know one family in this city who punish their children by depriving them of one, two or three meals in succession, and the culprit has to sit at table with hands tied behind its back while the family are eating. I think a whipping would be more wholesome morally and physically than this punishment. I know a lady, also a resident of this city, who punishes her daughters by forcing their arms as close together behind their backs as possible by a leather strap, and leaves them locked up in an attic suffering intense physical pain for hours at a time. I do not believe these cases are as exceptional as you may imagine, and if you permit correspondence on the subject, I have no doubt you will find other instances of fancy punishments known to your correspondents. Yours truly,

J. H. C.

LITERARY NOTES.

FROM Messrs. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Publishers, Chicago, we have received *The Social Status of European and American Women*, and *The Legend of Hamlet*. The latter is written by George P. Hansen, late U. S. Consul at Elsinore, Denmark, and contains a fund of matter interesting to students of Shakspeare.

Poems in Many Tones is the title of a new book by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, of Windsor, Nova Scotia. It includes all of Mr. Roberts's poetical writings since the publication of *Orion and Other Poems* in 1880. Some of these have appeared in the *Century* and other periodicals, and some are now printed for the first time.

THERE are rumours of a new edition of Mr. Edmund E. Sheppard's *Dolly*, which ran through the *Toronto News* a few months ago, and was subsequently issued in book form by the Rose Publishing Co. The new edition is likely to be issued by a leading United States publishing house. The illustrations will probably be omitted.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, published an ode when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. He has just issued a jubilee poem entitled *Jubilate*. He is naturally a little proud, and boasts that

"I, unchanged from youth to age
This half-century of time,
Live to fling the champion gage
In this tournament of rhyme."

It is announced that Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London, will shortly bring out a volume of poems by Mr. T. B. Phillips-Stewart. This young poet is a resident of Toronto, and attended University College last year. We have not seen any of

his poetry, but persons who ought to be competent judges speak of it with a good deal of enthusiasm. It is said to be quiet rather than vigorous in tone, yet displaying loftiness of thought and depth of feeling indicative of the true poetic spirit. The imprint of his publishers will be a good introduction to the world of London.

THE days of the patriarchs are not ended. Some men appear to live forever. J. Maddison Morton, known all over the world as the author of *Box and Cox*, might reasonably have been supposed to have entered into his rest long ago. As matter of fact he is still to the fore. A good many years ago he took up his abode in the Charterhouse, where he has ever since had his quarters. And now, in his extreme old age, he has produced a new play. A farce from his pen entitled *Oh, that Boy!* just written, is being played with great success in London. Were all the moral maxims of our youth a mistake? "Early to bed and early to rise" was then taught as a gospel truth, which none but an infidel would presume to deny. And yet, of all the authors and journalists whom one has known, very many are still revelling in a green old age. They are not, and never have been in the habit of retiring with the setting sun, or of rising with the lark. They indulge in tobacco, late suppers, and late hours, and yet they seem to wear at least as well as the careful ones who never smoke and always take their "beauty sleep." Tom Moore was right when he sang

"The best of all ways to lengthen our days
Is to borrow a few hours from the night."

AN article in the Midwinter number of the *Century* is of considerably more than common interest. It is by George P. Lathrop, and describes "The Bailing of Jefferson Davis." The material has been mainly derived from the recollections and documentary evidence of ex-Chief Justice Shea, of the Marine Court, who was the attorney of record in the Davis case, with Charles O'Connor as senior counsel. A fac-simile of the power of attorney given to George Shea by Greeley, Gerrit Smith, and Cornelius Vanderbilt to sign the bail-bond accompanies this paper, which, it is claimed, presents for the first time the complete and curious history of the influences and occurrences which led to Davis's liberation and the abandonment of his prosecution, showing how extreme Abolitionists like Greeley and Gerrit Smith co-operated with Democrats in bringing about this result.

WE have received from Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, an advance announcement of the American reprint of the translation of Zola's new novel. It is entitled *Christine the Model*—a name eminently suggestive, when the style of this most realistic of French authors is borne in mind. *Christine* appears to be a sort of continuation of *L'Assommoir* and *Nana*, its hero being Claude Lantier, the son of the Gervaise and Lantier of the first-named story. It is understood that Zola has, to a large extent, drawn upon his own personal experiences in this latest product of his pen. The same publishers also announce an autobiographical work by Mrs. Beaumont, entitled *Twelve Years of My Life*.

THE January number of *Shakespeariana* contains a letter from that most interesting and inventive of literary "cranks," Ignatius Donnelly. The announcement made last winter of his extraordinary book, in which he is to prove that Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Shakspeare, aroused an amount of expectation which has been accorded to few literary questions of late years. It would have aroused still more were it not for the fact that no competent Shakespearian scholar has any faith whatever in his pretended discoveries, although he himself stakes his reputation upon them. His reputation, however, does not constitute a desperately high stake. It rests upon *Atlantis* and *Ragnarok*, both of which are interesting and ingenious books, but they say much more for the author's cleverness and ingenuity than for his critical sagacity; and indeed they can hardly have been intended to be taken seriously. He now writes to say that his work has been greatly delayed by political distractions; but he hopes to place the copy in the printer's hands this winter. "I do not wonder," he writes, "at the incredulity of the world. I should not myself

believe in the existence of such a cipher if I had not the proofs of it constantly before me as I work." This, of course, is an allusion to the alleged Bacon-cipher. "But," he adds, "I should as soon think that the arithmetical relations of the multiplication table were the result of accident as that a continuous, coherent, grammatical and rhetorical narrative could grow by chance out of a given number (say 740), applied to the paging of the folio of 1623, with mathematical precision." As to which, it is only necessary to say, with that profound Shakspearean scholar, the late Richard Grant White: "As to treating the question seriously, that is not to be done by men of common sense and moderate knowledge of the subject. It is as certain that William Shakspeare wrote (after the theatrical fashion and under the theatrical conditions of his day) the plays which bear his name as it is that Francis Bacon wrote the *Novum Organum*, the *Advancement of Learning*, and the *Essays*. We know this as well as we know any fact in history. The notion that Bacon also wrote *Titus Andronicus*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, and *Othello* is not worth five minutes consideration by any reasonable creature."

THE full text of Mr. Gladstone's article on *Locksley Hall* and the *Jubilee*, in the *Nineteenth Century*, has arrived. A perusal of it proves beyond doubt that, notwithstanding the author's advanced years, and the thousand and one distractions which fall to his share as the head of a not very manageable political party, his hand has lost none of its literary cunning. He writes like a master of rhetoric who is not a mere rhetorician. He tells Lord Tennyson some honest truths, which the laureate will do well to take to heart, if he hopes to maintain his reputation as not only a charming writer of verse, but as a writer whose opinions on political and commercial subjects are of intrinsic value. But we fear it is too late in the day for Lord Tennyson. The world moves too fast for his antiquated feet to keep step with her. One would fain think and speak with respect of the man who wrote *Locksley Hall* and *The Princess*, but it is impossible to avoid wishing that he would hold his hand for the rest of his days. He has deservedly won a high place in the front ranks of English poetic literature. Let him "rest and be thankful." How is it that so many actors will not forsake the stage until they are hissed?

POOR Mr. Whittier! His patience—or endurance—has given way at last. He announces, through the *New York Critic*, that he can no longer consent to be the prey of the autograph hunter and the amateur poet. He is of course too kindly and gentle natured to put the matter just in those words, but his meaning is plain, and it is evident enough that his forbearance has failed him. He merely states that he finds it impossible to reply to solicitations which reach him by every mail "for autographs, notices of books, and answers to questions on matters of no real importance to the writers or himself." Every man who has attained to a high place in the world has had experience of this sort of thing, but Whittier, of late years, appears to have had considerably more than his share, and has finally been compelled to enter his protest. He is an old man, who during his long life has given pleasure and instruction to hundreds of thousands of his fellow-creatures. He is well entitled to repose for the rest of his days, which, in the natural order of things, cannot be many.

Murray's Magazine, the new English periodical founded by the well-known house in Albemarle Street, is said to have fallen rather flat, notwithstanding its chapter of *Byroniana*, which one might have supposed would alone have insured for it a large sale and an appreciative circle of readers.

It is about time for the literary world to rise up in revolt against the so-called realistic school in American fiction. It has steadily been growing drearier and drearier for the last half dozen years or so; and now it has reached a depth of dreariness which cannot hope to be improved upon. Anybody who can read Henry James's last novel from end to end without a sore trial of nerves and temper must be fearfully and wonderfully constituted. We use the term "American fiction" advisedly, as Mr. James is an unmistakable New Englander. He has lived

long abroad, and has done his best to denude himself of his native attributes, but what Dr. Holmes calls "the Brahmin caste" is still strong upon him. Why should such a book be written? and why, O, why should the most patient man alive be expected to read it? Gentle Henry, tell us why.

M. B. CURTIS, well-known to Toronto theatre-goers as *Samuel of Posen*, appears to be ambitious of literary fame. He recently contributed a paper to a dramatic weekly published in New York. At least, he was presumed to have done so, as the article bore his name, and was generally accredited to him. It now turns out that the real author of the contribution was Bret Harte. It is a suggestive fact that the clever actor is now starring in a piece entitled *Caught in a Corner*.

Poetry.

A WOMAN'S WAITING.

UNDER the apple-tree blossoms, in May,
We sat and watched as the sun went down;
Behind us the road stretched back to the east,
On, through the meadows, to Danbury town.

Silent we sat, for our hearts were full,
Silently watched the reddening sky;
And saw the clouds across the west
Like phantoms of ships sail silently by.

Robert had come with a story to tell,
I knew it before he had said a word—
It looked from his eye, and it shadowed his face—
He was going to march with the Twenty-third.

We had been neighbours from childhood up—
Gone to school by the self-same way,
Climbed the same steep woodland paths,
Knelt in the same old church to pray.

We had wandered together, boy and girl,
Where wild flowers grew and wild grapes hung;
Tasted the sweetness of summer days
When hearts are true, and life is young.

But never a love-word had crossed his lips,
Never a hint of pledge or vow,
Until, as the sun went down that night,
His tremulous kisses touched my brow.

"Jenny," he said, "I've a work to do
For God and my country and the right—
True hearts, strong arms, are needed now;
I dare not stay away from the fight.

"Will you give me a pledge to cheer me on—
A hope to look forward to by-and-by?
Will you wait for me, Jenny, till I come back?"
"I will wait," I answered, "until I die."

The May moon rose as we walked that night
Back through the meadows to Danbury town,
And one star rose and shone by her side—
Calmly and sweetly they both looked down.

The scent of blossoms was in the air,
The sky was blue and the eve was bright;
And Robert said, as he walked by my side,
"Old Danbury town is fair to-night.

"I shall think of it, Jenny, when far away,
Placid and still 'neath the moon as now—
I shall see it, darling, in many a dream,
And you with the moonlight on your brow."

No matter what else were his parting words—
They are mine to treasure until I die,
With the clinging kisses and lingering looks,
The tender pain of that fond good-bye.

I did not weep—I tried to be brave—
I watched him until he was out of sight—
Then suddenly all the world grew dark,
And I was blind in the bright May night.

POETRY AND ADVERTISING.

POETRY and advertising seem to have become blended, "as it were." Ordinary prose has ceased to have the power to invest with proper attractiveness the announcements of vendors. Great emergencies bring out great minds. Hence the necessities of the advertiser have evolved the poet. This, for example, of a tailor, who, spurning prose, "drops into poetry," like Wegg:

Oh! come into the garden, Maud,
And sit beneath the rose,
And see me prance around the beds,
Dressed in my Sunday clothes.
Oh! come and bring your uncles, Maud,
Your sisters and your aunts,
And tell them Johnson made my coat,
My waistcoat and my pants.

Equally fanciful and suggestive is this:

Gayly young Ferguson
Bought his cigar—
Bought it at Mulligan's,
Where the best are.
When he wants fine-cut, or
Snuff for his nose,
Gayly young Ferguson
Purchases those.

More substantial, however, is the following, where the mingling of mackerel and emotion, cheese and affection, is really sweet:

Oh! say not I love you because the molasses
You purchased at Simpson's was golden and clear:
The syrup, the sugar, the jelly in glasses,
The crackers, the mack'el, I know, were not dear.

But when you came to me with Simpson's smoked salmon,
And showed me his samples of Limburger cheese,
I felt that his claim to be cheap was not gammon:
I loved you, and said so, dear Jane, on my knees.

STORY OF TWO HIGHLANDERS.

ON the banks of the Albany River, which falls into Hudson's Bay, there is, among others, a small colony settled which is mostly made up of emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland. Though the soil of the valleys contiguous to the river is exceedingly rich and fertile, yet the winter being so long and severe, these people do not labour too incessantly in agriculture, but depend for the most part upon their skill in hunting and fishing for their subsistence—there being commonly abundance of both game and fish.

Two young kinsmen, both Macdonalds, went out one day into these boundless woods to hunt, each of them armed with a well-charged gun in his hand, and a skene-dhu, or Highland dirk by his side. They shaped their course towards a small stream, which descends from the mountains to the north-west of the river, on the banks of which they knew there were still a few wild swine remaining; and of all other creatures they wished most to meet with one of them, little doubting but that they would overcome even a pair of them, if chance would direct them to their lurking places, though they were reported to be so remarkable both for their strength and ferocity. They were not at all successful, having neglected the common game in searching for these animals; and a little before sunset they returned homeward, without having shot anything save one wild turkey. But when they least expected it, to their infinite joy they discovered a deep pit or cavern, which contained a large litter of fine half-grown pigs, and none of the old ones with them. This was a prize indeed; so, without losing a moment, Donald said to the other, "Mack, you pe te littlest man—creep you in and durk te little sows, and I'll pe keeping watch at te door." Mack complied without hesitation, gave his gun to Donald, unsheathed his skene-dhu, and crept into the cave head foremost; but after he was all out of sight, save the brogues, he stopped short, and called back, "But Lord, Tonal, pe sure to keep out te ould ones."—"Tont you pe fearing tat, man," said Donald.

The cave was deep, but there was abundance of room in the further end, where Mack, with his sharp skene-dhu, now commenced the work of death. He was scarcely well begun, when Donald perceived a monstrous wild boar advancing upon him, roaring, and grinding his tusks, while the fire of rage gleamed from his eyes. Donald said not a word for fear of alarming his friend; besides, the savage boar was so hard upon him ere he was

aware, he scarcely had time for anything: so setting himself firm and cocking his gun, he took his aim; but, that the shot might prove the more certain death, he suffered the boar to come within a few paces of him before he ventured to fire; he at last drew the fatal trigger, expecting to blow out his eyes, brains and all. Merciful Heaven!—the gun missed fire, or flashed in the pan, I am not sure which. There was no time to lose—Donald dashed the piece in the animal's face, turned his back, and fled with precipitation. The boar pursued him only for a short space, for having heard the cries of his suffering young ones as he passed the mouth of the den, he hasted back to their rescue. Most men would have given all up for lost. It was not so with Donald—Mack's life was at stake. As soon as he observed the monster return from pursuing him, Donald faced about, and pursued him in his turn, but having, before this, from the horror of being all torn to pieces, run rather too far without looking back, the boar had by that oversight got considerably ahead of him. Donald strained every nerve—uttered some piercing cries—and even, for all his haste, did not forget to implore assistance from heaven. His prayer was short, but pithy—"O Lord! puir Mack! puir Mack!" said Donald, in a loud voice, while the tears gushed from his eyes. In spite of all his efforts the enraged animal reached the mouth of the den before him, and entered. It was, however, too narrow for him to walk in on all-fours; he was obliged to drag himself in as Mack had done before, and, of course, his hind feet lost their hold of the ground. At this important crisis Donald overtook him—laid hold of his large long tail—wrapped it round both his hands—set his feet to the bank, and held back in the utmost desperation.

Mack, who was all unconscious of what was going on above ground, wondered how he came to be involved in utter darkness in a moment. He waited a little while, thinking that Donald was only playing a trick upon him, but the most profound obscurity still continuing, he at length bawled out, "Tonal, man, Tonal—phat is it that'll ay pe stoping te light?" Donald was too much engaged, and too breathless, to think of making any reply to Mack's impertinent question, till the latter, having waited in vain a considerable time for an answer, repeated it in a louder cry. Donald's famous laconic answer, which perhaps never was, nor ever will be equalled, has often been heard of—"Tonal, man, Tonal—I say phat is that'll ay pe stoping te light?" bellowed Mack—"Should te tail preak, you'll fin' tat," said Donald.

Donald continued the struggle, and soon began to entertain hopes of ultimate success. When the boar pulled to get in, Donald held back; and when he struggled to get back again, Donald set his shoulder to his large haunches, and pushed him in: and in this position he kept him, until he got an opportunity of giving him some deadly stabs with his skene-dhu behind the short rib, which soon terminated his existence.

Our two young friends by this adventure realized a valuable prize, and secured so much excellent food that it took them several days to get it conveyed home. During the long winter nights, while the family were regaling themselves on the hams of the great wild boar, often was the above tale related, and as often applauded and laughed at.—James Hogg.

A PARLIAMENTARY return just issued shows the gradual decrease of pauperism in England and Wales during the last thirty years. The total number of paupers in 1886 was 120,000 less than in 1857, though the population is now one-third more. In the latter year there were 43 paupers to every 1,000 inhabitants, while now there are only 25 paupers in every 1,000 inhabitants. In the metropolis in 1837 there were 35 paupers to every 1,000 inhabitants, and now there are only 22 to every 1,000. In the metropolis the number of paupers in the present year is larger than the numbers in 15 of the other 29 years mentioned. The years in which the numbers were smaller were from 1858 to 1862, from 1875 to 1881, and from 1883 to 1885, inclusive. The proportion of pauperism to population was, however, smaller in the metropolis in 1886 than it was in any other year comprised in the period except 1878. On Saturday week the number of paupers in London, exclusive of lunatics in asylums and vagrants, was 36,945, as compared with 96,050 on the corresponding day of last year.

ASPECTS OF AUTHORSHIP.

ONE morning about a fortnight since I came up to Toronto from my rural home in the county of Leeds to make arrangements for the publication of my first—and last—novel. I expected “The Revengeful Ranger of the Remorseless Reef” to create a sensation in the republic of letters, and after careful deliberation I was fully resolved to keep the copyright in my own hands, and not to dispose of it upon any terms whatever. How eagerly I looked forward to the time when it would be given to the world with my name on the title-page, accompanied by the usual notice reserving the right of translation. How I deplored the injustice to Canadian authors of the absence of an international copyright law with the United States. Of course my book would be reprinted in New York, and I would reap no direct benefit from the tremendous sale it would certainly have in America. However, there was the consolation that the reprinting of it there would pave the way for the sale of advance sheets of my next romance; and I would meanwhile have an extensive circle of readers.

Having had no experimental knowledge of publishers and their ways, I had resolved to call upon my old friend and college chum, Paul Y. Syllabull, whose name, during the last three or four years, I have frequently seen mentioned in Canadian periodicals in no uncomplimentary terms. He has for some time been a contributor to the daily newspaper press of Toronto, and some of his more elaborate articles have found acceptance in leading English and American magazines. I had determined to submit my MS. to him, and to solicit his advice as to whether it would be more judicious to bring it out in illustrated monthly parts, or to adopt the more common method of putting it forth all at once in a crown 8vo. volume.

Paul and I had not met since the days of our boyhood. Our paths in life since leaving Victoria College, Cobourg, had been widely different. He had no sooner taken his degree than he made his way up to town, articulated himself to a firm of solicitors, and proceeded to read for the bar; which uncongenial pursuit he shortly afterwards abandoned to tread the flowery paths of literature. (N.B.—I particularly affect expressions which are not hackneyed.) I never took a degree at all. In fact, the taking of degrees is not my strong point. I was always fond of reading, but the books which have found most favour in my eyes are not of a kind calculated to train the mind for the passing of college examinations; and I am sorry to say that my tutors, one and all, pronounced me an incorrigible dunce. In doing so, I think they made a mistake; but they were always backward in acknowledging genius, unless the genius happened to be of the most orthodox kind; which mine was not. I hold that a youth may be a trifle loose in his Greek verb, and still not be such an utter dolt, after all. But my tutors, not satisfied with merely pronouncing me a dunce, expressed a unanimous opinion to the effect that I did not possess sufficient application to enable me to learn any respectable trade. It was doubtless in consequence of this expression of opinion on their part that I was articulated by my father to that eminently respectable firm of solicitors, Messrs. Tarr & Phethers, who are known far and wide for the sharpest practitioners in our county. But I was literally

“A youth foredoom’d his father’s hopes to cross,
Who penn’d a stanza when he should engross;”

and did not take kindly to the legal profession. I regret to state that after I had spent a few months in their office, Messrs. T. & P. had the bad taste to echo the opinion erewhile expressed by my college tutors, and to return me upon my father’s hands like a bale of unsalable goods. They said there was no use trying to teach the hard, dry science of law to a youth who could not be induced to give his mind to it, and whose head was full of poetry, and romances, and such like rubbish.

It began to be currently reported about the neighbourhood that my father’s only son was a noodle. You know what Macaulay says: “No reports are more readily believed than those which disparage genius, and soothe the envy of conscious mediocrity.” When the Messrs. Rectangle (engineers) declined to receive me as a pupil, my father came to the conclusion that the only course open for me to adopt was to go behind his counter, and retail

sugar, coffee, treacle, and what not. I “accepted the situation,” which returned the compliment by accepting me.

But although I so far deferred to my honoured father’s judgment as to accede to his wishes in this respect, I had an inward consciousness of the possession of a soul above groceries, and occupied my spare time in the compilation of an intensely exciting story of hair-breadth ‘scapes and moving accidents on the Spanish Main. To cut this part of my account short, I brought my assiduous labours to a close a fortnight since, and came up to town, as already recorded, to publish. I had never corresponded with Paul, and was unacquainted with his address; but, dunce as I am, it occurred to me to consult the directory, where I found what I wanted: “Syllabull, Paul Y., United Empire Buildings, Adelaide St. East.” I lost no time in presenting myself at that address, where I found my old friend. His chambers consisted of two scantily furnished apartments on the third floor. He was busily engaged in scratching off an elaborate article for the *Tautological Review*, in which Dr. Cutus Canby’s treatise “On the Armour of the Ancient Greeks” was handled pretty roughly, and was shown to be in many respects inaccurate.

There is no need to multiply details about my novel, because that is not what I took pen in hand to enlighten the readers of ARCTURUS about. Suffice it to say that after my friend had perused a few pages of it he convinced me of the utter impracticability of getting it published. He was very frank, and assured me that not even Messrs. Vermun & Scrubbs would undertake to bring out such a farrago of trash. He added that even if it were ushered into the world under the most favourable auspices imaginable, there would be no possibility of inducing anyone outside of a lunatic asylum to accept a copy of it as a gift.

I have been living with Paul ever since. I have just about made up my mind not to return to the home of my boyhood. I am not appreciated there, and my father’s customers have been gradually falling off ever since I stationed myself behind his counter. I have made all manner of mistakes, and these mistakes have all been on the wrong side for the customers. During the last week I have advertised in the daily papers for all sorts of situations, but have not yet received any suitable responses. Paul has let me into a few secrets about authorship, which I think may possibly be turned to account, and having nothing better on hand to-day to occupy myself with, I have sat down to write this paper.

I must premise that when Paul and I were at College together he was by no means conspicuous for cleverness or erudition. He was not particularly fond of reading, and knew less of books than I did, except such books as were included in the curriculum; and I have often since wondered where on earth he had contrived to pick up, in so short a time, the marvellous amount of multifarious learning displayed by the articles bearing his name in the various periodicals to which he contributes. I shall never wonder about it any more, because he has told me.

Last evening I came in from a stroll up Jarvis Street, and found him hard at work at an article on the mysterious Michigan murder which took place on Christmas Eve. With his permission I ran my eye over the sheets of his MS., and was hugely astonished at his familiarity with the secret devices of detectives. He suggested what seemed to me a startling and original plan for the discovery of the criminal. He criticised the conduct of the Detroit police-force with the utmost *sang froid*, and it was quite evident that had the matter been placed in *his* hands the culprit would have been arrested, tried, condemned, hanged—and for all I know drawn and quartered—before this time.

“I say Paul,” I remarked, “I would like to know how a small head like yours contrives to carry such an enormous amount of knowledge. All subjects are household words to you. In last month’s *Technologist* you had an exhaustive article on the Coal Supply. This month you have sent in one on the feasibility of employing petroleum for smelting purposes. A day or two since, you contributed to the pages of the *Ecumenical* a scholarly paper on the Constitution of the United States. Only last night you reviewed Professor Fogey’s Manners and Customs of the Middle Ages;” and to-night you seem to be equally at home on “Murder, considered as one of the Fine Arts.” Where have you managed to pick up such a fund of miscellaneous wisdom?”

Before replying to my question he added a few concluding lines to his article; then leaned back in his chair and lighted his pipe.

"I derive my wisdom from the same source from which other men derive theirs—from books. I have a very valuable library."

"Library; you haven't got any. Where is it?" I asked, incredulously.

He silently pointed to a swing-shelf hanging against the wall, upon which were ranged about a score of shabby, well-worn volumes of various dimensions. I could have tied a string round them, and carried them all on my back, without the slightest inconvenience.

"You don't mean to dignify those few tattered old books by the name of a library, do you?" I asked.

"Listen," he replied, "and I will let you into the whole secret of writing for the periodical press. I wouldn't do as much for everybody, but I owe you some reparation for having dashed your own literary hopes. You can't write a readable novel, but if you will favour me with your close attention I may put you up to the trick of earning bread and butter as I do. That swing-shelf to which I just now directed your attention, of the contents whereof you speak so contemptuously, supports an amount of inspiration which, judiciously used, will last an ordinary literary hack like myself for a lifetime. In order that you may be able to fully realize this truth, I will take down the works in their order, and expound their respective merits to you.

"These ten volumes," continued he, "are CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA—the substratum of all my learning—the field from which I glean straws for nearly all my marketable sheaves. It is absolutely necessary for every man who lives by literature, no matter how generally well-informed he may be, to have constant recourse to an encyclopædia. Every well-furnished newspaper office contains one for the use of the staff, and scarcely a day passes in which it is not consulted. In future, when you pick up one of the leading dailies, and read therein an exhaustive account of the whole process of paper-manufacture, or a brief epitome of all that is known on the subject of Prester John, don't for a moment suppose that the article has been written by a man who has had any practical experience of the manufacture of paper, or who has enjoyed any special facilities for treating of His Most Christian Majesty of the East, who most probably never existed. Just make up your mind that the writer knew no more about the matter than yourself, until he sat down to get up the materials for his article. Such materials as he may need he supplies himself with from time to time, as occasion may require; and as a rule he finds those materials in an encyclopædia. Of course there are much more comprehensive works of this nature than Chambers's. At the head of the list stands the Encyclopædia Britannica—the most valuable work in the English language—but it is too costly a luxury for a poor author to indulge himself with. There is also Knight's Cabinet Cyclopædia, the American Cyclopædia published by the Appletons, and various others; but even those are expensive, and for ordinary purposes this one answers quite as well. I bought it second-hand for half-price—about twelve dollars—and the investment has paid for itself fifty times over. Formerly I had only the first two volumes, which, as you will perceive, only go as far as CHI; so that I was grievously restricted in my choice of a subject. I wrote learned discourses on Ærolites, Acoustics, Alcohol, Architecture, the Barometer, Buddhism, Calico-printing, and the Chinese Empire; but when our editor requested me to furnish him with an article on Hydrostatics, I was compelled to avail myself of the Parliamentary Library. Since I have had the complete work, however, I don't find it necessary to go there once a month. There are very few subjects that present themselves for treatment respecting which I cannot find sufficient information for my purposes in these volumes. You will understand that I have to cut and hack and transpose, and dress the matter up in an original shape in words of my own, occasionally adding a few incidental circumstances obtained from other sources. This identical paper on the Michigan Murder does not contain a single original idea of my own. I have cribbed it all out of the "Memoirs of Vidocq" and Edgar Poe's detective stories, which I specially consulted for the

purpose. That scheme for the detection of the murderer, which you think so brilliant, is at least as old as Fouché, and probably much older.

"Next in order comes this huge quarto, which is WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Of course it is not often that a literary man has occasion to consult a dictionary for the purpose of knowing how to spell a word correctly or even to ascertain its ordinary meaning; but it is a matter of almost daily necessity to know the *derivation* of a word. I prefer Webster to any other work of the same kind. This, as you will observe, is the last edition; and I have never yet had occasion to trace the history of any word which I have not found here. Then, the definitions are concise and clearly expressed. It accurately exhibits all the various shades and degrees of meaning which are authorized either by prescriptive usage or by actual derivation. It likewise contains a comprehensive list of the phrases in every day use. Here, you see, is an explanatory and pronouncing vocabulary of the noted names of fiction and tradition. To a literary man, this department alone is worth much more than the price of the entire work. "Dark and Bloody Ground," "Seven Wonders of the World," "Sick Man of the East," and a thousand other terms occasionally met with are defined for us clearly and succinctly. Then, there are comprehensive lists shewing the correct pronunciation of Modern Geographical, Biographical, and Greek and Latin names: a collection of contractions and abbreviations, and of arbitrary signs used in writing and printing; and even a proof-sheet, shewing how corrections for the press are made. All things considered, this quarto contains such a mine of useful information as is to be found in no other single volume which has ever come under my notice. I might as well attempt to get along without pens, ink, or paper; and if it could not be replaced I would not part with it for its weight in gold.

"This thick volume is MEN OF THE TIME, a work which I also find very useful for purposes of reference; though it is much to be regretted that greater care was not taken in its compilation. Here, for instance, we have four full pages devoted to an individual about whom no one can possibly wish to know anything, while many persons whose lives are of infinitely more importance to the public are dismissed in a few lines. It is, however, the best work of its kind extant, and as such is a necessary addition to a literary man's library.

"I next invite your particular attention to these four large folios, which are SCRAP BOOKS. Ever since I began to write for the press I have made a practice of cutting out from any newspapers or periodicals which came in my way such paragraphs or items as might possibly be turned to account. In making these selections I have had an eye exclusively to utility; and as a necessary consequence of the numerous sources whence I have drawn, the contents of these volumes are quite as heterogeneous as the contents of the dictionary itself. Few periodicals are so utterly trashy or worthless that some scraps of useful information cannot be derived from them, and I have not disdained to extract from all classes of journals. Here, for instance, side by side with half a column from the *Saturday Review*, is a paragraph from the *New York Clipper*. At the end of each extract I have, as you see, noted the name and date of the paper from which the slip was cut; and at the end of each volume is a full index. As a matter of course, all this entails a considerable amount of labour, but I find that it *pays*. I have been rather more than three years filling these four volumes, and I believe that if I live to see my fiftieth birthday I shall have a collection quite as valuable as the encyclopædia. The novel called "A Terrible Temptation" furnished me with a judicious hint of which I shall probably avail myself a few years hence; and that is, to compile an *Index ad Indices*.

"This is my COMMON-PLACE BOOK. You see I am unfolding to your gaze all the secrets of my professional workshop. Every literary man keeps a book of this description, but it is not every one who cares to acknowledge the fact. Just look at the extent to which Hawthorne availed himself of the idea. I, however, don't practice the trick on nearly so extensive a scale. The greater part of the contents of my common-place book are merely vague

suggestions to the mind of the illustrious personage who now addresses you ; and these suggestions, to quote from the advertising columns of to-day's *Mail*, "are of no use whatever to anyone but the owner." What, for instance, could you, or any other person who might accidentally peep between these covers, make of this entry : "They had already hanged 476 r.g.s." Don't ask for an explanation. Let it be sufficient for you to know that I understand the entry. I intend to avail myself of it in my next article for the *Tautological*, and have calculated that the idea will net me precisely forty-five dollars.—The next entry is more intelligible. "At Heidelberg, in Germany, they divide a church in two, with a partition between ; one half for the Roman Catholics, the other half for the Huguenots. The services being both at the same hours, one bell summons both denominations to prayers : it rings, in fact, both for God and for Satan, according as each pleases to regard it." I extracted that, as you will see from the foot-note, from Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea." I intend to use the information in an article on the present tendencies of German Rationalism, for the *Contemporary* : but I shall so change and modify the diction that M. Hugo himself would not recognize his own handiwork even if he were still living, and even though he had the paragraph specially pointed out to him.

"Next comes ROGET'S 'THESAURUS,'—a work bearing some resemblance to a dictionary, but meant to answer a totally different purpose. You will perceive that the words are not arranged alphabetically, but according to the *ideas* which they express. Its object is not to explain the meaning or derivation of words, but to group together all the words in the language having the same or a similar signification, in order that the person who consults it may select such word as most adequately or elegantly expresses his meaning. It also enables him to avoid tautology, where he finds it necessary to repeat the same idea several times in the course of one paragraph.—Let us open it at random. What word have we here? *Intelligence*. The compiler has given us no fewer than fifty-seven words to express that idea alone. No excuse for any man who owns this book if he be guilty of tautology in his effusions. And lest he be led into solecisms, let him provide himself with this next one, which is CRABB'S ENGLISH SYNONYMS. The object sought to be attained by this, is to mark the nice shades of distinction between words which mean very nearly, but not precisely, the same thing. Mr. Crabb gives us the various shades of expression, with the authority for their use. Let us open it at random, as we did with *Roget*. "*Wit, Humour*. Humour is a species of wit which flows out of the humour of a person. Wit, as distinguished from humour, runs in a vein : it is not a striking, but an equable and pleasing flow of wit." Then follow specimens from Swift and Addison, justifying the writer's distinction.

"This ragged little work with a paper cover contains the complete works of an author who attained some celebrity in his day ; and in fact his writings are not quite forgotten, even yet. It is possible that you may have heard his name, which was WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. I think I have seen it incidentally mentioned somewhere that he was born at a place called Stratford-upon-Avon : and unless my memory is at fault he has been called by some "The Bard of Avon ;" and by others of a more fanciful turn of mind, "The *Swan* of Avon." Let me see : yes, to the best of my recollection it was of him that somebody said, "He was born not for an age but for all time." He flourished in the reigns of—

"Come, I say, Paul,—," I interrupted.

"O, you know all about that, do you? Then perhaps as you are so well informed, it will be unnecessary for me to state that Shakspeare is an author whose works I find absolutely indispensable for purposes of illustration. No writer of any age or nation has been plagiarised so often, for the very sufficient reason that no other writer is so charged to the muzzle with *ideas* ; and his ideas are not only valuable for their intrinsic worth, but they are presented in language which is unrivalled for its felicitousness, perspicuity, terseness and vigour. Nowhere can we find such models of concentrated thought and language as in his pages. No other author, ancient or modern, ever attained such proficiency in what the country parson calls "the art of putting things." No other author ever contrived to say so exactly what he *wished* to

say. The rhetorician who attempts, by any possible combination of words, to improve upon the diction of Shakspeare, will find that he has undertaken as hopeless a task as was that of Mrs. Partington, when she essayed to keep back the approach of the Atlantic Ocean with a broom. Hence, a quotation from Shakspeare always *tells* ; if judiciously applied, it never fails to add point and *verve* to a sentiment. Whenever I wish to advance a proposition in one of my literary efforts, the first question I ask myself is, Has this idea been propounded by Shakspeare? and if I remember that it has, I invariably make use of his language, in the form of a quotation, in preference to my own. You see I have twice pressed him into service in this article on the Michigan business, in which I say that

"Murder though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ ;"

and I conclude with Hamlet's remark that

"Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes."

"This copy of his works, when new, cost a shilling ; but I bought it second-hand, at a shop in Yonge street, for fifteen cents. It would be of no use to a *student* of Shakspeare, or to anyone who reads him for *pleasure*. Such persons require a large annotated edition, containing all the various readings, and three times as much matter in the shape of notes as text. But I have no time to *read* Shakspeare ; this contains all I require—namely, the text—and it answers my purpose quite as well as would the scholarly edition of Mr. Dyce, which costs considerable more in dollars than this cost in cents.

"I sometimes experience the want of a concordance to Shakspeare, in order to verify a quotation ; and I think I shall buy one some of these days, in order to make my library complete.

"The only books remaining to be considered are these two, to which I seldom resort except when I wish to discourse very learnedly indeed. The first is the selected works of ERASMUS, "the great Reformer, who laid the egg of the Reformation which Luther hatched." The other is BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY. You, who I daresay never heard of either of them before in your life, can form no idea of the amount of miscellaneous learning scattered throughout these two books. From the first one of the greatest English novelists of this century gathered the materials for his masterpiece ; and from the second, Laurence Sterne stole all the best things to be found in "*Tristram Shandy*." Byron, also, acknowledged himself to be greatly indebted to Burton. Both these are translations, for I have no time to wade slowly through a dead language in search of living ideas.—And now you have seen every book in my library ; in other words, every book I have in the world."

"Why, you don't mean to say you haven't got a Bible?" I enquired.

"Of course I have ; and what is more I *read* it, more frequently, I dare say, than you do ; but I keep it, as you must surely have noticed, on my dressing table. It would be unpardonable if I did not acknowledge my manifold obligations to it, even in a temporal point of view. It is most valuable for purposes of illustration. No man ever was, or ought to have been, more thoroughly conscious of this fact than Macaulay, for its literary influence is very perceptible in his writings. His early theological training stood him in good stead in his subsequent career as an author.—Of course I have also a copy of the church services, but I didn't think proper to include either of these two books in my remarks to you, because they have a value unconnected with mere everyday utility ; and it was the every-day utility of my library that I was especially desirous of impressing upon you.—And now, old fellow, pass the lager, for my fireside lecture has made me as dry as a herring."

I sat silently meditating upon all I had heard, while Paul imbibed about a pint of the Dutchman's nectar, when he resumed :

"Now, my friend, I have let you into the secret of my method of earning my living, and you may suppose that nothing further is necessary than for you to invest a few pounds in books, in order for you to cram and mince and hack yourself into boundless wealth and literary fame. If you think so you will make even a

greater mistake than when you conceived yourself to be a born novelist. For know that, notwithstanding all I have told you, there is no royal road to authorship; at least to such authorship as is worthy of the name. Did you ever read Edgar Poe's essay on "The Philosophy of Composition?" You didn't. Well, in that essay the author gives an elaborate account of the genesis of that wonderful poem of his, *The Raven*. He professes that its composition was a mere mechanical operation from beginning to end; that he went to work by rule and compass, just as calmly and deliberately as though he had been about to manufacture a common deal table; and finally produced the most remarkable poem of its kind in any language. Now, he, poor fellow, was, unfortunately, so abandoned a liar that I should be vehemently disposed to doubt the fact of the earth's revolution on its axis if insisted upon very strongly by him. But even admitting, for the sake of argument, that he went to work precisely in the manner he describes, and worked out his problem like the *pons asinorum*: admitting all this, I repeat, do you for one moment suppose that any amount of attention to his directions would enable you or me, or indeed anyone but himself, to bring about such a result. I have tried *my* hand, and can speak from bitter experience. I produced a poem of the orthodox length; in fact strictly according to his scheme, in every respect. I am thankful to say that I had the good sense to stick it in the fire as soon as it was finished. I can only remember one stanza, which you shall hear. The poem opened with a namby-pamby description of myself and my surroundings, as I sat alone in my desolate chamber at the witching hour of twilight. If I remember aright, I represented myself as "gazing through the skylight," in order to rhyme with "twilight," when I was disturbed in my reflections by hearing "a footfall on the floor of my chamber, near the door," which I opened, and encountered a base-born burglar, whose physical exterior I described as follows:—

"He was dirty, grim, and grimy; and his locks were lank and slimy;
And his nose was tipped with crimson, with a wart upon the end:
And his lips they had the snigger of a base and vulgar nigger,
And his aspect and his figure were not those of any friend;
And he didn't look like one whom it would answer to offend—
Upon that you may depend."

"Stay a moment—I remember another stanza, in which I addressed the intruder in this wise:—

"O, thou most repulsive party, with proboscis red and warty,
And demeanour most unhearty, say what errand make you here?
Thou art neither shorn nor shaven, and thy looks bespeak thee
craven;
Tell thy business then instanter; let it sans delay appear:
Then, proceed about thy business, and no longer linger here!
Thus I spoke, with frown severe."

"Enough. You see that, notwithstanding I implicitly followed the instructions of Mr. Poe, the results in the cases of his experiment and mine were widely different. Do you ask me why? I answer, because in my case the keystones were wanting. I had neither Poe's general literary ability, nor his "fine frenzy;" both of which were needed to produce so marvellous a piece of *diablerie* as *The Raven*. The canons of composition which he lays down, even if he made use of them at all—which I don't for a moment believe he ever did—were only accessories. They were of no use whatever in the hands of a numskull.—The moral of this little episode, which is not a digression, is, that in order to achieve literary success you must possess literary ability. And this ability does not consist in a mere facility in stringing words and sentences and paragraphs together. The words, sentences, and paragraphs must have something higher to recommend them than mere consecutiveness. They must not only *express*, but they must likewise *suggest*.—I spoke of literary fame and wealth a moment ago. Now, leaving permanent literary fame altogether out of the question, as being totally unattainable by such commonplace specimens of the *genus homo* as you and myself, how many literary men do you suppose there are in the world at the present moment who are making more than a bare living? Not one in a hundred, I give you my word of honour. And what a task do they find it, even to do so much? Don't you see that I am rapidly wearing myself out, even for such pitiful success as falls to my lot. No

labour on earth is so hard as literary labour, and no labour is so inadequately paid for—unless you happen to be the fortunate one man out of the hundred. Hackneyed as is the saying that literature is a good staff but a bad crutch, it is worth quoting again.

"My system of literary composition is one very commonly resorted to by writers everywhere. The marvel that editors can be found who will accept articles so composed, is only surpassed by the marvel that a public is to be found who will read them. I wonder at this more and more every week of my life. And then, what self-contempt one experiences, to be guilty of such miserable petty-larceny: to be daily and nightly pilfering the thoughts and suggestions of one's betters, and selling them, without material addition or any improvement, as one's own.

"Mind you, the system is legitimate and honourable enough, if confined within certain bounds. Shakspeare himself stole the plots of all his dramas, after he had surfeited himself (if the tale be true, which I suppose it isn't) with stealing deer in Charlote Park. But then, the matter grew, and improved, and waxed mighty under his hands. He found pebbles and left them pearls. *Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*—which remark, by the way, has been made once or twice before. Pass the lager—by heaven, I have become so demoralized that I can't even *talk* without stealing. Pass the lager, I say."

I did as I was bidden, and another pint disappeared.

"Do you know, Paul, I have an idea?" I remarked, after a pause.

He sprang to his feet, seized the poker, and made a long, dingy mark on the paper of the wall; saying, as he did so:

"Bravo! that's more than you ever had when you were writing that infernally stupid novel; and thus I register the fact."

He seemed excited, and was evidently getting tipsy. That last pint had been too much for him.

"Let us hear it," he exclaimed.

"Well, it has occurred to me to report the lecture with which you have just favoured me, and to forward it to ARCTURUS for publication."

"Ha! well, those are *two* ideas; so I'll make another mark, he replied, suiting the action to the word: "and I give you my solemn assurance that if you do, I'll make a *third*—on your head. In other words, I'll knock your brains out."

All this, as previously intimated, took place last night. He has gone to the office of one of the daily newspapers this morning, and will be there all day. Before he returns, this MS. will be in the post. If it is accepted, I shall take passage for New York as soon as ever the editor apprises me of the fact; for Paul will be savage enough to keep his word.

A PHOTOGRAPHER writes to the *Camera Magazine* that he once took a photograph of a child that was seemingly in good health and with a clear skin. The negative showed the face to be thickly covered with an eruption. Three days afterward the child was covered with spots due to prickly heat. "The camera had seen and photographed the eruption three days before it was visible to the naked eye." It is said that another case of a similar kind is recorded, where a child showed spots on his portrait which were invisible on his face a fortnight previous to an attack of small-pox.

A REMARKABLE incident occurred at a private sale in England a few days ago, which illustrates the saying that worth will out. In a private auction of household effects in Stratton Place, including beds and bedding, chairs and oil-cloth, a little picture by Meissonier came under the hammer. It measured 8 inches by 5½. It was painted in 1862—about three years before the master's best period—and represented "A Smoker." A few collectors, of that race which instinctively scents out a good thing, were present in hopes of a bargain, but one or two of the picture dealers had got wind of the affair. After much spirited bidding, the picture was finally disposed of for \$4,975—a pretty stiff price.



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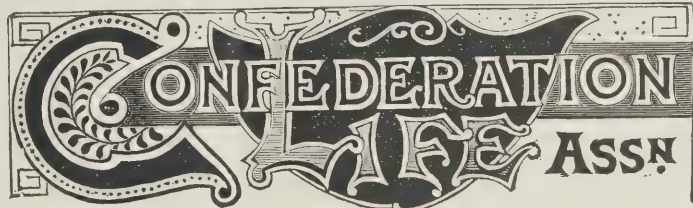
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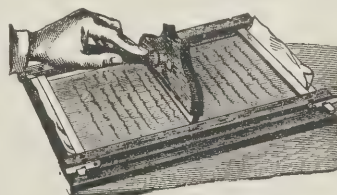
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Saturday, February 12th, 1887.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

As a non-partisan journal, it is not our business to take sides in the present political contest; and in the utter absence of any question of principle on either side it is not our inclination to do so. The campaign is merely a rather unseemly struggle for the spoils of office, with scarcely any reference to what is best either for the present or the future of the country. The old tactics are being resorted to again, and each province is fighting for what, in a short-sighted way, is considered best for its own immediate interest, without any care whatever for the common good. Thus, both Grits and Conservatives are vying with each other to see who can offer the highest price for votes. In one district it is a tunnel, in another a railway, and in another such alteration of the tariff as is supposed to affect local exigencies. This, of course, is to be deplored. We do not expect, on the other hand, human nature to be other than it is. In a vast country like this, with little or no history; with provinces wide apart, and at best loosely connected with each other; with a mixed population, the predominating elements whereof are composed of two races of diverse religion and language, and in all other things as dissimilar as it is possible for them to be, there is much to be said in palliation of the want of unity and patriotism around us. At the same time, it is humiliating to have to admit that the election in which we are engaged is only a rough-and-tumble fight for the control of the national purse.

WHAT is Protection: is it right or wrong? This is a question much debated among us now, and one that cannot be answered off-hand. Unquestionably the free trade doctrine is right in theory, and would be so in practice if universally applied. But free trade, as it was proclaimed in England half a century back, and the lopsided practice of it at the present time, are two very different things. The one great argument of Peronnet Thompson, Richard Cobden and George Wilson—the fathers of the free trade movement—was that as soon as England inaugurated free trade its manifold advantages would be so apparent that it would be at once followed by all the nations of the world.

Now nearly half a century has passed away, and not only have the nations of the earth very decidedly declined to follow the example thus set them, but there is in England now a party numerically not contemptible, and possessing in its ranks some able men, who are demanding, not a return to the old system, but what they term Reciprocity. Whether Reciprocity is right or wrong is not the question here, but the existence of the demand is extremely significant, arising as it has in the country where the free trade idea was carried into effect, and where free trade principles were for a long time accepted as one of those self-evident truths that require no demonstration. In these circumstances Canadians may well be cautious in reversing their present fiscal policy. Maintaining our National Policy now does not mean maintaining it forever; but no change of importance can be made but by arrangement with the United States; and it is only too evident, in the present rather excited tone of our neighbours, that for anything like equitable reciprocity the time is not yet.

MR. GRANT ALLEN, who has long since made his way to the front rank on the periodical press of London, is a Canadian by birth and early training. By his numerous contributions to the various magazines he is doing a good deal of late to attract attention to his native land. ARCTURUS recently contained some account of his article on "Calabogie," in the January number of the *Cornhill*. *Longman's* has another article from his pen, in which he speaks out with the utmost plainness regarding the future of Canada. He refers to annexation as "the manifest destiny and only natural future of the Canadian Dominion." A writer in the *Montreal Gazette* waxed indignant at this deliverance, and only half in jest declares that were it not for personal friendship he would rush at Mr. Allen and stone him. The writer of this pugnacious rejoinder is understood to be Martin J. Griffin, formerly editor of the *Toronto Mail*, and now joint librarian of the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa. It is all very well for Mr. Griffin and other Government officials to try to stifle free discussion. All their interests lie in preserving the *status quo*. Doth Job serve God for naught? It may be that the annexation of Canada to the United States would be a very bad thing for the former. It may be that a movement in that direction would be unwise and unpopular. So far as we are aware, no such movement is afoot, or likely to be so in the near future. But the subject is at least a legitimate one for intelligent people to talk about, or even to write about if they please, and the holders of fat berths under the present regime must not suppose that they will be

permitted to burke discussion upon it. Moreover, while English journalists of great ability and high repute do not hesitate to discuss the question from all points of view, the same privilege may surely be accorded to native Canadians, who ought not to be threatened, even in jest, with the fate of St. Stephen, for daring to express their honest opinions on the subject.

Not only on this continent is the status of the Romish Church fast becoming the burning question of the day. A manifesto has just appeared in Berlin signed by over two hundred Evangelical dignitaries, University professors and other persons of note in literature and science from all parts of Germany, urging the formation of an anti-Catholic league. Protestantism, it is said, has always suffered the heaviest losses when the hierarchy has succeeded in coming to an understanding with the State; and the settlement of all party quarrels within the Protestant Church is suggested as absolutely necessary to combat "the aggressive and increasing power of Rome." It really seems as though a time of trial were in store in the near future for the Catholic Church all over the world. In France the direct political power of Rome may be said to be very nearly annihilated. In the German States everywhere any open attempt of ecclesiastics to control the political action of the people raises a storm of indignant denunciation. In Spain and Italy—the least educated portions, perhaps, of Europe—the feeling against clerical dictation is strong, and rapidly growing in force. That the matter is beginning to attract serious attention in the United States is apparent to any one reading the American papers. The Catholic journals especially are getting angry and alarmed at what they consider the menacing tone of public opinion. We in Canada know to our cost what a bone of contention this has been and will be. Not at all too soon is the question made one of practical politics with us. Without any reference to the necessities of party politicians, it is time to declare that on this free Canadian soil "no Italian priest shall tithe or toll in our dominions."

We are now able to form a more correct estimate of the political situation in England, and we see no reason to alter the opinions hitherto expressed. The tragic death of Lord Iddesleigh and the secession of Lord Churchill for the moment shook the Government severely. But there is no doubt the accession of Mr. Goschen has more than compensated for the retirement of the spoiled child of the Primrose League, and that whether Lord Churchill's action arose from personal pique, or vanity, or ambition—or, as is most probable, a combination of all three—he has, in the opinion of his most sincere devotees, damaged himself much more than he has harmed the Government. On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain's conference has missed fire. The fact of the matter is that Mr. Chamberlain individually is not a strong political force, and though he is awkward as an opponent, he is not very valuable as an ally. Mr. Goschen will act as a bond of union between the Government and the Hartington party, who are in truth not only unionists but minister-

ialists. Mr. Gladstone has but little chance of returning to office, for the simple reason that a considerable number of Liberals, outside the Unionist party, are quite resolved that he shall not. In fact, as far as outsiders can form an opinion, there appears at present no reason why the Marquis of Salisbury should not, barring accidents, pull through the session with tolerable ease.

It is to be hoped that the session of the Ontario Legislature now opened will be more fruitful of reformatory legislation than the sessions of the last few years. One of the most urgently required measures is a comprehensive reform of the municipal law. Innumerable acts tinkering with the existing system in minor points of detail have been introduced. What is needed is a thorough revision of the system, to adapt it to changed conditions. The present law, however well suited to the Ontario of a generation ago, has been outgrown. The existing basis of representation in our city and county councils makes them large and unwieldy bodies. The growth of large urban populations renders the extension of civic powers of government desirable. There is no reason why the property qualification long since abolished for parliamentary representatives should be retained in municipal affairs. It serves no good purpose, as a colourable qualification is easily acquired by the ambitious and unscrupulous aspirant, while it may exclude men well qualified in every other respect.

THE fashion of prominent politicians contesting more than one constituency, which has for some time been practised in Britain, is gradually being introduced into Canada. At the last election Sir John Macdonald was elected for two constituencies. On this occasion he has also received a double nomination, and has intimated that in the interests of his party he may contest other ridings. His example has been followed by the Minister of Militia and Mr. Blake. As a consequence, whatever the result may be, we shall have a supplementary election campaign in three or more constituencies, entailing additional and altogether unnecessary expense and inconvenience upon the country. Dual candidatures ought not to be permitted, and as the practice bids fair to extend until it becomes a serious evil, legislation should be invoked against it.

THE exultation of the Conservatives over the re-accession of Sir Charles Tupper to their fighting forces will be somewhat dashed by the tidings of the campaign in Nova Scotia, where that stalwart campaigner was expected to bear down all opposition by the impetuosity of his attack. Making all due allowance for partisan misrepresentation, it is evident that Sir Charles is meeting with much more strenuous antagonism than was expected, and that his personal influence with the Nova Scotians has been over-estimated. Should the result prove adverse to the Government the Finance Minister's reputation as an available man will suffer a similar disparagement to that which attends the failure of a Presidential candidate to "carry his own state." But it can hardly damage Tupper, who is the Hobson's choice of Conservatism.

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A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12TH, 1887.

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THE first instalment of

LITERARY EXPERIENCES

will appear in the number for Saturday, February 26th.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF CANADIAN PARTIES.

THE tone of independence which has characterized the utterances of a number of Canadian journals of late is received with misgiving by the adherents of party, and with hope by the well-wishers of an impartial press. After years of obedience to the party leaders, and of automatic subservency to the dictates of "the machine," this change can hardly be considered a moral revulsion caused by a sudden perception of truth. There are few indications of remorse, and the new professions are more easily explained on the supposition of an intellectual conversion to new views. The tendency has been discussed by the party press in the usual manner, and with the superficial charges of hypocrisy which might have been expected from such sources. It is possible that the change of front may be a political manoeuvre; but it seems more probable that the course of events in Canada during the past few years has convinced the *Mail* and other journals that the articles of their late creed will not stand the test of these trying times.

The personal influence of Sir John Macdonald has hitherto been powerful enough to unite alien political forces, and to shape them to the furtherance of his designs. His urbanity of manner and fertility of resource have often laughed the seemingly inevitable in the face, and sported with contradictions which seemed about to undo him. But this unique personality cannot sway our political destinies much longer, and the saying "after me, the deluge," conveys a truth as flattering to the Canadian Premier as it is suggestive of reconstructed parties and opinions. Is it probable that things will go on in the old way? I think not, because the old way has been that of artificiality and constraint. If, in the political awakening near at hand, the real wishes of a large number of Canadians are shaped into a definite body of opinion, there will be an important addition to the list of questions now known to divide the parties. Probably the *Mail's* assertion that Canadians are not to be prevented from discussing their political future originated in a shrewd perception that a departure from the old lines of thought is at hand. If we regard the main object of Confederation as the building up of a united and prosperous nation, that object has not been attained. There is a disintegrating element which it is impossible to remove without shattering the political framework. The growth and solid predominance of Quebec are facts which the most adroit politicians are unable to reduce to an equitable share of influence in the

working of the Federative scheme. This is not so because of exceptional advantages conferred by Confederation. The mischief was done much further back. When by the Quebec Act the conquered race was, among other privileges, allowed to retain its code of civil law, and the use of its language in Courts of Justice and in Parliament, the French spirit was given free course to run and be glorified. It was generous, but unwise, if the rule of English ideas is to be considered desirable. From that day to this, Quebec has been fossilizing its race peculiarities and the aversion to English rule, until it is able to dictate terms to the party which courts its aid. What hope can there be for the harmonious working of Confederation, if the chief aim of each political party is the propitiation of the French Moloch? The future will only tighten its grip on the necessities of the party politicians. If Canada is to be for the Canadians, in the true sense of the term, French interference must not mar the symmetry of its development. The recognition of this truth by a political leader would gain him numerous adherents.

Another opinion which is gaining wide prevalence has reference to our commercial relations with the United States. Free trade with a wealthy contiguous nation may be thought beneficial or harmful according to political considerations, independent of commerce altogether. Differences of race and opposing political aims are of a piece with the exclusive commercial regulations with which the powers of Europe confront one another. But there can be no such considerations when two adjoining nations are allied in blood, language, and institutions, with no real causes of hostility latent in the career of either. Especially is this true when geography plainly shows that the centres of commercial interchange for the two countries invite the closest trade relations. The shape and situation of Canadian territory are such that trade between the different provinces is naturally less advantageous than with the adjoining States. In the light of economical convenience, Ontario looks upon the markets of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick as foreign. The electoral verdict in favour of the Nova Scotian Repealers is a confirmation of this view. It was a protest against the folly of diverting trade from the nearer markets of New England, and also against the general scheme which tries to make distant provinces trade with one another to the exclusion of the cheapest and nearest markets. Viewed in such a light, it is impossible to believe that protection, as embodied in the Canadian tariff, had the intelligent assent of the Maritime Provinces. But the idea occurred when a party cry was needed, and it agreed with the opinion of those who deprecate closer relations with the United States. This latter opinion was emphasized by the rapid construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which is supposed to free us from the unpatriotic use of American lines, and is to be such a valuable military aid to England. These two experiments have resulted in the commercial discontent of the Maritime Provinces, and in the growth of a national debt enormously disproportionate to the resources of the country.

In the attempt to solve these problems, there must be the indispensable aid of independent journals and independent public men. It is true enough that there may be a widespread conviction waiting for the voice of a leader, without many of the noisy signs which often attend the discussion of lesser matters, for reason works without clamour, and its power is often veiled by the silence of assent. Yet it seems to me that if some able advocate of annexation were to appear, and state forcibly the arguments

in its favour, there would soon be proof how widespread is the conviction of its truth. There is still a feeble survival of the hereditary dislike of American institutions. There is still a residuum of devotion which would urge, in favour of our political connection with England, the maudlin analogy of family ties. A colonial feeling still taints the air of healthful and inevitable change, and if it were proved beyond cavil that a dependent state will always have a provincial mind, apologists for the filial regard of English interests would be found. Yet loyalty is not creditable to any man or nation without regard to the conditions which make it honourable; and loyalty to the British name and traditions is quite consistent with a severance of our political connection. The former inheres in the race, and will not depart while the glorious memories of the race shall last; but the latter will be determined by our interests, and not by our loyalty.

The opposition to annexation hitherto has been founded chiefly on unreasoning sentiments. Henceforth it must stand or fall by the test of harmony with Canadian interests, and in the solution it may afford of difficulties which neither of the Canadian parties has attempted to cope with. It is reasonable to believe, for example, that in case of annexation, the race feeling of Quebec would be comparatively harmless, because its influence on the federal affairs of so vast a nation would be small; and if the impolitic concessions made in the earlier history of the province have given an indefeasible foothold to unprogressive ideas, surely their influence would nullify itself if restricted to a small sphere. Local questions and prejudices might work out their own salvation in the new state of Quebec without any disturbance of its neighbours. The other provinces of the Dominion would then be in commercial union with the United States, and participate in the inter-state freedom of trade which has built up the industrial greatness of the Republic.

If it be said that the annexation movement is not a stirring one, it may be replied that, although party exigencies have not combined to make it so, yet these latter are too often mere surface indications which fail to reveal the force of opinion in its deeper currents. Are we to infer that the reasons which, thirty-eight years ago, led prominent Canadian statesmen to sign the Annexation Manifesto, have not since then become the property of a large constituency of thinking men? Certain it is that among our merchants there is a strong annexation feeling, and that most of those who hail the prospect of a national party, do so with the belief that annexation is our goal. It is no less certain that some of the most prominent writers on the Liberal press, and an increasing number on the Conservative press, would declare in favour of a change which the tactics of party exclude at present from its programme. It is for this reason—the loosening of the old party bonds—that the approaching elections may prove momentous in their issues. If, after the turmoil is over, no new question of importance should arise, it will be an additional proof that Canadian partyism has survived its usefulness, and that the discussion of great living issues which, in the wide historic sense, are the reason of its being, has become less important than the forms under which its warfare is carried on.

There are evidences, it is true, which suggest an impartial readiness of the public mind for the consideration of the question of annexation. The recent Nova Scotian vote sweeps away the objection that it is premature, and there can be little doubt that the Repealers have their political counterparts in the other pro-

vinces. The question is now within the range of our practical politics, and on this issue the political contests of the future will be fought.

J. W. R.

THE CANADIAN HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(From the Desk of a *Hansard* Reporter.)

A *Hansard* reporter's strictly professional opinion of a Parliamentary speaker is likely to differ very considerably from that of any ordinary listener equally sound in judgment and equally free from prejudice. Hamlet's advice to the players, to "suit the action to the word and the word to the action," howsoever valuable it may be to the orator who acts upon it, or however pleasing it may be to his audience, is of no account so far as the reporter is concerned. The manner and form of the speaker's verbal expression are all that come within the sphere of his art; and his favourite orator is the man who speaks more or less deliberately, enunciates clearly, and, above all things, constructs his sentences lucidly, and with some view to their appearance in long primer and minion in the columns of the next day's *Hansard*. Such a speaker may be no orator as Brutus was, or as Mr. Blake or Mr. Chapleau is. He may even rattle along at times with the speed of a limited express on a down grade. But if—to use a reporter's phrase—he "clears up his sentences" as he goes, and speaks so that he may be distinctly heard, he may safely count upon being a favourite in the *Hansard* room. Mere rapidity of utterance is not of itself the "terror" to the reporter that it is commonly supposed to be. The true reason why the reporter has usually a wholesome dread of the rapid speaker is that he knows by experience that extreme rapidity of utterance is almost invariably associated with every other quality that makes a speaker hard to report verbatim. A very rapid delivery generally means a very indistinct delivery. It frequently means such a mixing and muddling of the English language that—as actually happened in the case of a member of the Nova Scotia Legislature, who unjustly censured the official reporters for their treatment of his speeches—a strictly verbatim report would expose the speaker to the ridicule of his fellow members and the public. The reporter's real difficulty is not so much in "taking" the actual words of such a speaker, although, owing to the fact that he generally clips his consonants into the merest fragments and skips his vowels altogether, that is oftentimes a sufficiently troublesome task. The reporter's worst difficulties begin when he attempts to transcribe his notes into "copy," for it is almost needless to say that a strictly verbatim report of such a speech is out of the question. He must of course adhere to the speaker's language as closely as possible; but it also falls to his duty to evolve something like rhetorical and grammatical order out of chaos. Subjects and predicates which the speaker has left in a state of overt hostility must be coaxed into agreement; verbal "gaps" must be "stopped"; subordinate clauses which have usurped the functions of their superiors must be relegated to their proper stations; mere verbal repetitions and redundancies must be eliminated, and—hardest task of all—the reporter must in some cases take a recalcitrant sentence by the neck, so to speak, drag it out of the rhetorical *cul de sac* in which the speaker has left it, and set it on its grammatical legs again. These and the like offices Canadian reporters, following the universal custom in other countries, have constantly to perform for Canadian orators. But verily they have their reward! Such a speaker as I have described never fails to assure

the reporters of his extreme gratification at the wonderful fidelity of their report! Why he does so I have never been able to discover, but the fact is as undoubted as that the most correct speakers are generally the readiest to acknowledge their occasional indebtedness to the knights of the flying pen.

In addition to the difficulties with which the official corps at Ottawa have to contend, in common with the reporters of every parliamentary body, there are others which are peculiar to their position. I do not now allude to the undoubted fact that, man for man, Canadian parliamentary orators speak more rapidly, less distinctly, and with less attention to the structure of their sentences than either the members of the Imperial House of Commons or those of the American Congress. Nor do I refer to the equally indisputable fact that, owing to causes which I need not here discuss, the vocabulary employed by our public men in parliament is much more varied and technical than that which appears on the printed pages of either the English *Hansard* or the *Congressional Record*. These are all difficulties which every reporter will appreciate, but as "practise makes perfect" they may be overcome by that acquaintance with the peculiarities of the speakers and the topics they discuss which comes of long experience in this branch of reporting. But as distinct hearing is obviously an essential antecedent to correct reporting, it will be seen that no amount of practice will ever fully overcome the difficulty of hearing which daily and hourly besets the members of the *Hansard* staff, and adds so constant a burden of anxiety to the severe physical and nervous strain under which their work is nearly always performed. I have no hesitation in saying that to any ordinary listener who should seat himself at the reporters' table nearly one-half the eloquence of hon. members would be little more than a pantomimic display; and the fact that complaints of misreporting are seldom or never made can only be attributed to the almost preternatural acuteness of hearing which is developed by long training, combined with a thorough acquaintance with the various questions which come up for discussion.

When an official reporter at Washington encounters one of these whispered speeches I believe he simply leaves his place at the table, and with that free and easy disregard of traditional forms which prevails in the legislative bodies of the Great Republic, seats himself beside the orator. I shudder when I contemplate the awful consequences which might follow the application of this democratic device to our more conservative House of Commons. I remember that one evening, not many sessions ago, shortly after the Speaker had taken the chair, the keen eye of the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms discovered a free and independent stranger quietly seated beside his representative, leisurely surveying the luxurious appointments of the chamber, and doubtless congratulating himself on having secured so comfortable a seat free of cost. It was a terribly anxious moment for every lover of parliamentary institutions. Even that glittering bauble, the mace, seemed to tremble as it reposed on its gorgeous cushions. A vague look of horror overspread the countenances of some of the older and more conservative members, while a few of the younger and more radical fellows incontinently laughed at the imminent peril. But the threatened danger was averted by the prompt and courageous conduct of the Sergeant. The intruding stranger was unceremoniously hustled out at the point of the sword, and consigned presumably to the parliamentary donjon keep, though his exact doom remains a mystery and a warning to this day. If I were asked exactly

what consequences would ensue if a reporter in the Canadian House of Commons should take a seat beside an hon. member, without complying with the usual preliminaries to that honour, I would have to make the same reply as Mr. Speaker Onslow, of the English House of Commons, made to a somewhat similar question. He was fond of threatening inattentive or disorderly members with the words: "Sir, I must name you." On being asked what would be the consequence of carrying this terrible threat into execution, he replied, "The Lord in Heaven knows."

Sir John Macdonald is not by any means a rapid speaker, and yet he is not always a particularly easy one to "take" verbatim. He is fond of illustrating his arguments by quotations or anecdotes drawn from the bye-ways rather than the highways of history and literature; and besides, his best speeches are full of

"Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks and wreathed smiles."

These characteristics of the Premier's speeches not only require for their reproduction in print—so far at least as they can be reproduced—the closest concentration of the faculties in the process of note-taking, but unless the reporter is pretty well equipped for his work by a tolerably wide range of reading, he will often find himself "floored" in attempting to "take" Sir John—as he will, indeed, in the case of any but the plainest and most matter of fact speeches. Without such an equipment he may perhaps be able to secure the substance of the speech, but the flavour—the bouquet—will be lacking, and the result will be disappointing to the speaker and discreditable to the reporter.

The leader of the Opposition is usually accounted a "terror" to the young reporter, and he is frequently trying enough to the oldest hand. Although his usual pace, judged by the Canadian standard of speed, is not extremely rapid, yet on occasions he pours out his words in such a torrent as almost to paralyze the reporter's pencil, and strain to the utmost the possibilities of his art. But there are other reasons why the announcement—made, say, at three o'clock in the morning—that Mr. Blake has the floor, does not have a particularly tranquillizing effect on the fagged-out occupants of *Hansard* room. Though his sentences are nearly always faultlessly correct in construction, they are frequently long and complex. Moreover, so thoroughly does he exhaust every detail of his subject that his longer speeches abound in subordinate and parenthetical clauses; and woe to the unfortunate reporter who does not catch every word, or who finds when he retires to *Hansard* room that he cannot readily transcribe his swiftly-written notes into printer's copy. Mr. Blake's diction and his collocation of words are such that if the smallest particle or connective is missing, the reporter, when he comes to write out his "take," is likely to experience those symptoms which are variously described, in the language of the craft, as "sweating" or "spitting blood," according to their severity. The reporter who "takes" Mr. Blake has also to encounter a great variety of illustration and an unusually comprehensive vocabulary; and when to these are added an occasional quotation in French or Latin, every one will understand—except perhaps those juveniles who are accustomed to regard reporting as a merely mechanical operation—that to report Mr. Blake verbatim is not always a particularly easy task.

I had intended referring, from a reporter's point of view, to the oratorical peculiarities of other leading members of the House, but I must reserve my remarks for another paper.—GEO. EYVEL.

Book Notice.

CROWDED OUT, AND OTHER SKETCHES. By SERANUS. Ottawa, Evening Journal Office. Toronto, R. W. Douglas & Co.

These sketches are for the most part simple short stories without much plot interest, but characterized by grace of expression and tenderness of feeling. The dialogues in all the stories are natural, sensible and interesting, with none of that forced cleverness which often blemishes an author's first work. The story of the Mr. Foxleys is especially good. It is marked by simplicity and freshness of plot, graphic portraiture of character and truthful effectiveness of description. The wooing scene strikes me as being the finest in the book.

A reasonable objection might be taken to a single feature of the first tale. The style is too evidently French to be natural to the writer, and the effect of the artistic termination will be quite lost on English readers who cannot translate Mrs. Harrison's favourite lines :—

“Descendez à l'ombre,
Ma Jolie blonde.”

But the dramatic power and pathos of the story are rarely equalled within such narrow bounds. There is perhaps hardly sufficient justification for the “Pea Green Parrot” story, and the “Bishop of Saskabasquia,” being simply a reminiscent character sketch, will disappoint any reader who expects a story in it.

The book is thoroughly Canadian in its general features, with an English background and a few touches of French colouring. The author has evidently a strong hope for the new world, but her regard for the old land, its institutions and prejudices, rises almost to reverence. The characters of the stories are not those which are usually met in every-day Canadian life. They are in the main of the aristocratic order. This tendency of the author may be the result of living in Ottawa with an environment of Canadian knights, foreign dukes, marquises and haughty-browed aides-de-camp. This is a serious defect in these character sketches, if they are set forth as representative of this country. Few of us are descended from the old country aristocracy, and I do not think we would have any reason to think ourselves better if we were. The author might have found in our country many different types of character well worthy of a place of honour in her book, who are yet not descended from titled families. When in one case she introduces as her hero an employee in a sawmill, it is disappointing, not to say farcical, to have him turn out to be Etienne Chezy d'Alencourt. In another story a servant girl is not represented as calling for our admiration until a “gentleman” very condescendingly falls in love with her—a gentleman whose “family goes back to the Conquest”—as if it were the better on that account. Darwin traces all of us farther back than that. And the author thinks it further necessary to improve her by “association with thorough and high-bred gentlemen.” It appears also that her original features and attire were not just the thing for the heroine of a story. She was “very plump and rather pink”! Clearly now, that wouldn't do! So her appearance is represented as changing under the refining influences referred to above, until she had lost her plumpness and too fresh colour, and her dress had become “almost that of a lady”!

Really there is an air of snobbery here which it is time we got ourselves rid of. The humble speech, the manners and the dress which “Seranus” implicitly condemns, are not at all inconsistent in life or literary art with the highest and most heroic goodness of

character. And this, I take it, is the only nobility or gentility we should worship in this new land of ours.

Notwithstanding this defect, however, the book is, as far as it goes, a creditable contribution to Canadian imaginative literature. Mrs. Harrison's previous reputation rested on her poems. It is safe to say that in the future she will be more widely known as the author of *Crowded Out, and Other Sketches*.—A. STEVENSON.

Correspondence.

The Law of Dower.

Editor ARCTURUS:

I UNDERSTAND that according to the law of this Province respecting dower, if a man sells a lot of land, and his wife refuses to bar her dower, the purchaser or husband may get a judge's order that the land be sold free from dower, but, at the same time, the order must secure to the wife her dower or its value.

The Hon. Chancellor Boyd has lately decided in a case of *re Reddam*, reported 7 C. L. Times page 19, that under sub-sec. 2 of sec. 4 of “The Devolution of Estates Act, 1886,” a widow who resigns her dower is entitled to an absolute share of the husband's property.

Will some of your legal friends advise whether, in case of the sale of land worth say \$3,000, a wife would now be allowed to receive to her own use absolutely \$1,000 of the purchase money?

Brantford, Feb. 8th, 1887.

JOHN JAMES.

Ballot vs. Canvass.

Editor ARCTURUS:

JUST over one election, and face to face with another, circumstances are such as to warrant the intelligent voter in inquiring whether the Ballot Act has served its intended purpose. We all know what was aimed at in the passing of this measure, but so long as candidates for parliamentary honours are permitted to let loose upon a constituency scores of busy-bodies who make house to house visitations—veritable Paul Pry's, so far as the political conscience is concerned—just so long will so-called secret voting prove to be the miserable failure that it is.

In politics, as in religion, every man should be fully persuaded in his own mind, and for another person, whether candidate or agent, to approach him in private, for the purpose of making an apparently harmless inquiry as to how he intends to vote, or with a view to make him change his opinion by the advancement of specious arguments, is totally at variance with the spirit of the Ballot Act. Besides, it is insulting to invade a voter in this way, for if he is an intelligent elector, he should be supposed to know his own mind, and the fact that canvassers undertake to effect any change in his determination seems to show that they do not hold either him or his mental capacity in very high estimation.

The right to address public meetings, and to circulate any quantity of printed matter, is a very different thing. This right should be held inviolate in every free community, but private canvass too frequently means intimidation, or bribery, or both. To the candidate himself a personal canvass must be exceedingly disagreeable, if we suppose him to be a gentleman; and should he be anything else, which is too frequently the case, there is an additional reason why his visitations should be suppressed.

To render personal canvass illegal would be the most effectual method that could be adopted for the stamping out of bribery, and until our legislators place an anti-canvassing law upon the statute book, their constituents will be warranted in maintaining a belief that interviews with female heads of houses and osculations performed on babies are among the chief delights of the would-be representatives of “free and independent electors.”—A.

MESSRS. BELFORD, CLARKE & Co., of New York and Chicago are about to publish by subscription an authorized life of the late Senator John A. Logan; also Donn Piatt's *Memories of the Men Who Saved the Union*.

LITERARY NOTES.

IN a note published in this department last week there was reference to Lord Tennyson's opinions on "political and commercial subjects." Is it necessary to say that the word "commercial" was a printer's error? It should have been "economical."

MR. J. M. LE MOINE's recent lecture before the Canadian Club, of New York, seems to have been in every respect a success. The subject chosen was, "The Heroines of New France," a theme which especially lends itself to effective platform treatment. It seems like high praise to say that the lecturer made the most of his subject, but such appears to have been the general verdict of his audience. In depicting the exploits of Mademoiselle de Vercheres, he enjoyed the advantage of access to an unpublished MS. memoir of the heroine, furnished to him by her lineal descendant, the Hon. George Baby.

LAST week there was a note in this department on the green old age of some still surviving men of letters. There are some *women* of letters who also seem to be endowed with something approaching to physical immortality. Eliza Cook is still living at Wimbledon, the well-known Champ de Mars of the Volunteers. She suffers from neuralgia, thinks it strange that people believe she is dead simply because they have read it in the newspapers, and receives few visitors; which last item of information can be readily believed. Mr. Gallenga, in his *History of My Second Life*, published nearly ten years ago, there says that he is close on his eventful year. How old is he now? Yet Chapman and Hall announce a new work from his pen: *Italy; Past and Present*. Fifty years ago Gallenga came to America and earned an indifferent living as teacher of languages, chiefly in Boston, where he was known as Luigi Mariotti. For more than twenty years he was on the staff of the London *Times*, as correspondent and leader writer. Many of the foreign editorials in that paper for years were from his pen. They displayed great literary ability, and a marvellous grasp of all the intricacies of European politics. He is a writer of vigorous English, and was always proud of saying he did not understand one rule of English grammar. We will not venture to refer in this place to Brigham Young as one of those who will not die, because Eliza Cook and Antonio Gallenga would naturally and fairly object to the contamination of a "resurrected" Mormon saint.

THE mind of George Parsons Lathrop has evidently been not a little disturbed by the articles of J. Clayton Adams in *The Forum* and Edgar Fawcett in *Lippincott*, to which we devoted some space last week. In the February number of *The North American Review*, Mr. Lathrop has a trenchant response to the charge of literary log-rolling which was—unwarrantably, as it seems to us—brought against him by Mr. Adams. "There is certainly no excuse," says he, "for literary log-rolling. It is a detestable offence. But the censor of that crime—who so freely tributes it to a body of writers whom he has condemned without trial, and a hearing, without even a summons, has omitted to mention another malefaction at least equal in magnitude, of which he himself is guilty. I mean the crime of literary back-biting. The man who assails authors with distorted, dishonourable and untruthful aspersions, under cover of mask and cloak, convicts himself of a dastardly deed far more despicable than the extremest complaisance of mutual admiration. A pseudonymuncle of this sort, who goes up and down concealing his identity, carries a corpse inside his coat. It is the corpse of his own dead self-respect." These are vigorous words, and nobody who is acquainted with the facts will say that they are uncalled for. The attack upon Mr. Lathrop was apparently concerted between a number of his enemies, who are morbidly jealous of his success, and who evidently have little respect for their profession or themselves. It is currently reported in New York that one of the feeblest and most jealous-minded of them all turns a more or less thrifty penny by writing stories of the sensational, hyper-fervid order for the "cheap and nasty" periodicals. This is done anonymously, and to order. It is as purely a mechanical occupation as stuffing sausages or sawing wood.

THE second number of *Murray's Magazine*, just issued in London, contains an interesting letter, hitherto unpublished, written to Lord Byron by William Gifford in 1813. Gifford was then editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and one of the most sagacious literary critics of his time. In a letter to John Murray, published in *Moore's Life*, and in many subsequent editions of Byron's works, Byron refers to this epistle from Gifford as the kindest he had ever received "in all his life." The original has recently been found among the papers of that woman "perfect past all parallel," the late Lady Byron, and is now published by permission of Lord Wentworth. A more interesting relic still, to be found in the new number of the magazine, is a transcript of the last poetical lines ever penned by the hand of Lord Byron. They were composed and committed to paper only a few days before his death, and were found among his papers at Missolonghi. They have never before been published, or even shown about among the publisher's friends. These and other original Byroniana ought to go far to advance the prospects of the new periodical.

Poetry.

DALTON'S TRUST.

Out through bonnie Wensleydale Rupert's summons rung;
Nortons, Scropes, and Powletts to the winds their banners flung;
Daltons, Marmions, and Fitzhughs swift to the challenge sprung.

Masham, Marske, and Middleham sent their tale of men;
Thoresby, Hawes and Jedburgh rose to battle then;
Wensleydale called soldiers out, well-told hundreds ten.

On to fatal Marston Moor, for Church and King and Crown!
They marched by Tanfield's towers so gray, they marched by Norlaze down;
And the minster bells rang merrily as they passed through Ripon town.

"Great our King and true our cause" Mabel Mowbray said;
"Yet my all of hope and joy rests on my father's head:
What were Church and throne to me, if his life were sped?"

Dalton's boy had lingered there for a parting word;
Vassals owned his brothers rule—his naught but steed and sword;
Yet gay and gallant as the best, young Frank of Sleningford.

"Trust me for him, lady mine, trust him all to me;
Heart is stout, and hand is strong; spent they both shall be
Ere the Mowbray's good gray head down 'mid the spears I see."

By the flashing waves of Ure youth and maiden stood;
Soft his wooing whisper blent with the murmuring flood;
Round them both the morning sun glowed from Hackfall wood.

"Mabel, one word ere I go." The maiden smiled and blushed;
The sweet lips moved; the lover's heart leapt to her low "I trust."
The charger wheeled; the long white plume was lost in clouds of dust.

* * * * *
Sullen to the northern sea swept the reddened Ouse,
When the sun had set in clouds, content such sight to lose—
Royalty to people's rights had paid its deadly dues.

'Neath an old ancestral oak leaned the maiden wearily;
Up the Ure the slow mist crept, wreathing chill and eerily;
Down the vale from Jervaulx pile clang of bells came drearily.

Suddenly she raised her head, sound of hoofs to heed;
Tramp of horses, hardly pressed, spurred to desperate speed;
Every stroke rang keen and clear, like cry of bitter need.

Clattering down the winding hill on two horsemen rode;
The crimson Mowbray cognizance o'er old Sir Hubert flowed;
Broken and stained, his comrade's helm a snowy feather showed.

"He has brought thee back thy father, wench; the lad would have his way—
Else had I died 'mid England's best, nor mourned this fatal day.
He took a pikeman's thrust for me—What, Frank! hold up, I say!"

One flashing smile, one whispered phrase—"My trust redeemed" the sound;
One kiss on the white hand that strove to stanch the gushing wound—
'Tis but her gallant lover's corpse upon the blood-stained ground.

* * * * *
Old names decay; old stories die, as names and stories must;
But still the Dalton faith is known as steadfast, true, and just;
Still old men show that oak, and tell the tale of "Dalton's Trust."

GREEN TEA.

PROLOGUE.—MARTIN HESSELIUS, THE GERMAN PHYSICIAN.

THOUGH carefully educated in medicine and surgery, I have never practised either. The study of each continues, nevertheless, to interest me profoundly. Neither idleness nor caprice caused my secession from the honourable calling which I had just entered. The cause was a very trifling scratch inflicted by a dissecting knife. This trifle cost me the loss of two fingers, amputated promptly, and the more painful loss of my health, for I have never been quite well since, and have seldom been twelve months together in the same place.

In my wanderings I became acquainted with Dr. Martin Hesselius, a wanderer like myself, like me a physician, and like me an enthusiast in his profession. Unlike me in this, that his wanderings were voluntary, and he a man, if not of fortune, as we estimate fortune in England, at least in what our forefathers used to term "easy circumstances." He was an old man when I first saw him; nearly five-and-thirty years my senior.

In Dr. Martin Hesselius I found my master. His knowledge was immense, his grasp of a case was an intuition. He was the very man to inspire a young enthusiast, like me, with awe and delight. My admiration has stood the test of time and survived the separation of death. I am sure it was well founded. For nearly twenty years I acted as his medical secretary. His immense collection of papers he has left in my care, to be arranged, indexed and bound. His treatment of some of these cases is curious. He writes in two distinct characters. He describes what he saw and heard as an intelligent layman might, and when in this style of narrative he had seen the patient either through his own hall-door, to the light of day, or through the gates of darkness to the caverns of the dead, he returns upon the narrative, and in the terms of his art, and with all the force and originality of genius, proceeds to the work of analysis, diagnosis and illustration.

Here and there a case strikes me as of a kind to amuse or horrify a lay reader with an interest quite different from the peculiar one which it may possess for an expert. With slight modifications, chiefly of language, and of course a change of names, I copy the following. The narrator is Dr. Martin Hesselius. I find it among the voluminous notes of cases which he made during a tour in England about sixty-four years ago.

It is related in a series of letters to his friend Professor Van Loo of Leyden. The professor was not a physician, but a chemist, and a man who read history and metaphysics and medicine, and had, in his day, written a play. The narrative is therefore, if somewhat less valuable as a medical record, necessarily written in a manner more likely to interest an unlearned reader.

These letters, from a memorandum attached, appear to have been returned on the death of the professor, in 1819, to Dr. Hesselius. They are written, some in English, some in French, but the greater part in German. I am a faithful, though, I am conscious, by no means a graceful translator.

CHAPTER I.

DR. HESSELIUS RELATES HOW HE MET THE REV. MR. JENNINGS.

THE Rev. Mr. Jennings is tall and thin. He is middle-aged, and dresses with a natty, old-fashioned, high-church precision. He is naturally a little stately, but not at all stiff. His features, without being handsome, are well formed, and their expression extremely kind, but also shy. I met him one evening at Lady Mary Heyduke's. The modesty and benevolence of his countenance are extremely prepossessing. We were but a small party, and he joined agreeably enough in the conversation. He seems to enjoy listening very much more than contributing to the talk; but what he says is always to the purpose, and well said. He is a great favourite of Lady Mary's, who, it seems, consults him upon many things, and thinks him the most happy and blessed person on earth. Little knows she about him.

The Rev. Mr. Jennings is a bachelor, and has, they say, sixty thousand pounds in the funds. He is a charitable man. He is most anxious to be actively employed in his sacred profession,

and yet, though always tolerably well elsewhere, when he goes down to his vicarage in Warwickshire, to engage in the actual duties of his sacred calling, his health soon fails him, and in a very strange way. So says Lady Mary.

There is no doubt that Mr. Jennings' health does break down in, generally, a sudden and mysterious way—sometimes in the very act of officiating in his old and pretty church at Kenlis. It may be his heart, it may be his brain. But so it has happened three or four times, or oftener, that after proceeding a certain way in the service, he has on a sudden stopped short, and after a silence, apparently quite unable to resume, he has fallen into solitary, inaudible prayer, his hands and his eyes uplifted, and then pale as death, and in the agitation of a strange shame and horror, descended trembling, and got into the vestry-room, leaving his congregation, without explanation, to themselves. This occurred when his curate was absent. When he goes down to Kenlis now, he always takes care to provide a clergyman to share his duty, and to supply his place on the instant should he become thus suddenly incapacitated.

When Mr. Jennings breaks down quite, and beats a retreat from the vicarage, and returns to London, where, in a dark street off Piccadilly, he inhabits a very narrow house, Lady Mary says that he is always perfectly well. I have my own opinion about that. There are degrees, of course. We shall see.

Mr. Jennings is a perfectly gentlemanlike man. People, however, remark something odd. There is an impression a little ambiguous. One thing which certainly contributes to it, people I think don't remember, or, perhaps, distinctly remark. But I did, almost immediately. Mr. Jennings has a way of looking sidelong upon the carpet, as if his eye followed the movements of something there. This, of course, is not always. It occurs only now and then. But often enough to give a certain oddity, as I have said to his manner, and in this glance travelling along the floor there is something both shy and anxious.

A medical philosopher, as you are good enough to call me, elaborating theories by the aid of cases sought out by himself, and by him watched and scrutinized with more time at command, and consequently infinitely more minuteness than the ordinary practitioner can afford, falls insensibly into habits of observation, which accompany him everywhere, and are exercised, as some people would say, impertinently, upon every subject that presents itself with the least likelihood of rewarding inquiry.

There was a promise of this kind in the slight, timid, kindly, but reserved gentleman whom I met for the first time at this agreeable little evening gathering. I observed, of course, more than I here set down; but I reserve all that borders on the technical for a strictly scientific paper.

I may remark, that when I here speak of medical science, I do so, as I hope some day to see it more generally understood, in a much more comprehensive sense than its generally material treatment would warrant. I believe the entire natural world is but the ultimate expression of that spiritual world from which, and in which alone, it has its life. I believe that the essential man is spirit, that the spirit is an organized substance, but as different in point of material from what we ordinarily understand by matter as light or electricity is; that the material body is, in the most literal sense, a vesture, and death consequently no interruption of the living man's existence, but simply his extrication from the natural body—a process which commences at the moment of what we term death, and the completion of which, at furthest a few days later, is the resurrection "in power."

In pursuance of my habit, I was covertly observing Mr. Jennings, with all my caution—I think he perceived it—and I saw plainly that he was as cautiously observing me. Lady Mary happening to address me by my name, as Dr. Hesselius, I saw that he glanced at me more sharply, and then became thoughtful for a few minutes. After this, as I conversed with a gentleman at the other end of the room, I saw him look at me more steadily and with an interest which I thought I understood. I then saw him take an opportunity of chatting with Lady Mary, and was as one always is, perfectly aware of being the subject of a distant inquiry and answer. This tall clergyman approached me by-and-by; and in a little time we had got into conversation. When

two people, who like reading, and know books and places, having travelled, wish to discourse, it is very strange if they can't find topics. It was not accident that brought him near me, and led him into conversation. He knew German, and had read my Essays on Metaphysical Medicine, which suggest more than they actually say.

This courteous man, gentle, shy, plainly a man of thought and reading, who moving and talking among us, was not altogether of us, and whom I already suspected of leading a life whose transactions and alarms were carefully concealed with an impenetrable reserve from not only the world, but his best beloved friends—was cautiously weighing in his own mind the idea of taking a certain step with regard to me. I penetrated his thoughts without his being aware of it, and was careful to say nothing which could betray to his sensitive vigilance my suspicions respecting his position, or my surmises about his plans respecting myself. We chatted upon different subjects for a time; but at last he said:

"I was very much interested by some papers of yours, Dr. Hesselius, upon what you term Metaphysical Medicine—I read them in German, ten or twelve years ago—have they been translated?"

"No, I'm sure they have not—I should have heard. They would have asked my leave, I think."

"I asked the publishers here, a few months ago, to get the book for me in the original German; but they tell me it is out of print."

"So it is, and has been for some years; but it flatters me as an author to find that you have not forgotten my little book, although," I added, laughing, "ten or twelve years is a considerable time to have managed without it; but I suppose you have been turning the subject over again in your mind, or something has happened lately to revive your interest in it."

At this remark, accompanied by a glance of inquiry, a sudden embarrassment disturbed Mr. Jennings, analogous to that which makes a young lady blush and look foolish. He dropped his eyes, and folded his hands together uneasily, and looked oddly, and you would have said, guiltily, for a moment.

I helped him out of his awkwardness in the best way, by appearing not to observe it, and going straight on, I said: "Those revivals of interest in a subject happen to me often; one book suggests another, and often sends me back a wild-goose chase over an interval of twenty years. But if you still care to possess a copy, I shall be only too happy to provide you; I have still got two or three by me—and if you allow me to present one I shall be very much honoured."

"You are very good indeed," he said, quite at his ease again: "I don't know how to thank you."

"Pray don't say a word; the thing is really so little worth that am only ashamed of having offered it, and if you thank me any more I shall throw it into the fire in a fit of modesty."

Mr. Jennings laughed. He inquired where I was staying in London, and after a little more conversation on a variety of subjects, he took his departure.

CHAPTER II.

THE DOCTOR QUESTIONS LADY MARY, AND SHE ANSWERS.

"I LIKE your vicar so much, Lady Mary," said I, as soon as he was gone. "He has read, travelled, and thought, and having so suffered, he ought to be an accomplished companion."

"So he is, and, better still, he is a really good man," said she. His advice is invaluable about my schools, and all my little undertakings at Dawlbridge, and he's so painstaking, he takes so much trouble—you have no idea—wherever he thinks he can be of use: he's so good-natured and so sensible."

"It is pleasant to hear so good an account of his neighbourly virtues. I can only testify to his being an agreeable and gentle companion, and in addition to what you have told me, I think I can tell you two or three things about him," said I.

"Really!"

"Yes, to begin with, he's unmarried."

"Yes, that's right—go on."

"He has been writing, that is he *was*, but for two or three years perhaps, he has not gone on with his work, and the book is upon some rather abstract subject—perhaps theology."

"Well, he was writing a book, as you say; I'm not quite sure what it was about, but only that it was nothing that I cared for; very likely you are right, and he certainly did stop—yes."

"And although he only drank a little coffee here to-night, he likes tea—at least, did like it, extravagantly."

"Yes, that's *quite* true."

"He drank green tea, a good deal, didn't he?" I pursued.

"Well, that's very odd! Green tea was a subject on which we used almost to quarrel."

"But he has quite given that up," said I.

"So he has."

"And, now, one more fact. His mother or his father, did you know them?"

"Yes, both; his father is only ten years dead, and their place is near Dawlbridge. We knew them very well," she answered.

"Well, either his mother or his father—I should rather think his father, saw a ghost," said I.

"Well, you really are a conjurer, Dr. Hesselius."

"Conjurer or no, haven't I said right?" I answered merrily.

"You certainly have, and it *was* his father: he was a silent, whimsical man, and he used to bore my father about his dreams, and at last he told him a story about a ghost he had seen and talked with, and a very odd story it was. I remember it particularly, because I was so afraid of him. This story was long before he died—when I was quite a child—and his ways were so silent and moping, and he used to drop in sometimes, in the dusk, when I was alone in the drawing-room, and I used to fancy there were ghosts about him."

I smiled and nodded. "And now, having established my character as a conjurer, I think I must say good-night," said I.

"But how *did* you find it out?"

"By the planets, of course, as the gipsies do," I answered, and so, gaily we said good-night.

Next morning I sent the little book he had been inquiring after, and a note to Mr. Jennings, and on returning late that evening, I found that he had called at my lodgings, and left his card. He asked whether I was at home, and asked at what hour he would be most likely to find me.

Does he intend opening his case, and consulting me "professionally," as they say. I hope so. I have already conceived a theory about him. It is supported by Lady Mary's answers to my parting questions. I should like much to ascertain from his own lips. But what can I do consistently with good breeding to invite a confession? Nothing. I rather think he meditates one. At all events, my dear Van L., I shan't make myself difficult of access; I mean to return his visit to-morrow. It will be only civil in return for his politeness, to ask to see him. Perhaps something may come of it. Whether much, little, or nothing, my dear Van L., you shall hear.

CHAPTER III.

DR. HESSELIUS PICKS UP SOMETHING IN LATIN BOOKS.

WELL, I have called at Blank Street.

On inquiring at the door, the servant told me that Mr. Jennings was engaged very particularly with a gentleman, a clergyman from Kenlis, his parish in the country. Intending to reserve my privilege, and to call again, I merely intimated that I should try another time, and had turned to go, when the servant begged my pardon, and asked me, looking at me a little more attentively than well-bred persons of his order usually do, whether I was Dr. Hesselius; and, on learning that I was, he said, "Perhaps then, sir, you would allow me to mention it to Mr. Jennings, for I am sure he wishes to see you."

The servant returned in a moment, with a message from Mr. Jennings, asking me to go into his study, which was in effect his back drawing-room, promising to be with me in a very few minutes.

This was really a study—almost a library. The room was lofty, with two tall slender windows, and rich dark curtains. It was not much larger than I had expected, and stored with books on every side, from the floor to the ceiling. The upper carpet—for to my tread it felt that there were two or three—was a Turkey carpet.

My steps fell noiselessly. The bookcases standing out, placed the windows, particularly narrow ones, in deep recesses. The effect of the room was, although extremely comfortable, and even luxurious, decidedly gloomy, and aided by the silence, almost oppressive. Perhaps, however, I ought to have allowed something for association. My mind had connected peculiar ideas with Mr. Jennings. I stepped into this perfectly silent room, of a very silent house, with a peculiar foreboding; and its darkness, and solemn clothing of books, for except where two narrow looking-glasses were set in the wall, they were everywhere, helped this sombre feeling.

While awaiting Mr. Jennings' arrival, I amused myself by looking into some of the books with which his shelves were laden. Not among these, but immediately under them, with their backs upward, on the floor, I lighted upon a complete set of Swedenborg's "*Arcana Cælestia*," in the original Latin, a very fine folio set, bound in the natty livery which theology affects, pure vellum, namely, gold letters, and carmine edges. There were paper markers in several of these volumes, I raised and placed them, one after the other, upon the table, and opening where these papers were placed, I read in the solemn Latin phraseology, a series of sentences indicated by a pencilled line at the margin. Of these I copy here a few, translating them into English.

"By the internal sight it has been granted me to see the things that are in the other life, more clearly than I see those that are in the world. From these considerations, it is evident that external vision exists from interior vision, and this from a vision still more interior, and so on.

"If evil spirits could perceive that they were associated with man, and yet that they were spirits separate from him, and if they could flow in into the things of his body, they would attempt by a thousand means to destroy him; for they hate man with a deadly hatred.

"The delight of hell is to do evil to man, and to hasten his eternal ruin."

A long note, written with a very sharp and fine pencil, in Mr. Jennings' neat hand, at the foot of the page, caught my eye. Expecting his criticism upon the text, I read a word or two, and stopped, for it was something quite different, and began with these words, *Deus misereatur mei*—"May God compassionate me." Thus warned of its private nature, I averted my eyes, and shut the book, replacing all the volumes as I had found them, except one which interested me, and in which, as men studious and solitary in their habits will do, I grew so absorbed as to take no cognisance of the outer world, nor to remember where I was.

I was reading some pages which refer to "representatives" and "correspondents," in the technical language of Swedenborg, and had arrived at a passage, the substance of which is, that evil spirits, when seen by other eyes than those of their infernal associates, present themselves, by "correspondence," in the shape of the beast (*fera*) which represents their particular lust and life, in aspect direful and atrocious. This is a long passage, and particularises a number of those bestial forms.

CHAPTER IV.

FOUR EYES WERE READING THE PASSAGE.

I was running the head of my pencil-case along the line as I read it, and something caused me to raise my eyes.

Directly before me was one of the mirrors I have mentioned, in which I saw reflected the tall shape of my friend, Mr. Jennings, leaning over my shoulder, and reading the page at which I was busy, and with a face so dark and wild that I should hardly have known him. I turned and rose. He stood erect also, and with an effort laughed a little, saying:

"I came in and asked you how you did, but without succeeding in awaking you from your book; so I could not restrain my curiosity, and very impertinently, I'm afraid, peeped over your shoulder. This is not your first time of looking into those pages. You have looked into Swedenborg, no doubt, long ago?"

"Oh dear, yes! I owe Swedenborg a great deal; you will discover traces of him in the little book you were so good as to remember."

Although my friend affected a gaiety of manner, there was a slight flush in his face, and I could perceive that he was inwardly perturbed.

"I'm scarcely yet qualified, I know so little of Swedenborg. I've only had them a fortnight," he answered, "and I think they are rather likely to make a solitary man nervous—that is, judging from the very little I have read—I don't say that they have made me so," he laughed; "and I'm so very much obliged for the book. I hope you got my note?"

I made all proper acknowledgments and modest disclaimers.

"I never read a book that I go with, so entirely, as that of yours," he continued. "I saw at once there is more in it than is quite unfolded. Do you know Dr. Harley?" he asked, rather abruptly.

The physician here named was one of the most eminent who had ever practised in England.

I did, having had letters to him, and had experienced from him great courtesy and considerable assistance during my visit to England.

"I think that man one of the very greatest fools I ever met in my life," said Mr. Jennings.

This was the first time I had ever heard him say a sharp thing of anybody, and such a term applied to so high a name a little startled me.

"Really! and in what way?" I asked.

"In his profession," he answered—"He seems to me, one-half, blind—I mean one-half of all he looks at is dark—preternaturally bright and vivid all the rest; and the worst of it is, it seems wilful. I can't get him—I mean he won't—I've had some experience of him as a physician, but I look on him as, in that sense, no better than a paralytic mind, an intellect half dead. I'll tell you—I know I shall some time—all about it," he said with a little agitation. "You stay some months longer in England. If I should be out of town during your stay for a little time, would you allow me to trouble you with a letter?"

"I should be only too happy," I assured him.

"Very good of you. I am so utterly dissatisfied with Harley."

"A little leaning to the materialistic school," I said.

"A mere materialist," he corrected me; "you can't think how that sort of thing worries one who knows better. You won't tell any one—any of my friends you know—that I am hippish; now, for instance, no one knows—not even Lady Mary—that I have seen Dr. Harley, or any other doctor. So pray don't mention it; and if I should have any threatening of an attack, you'll kindly let me write, or, should I be in town, have a little talk with you."

I was full of conjecture, and unconsciously I found I had fixed my eyes gravely on him, for he lowered his for a moment, and he said: "I see you think I might as well tell you now, or else you are forming a conjecture; but you may as well give it up. If you were guessing all the rest of your life you will never hit on it."

He shook his head smiling, and over that wintry sunshine a black cloud suddenly came down, and he drew his breath in, through his teeth, as men do in pain.

"Sorry, of course, to learn that you apprehend occasion to consult any of us; but, command me when and how you like, and I need not assure you that your confidence is sacred."

He then talked of quite other things, and in a comparatively cheerful way and after a little time, I took my leave.

CHAPTER V.

DOCTOR HESSELIUS IS SUMMONED TO RICHMOND.

We parted cheerfully, but he was not cheerful, nor was I. There are certain expressions of that powerful organ of spirit—the human face—which, although I have seen them often, and possess a doctor's nerve, yet disturb me profoundly. One look of Mr. Jennings haunted me. It had seized my imagination with so dismal a power that I changed my plans for the evening, and went to the opera, feeling that I wanted a change of ideas.

I heard nothing of or from him for two or three days, when a note in his hand reached me. It was cheerful, and full of hope. He said that he had been for some little time so much better—

quite well, in fact—that he was going to make a little experiment, and run down for a month or so to his parish, to try whether a little work might not quite set him up. There was in it a fervent religious expression of gratitude for his restoration, as he now almost hoped he might call it.

A day or two later I saw Lady Mary, who repeated what his note had announced, and told me that he was actually in Warwickshire, having resumed his clerical duties at Kenlis.

Notwithstanding all this confidence, only two days later I had this note, dated from his house off Piccadilly: "Dear Sir,—I have returned disappointed. If I should feel at all able to see you, I shall write to ask you kindly to call. At present, I am too low, and, in fact, simply unable to say all I wish to say. Pray don't mention my name to my friends. I can see no one. By-and-by, please God, you shall hear from me. I mean to take a run into Shropshire, where some of my people are. God bless you! May we, on my return, meet more happily than I can now write."

About a week after this I saw Lady Mary at her own house, the last person, she said, left in town, and just on the wing for Brighton, for the London season was quite over. She told me that she had heard from Mr. Jennings' niece, in Shropshire. There was nothing to be gathered from her letter, more than that he was low and nervous. In those words, of which healthy people think so lightly, what a world of suffering is sometimes hidden!

Nearly five weeks had passed without any further news of Mr. Jennings. At the end of that time I received a note from him. He wrote: "I have been in the country, and have had change of air, change of scene, change of faces, change of everything and in everything—but *myself*. I have made up my mind, so far as the most irresolute creature on earth can do it, to tell my case fully to you. If your engagements will permit, pray come to me to-day, to-morrow, or the next day; but, pray defer as little as possible. You know not how much I need help. I have a quiet house at Richmond, where I now am. Perhaps you can manage to come to dinner, or to luncheon, or even to tea. You shall have no trouble in finding me out. The servant at Blank Street, who takes this note, will have a carriage at your door at any hour you please; and I am always to be found. You will say that I ought not to be alone. I have tried everything. Come and see."

I called up the servant, and decided on going out the same evening, which accordingly I did.

He would have been much better in a lodging-house, or hotel, I thought, as I drove up through a short double row of sombre elms to a very old-fashioned brick house, darkened by the foliage of these trees, which overtopped, and nearly surrounded it. It was a perverse choice, for nothing could be imagined more triste and silent. The house, I found, belonged to him. He had stayed for a day or two in town, and, finding it for some cause insupportable, had come out here, probably because being furnished and his own, he was relieved of the thought and delay of selection, by coming here.

The sun had already set, and the red reflected light of the western sky illuminated the scene with the peculiar effect with which we are all familiar. The hall seemed very dark, but, getting to the back drawing-room, whose windows commanded the west, I was again in the same dusky light.

I sat down, looking out upon the richly-wooded landscape that glowed in the grand and melancholy light which was every moment fading. The corners of the room were already dark; all was growing dim, and the gloom was insensibly toning my mind, already prepared for what was sinister. I was waiting alone for his arrival, which soon took place. The door communicating with the front room opened, and the tall figure of Mr. Jennings, faintly seen in the ruddy twilight, came, with quiet stealthy steps, into the room.

We shook hands, and, taking a chair to the window, where there was still light enough to enable us to see each other's faces, he sat down beside me, and, placing his hand upon my arm, with scarcely a word of preface began his narrative.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW MR. JENNINGS MET HIS COMPANION.

"It began," he said, "on the 15th of October, three years and eleven weeks ago, and two days—I kept very accurate count, for every day is torment. If I leave anywhere a chasm in my narrative tell me.

"About four years ago I began a work, which had cost me very much thought and reading. It was upon the religious metaphysics of the ancients."

"I know," said I, "the actual religion of educated and thinking paganism, quite apart from symbolic worship? A wide and very interesting field."

"Yes; but not good for the mind—the Christian mind, I mean. Paganism is all bound together in essential unity, and, with evil sympathy, their religion involves their art, and both their manners, and the subject is a degrading fascination and the Nemesis sure.

"I wrote a great deal; I wrote late at night. I was always thinking on the subject, walking about, wherever I was, everywhere. It thoroughly infected me. You are to remember that all the material ideas connected with it were more or less of the beautiful, the subject itself delightfully interesting, and I, then, without a care. I believe that every one who sets about writing in earnest does his work, as a friend of mine phrased it, *on something*—tea, or coffee, or tobacco. I suppose there is a material waste that must be hourly supplied in such occupations, or that we should grow too abstracted, and the mind, as it were, pass out of the body, unless it were reminded often of the connection by actual sensation. At all events, I felt the want, and I supplied it. Tea was my companion—at first the ordinary black tea, made in the usual way, not too strong: but I drank a good deal, and increased its strength as I went on. I never experienced an uncomfortable symptom from it. I began to take a little green tea. I found the effect pleasanter, it cleared and intensified the power of thought so. I had come to take it frequently, but not stronger than one might take it for pleasure. I wrote a great deal out here, it was so quiet, and in this room. I used to sit up very late, and it became a habit with me to sip my tea—green tea—every now and then as my work proceeded. I had a little kettle on my table, that swung over a lamp, and made tea two or three times between eleven o'clock and two or three in the morning, my hours of going to bed. I used to go into town every day. I was not a monk, and, although I spent an hour or two in a library, hunting up authorities and looking out lights upon my theme, I was in no morbid state as far as I can judge. I met my friends pretty much as usual and enjoyed their society, and, on the whole, existence had never been, I think, so pleasant before.

"I had met with a man who had some odd old books, German editions in mediæval Latin, and I was happy to be permitted access to them. This obliging person's books were in the City, a very out-of-the-way part of it. I had rather out-stayed my intended hour, and, on coming out, seeing no cab near, I was tempted to get into the omnibus which used to drive past this house. It was darker than this by the time the bus had reached an old house, you may have remarked, with four poplars at each side of the door, and there the last passenger but myself got out. We drove along rather faster. It was twilight now. I leaned back in my corner next the door ruminating pleasantly. The interior of the omnibus was nearly dark. I had observed in the corner opposite to me at the other side, and at the end next the horses, two small circular reflections, as it seemed to me of a reddish light. They were about two inches apart, and about the size of those small brass buttons that yachting men used to put upon their jackets. I began to speculate, as listless men will, upon this trifle, as it seemed. From what centre did that faint but deep red light come, and from what—glass beads, buttons, toy decorations—was it reflected? We were lumbering along gently, having nearly a mile still to go. I had not solved the puzzle, and it became in another minute more odd, for these two luminous points, with a sudden jerk, descended nearer the floor, keeping still their relative distance and horizontal position, and then, as suddenly, they rose to the level of the seat on which I was sitting and I saw them no more.

"My curiosity was now really excited, and, before I had time to think, I saw again these two dull lamps, again together near the floor; again they disappeared, and again in their old corner I saw them. So, keeping my eyes upon them, I edged quietly up my own side, towards the end at which I still saw these tiny discs of red. There was very little light in the 'bus. It was nearly dark. I leaned forward to aid my endeavour to discover what these little circles really were. They shifted their position a little as I did so. I began now to perceive an outline of something black, and I soon saw, with tolerable distinctness, the outline of a small black monkey, pushing its face forward in mimicry to meet mine; those were its eyes, and I now dimly saw its teeth grinning at me.

"I drew back, not knowing whether it might not meditate a spring. I fancied that one of the passengers had forgot this ugly pet, and wishing to ascertain something of its temper, though not caring to trust my fingers to it, I poked my umbrella softly towards it. It remained immovable—up to it—*through* it. For through it, and back and forward it passed, without the slightest resistance.

"I can't, in the least, convey to you the kind of horror that I felt. When I had ascertained that the thing was an illusion, as I then supposed, there came a misgiving about myself and a terror that fascinated me in impotence to remove my gaze from the eyes of the brute for some moments. As I looked, it made a little skip back, quite into the corner, and I, in a panic, found myself at the door, having put my head out, drawing deep breaths of the outer air, and staring at the lights and trees we were passing, too glad to reassure myself of reality.

"I stopped the 'bus and got out. I perceived the man look oddly at me as I paid him. I daresay there was something unusual in my looks and manner, for I had never felt so strangely before."

CHAPTER VII.

THE JOURNEY: FIRST STAGE.

"WHEN the omnibus drove on, and I was alone upon the road, I looked carefully round to ascertain whether the monkey had followed me. To my indescribable relief I saw it nowhere. I can't describe easily what a shock I had received, and my sense of genuine gratitude on finding myself, as I supposed, quite rid of it. I had got out a little before we reached this house, two or three hundred steps. A brick wall runs along the footpath, and inside the wall is a hedge of yew, or some dark evergreen of that kind, and within that again the row of fine trees which you may have remarked as you came. This brick wall is about as high as my shoulder, and happening to raise my eyes I saw the monkey, with that stooping gait, on all fours, walking or creeping, close beside me on top of the wall. I stopped, looking at it with a feeling of loathing and horror. As I stopped so did it. It sat up on the wall with its long hands on its knees looking at me. There was not light enough to see it much more than in outline, nor was it dark enough to bring the peculiar light of its eyes into strong relief. I still saw, however, that red foggy light plainly enough. It did not show its teeth, nor exhibit any sign of irritation, but seemed jaded and sulky, and was observing me steadily.

"I drew back into the middle of the road. It was an unconscious recoil, and there I stood, still looking at it. It did not move. With an instinctive determination to try something—anything, I turned about and walked briskly towards town with askance look, all the time, watching the movements of the beast. It crept swiftly along the wall, at exactly my pace.

"Where the wall ends, near the turn of the road, it came down, and with a wiry spring or two brought itself close to my feet, and continued to keep up with me, as I quickened my pace. It was at my left side, so close to my leg that I felt every moment as if I should tread upon it. The road was quite deserted and silent, and it was darker every moment. I stopped dismayed and bewildered, turning as I did so, the other way—I mean, towards this house, away from which I had been walking. When I stood still, the monkey drew back to a distance of, I suppose, about five or six yards, and remained stationary, watching me.

"I had been more agitated than I have said. I had read, of course, as every one has, something about 'spectral illusions,' as you physicians term them. These affections, I had read, are sometimes transitory and sometimes obstinate. I had read of cases in which the appearance, at first harmless, had, step by step, degenerated into something direful and insupportable, and ended by wearing its victim out. Still as I stood there, but for my bestial companion, quite alone, I tried to comfort myself by repeating again and again the assurance 'the thing is purely disease, a well-known physical affection, as distinctly as small-pox or neuralgia. Doctors are all agreed on that, philosophy demonstrates it. I must not be a fool. I've been sitting up too late, and I daresay my digestion is quite wrong, and, with God's help, I shall be all right, and this is but a symptom of nervous dyspepsia.' Did I believe all this? Not one word of it, no more than any other miserable being ever did who is once seized and riveted in this satanic captivity. Against my convictions, I might say my knowledge, I was simply bullying myself into a false courage.

"I now walked homeward. I had only a few hundred yards to go. I had forced myself into a sort of resignation, but I had not got over the sickening shock and the flurry of the first certainty of my misfortune. I made up my mind to pass the night at home. The brute moved close beside me, and I fancied there was the sort of anxious drawing toward the house, which one sees in tired horses or dogs, sometimes as they come toward home. I was afraid to go into town, I was afraid of any one's seeing and recognizing me. I was conscious of an irrepressible agitation in my manner. Also, I was afraid of any violent change in my habits, such as going to a place of amusement, or walking from home in order to fatigue myself. At the hall door it waited till I mounted the steps, and when the door was opened entered with me.

"I drank no tea that night. I got cigars and some brandy and water. My idea was that I should act upon my material system, and by living for a while in sensation apart from thought, send myself forcibly, as it were, into a new groove. I came up here to this drawing-room. I sat just here. The monkey then got upon a small table that then stood *there*. It looked dazed and languid. An irrepressible uneasiness as to its movements kept my eyes always upon it. Its eyes were half closed, but I could see them glow. It was looking steadily at me. In all situations, at all hours, it is awake and looking at me. That never changes.

"I shall not continue in detail my narrative of this particular night. I shall describe, rather, the phenomena of the first year, which never varied, essentially. I shall describe the monkey as it appeared in daylight. In the dark, as you shall presently hear, there are peculiarities. It is a small monkey, perfectly black. It had only one peculiarity—a character of malignity—unfathomable malignity. During the first year it looked sullen and sick. But this character of intense malice and vigilance was always underlying that surly languor. During all that time it acted as if on a plan of giving me as little trouble as was consistent with watching me. Its eyes were never off me. I have never lost sight of it, except in my sleep, light or dark, day or night, since it came here, excepting when it withdraws for some weeks at a time, unaccountably.

"In total dark it is visible as in daylight. I do not mean merely its eyes. It is *all* visible distinctly in a halo that resembles a glow of red embers, and which accompanies it in all its movements.

"When it leaves me for a time, it is always at night in the dark, and in the same way. It grows at first uneasy, and then furious, and then advances towards me, grinning and shaking, its paws clenched, and, at the same time, there comes the appearance of fire in the grate. I never have any fire. I can't sleep in the room where there is any, and it draws nearer and nearer to the chimney, quivering, it seems, with rage, and when its fury rises to the highest pitch, it springs into the grate, and up the chimney, and I see it no more.

"When first this happened, I thought I was released. I was now a new man. A day passed—a night—and no return, and a blessed week—a week—another week. I was always on my knees, Dr. Hesselius, always, thanking God and praying. A whole month passed of liberty, but on a sudden, it was with me again."

(Concluded next week.)



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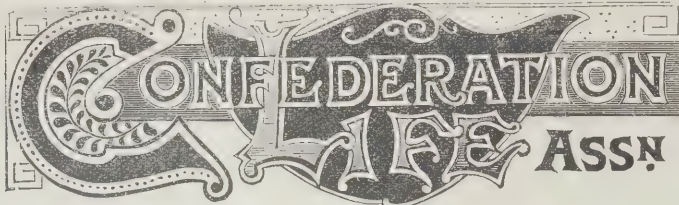
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ARCTURUS.

Notices of the Canadian Press.

A NEW star has appeared in the Canadian literary firmament under the name of ARCTURUS. The journal is a weekly, and is under the editorial management of Mr. J. C. Dent, whose accomplishments as a *littérateur* are a guarantee of excellence. ARCTURUS promises to deal with religious, social and literary matters and to discuss political questions from the national as distinguished from the partisan point of view. The number just to hand is an interesting and meritorious production. The editor apologizes for its imperfections on the score of the difficulties and drawbacks inseparable from the issue of a first number. But if succeeding numbers are as interesting as that with which the new enterprise is introduced, ARCTURUS will be a valuable addition to the periodical literature of Canada.—*Toronto Mail*.

ARCTURUS, Mr. John Charles Dent's new literary weekly, has received a flattering welcome from press and people. It is the most promising venture of its sort that has yet appeared upon the Canadian market. Its articles are sufficiently thoughtful to appeal to a class of readers who like a supplement to the rapid fire of running commentary which it is the province of the daily press to deliver, but the editor wisely eschews that heavy oracular style which has been the bane of so many literary weeklies. The initial number is good, and is a practical promise of better. The *World* hopes and predicts for ARCTURUS a long and prosperous career.—*Toronto World*.

THE first number of ARCTURUS, "A Canadian Journal of Literature and Life," issued in this city under the editorial management of John Charles Dent, makes its appearance to-day. It is fully up to the standard aimed at as a readable, forcibly written, and timely weekly paper, free alike from the pedantry which mars some pretentious efforts in this direction and the more frequent faults of slipshod and common-place writing. The articles are all interesting and thoughtful, and the editor has wisely permitted the writers considerable latitude in the presentation of their views instead of seeking to restrict their expression of opinion within the narrow limits usually marked out by party and class journals. Typographically ARCTURUS presents a bright and handsome aspect. It is convenient in form, and no pains have been spared to secure perfection in those details of arrangement which have so much to do with conveying a favourable impression with regard to a newspaper. Although the field of journalism seemed so fully occupied by publications of every class and grade, Mr. Dent must be credited with having struck out a distinctive line, and one which ought to find appreciation. If the standard of the first number is maintained ARCTURUS ought speedily to obtain a large remunerative circulation.—*Toronto News*.

ARCTURUS is the name of a new weekly paper published in this city, of which Mr. John C. Dent is announced as Editor and Proprietor. It claims to be "A Canadian Journal of Literature and Life." Mr. Dent's contributions to Canadian history and literature are an ample guarantee that this new journal will be conducted with taste and ability.—*Christian Guardian*.

ARCTURUS is the name Mr. John Charles Dent has selected for his new literary weekly, the first number of which appeared on Saturday, 15th. He calls it ARCTURUS because it is "A star of the first magnitude in the northern heavens"—according to the astronomical dictionary. We only hope the name will be kindly taken to by the public, for the paper promises to be bright and able, as, indeed, in Mr. Dent's hands could hardly fail to be. The typographical appearance of the new comer reflects high credit on the printing establishment of James Murray & Co.—*Grip*.

WE are in receipt of the first number of ARCTURUS, a new weekly journal of "literature and life," owned and edited by Mr. John Charles Dent. The literary name and attainments of the editor are of themselves a guarantee of the highest excellence in all the departments of first-class modern journalism. The number before us, although published under the inevitable difficulties of a first issue, gives promise of a bright and successful future. The salutatory sounds a clear note of thorough independence, is succinct and clearly defined in its position, withal broad in its scope and liberal in its views. The initial number contains thoughtful and well-written articles upon independent journalism, the Labour Reform question in politics, and the Bible in the schools. It also gives us breezy book and other notices, and the extraneous selections are judiciously chosen. We welcome ARCTURUS, and bespeak for it a prosperous career.—*Toronto Sentinel*.

SUCH is the title chosen for a new weekly journal just established in this city by the well-known writer and historian, John Charles Dent. Made up in handsome form, with a neatly-engraved heading, and clearly printed on toned paper, ARCTURUS looks the picture of good taste, and comes freighted with gems from the editor's sparkling pen. To say that its leading articles are written with exceptional force and ability is but paying a slight tribute to the fine intellectual attainments of a gentleman who has long ago made his mark in the world of letters; and under his educated touch the new journal will be an enterprise of no uncommon merit. ARCTURUS, both as to brainwork and mechanical execution, is a credit to Mr. Dent, and we wish it a long and prosperous career.—*Irish Canadian*.

MR. JOHN CHARLES DENT has issued as editor and proprietor a new Canadian journal of literature and life called ARCTURUS. It is a neatly arranged, well printed and thoughtfully written production, and ought to easily find its own constituency. Mr. Dent is the author of "The Story of the Upper Canadian

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Rebellion," and is not only a writer but a journalist of experience. ARCTURUS should succeed and fill a useful position in Canadian literature. That it may do so is our wish.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

FOR some time past the announcement has appeared in the Ontario press that Mr. John Charles Dent, author of "The Last Forty Years," "The Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion," and other valuable historical works, was about to establish a weekly periodical—"a Canadian journal of literature and life." The first number of ARCTURUS which now lies before us, is the fulfilment of the promise. ARCTURUS is thoroughly independent in its expressions of opinion on political, social and literary questions. The terms of subscription are \$2 a year. Address, Room U, Arcade, Toronto, Ont.—*Montreal Gazette*.

WE welcome to the ranks of independent journalism the newly established paper ARCTURUS, published in Toronto, and edited by Mr. J. C. Dent, one of the most talented and brilliant of Canadian writers—our national "Junius." We judge from its high moral tone that it seems destined to become a moulder of Canadian sentiment, and cannot be questioned as an authority in politics, literature and art. We wish it success.—*London Farmers' Advocate*.

ARCTURUS, a Canadian journal of literature and life, is the titular description given by Mr. John Charles Dent to the handsome sixteen-page weekly which he has just published at Toronto. The initial number develops more than ordinary excellence, and the periodical bids fair to be a source of profit to its talented projector, as well as of credit to the Dominion.—*St. John Tel graph*.

THERE has been issued at Toronto a new sixteen-page, clearly printed weekly paper, entitled ARCTURUS. Mr. John Charles Dent, who is well known in connection with Canadian literature, is the editor and proprietor. The first number contains a department of interesting political notes. An editorial article, "An Independent Newspaper," is temperately written, but it puts forward strongly enough the idea that the future of the country is a fair matter for consideration by a thoughtful people. There is an article on "The Labour Question in Politics," one on "The Bible in Schools," a department of "Literary Notes" and of "Book Reviews," with, of course, a good portion of space given to romance-literature and to poetry. A well-managed weekly paper is a necessity for the thoughtful reader. The daily journal takes up questions as they occur hour by hour, forecasts, discusses and disposes; the weekly, having more time for consideration, and a better opportunity of dealing with developed events, can correct and give judicial opinions. We hope that Mr. Dent's journal will succeed, and that he will be able to discover that there is a large population east of Quebec with ideas and opinions on the future of Canada.—*St. John Globe*.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

VOL. I. }
No. 6. }

Saturday, February 19th, 1887.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

As the election campaign draws nearer and nearer to its close, the contest becomes proportionately hotter, and the phraseology of the stump-orators approximates more and more nearly to that of the Athanasian creed. "Slangwhanging" is not a lovely word. It is a word "that would have made Quintilian stare and gasp," but it is the only one which aptly indicates the character of the verbal courtesies which are daily, almost hourly, bandied backward and forward between rival speakers from the hustings at the present time. It is consoling to know that another week, at most, will see us to the end of this sort of thing. Verbatim reports of some of the political speeches made in this Province during the last fortnight would furnish very ungenial reading to the author of *The Law of Kindness*.

PERSONS who remember the political campaign of 1878, and the election which took place on the 17th of September in that year, will feel chary of predicting the result of elections where the vote is by ballot. The result of that contest was probably not anticipated by any human being. The Reform party, almost to a man, confidently counted upon Mr. Mackenzie being sustained in his stewardship. Most Conservatives looked for a similar result, and the few who were more sanguine had no wild expectation that the success of their party would be anything like what the event proved. Prognostications about election contests must under ordinary circumstances be untrustworthy and uncertain. Where the constituencies are numerous, and where the interests involved are exceedingly conflicting, the prediction must

be more dubious still. When to all these conditions is added the fact that the vote is by ballot, anything like a confident forecast is manifestly out of the question. There are persons with whom one meets every day who know all about the matter, and who can calculate to the strictest nicety the extent of Sir John's majority. Their calculations seem to be based on well-ascertained facts, and beyond any sort of peradventure. Yet what sensible person attaches any importance to them? There is no man living to-day whose opinion as to the result of the contest now pending is worth taking into serious account.

THE Ontario Government has been asked to establish a School of Practical Science at Kingston of a similar character to the one in Toronto. The request was ostensibly made for the benefit of the people of the eastern section of this Province, but there is no room for doubt that the scheme originated with the officials of Queen's College, and that it is largely intended to promote the interests of that institution. A prominent member of the deputation, in addressing Mr. Mowat, naively remarked that they would all be satisfied if Principal Grant spoke for them. So the Very Reverend Principal did speak, and his arguments were ingenious and interesting. He thought, for example, that as the Government has offered Queen's College a site worth \$30,000 on condition that that institution should be removed to Toronto, it would evidently be equally economical for the Government to build the College a School of Science in Kingston at a cost of \$20,000 or so, and give them \$10,000 a year to carry it on. Notwithstanding this skilful reasoning, it is to be hoped that Mr. Mowat will not accede to the request made by the députation,—and this for several reasons. The equipment of the Provincial School of Science in Toronto is quite inadequate to the requirements of the present time. Our best students are compelled to resort to American technological schools to complete their education. It is manifestly more to the advantage of the Province that this institution should be put in a state of thorough efficiency than that another second-rate school should be established. Further, the Government cannot afford to lay out a large sum of money merely to allay the academical jealousy which Queen's College has long shown towards the Provincial University. The next thing we should hear of would be applications from the Western University at London and the proposed new Baptist University at Woodstock for a scientific school in connection with their institutions. And it is difficult to see how their petition could be refused if that of Queen's College be granted. Finally, a theological institution like Queen's is not likely to be a good foster-

mother for a scientific school. History and recent events alike prove that science fails when dominated by theology. It is an open secret that the heterodox teaching of the professor of biology in the Toronto School of Science is one of the chief arguments of the Baptist theological professors who are advocating the withdrawal of McMaster Hall from its present connection with Toronto University. For the same reason strong objections were raised in the Methodist General Conference last summer against the federation of Victoria and Toronto Universities. Although this scientist is admittedly one of the ablest on the continent, it is quite safe to say that his official head would soon come off if these ecclesiastics had things in their own hands. Altogether, then, it is clear that this request of the authorities of Queen's College for the establishment of a School of Science under denominational control should not be favourably entertained by the Government.

THE death of Miss Isabella Valancy Crawford, which took place in Toronto on Saturday last, was very sudden, and—so far as we have been able to learn—altogether unexpected. It is little more than a fortnight since she was a visitor to the editorial sanctum of this journal. She was at that time apparently in the enjoyment of perfect health, and looking forward with hope and confidence to the future. She had several projects of authorship in contemplation, and appeared to be full of literary ambition and enthusiasm. Rightly or wrongly, Miss Crawford had brought herself to the conclusion that she had received scant justice at the hands of the conductors of Canadian journals, and on this subject she felt not a little sore. In a letter now lying on the editorial desk, dated the 17th ult., she expresses herself as follows:—"I feel that I should wish to introduce myself to your notice as a possible contributor to the pages of ARCTURUS. Of course the possibility is remote, as by some chance no contribution of mine has ever been accepted by any first-class Canadian literary journal. I have contributed to the *Mail* and *Globe*, and won some very kind words from eminent critics, but have been quietly 'sat upon' by the High Priests of Canadian periodical literature. I am not very seriously injured by the process, and indeed there have lately been signs of relenting on the part of the powers that be, as I was offered an extended notice of my book in the columns of the — and the —. This proposal I declined (I suppose injudiciously), as I think it might have been given at first, instead of coming in late in the day, and at the heels of warm words from higher literary authorities." Miss Crawford added further particulars during a personal interview, from which the Editor was led to infer that, like many another aspirant to poetic fame, she was perhaps a little over-sensitive as to the treatment she received at the hands of editors and publishers. Of her literary knowledge and ability, however, no one who spent an hour in conversation with her, and who took the time to read her best poems, could entertain any doubt. Her *Old Spookses' Pass* was favourably reviewed by some of the leading journals of Great Britain. The *Spectator* referred to it in flattering

terms, and the *Saturday Review*, the *Graphic*, and other recognized literary authorities sounded its praises with liberal appreciation. An examination of the volume will convince any capable critic that these commendations were not undeserved, and that Miss Crawford was endowed with a large share of the literary and poetic faculty. Her friends and relatives have our warmest sympathy in their bereavement.

THE study of political economy by all classes of the community is beginning to produce various whimsical and startling effects. Everybody is familiar with Canning's *Friend of Humanity* and the *Knifegrinder*. In that case the knifegrinder was ignorant of political economy, and had no story to tell. He would have had a very distinct account to render of himself and his wrongs if he had been a diligent student of Adam Smith. Most of us, again, have heard of the thief who, when placed on trial for stealing a watch from a jeweller's shop, pleaded in extenuation of his offence that his medical adviser had ordered him to "take something." Then, Mr. Phillips Thompson has introduced us to the political economist and the highwayman. Of course, political economy has its ludicrous side, and, like every other science, lends itself to the irreverent fancy of the joker. But this latest thing from New Jersey leaves all previous examples of this sort in the shade. A few nights ago the Jersey City post office was robbed. The robbers seized the postmaster and his wife, and tied them down in bed. The postmaster himself was gagged, but his wife's tongue was left at liberty, and with her the enterprising chevaliers of industry had a most interesting conversation. They informed her that it had not always been thus with them: that they had been brought up to a different course of life, but that they had been driven to robbery by the abuses prevalent in society. The driving seems to have been of a mental rather than a physical nature, and the incitement alleged was that property is unequally distributed in this world; that some have everything and that they, the robbers, had nothing. This sounds like burlesque, but it is simple and actual fact. The New York *Nation* grows witheringly sarcastic over the episode, and contrives to extract therefrom a grave remonstrance against the pension-raid on the surplus in the United States Treasury. "What a very solemn fact is this?" says the editorial writer. "We have heard often enough that society is responsible for the tramps who infest the country roads in the summer time, but we were really not prepared to hear that society was now driving men into robbing post offices. The only quick and sure remedy we can suggest is to place on the pension-list every man who says that dissatisfaction with the present division of property impels him to be a robber. We ought not to wait until he actually robs before we do this. We ought to take the poor fellow's word for it in advance, before his soul is stained with crime. Could there be a higher and holier use for the surplus than pensioning those who without pensions would become burglars?" All of which is genuinely humorous, and sounds very much like William L. Alden.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT, - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

Terms, in advance, \$2.00 a year, or \$1.00 for six months. Subscribers not paying in advance will be charged 50c. extra. Clubs of three, \$5.00; clubs of five or more, to one address, \$1.60 each. Subscriptions may begin any time. *Advertisements*.—\$4.00 per line per annum; six months, \$2.50; single insertion, 20c. per line. No advertisement charged less than five lines. *Business communications* should be addressed, Business Manager, ARCTURUS, Room U, Arcade (Victoria Street entrance), Toronto. *To Contributors*.—The Editor cannot undertake to return MSS. by post, even when they are accompanied by stamps to pay return postage.

The first instalment of

LITERARY EXPERIENCES

will appear in the number for Saturday, February 26th.

PARTIES WITHOUT PRINCIPLES.

THE present political situation in Canada recalls an anecdote which some years since went the rounds of the American press. A prominent Englishman visiting the United States was asked what impressed him most in his intercourse with the people. "Their lack of interest in politics," was his somewhat startling reply. The astonished querist asked how he could reconcile this view with the excitement and turmoil everywhere noticeable during a presidential contest. "Ah!" said the Englishman, "I did not refer to the interest in *elections*—I meant interest in *politics*."

Those who are capable of appreciating the distinction will realize how specially applicable it is to Canadian public life. Everywhere we see the greatest interest taken in elections, in the success of one party or the other, in the fight for office and patronage. But of concern for the triumph of important principles, or the carrying out of needed measures of reform, there is infinitely little. In the estimation of nine-tenths of the people the word "politics" has been so degraded from its original significance that it conveys absolutely no other meaning to them than a scramble for the spoils. The narrowing down of the issues between Conservative and Liberal consequent upon the settlement of several vexed questions, and Mr. Blake's acceptance of the N.P., makes this want of vital points of difference between the parties more than ever apparent, and makes more glaringly obvious the absurdity of the pretence that the welfare of the country is bound up with the fate of either.

This state of affairs is not because there are no important questions to discuss. On the contrary, there never was a time in the history of Canada when there were greater and more urgent problems claiming the attention of every patriotic and thoughtful man. There are the questions of our relations to the British Empire and to the United States; the numerous changes rendered necessary by the defects revealed in the working of our experimental Confederation scheme; the Temperance and Labour problems—in short all those real, exigent questions which have gradually come to the front during a long period of national growth, characterized by extensive economic and social re-adjustments, but which questions have been waved aside by the partisans as either unworthy of consideration or matters to be postponed until the indefinite future. The parties have carefully studied to make their platform as non-committal as possible, and instead of boldly grappling with these new issues, have talked round them in smooth and vague platitudes.

The deliverances of the leaders and the official expressions of party conventions may be searched in vain for a clear emphatic utterance regarding the future status of Canada, the needful alterations in our governmental system—apart from mere administrative changes—the question of prohibitory legislation, or the re-adjustment of relations between labour and capital. The usual course is to ignore these and kindred issues so long as that is possible, and when that time is past, to endeavour by specious but carefully-guarded phrases to secure the adherence of those interested, while promising nothing definite.

Under these circumstances it is not remarkable that the hold of parties, as at present constituted, is weakening, especially on the minds of those who see that the most vital and momentous problems lie quite outside the limited range of the party platform. The marked tendency just now to independent journalism evidently connotes a tendency on the part of the intelligent public to independent thinking. In the discussion of the subject not a little confusion of thought has arisen from lack of clearness of expression on the part of those who arraign the existing parties. There is an apparent inconsistency in denouncing partyism or the party system, and then proposing the establishment of a third party. The party system itself, if an evil, is probably a necessary one. Not against partyism, but against parties which have outlived their usefulness, should the efforts of independent men be directed. Moreover, a mere independence as between Grit and Tory—an attitude of negative criticism—will accomplish nothing. The "independence" which simply sets itself up on a moral pedestal and devotes itself entirely to pointing out the shortcomings of partisans, and uttering empty generalities respecting the duty of preferring country to party, is as little admirable as the other form of "independence," which consists in bestriding the fence and dealing out praise and blame to each side in nearly equal measure.

There has been enough of criticism, enough of negation, enough of grandiloquent aloofness from public affairs and the "I am holier than thou" assumption. What is above all things wanted for the regeneration of politics is constructive effort; the affirmation of principles; the forcing to the front of new, living practical issues, as contrasted with the wordy platitudes and traditional war-cries of the old parties. There is evidence that the process of crystallization, the drawing together of the element which will in time form a third party or supplant one of the existing organizations, has fairly begun.

THE FLÂNEUR.

THE Rev. Mr. Potts appears to me to have taken an undignified stand in reply to the straightforward letter of Mr. Blain. On the Sunday evening preceding the mayoralty contest Mr. Potts made a strong party harangue from his pulpit in favour of Mr. Howland, during which he animadverted in no very complimentary terms on all who took the liberty to differ from him as to the fitness of the candidates for the civic chair. Mr. Blain bore himself through the election, even by the admission of his opponents, in an above-board and manly way. He naturally feels aggrieved at receiving from a personal friend what can only be characterized as an unfair blow beneath the belt; and in an outspoken letter to Mr. Potts he says so. Does the Reverend gentleman apologize, or explain? Oh, no. He only "declines to be lectured," and "accepts the responsibility." From one whose profession, and some people say whose fancy, is to lecture others, the first phrase comes with an ill grace; while the "responsibility" for an act is in a case like this very vague. There is far

too great a tendency among certain clergymen in this city to turn their churches into political hustings. Surely we have enough and to spare of party politics on the six days of the week, without an ecclesiastical re-hash on the Sunday. Mr. Potts is an able and a useful man, and has done much that I admire, and it is to be hoped he will not hesitate to acknowledge a mistake, and make to Mr. Blain such reparation as gentlemen when in error are usually anxious to offer.

THE Volunteers are very much incensed at being refused permission to visit England in their military capacity on the occasion of the coming Jubilee celebration. As these gentlemen, I am told, offer to pay their own expenses, what is the meaning of the refusal? The ostensible reasons urged are frivolous in the extreme, and are laughed at by the men themselves, who say this is not the first occasion when a disposition has been evinced to treat them with unnecessary harshness. If necessary, a short act can be passed through Parliament in a week to meet the requirements of the case, and the authorities may as well in this matter try to meet the very reasonable request of many members of the force.

ONE reason given against the proposed visit is that our men are not equal in drill to the crack corps of the English Volunteers. Perhaps not; but they are fairly equal to the average, and certainly one way to increase their efficiency is in evoking a spirit of emulation by showing them better work than they are, perhaps, in the habit of doing. We need have no fear of a comparison between any men we may send and those they will meet in the Old Country, and one thing is certain, if they go (and I hope they will) a hearty reception for them is certain, as is also the prospect of a "rare high time."

SOME more unfortunate citizens have been summoned before the Police Magistrate and fined for not clearing away the snow in front of their dwellings. Now, I cannot see why we should be required to clear the streets in winter any more than to water them in summer. It is the duty of the municipality to see that the public highways are in a suitable condition always. We never object to money spent in this direction. The present stupid plan is not and cannot be carried out, and the pretence of it had better be abolished, and the work done and paid for in a proper manner.

A PERSONAL Liberty League has been established in London to advance the ideas of Mr. Herbert Spencer as to individual liberty. The outrageous proceedings in Toronto the last two or three Sundays point to the necessity for a branch of the association being established here at once. It seems scarcely credible that in a city like this and in times like these a hired carriage can be stopped in the streets by the police and the occupants interrogated as to their business and forbidden to proceed, because they are travelling for pleasure on the Lord's Day! And yet we are rather fond of boasting of our progress, and thanking heaven we are not as those benighted beings in the Old World are. Indeed, in some things we are not, only scarcely in the manner we so complacently assume. Not long ago the Mayor said he wished to save Toronto from becoming like Paris or Brussels. I do not know whether Mayor Howland is, but I am tolerably familiar with both those capitals, and I can assure him he would wait a long while in either place to see a man after leaving a house of worship on Sunday evening hide his prayer book in his pocket and sneak in at the back door of a saloon. What is called the Sunday question must soon come to the front in Toronto, and nothing will do so much to ripen opinion as such acts of high-handed tyranny as we are witnessing in our midst just now, which, while they may please the minds of Sabbatarians and bigots, must cause all friends of true liberty and all lovers of liberty to blush.

In Germany, as here, they are now engaged in an electoral contest of considerable moment, and in some points similar to our own. From remarks in some of the papers it is evident the nature of the contest is not understood. Now, I am not going in for the role of the schoolmaster, but will endeavour in a few lines to make the broad issue tolerably clear. It is a mistake to suppose that the opposition is against the proposed increase of the

German army. The increase has been granted, and the fight is as to whether the Reichstag shall vote the supplies for the additional number for seven years, as demanded by the Government, or three years as desired by a majority of the Chamber. The opposition to the Chancellor—and this is what I want to emphasize—consists of the advanced Liberals, who desire to make the army a Parliamentary as opposed to an Imperial force, and the Romanists who desire "better terms" for the church. The population may be approximately given as thirty millions of Protestants to seventeen millions of Catholics, but these latter, in Germany as in Canada, march to the poll in a solid column, while the Protestants are politically divided. Dr. Windthorst, the leader of the Romanists, is one of the ablest men in Germany, and he assumes the same attitude towards Bismarck as Messieurs Taschereau and Lynch do with our Premier. Prince Bismarck can have the Catholic vote whenever he likes to pay for it. Dr. Windthorst and his following coalesced with the Liberals, and defeated Bismarck, who if not sustained by the country—and of this there is considerable doubt—will have to "go to Canossa."

WHAT is meant by "going to Canossa?" Well, we in Canada ought to know, as we are familiar enough with the practice, if not the phrase. This is a bit of political slang in Germany, and implies yielding to the Vatican. It originated in the pilgrimage of a German Emperor—Henry the Fourth, I think—who had to walk to a place called Canossa barefoot in the snow, to assuage the ire of an offended Pope. When Bismarck sometime since determined to check the influence of the Vatican in Germany, both in the appointment of bishops (who are State paid) and in educational matters, he passed what are known as the Falk laws, and so earned the hostility of Rome. Only a few days back the great Chancellor boasted that he would not go to Canossa; but we shall see. It may be that after the elections in both countries are over Sir John Macdonald and Prince Bismarck will be able to exchange congratulatory telegrams as to the desirable results they have both attained by "going to Canossa" together.

WHEN the Local House gets to work, it is to be hoped it will make some alteration in the law as to landlord and tenant. We talk much about what is being done in other countries; let us look at home. A week hardly ever passes in this town but some poor family has all its little "household Gods" sold for rent it cannot pay—added to, also, by exorbitant charges for bailiff, etc. I would not allow a man's furniture to be taken for rent, any more than for a tithe, a fabrique assessment, or a saloon score. If rent is not paid, evict the tenant, and there let the matter rest.

Correspondence.

Mr. Gladstone and Goldwin Smith.

Editor ARCTURUS:

IN a cable dispatch to the *Mail* of February 2nd, we read that, in a reply to Mr. Gladstone's article on *Locksley Hall*, Mr. Goldwin Smith disputes the assertion that "devilish engineering brought about the dissolution of the Irish Parliament, and the union between the two countries."

As Mr. Goldwin Smith has the peculiar habit of denying to-day what he wrote yesterday, very little reliance can be placed on anything he says. When Mr. Gladstone wrote the above sentence, he but used, in a slightly different form, the words written by Mr. Goldwin Smith some years ago in his *Irish History and Irish Character*. In that work we read, as follows: "The great criminal was England. It was English misgovernment that had suppressed all that was good, and drawn out all that was bad in the Irish character." "I have myself," he says, in *Three English Statesmen*, "sought and found in the study of Irish history the explanation of the paradox that a people with so many gifts, so amiable, naturally so submissive to rulers, and everywhere but in their own country industrious, are in their country bywords of idleness, disaffection, and agrarian crime." Again he says in *Irish History*: "The Celtic race, when under education, outstrips the Teutonic as the laurel outstrips the oak. And there seems no good reason for believing that the Irish Celts are

averse from labour, provided they be placed for at least two or three generations in circumstances favourable to industry." On page 195 he says: "There are still speakers and writers who seem to think that the Irish are incurably vicious because the accumulated effects of so many unhappy centuries cannot be removed at once by a wave of the beholder's wand." Again, he says: "Those who are disposed to regard the Irish as inherently lawless will do well to remember the historical relations between the people and the English law." Justice, he says, requires that allowance should be made on historical grounds for the failings of the Irish people. If they are wanting in industry, in regard for the rights of property, in reverence for the law, history furnishes a full explanation of their defects.

Goldwin Smith's chief desire to-day is to thwart Mr. Gladstone by sophistry, or by any other means attainable. If the erudite Professor had been consulted by the famous statesman when framing his Home Rule Bill, his vanity would have been so tickled that he would have been found on the other side of the question to-day, advocating Home Rule for unhappy Ireland.

Yours, etc., SYDNEY SMITH.

Mr. Blake and the Riel Question.

FROM a well-written letter which has reached this office we extract the following paragraph:—

Mr. Blake has only himself to thank that he does not stand much higher in the opinion of his party, and also—what is of far more importance—higher in general esteem than he does at this moment. When he made the London speech, and declared he would build no platform out of the Regina scaffold, had he gone a little further, and justified the course of the Government in vindicating the law and administering justice independent of race, he would have been a much more formidable opponent. He could have arraigned the many acts of maladministration of the MacDonald Government with ten-fold force, and the prospect for him of succeeding to the Premiership would be much more distinct than it is. The Reform party adopted the Race and Revenge cry as a chief plank in their platform, and Mr. Blake has virtually accepted it. Thus they have endorsed a case that is morally, legally, and logically not only indefensible but absurd. They by their late action have traversed all that had been said on the subject by their acknowledged leaders and the accredited press; and they have placed in the hands of friends of the Government the most potent weapon of defence they possess. By appealing, as is being done in the name of Riel, to the lowest instincts of the lowest natures, and to the most bitter feelings of race and creed, not only have the Grits alienated many of their friends, but have foregathered for themselves an amount of shame and humiliation of which very shortly they may be better able to count the cost.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE articles appearing in the *Fortnightly Review* on the position of European politics are generally attributed to Sir Charles Dilke. If they are from his pen, the complimentary references to the Queen will be the more noticed by those who are aware of the means by which the late member for Chelsea as a young man acquired his first unenviable notoriety. That Sir Charles Dilke has the special knowledge displayed, as well as the literary ability to produce these papers, is certain; but it is curious that since the publication of *Greater Britain* twenty years ago, his pen has been idle.

THE ineffectiveness of hostile newspaper criticism to injure a really well-written book has perhaps never been more clearly demonstrated than in the case of Mr. Froude's *Oceana*. That work contains many inaccuracies, and it has been reviewed most unfavourably by the leading journals of England and America. But it possesses all the author's peculiar charm of style, and much of it is delightful reading, irrespective of any other merit. Its sale on both sides of the Atlantic has been immense, inasmuch that the author is about to make another long journey with a view

to writing a book on Cuba and such parts of the mainland of America as formerly belonged to Spain. The new venture, however, is not likely to make its appearance before next winter.

THE Canadian colony in New York city appears to be flourishing apace, inasmuch that a local newspaper organ has been established for its delectation. The new periodical is called *La Feuille D'Érable, Organe des Canadiens à New York et aux Environs*, and the first two numbers have reached this office. They are well printed and profusely illustrated. The publication is monthly, and consists of a broadsheet of eight pages, about half of which is in French and the remainder in English. The first number contains a portrait and biographical sketch of Erastus Wiman. The engraving has been fairly well done, but the likeness is not striking.

THE Springfield *Republican* has some judicious remarks on the subject of magazine poetry. "With the advent of every new magazine," it remarks, "we look with ever defeated hopes for some new departure in the way of poetry, such as might well distinguish it. For there is a great deal of noteworthy verse written in this country which finds its sole welcome in the newspapers, and gets lost in them except to the few who can appreciate it among their hasty readers. A magazine editor would do well to read the papers, and when he espies a notably original verse, seek for its author and say to him or her: That is the sort of thing I want. But no such editor appears, and the trivial rules, with very rare exceptions. Vigor, originality, all unique quality, seems tabooed. There is no catholicity of taste, and so no variety."

UNDER the usual heading of "English Notes," in the February number of the New York *Book-Buyer*, the London correspondent of that periodical has an exceptionally interesting letter. From it we learn that George Augustus Sala's autobiography is nearly ready for the press, and that it will be issued almost immediately. If it faithfully reflects the writer's life it will be a truly scandalous chronicle. Query: Will it contain the particulars of his libel suit against Hain Friswell; and will it state what he did with the five hundred pounds damages recovered therein? Will it contain any reference to *Modern Men of Letters Honestly Criticized*, or the pathetic story of *Seven Tons of Gammon*, by which latter name Mr. Friswell irreverently christened the illustrious author of *The Seven Sons of Mammon*? There are certain subjects which a judicious writer wisely ignores; and, so far as Mr. Sala is concerned, these are among them. But he can doubtless tell us some good things about Dickens and Thackeray. He was one of Dickens's special favourites. In fact, it may almost be said that he was made by Dickens; and this was one of the many instances of the discrimination of the author of *David Copperfield*, for Sala is a man of extraordinary ability, and has long been recognized as the very best all-round journalist on the London press.

MR. FROUDE is an enthusiast with regard to classical studies, and has no sympathy with the modern tendency to dethrone them from the position which they have held for centuries in the highest seats of learning in England. He has written a letter on the subject to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which he deplores the waning interest in the classics. "I hesitate to say," he writes, "that an understanding of English literature is impossible without a knowledge of Greek and Latin literature. Many of our very best writers knew little or no Greek and Latin. Shakspeare had 'no Latin and less Greek.' Pope translated Homer, but was a poor scholar. Defoe, Bunyan, Burns, Byron, Carlyle, Cobbett, Charles Lamb—these and many other names occur to me which disprove the position as it concerns writers; and I think you might find very good students of English literature also equally ignorant. The Scandinavian literature, not the classical, was the cradle of our own. At the same time I regard the Greek and Latin literature as the best in the world; as superior to the modern as Greek sculpture is superior to the schools of England and France; and that no one can be a finished scholar and critic (I do not say writer) who is ignorant of it. Our national taste and the tone of the national intellect will suffer a serious decline if it ceases to be studied among us." All which is to a certain

extent true; but there is no doubt that the study of the classics tends to cramp the mind into a narrow groove, and to cramp the style into that of a pedant. William Cobbett and John Bunyan certainly wrote more vigorous English than either Porson or Bentley.

EHEU FUGACES—how the rapid years roll by! This fact is brought pertinently home to the editor of this paper by a letter just received from an old friend in one of the "outer counties." Thus he writes:—"From the columns of ARCTURUS of Feb. 5th, I see that J. Maddison Morton has not yet been taken to his last resting place. Poor old Maddison Morton! Genial old Maddison Morton! 'Known all over the world,' you say, 'as the author of *Box and Cox*.' Yes, long ago well known, even in rural districts of Western Canada, where 'Through the Pines of the North the Dark Wind-Singer strode.' Well, indeed, do I remember our indebtedness to that amiable old writer of comedy, many, many years ago, when we were scarcely more than boys. Why, just think of it. It was nearly a quarter of a century ago when you, as the *Printer*, and I, as the *Hatter*, played *Box and Cox* to a rural audience. Boreas blasts held high carnival outside the village hall, in which a theatrical stage, with its accessories, had been erected for us, the amateur players. But all was bright and cheery within. The wind whistled through leafless branches of trees which, in double file, tall and straight, protected a pathway near by, familiar to the footsteps of the village postmaster. But no matter; our hearts were not a bit wintry then, as we stepped on to the stage in the rôles of *Box and Cox*. When we played that farce, so long ago, to raise funds for a village library, we thought, did we not, that we did it exceedingly well? Indeed, my impression is that not only was the play well rendered, but well received, and by a remarkably intelligent and appreciative audience. Poor old Maddison Morton! had he but known how many plays we had, for that occasion, critically examined and tossed aside, to select, at length, *Box and Cox*, would he not have been quite justified in recognizing, in our choice, something better than a left-handed compliment to his literary genius? But at that time we felt like boys of twenty—so do we still, don't we? What!

'Gray temples at twenty?—Yes, *white* if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze.'

The new play from Maddison Morton's pen, you tell us, is just now being played in London with great success. So that he has not forgotten his boyhood, old as he is.

'Then here's to his boyhood, its gold and its gray;
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of Thy children, THE BOYS!'

These latter terms being supposed to include dear old Morton, the editor of ARCTURUS, and another boy—the writer."

A *Canadian Tour*, which is having a considerable sale in London, consists of a series of letters which appeared in the *London Times* giving a very favourable view of Canada, its resources and possibilities. It was written by Mr. Joel Cook, of the *Philadelphia Ledger*. Mr. Cook has been one of the American correspondents of the *Times* for over twenty years.

THE February number of *Shakespeariana* has a brightly-written criticism, taken from the *New York Tribune*, on a recent performance of *The Taming of the Shrew*. The criticism is by William Winter, which is equivalent to saying that it is appreciative and carefully put together. Therefore, when we find one of the characters in the play referred to as Custis, we know that the blunder is not Mr. Winter's. We are simply constrained to set it down to the account of the proof-reader, although one cannot help feeling surprised that the proof-reading of such a periodical as *Shakespeariana* should be consigned to such incompetent hands. But when, in a subsequent article in the same number, we find a certain work editorially referred to as ignorant and "presumptuous" (*sic*); and when we find on still another page a reference to Miss Helen "Fawcett"—we are constrained to ask whether all this blundering is to be laid to the account of the proof-reader. It looks very much as if some other member of the staff were off on his holidays.

MR. LOUIS J. JENNINGS has just published a trenchant and severe indictment of Mr. Gladstone throughout the whole of his career. When we know that Mr. Jennings was for years one of the most caustic writers on the staff of the *Saturday Review*, and afterwards a noted "slogger" in the columns of the *New York Times*, it will be believed that his pen is not usually dipped in sugar and water, but in very indelible ink. The book is called *Mr. Gladstone: a Study*, and is published by Blackwood & Sons. Mr. Jennings has massed his facts in an able and telling array, but of course many of his inferences are open to dispute. The *London Echo*, in a long article on the book, after admitting that "Mr. Gladstone has stood higher in the estimation of his countrymen during his lifetime than he is likely to do in the page of history," continues: "If Mr. Jennings had been content to show that Mr. Gladstone has made many mistakes, and has been, in some respects, a short-sighted statesman; that he is too impressionable; that personal considerations may have had more to do with his political conduct than many suppose; and that, even as a financier, his reputation has been beyond his merits, Mr. Jennings might have framed a telling indictment, such a one as it might have been difficult to upset." Now, the *Echo* is Radical and Gladstonian, and if the friends of the veteran statesman speak of him in this manner we cannot wonder at the tone adopted by an avowed enemy in the masterly literary autopsy which Louis Jennings has just given to the world.

Poetry.

THE LEGEND OF BABE JESUS AND THE WEEDERS.

I.

As the weeders went trimming the corn young and green,
Babe Jesus, and Mary, and Joseph were seen;

Southward to Egypt, from Herod the King,
Lightly they fled like a dove on the wing.

The weeders looked up from their work unaware:—
"What Lady is this with the sun in her hair?"

"What Infant is this with seven stars on his brow?"
Our Lady she spake to those weeder men now:—

"When horsemen come spurring from Herod amain,
And ask if an infant passed over your plain,

"Ye shall answer and say to those men from the town,
No babe hath passed by since the wheat-field was brown."

II.

Then on came those soldiers from Herod the King,
And the men in the field hear the hoofs as they ring:—

"Now tell us, ye people who stand in the corn,
Have ye seen riding southward a babe newly born?"

"Bethink you and tell us, and see ye speak true,
Or by Herod the King, ye right dearly shall rue."

Then the weeders bethought of that Baby so fair,
With the stars, and the Lady with light on her hair;

And boldly they spake to those men from the King:—
"We will answer aright to the message ye bring:

"Since the wheat-field was brown, ye to Herod shall say,
Of a surety no infant hath passed by this way."

And lo, as they spake, they cast eyes on the wheat,
And saw a new wonder, most sudden and sweet;

For all unawares, as those horsemen drew nigh,
In search of the Babe that the King would have die;

While those weeders stood mazed, as the hoof-beats they heard,
The wheat was turned brown by the Lord and his word.

And never a harvest fell short in that land,
Because of the answer that Mary had planned,

And by grace of the Lord sitting up in the sky,
And for love of the Baby that never shall die.

GREEN TEA.

(Concluded from last week.)

CHAPTER VIII.—THE SECOND STAGE.

"It was with me, and the malice, which before was torpid under sullen exterior, was now active. It was perfectly unchanged in very other respect. This new energy was apparent in its activity and its looks, and soon in other ways. For a time the change was shown only in an increased vivacity, and an air of menace, as if it was always brooding over some atrocious plan. Its eyes, as before, were never off me."

"Is it here now?"

"No," he replied, "it has been absent exactly a fortnight and day—fifteen days. It has sometimes been away so long as nearly two months; once for three. Its absence always exceeds a fortnight, although it may be but a single day. Fifteen days having past since I saw it last, it may return now at any moment."

"Is its return," I asked, "accompanied by any peculiar manifestation?"

"Nothing—no," he said. "It is simply with me again. On lifting my eyes from a book, or turning my head, I see it, as usual, looking at me; and then it remains, as before, for its appointed time. I have never told so much and so minutely before to any one."

I perceived that he was agitated, and looking like death, and he repeatedly applied his handkerchief to his forehead; I suggested that he might be tired, and told him that I would call with pleasure, in the morning, but he said:

"No, if you don't mind hearing it all now. I have got so far and I should prefer making one effort of it. When I spoke to Dr. Harley, I had nothing like so much to tell. You are a philosophic physician. You give spirit its proper rank. If this thing is real—"

He paused, and looked at me with agitated inquiry.

"We can discuss it by-and-by, and very fully. I will give you all I think," I answered after an interval.

"Well—very well. If it is anything real, I say, it is prevailing little by little, and drawing me more interiorly into hell. Optic nerves, he talked of. Ah! well—there are other nerves of communication. May God Almighty help me! You shall hear."

"Its power of action, I tell you, had increased. Its malice became, in a way aggressive. About two years ago, some questions that were pending between me and the bishop having been settled, I went down to my parish in Warwickshire, anxious to find occupation in my profession. I was not prepared for what happened, although I have since thought I might have apprehended something like it. The reason of my saying so is this—"

He was beginning to speak with a great deal more effort and reluctance, and sighed often, and seemed at times nearly overcome. But at this time his manner was not agitated. It was more like that of a sinking patient, who has given himself up.

"Yes, but I will first tell you about Kenlis, my parish."

"It was with me when I left this place for Dawlbridge. It was my silent travelling companion, and it remained with me at the vicarage. When I entered on the discharge of my duties, another change took place. The thing exhibited an atrocious determination to thwart me. It was with me in the church—in the reading-desk—in the pulpit—within the communion rails. At last, it reached this extremity, that while I was reading to the congregation, it would spring upon the open book and squat there, so that I was unable to see the page. This happened more than once. I left Dawlbridge for a time. I placed myself in Dr. Harley's hands. I did everything he told me. He gave me a great deal of thought. It interested him, I think. He seemed successful. For nearly three months I was perfectly free from a return. I began to think I was safe. With his full assent I returned to Dawlbridge. I travelled in a chaise. I was in good spirits. I was more—I was happy and grateful. I was returning, as I thought, delivered from a dreadful hallucination, to the scene of duties which I longed to enter upon. It was a

beautiful sunny evening, everything looked serene and cheerful, and I was delighted. I remember looking out of the window to see the spire of my church at Kenlis among the trees, at the point where one has the earliest view of it. It is exactly where the little stream that bounds the parish passes under the road by a culvert, and where it emerges at the road-side, a stone with an old inscription is placed. As we passed this point, I drew my head in and sat down, and in the corner of the chaise was the monkey.

"For a moment I felt faint, and then quite wild with despair and horror. I called to the driver, and got out, and sat down at the road-side, and prayed to God silently for mercy. A despairing resignation supervened. My companion was with me as I re-entered the vicarage. The same persecution followed. After a short struggle I submitted, and soon I left the place."

"I told you," he said, "that the beast has before this become in certain ways aggressive. I will explain a little. It seemed to be actuated by intense and increasing fury, whenever I said my prayers, or even meditated prayer. It amounted at last to a dreadful interruption. You will ask, how could a silent immaterial phantom effect that? It was thus, whenever I meditated praying; it was always before me, and nearer and nearer. It used to spring on a table, on the back of a chair, on the chimney-piece, and slowly to swing itself from side to side, looking at me all the time. There is in its motion an indefinable power to dissipate thought, and to contract one's attention to that monotony, till the ideas shrink, as it were, to a point, and at last to nothing—and unless I had started up, and shook of the catalepsy I have felt as if my mind were on the point of losing itself. There are other ways," he sighed heavily; "thus, for instance, while I pray with my eyes closed, it comes closer and closer, and I see it. I know it is not to be accounted for physically, but I do actually see it though my lids are closed, and so it rocks my mind, as it were, and overpowers me, and I am obliged to rise from my knees. If you had ever yourself known this you would be acquainted with desperation."

CHAPTER IX.

THE THIRD STAGE.

"I SEE, Dr. Hesselius, that you don't lose one word of my statement. I need not ask you to listen especially to what I am now going to tell you. They talk of the optic nerves, and of spectral illusions, as if the organ of sight was the only point assailable by the influences that have fastened upon me—I know better. For two years in my direful case that limitation prevailed. But as food is taken in softly at the lips, and then brought under the teeth, as the tip of the little finger caught in a mill crank will draw in the hand, and the arm, and the whole body, so the miserable mortal who has been once caught firmly by the end of the finest fibre of his nerve, is drawn in and in, by the enormous machinery of hell, until he is as I am. Yes, Doctor, as I am, for while I talk to you, and implore relief, I feel that my prayer is for the impossible, and my pleading with the inexorable."

I endeavoured to calm his visibly increasing agitation, and told him that he must not despair.

While we talked the night had overtaken us. The filmy moonlight was wide over the scene which the window commanded, and I said:

"Perhaps you would prefer having candles. This light, you know, is odd. I should wish you, as much as possible, under your usual conditions while I make my diagnosis, shall I call it—otherwise I don't care."

"All lights are the same to me," he said; "except when I read or write, I care not if night were perpetual. I am going to tell you what happened about a year ago. The thing began to speak to me."

"Speak! How do you mean—speak as a man does, do you mean?"

"Yes; speak in words and consecutive sentences, with perfect coherence and articulation; but there is a peculiarity. It is not like the tone of a human voice. It is not by my ears it reaches me—it comes like a singing through my head."

"This faculty, the power of speaking to me, will be my undoing. It won't let me pray, it interrupts me with dreadful blasphemies. I dare not go on, I could not. Oh! Doctor, can the skill, and thought, and prayers of man avail me nothing?"

"You must promise me, my dear sir, not to trouble yourself with unnecessarily exciting thoughts; confine yourself strictly to the narrative of *facts*; and recollect, above all, that even if the thing that infests you be, as you seem to suppose, a reality with an actual independent life and will, yet it can have no power to hurt you, unless it be given from above: its access to your senses depends mainly upon your physical condition—this is, under God, your comfort and reliance: we are all alike environed. It is only that in your case the '*paries*,' the veil of the flesh, the screen, is a little out of repair, and sights and sounds are transmitted. We must enter on a new course, sir,—be encouraged. I'll give to-night to the careful consideration of the whole case."

"You are very good, sir; you think it worth trying, you don't give me quite up; but, sir, you don't know, it is gaining such an influence over me: it orders me about, it is such a tyrant, and I'm growing so helpless. May God deliver me!"

"It orders you about—of course you mean by speech?"

"Yes, yes; it is always urging me to crimes, to injure others, or myself. You see, Doctor, the situation is urgent, it is indeed. When I was in Shropshire, a few weeks ago," (Mr. Jennings was speaking rapidly and trembling now, holding my arm with one hand, and looking in my face), "I went out one day with a party of friends for a walk: my persecutor, I tell you, was with me at the time. I lagged behind the rest: the country near the Dee, you know, is beautiful. Our path happened to lie near a coal mine, and at the verge of the wood is a perpendicular shaft, they say, a hundred and fifty feet deep. My niece had remained behind with me—she knows, of course, nothing of the nature of my sufferings. She knew, however, that I had been ill, and was low, and she remained to prevent my being quite alone. As we loitered slowly on together, the brute that accompanied me was urging me to throw myself down the shaft. I tell you now—oh, sir, think of it!—the one consideration that saved me from that hideous death was the fear lest the shock of witnessing the occurrence should be too much for the poor girl. I asked her to go on and take her walk with her friends, saying that I could go no further. She made excuses, and the more I urged her the firmer she became. She looked doubtful and frightened. I suppose there was something in my looks or manner that alarmed her; but she would not go, and that literally saved me. You had no idea, sir, that a living man could be made so abject a slave of Satan," he said, with a ghastly groan and a shudder.

There was a pause here, and I said: "You *were* preserved nevertheless. It was the act of God. You are in His hands and in the power of no other being: be therefore confident for the future."

CHAPTER X.

HOME.

I MADE him have candles lighted, and saw the room looking cheery and inhabited before I left him. I told him that he must regard his illness strictly as one dependent on physical, though *subtle* physical causes. I told him that he had evidence of God's care and love in the deliverance which he had just described, and that I had perceived with pain that he seemed to regard its peculiar features as indicating that he had been delivered over to spiritual reprobation. Than such a conclusion nothing could be, I insisted, less warranted; and not only so, but more contrary to facts, as disclosed in his mysterious deliverance from that murderous influence during his Shropshire excursion. First, his niece had been retained by his side without his intending to keep her near him; and, secondly, there had been infused into his mind an irresistible repugnance to execute the dreadful suggestion in her presence.

As I reasoned this point with him, Mr. Jennings wept. He seemed comforted. One promise I exacted, which was that should the monkey at any time return, I should be sent for immediately; and, repeating my assurance that I would give neither time nor

thought to any other subject until I had thoroughly investigated his case, and that to-morrow he should hear the result, I took my leave. Before getting into the carriage I told the servant that his master was far from well, and that he should make a point of frequently looking into his room.

My own arrangements I made with a view to being quite secure from interruption. I merely called at my lodgings, and with a travelling-desk and carpet-bag, set off in a hackney carriage for an inn about two miles out of town, called "The Horns," a very quiet and comfortable house, with good thick walls. And there, I resolved, without the possibility of intrusion or distraction, to devote some hours of the night, in my comfortable sitting-room, to Mr. Jennings' case, and so much of the morning as might require.

(There occurs here a careful note of Dr. Hesselius' opinion upon the case, and of the habits, dietary, and medicines which I prescribed. It is curious—some persons would say mystic. But, on the whole, I doubt whether it would sufficiently interest a reader of the kind I am likely to meet with, to warrant its being here reprinted. The whole letter was plainly written in the inn where he had hid himself for the occasion. The next letter is dated from his town lodgings.)

I left town for the inn where I slept last night at half-past nine, and did not arrive at my room in town until one o'clock the afternoon. I found a letter in Mr. Jennings' hand upon my table. It had not come by post, and, on inquiry, I learned that Mr. Jennings' servant had brought it, and on learning that I was not to return until to-day, and that no one could tell him my address, he seemed very uncomfortable, and said that his orders from his master were that he was not to return without an answer.

I opened the letter and read:—"DEAR DR. HESSELIUS.—It is here. You had not been an hour gone when it returned. It speaks. It knows all that has happened. It knows everything—it knows you, and is frantic and atrocious. It reviles. I see you this. It knows every word I have written—I write. You promised, and I therefore write, but I fear very confused, and incoherently. I am so interrupted, disturbed. Ever sincerely yours, ROBERT LYNDER JENNINGS."

"When did this come?" I asked.

"About eleven last night: the man was here again, and I have been here three times to-day. The last time is about an hour since."

Thus answered, and with the notes I had made upon his case in my pocket, I was in a few minutes driving towards Richmond to see Mr. Jennings.

I by no means despaired of Mr. Jennings' case. He had himself remembered and applied, though quite in a mistaken way, the principle which I lay down in my *Metaphysical Medicine*, a work which governs all such cases. I was about to apply it in earnest. I was profoundly interested, and very anxious to see and examine him while the "enemy" was actually present. I drove up to the sombre house, and ran up the steps, and knocked. The door, a little time, was opened by a tall woman in black silk. She looked ill, and as if she had been crying. She curtsied, and heard my question, but she did not answer. She turned her face away, extending her hand towards two men who were coming down stairs; and thus having, as it were, tacitly made me over to them, she passed through a side door hastily and shut it.

The man who was nearest the hall, I at once accosted, and being now close to him, I was shocked to see that both his hands were covered with blood.

I drew back a little, and the man, passing down stairs, merely said in a low tone, "Here's the servant, sir." The servant then stopped on the stairs, confounded and dumb at seeing me. "Jor, what is it? what has happened?" I asked, while a sickening suspicion overpowered me.

The man asked me to come up to the lobby. I was beside him in moment, and frowning and pallid, with contracted eyes, he told me the horror which I already half guessed. His master had made away with himself.

I went upstairs with him to the room—what I saw there I won't tell you.

I beckoned to the servant, and we went down stairs together. I turned off the hall into an old-fashioned panelled room, and there standing, I heard all the servant had to tell.

"I concluded, sir, from your words, and looks, sir, as you left last night, that you thought my master seriously ill. I thought it might be that you were afraid of a fit, or something. So I attended very close to your directions. He sat up late, till past three o'clock. He was not writing or reading. He was talking a great deal to himself, but that was nothing unusual. At about that hour I assisted him to undress, and left him in his slippers and dressing gown. I went back softly in about half-an-hour. He was in his bed, quite undressed, and a pair of candles lighted on the table beside his bed. He was leaning on his elbow, and looking out at the other side of the bed when I came in. I asked him if he wanted anything, and he said No. I don't know whether it was what you said to me, sir, or something a little unusual about him, but I was uneasy, uncommon uneasy about him last night.

"In another half hour, or it might be a little more, I went up again. I did not hear him talking as before. I opened the door a little. The candles were both out, which was not usual. I had a bedroom candle, and I let the light in, a little bit, looking softly round. I saw him sitting in that chair beside the dressing-table with his clothes on again. He turned round and looked at me. I thought it strange he should get up and dress, and put out the candles to sit in the dark, that way. But I only asked him again if I could do anything for him. He said, No, rather sharp, I thought. I asked if I might light the candles, and he said, 'Do as you like, Jones.' So I lighted them, and I lingered about the room, and he said, 'Tell me truth, Jones; why did you come again—you did not hear anyone cursing?' 'No, sir,' I said, wondering what he could mean.

"'No,' said he, after me, 'of course, no'; and I said to him, 'Wouldn't it be well, sir, you went to bed? It's just five o'clock'; and he said nothing but, 'Very likely; good-night Jones.' So I went, sir, but in less than an hour I came again. The door was fast, and he heard me, and called as I thought from the bed to show what I wanted, and he desired me not to disturb him again. I lay down and slept for a little. It must have been between six and seven when I went up again. The door was still fast, and he made no answer, so I did not like to disturb him, and thinking he was asleep, I left him till nine. It was his custom to ring when he wished me to come, and I had no particular hour for calling him. I tapped very gently, and getting no answer, I stayed away a good while, supposing he was getting some rest then. It was not till eleven o'clock I grew really uncomfortable about him—for at the latest he was never, that I could remember, later than half-past ten. I got no answer. I knocked and called, and still no answer. So not being able to force the door, I called Thomas from the stables, and together we forced it, and found him in the shocking way you saw."

Jones had no more to tell. Poor Mr. Jennings was very gentle, and very kind. All his people were fond of him. I could see that the servant was very much moved.

So, dejected and agitated, I passed from that terrible house, and its dark canopy of elms, and I hope I shall never see it more. While I write to you I feel like a man who has but half waked from a frightful and monotonous dream. My memory rejects the picture with incredulity and horror. Yet I know it is true. It is the story of the process of a poison, a poison which excites the reciprocal action of spirit and nerve, and paralyses the tissue that separates those cognate functions of the senses, the external and the interior. Thus we find strange bed-fellows, and the mortal and immortal prematurely make acquaintance.

CONCLUSION.

A WORD FOR THOSE WHO SUFFER.

My dear Van L—, you have suffered from an affection similar to that which I have just described. You twice complained of a return of it. Who, under God cured you? Your humble servant, Martin Hesselius. Let me rather adopt the more emphasised piety of a certain good old French surgeon of three hundred years ago: "I treated, and God cured you."

Come, my friend, you are not to be hippish. Let me tell you a fact. I have met with, and treated, as my book shows, fifty seven cases of this kind of vision, which I term indifferently "sublimated," "precocious," and "interior."

There is another class of affections which are truly termed—though commonly confounded with those which I describe—spectral illusions. These latter I look upon as being no less simply curable than a cold in the head or a trifling dyspepsia.

It is those which rank in the first category that test our promptitude of thought. Fifty-seven such cases have I encountered, neither more nor less. And in how many of these have I failed? In no one single instance.

There is no one affliction of mortality more easily and certainly reducible, with a little patience, and a rational confidence in the physician. With these simple conditions, I look upon the cure as absolutely certain.

You are to remember that I had not even commenced to treat Mr. Jennings' case. I have not any doubt that I should have cured him perfectly in eighteen months, or possibly it might have extended to two years. Some cases are very rapidly curable, others extremely tedious. Every intelligent physician who will give thought and diligence to the task, will effect a cure.

You know my tract on "The Cardinal Functions of the Brain." I there, by the evidence of innumerable facts, prove, as I think, the high probability of a circulation arterial and venous in its mechanism, through the nerves. Of this system, thus considered, the brain is the heart. The fluid which is propagated hence through one class of nerves, returns in an altered state through another, and the nature of that fluid is spiritual, though not immaterial, any more than, as I before remarked, light or electricity are so.

By various abuses, among which the habitual use of such agents as green tea is one, this fluid may be affected as to its quality, but it is more frequently disturbed as to equilibrium. This fluid being that which we have in common with spirits, a congestion found upon the masses of brain or nerve, connected with the interior sense, forms a surface unduly exposed, on which disembodied spirits may operate; communication is thus more or less effectually established. Between this brain circulation and the heart circulation there is an intimate sympathy. The seat, or rather the instrument of exterior vision, is the eye. The seat of interior vision is the nervous tissue and brain, immediately about and above the eyebrow. You remember how effectually I dissipated your pictures by the simple application of iced eau-de-cologne. Few cases, however, can be treated exactly alike with anything like rapid success. Cold acts powerfully as a repellant of the nervous fluid. Long enough continued it will even produce that permanent insensibility which we call numbness, and a little longer, muscular as well as sensational paralysis.

I have not, I repeat, the slightest doubt that I should have first dimmed and ultimately sealed that inner eye which Mr. Jennings had inadvertently opened. The same senses are opened in delirium tremens, and entirely shut up again when the over-action of the cerebral heart, and the prodigious nervous congestions that attend it, are terminated by a decided change in the state of the body. It is by acting steadily upon the body, by a simple process, that this result is produced—and inevitably produced—I have never yet failed.

Poor Mr. Jennings made away with himself. But that catastrophe was the result of a totally different malady, which, as it were projected itself upon that disease which was established. His case was in the distinctive manner a complication, and the complaint under which he really succumbed, was hereditary suicidal mania. Poor Mr. Jennings I cannot call a patient of mine, for I had not even begun to treat his case, and he had not yet given me, I am convinced, his full and unreserved confidence. If the patient do not array himself on the side of the disease, his cure is certain.

THE END.

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER, the greatest of living philologists, is so much better that he is able to make the journey to Germany. He appears, however, to suffer from a settled melancholy, and his friends have very gloomy forebodings about him.

BURNS IN DUMFRIES.

TOWARDS the close of 1791 Dumfries could number among its citizens a man who had already made some noise in the world, and who came to be recognized as one of Scotland's most illustrious sons. His figure was remarkable; so that even a cursory observer must have at once seen that it was the outward framework of an extraordinary individual. Five feet ten inches in height, firmly built, symmetrical, with more of the roughness of a rustic than the polish of a fine gentleman, there was a something in his bearing that bespoke conscious pre-eminence; and the impress thus communicated was confirmed by his swarthy countenance, every lineament of which indicated mental wealth and power: the brow broad and high; the eyes like orbs of flame; the nose well formed, though a professional physiognomist would have said that it was deficient in force; the mouth impassioned, majestic, tender, as if the social affections and poetic muse had combined to take possession of it; and the full, rounded, dimpled chin, which made the manly face look more soft and lovable. When this new denizen of the burgh was followed from his humble dwelling in Bank Street to some favourite friendly circle where the news of the day or other less fugitive topics were discussed, his superiority became more apparent. Then eye and tongue exercised an irresistible sway: the one flashing with emotional warmth and the light of genius—now scathing with its indignant glances, anon beaming with benignity and love; the other tipped with the fire of natural eloquence, reasoning abstrusely, declaiming finely, discoursing delightfully, satirizing mercilessly, or setting the table in a roar with verses thrown off at red heat to annihilate an unworthy sentiment, or cover some unlucky opponent with ridicule. Need it be said that these remarks apply to the ex-tenant of Ellisland, Robert Burns?

His first appearance in Dumfries was on the 4th of June, 1787, two months after the second edition of his poems had been published. He came, on invitation, to be made an honorary burgess; neither the givers nor the receiver of the privilege dreaming, at that date, that he was destined to become an inhabitant of the town. All honour to the council that they thus promptly recognized the genius of the poet. Provost William Clark shaking hands with the newly-made burgess, and wishing him joy, when he presented himself in the veritable blue coat and yellow vest, that Nasmyth has rendered familiar, would make a good subject for a painter able to realize the characteristics of such a scene. The burgess ticket granted to the illustrious stranger bore the following inscription:—"The said day, 4th June, 1787, Mr. Robert Burns, Ayrshire, was admitted burgess of this Burgh, with liberty to exercise and enjoy the whole immunities and privileges thereof as freely as any other does, may, or can enjoy; who, being present, accepted the same, and gave his oath of burgess-ship to his Majesty and the Burgh in common form."

Whilst tenant of Ellisland farm, about six miles distant from Dumfries, Burns became, by frequent visits to the town, familiarly known to its inhabitants. Soon after Martinmas, 1791, accompanied by Bonnie Jean, with their children, Robert, Francis, and William, he took up a permanent residence in the burgh, and there spent the remainder of his chequered life; so that Dumfries became henceforth inseparably connected with his latest years. He had just seen thirty-one summers when he entered upon the occupancy of three small apartments of a second floor on the north side of Bank Street (then called the "Wee Vennel"). After residing there about eighteen months—or, according to another account, two years and a half—he removed to a self-contained house of a higher grade, in Mill Street, which became the scene of his untimely death in July, 1796.

What varying scenes of weal and woe, of social enjoyments, of literary triumphs, of worldly misery and moral loss, were crowded within the Dumfries experiences of the illustrious poet! There he suffered his severest pangs, and also accomplished many of his proudest achievements. If the night watches heard at times his sorrowful plaint, and the air of the place trembled for a moment with his latest sigh, it long burned and breathed with the immortal products of his lyre; and when the striking figure we have

faintly sketched lay paralyzed by death, its dust was borne to old St. Michael's, and the tomb of the national bard became a price-less heritage to the town forever.

Dr. Burnside says of his parishoners, at the time when Burns became one of them:—"In their private manners they are social and polite; and the town, together with the neighbourhood a few miles around it, furnishes a society amongst whom a person with a moderate income may spend his days with as much enjoyment perhaps, as in any part of the kingdom whatever." Other evidence tends to show that the society of the burgh was more intellectual than that of most other towns of the same size in Scotland. Soon after Burns came to reside in it, various circumstances combined to make it more than at any former period perhaps, a gay and fashionable place of resort. A new theatre was opened, which received liberal patronage from the upper classes of the neighbourhood, several regiments were at intervals stationed in the burgh, the officers of which helped to give an aristocratic tone to its society; and the annual races in October always drew a concourse of nobles, squires, and ladies fair to the country town.

A gay, refined, intellectual town enough, truly; and quite suitable, therefore, as a place of sojourn for Burns, the sentimental bard. But inasmuch as it was fashionable, aristocratic, courtly, given up in no small measure to the idolatry of rank, and fanatically afraid of anything that could be called ungenteel or democratic, it was no congenial home for the man who dared to say—

"Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that."

In another respect the town was but too congenial to the poet's tastes and habits. "John Barleycorn," to use his own metaphor, bore potential sway with it. "The curse of country towns," says Robert Chambers, writing in 1852, "is the partial and entire idleness of large classes of the inhabitants. There is always a cluster of men living on competencies, and a greater number of tradesmen whose shop duties do not occupy half their time. Till a very recent period, dissipation in greater or less intensity was the rule, and not the exception, amongst these men; and in Dumfries, sixty years ago, this rule held good." Thrown into company of this kind, sought after and lionized by all casual visitors, is it at all wonderful that a man of Burns's temperament should have often indulged too deeply? It was no disgrace then for either lords or commoners to fall drunk below the Bacchanalian board. More's the pity that poor Burns, so supreme in many things, was not superior to the jovial drinking customs of his day. Had he lived in a discreeter age, he would have been a better and a happier man. Whilst the burgh had its full share of jovial fellows, who habitually caroused and sang, in a doubtful attempt "to drive dull care away," and called the marvellous gauger, nothing loath, to their assistance, he had frequent opportunities, which he willingly embraced, of breathing a purer atmosphere, and enjoying a higher communion than theirs. Burns was a man of many moods; he was mirthful and gloomy by turns: the pride and paragon of a refined circle at Woodley Park, Friar's Carse, or Mavis Grove one day; and on some not distant night, the hero of a merry group, fuddling madly in the Globe Tavern, singing in all tipsy sincerity the challenge of his own rollicking song:—

"Wha last frae aff his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three."

At Ellisland he had never lost the reputation of being a sober man, though he was fond of company and sometimes drank to excess. He indulged more frequently, however, when he ceased altogether to be a tiller of the soil, "turning down no more daisies," "binding" no more "after his reapers," tied to town life and an uncongenial occupation. More exposed to temptations and less able to resist their influence, he too often sank deeply in the mire; but he did not wallow in it. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, we feel justified in stating that he never became habitually intemperate, or a lover of the bottle for its own sake. His extreme sociality often led him into excess; none cal

sell how often he drained the intoxicating cup in order to purchase a momentary forgetfulness of his disappointments and his cares. And when Burns sinned in these respects, how he did suffer! the very poetry of his nature giving a keener edge to his remorse.

One summer morning, while Burns, after an experience of this sad kind in the King's Arms, was proceeding homewards, he met with his neighbour, Mr. Haugh, who had risen to his work somewhat earlier than usual: "O, George!" said the poet, more penitently than elated, "you are a happy man; you have risen from a refreshing sleep, and left a kind wife and children; while I am returning like a condemned wretch to mine."

Burns, unlike most of his fellow-townsmen, did not deplore the French Revolution; on the contrary, he heartily sympathized with it, and was not the man to conceal his sentiments on any question at the dictate of prudence. "He was," says Lockhart, "the standing marvel of the place; his toasts, his jokes, his epigrams, his songs, were the daily food of conversation and scandal; and he, open and careless, and thinking he did no great harm in saying and singing what many of his superiors had not the least objection to hear and applaud, soon began to be considered, among the local admirers of the good old King and his minister, as the most dangerous of all the apostles of sedition, and to be shunned accordingly." A curious and characteristic illustration of the way in which the poet gave vent to his political views may here be recorded. A public library was opened in the burgh towards the close of 1792: and Burns, who had assisted in establishing it, was admitted a member on the 5th of March, 1793; the minute of the proceedings stating that the committee had, "by a great majority, resolved to offer him a share of the library free of the usual admission money (10s. 6d.) out of respect and esteem for his merits as a literary man." Reciprocating this kindness, Burns, on the 30th of the same month, presented four books to the library—*Humphrey Clinker*, *Julia de Roubigné*, *Knox's History of the Reformation*, and *De Lolme on the British Constitution*.

The last-named volume contained a frontispiece portrait of the author, the back of which displayed these words, written in the poet's bold, upright hand:—"Mr. Burns presents this book to the library, and begs they will take it as a creed of British liberty till they find a better.—R. B." Very simple, innocent words in themselves; but awfully daring at that time, and excessively imprudent when proceeding from a government officer. Burns, on reflection, quailed before the danger he had thus rashly incurred; and, hurrying next morning to the house of Mr. Thomson (afterwards provost of the town), with whom the books had been left, he expressed an anxious desire to see De Lolme, as he was afraid he had written something upon it "which might bring him into trouble." On the volume being produced, he, before leaving, pasted the fly-leaf to the back of the engraving, in order to seal up his seditious secret; but any one holding the double leaf up to the light may easily find it out, the volume being still in the library, and its value immeasurably enhanced by this inscription.

In the same library, now the property of the Dumfries and Maxwellton Mechanics' Institution, there is another book, the nineteenth volume of Sir John Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland*, which reveals another glimpse of the poet in Dumfries. Under the head "Balmaghie," a notice is given of several martyred Covenanters belonging to that parish, and the rude yet expressive lines engraved on their tombstones are quoted at length. The pathos of the simple prose statement, and the rugged force of the versification, seem to have aroused the fervid soul of Burns; for here appears, in his bold handwriting, the following verse pencilled on the margin by way of foot-note:—

"The Solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear;
But sacred Freedom, too, was their's:
If thou'rt a slave indulge thy sneer."

We had occasion, in December, 1859, to consult this volume; and, on discovering the lines, which had never before been brought to light, we recognized the poet's caligraphy at once, and had no difficulty in concluding that they constituted the first rough draft of his well-known epigram in praise of the League and the Covenant. The matured lines are usually represented as an impromptu

rebuttal by Burns to some scoffer at the Covenant: but this precious holograph demonstrates the real circumstances under which they were originated.

Burns identified himself by more than rash words with the democrats across the Channel. A vessel engaged in the contraband traffic from the Isle of Man having entered the Solway, was watched by a party of excise officers, including the poet. She became fixed in the shallows, but her crew were so numerous and well-armed that the party durst not attempt her capture unaided; and Mr. Lewars, the poet's friend and brother-excise-man, was sent to Dumfries for a guard of dragoons. Burns, with a few men under his orders, was meanwhile left on the look-out in a wet salt marsh; and as the time thus passed wearily away, Lewars was blamed by the impatient watchers for his seeming tardiness, one of them going as far as to wish that the devil had him in his keeping. Burns saw a humorous ingredient in the irreverent desire, and in a few minutes expanded it into the well-known ditty, "The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman," with which he diverted his colleagues till Lewars arrived with the soldiers. Our poet could, when occasion required, play the part of Captain Sword as well as Captain Pen. Putting himself at the head of the force, he waded sword in hand to the vessel's side, and was the first to board her and call upon her lawless crew to surrender in the King's name. Though outnumbered by the assailing party, the smugglers quietly submitted. The vessel was condemned, and, with all her arms and stores, sold at Dumfries.

Had the matter ended here, the poet's services might have secured his promotion; but unfortunately he sinned them all away, by purchasing four of the captured carronades, and sending them, with a eulogistic epistle, as a present to the French Convention. The carronades and letter were intercepted at Dover; and forthwith the commissioners of excise ordered an inquiry to be made into the conduct of their officer. Burns, in a letter to his patron, Mr. Graham of Fintry, stated that he was "surprised, confounded, and distracted" on hearing of the threatened investigation. He warmly repudiated the interpretation put upon his behaviour, declared his devout attachment "to the British constitution on Revolution principles;" and closed with the touching appeal: "I adjure you to save me from that misery which threatens to overwhelm me, and which, with my latest breath, I will say I have not deserved."

It was long believed that the poet's official prospects were utterly blighted by the inquiry; and that, as a consequence, he became more dissipated and reckless. Some of his biographers have gone further, and attributed his early death to the same cause; but what says Burns's superior in the Dumfries excise district, Mr. Findlater? In a letter on the subject that gentleman says:—"I may venture to assert that when Burns was accused of a leaning to democracy, and an inquiry into his conduct took place, he was subjected in consequence thereof to no more than perhaps a verbal or private caution to be more circumspect in future. Neither do I believe his promotion was thereby affected, as has been stated. That, had he lived, would, I have every reason to think, have gone on in the usual routine. His good and steady friend, Mr. Graham, would have attended to this. What cause, therefore, was there for depression of spirits on this account? or how should he have been hurried thereby to a premature grave? I never saw his spirit fail till he was borne down by the pressure of disease and bodily weakness; and even then it would occasionally revive, and, like an expiring lamp, emit bright flashes to the last."

Besides, Burns, the very year before he died, actually officiated as a supervisor; and there is every reason to conclude that he would soon have been permanently promoted to that rank had not death intervened. Whilst we think that the charge against the excise board, of neglecting or ill-using Burns, is undeserved, we are decidedly of opinion that the treatment he received from the superiors of the board and the government of the day was infamous. It was a disgrace to them, and must ever be a source of the deepest regret to all admirers of the poet, that they allowed a few random sparks of disaffection to rise up between them and the lustre of his genius; and that, too, when it was pervaded and intensified by the purest patriotism. When the war between

Britain and France broke out, in 1793, Burns joined a volunteer company that was formed in Dumfries; and, according to the testimony of his commanding officer, Colonel de Peyster, he faithfully discharged his soldierly duties, and was the pride of the corps, whom he made immortal by his verse, especially by the vigorous address beginning—

“Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?”

Burns was the laureate of the company, “and in that capacity,” says Lockhart, “did more good service to the government of the country, at a crisis of the darkest alarm and danger, than perhaps any one person of his rank and station, with the exception of Dabdin, had the power or the inclination to render.”

His “Poor and Honest Soger,” says Allan Cunningham, “laid hold at once on the public feeling; and it was everywhere sung with an enthusiasm which only began to abate when Campbell’s ‘Exile of Erin’ and ‘Wounded Hussar,’ were published. Dumfries, which sent so many of her sons to the wars, rung with it from port to port; and the poet, wherever he went heard it echoing from house and hall. I wish this exquisite and useful song, with ‘Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,’ the ‘Song of Death,’ and ‘Does Haughty Gaul Invasion Threat?’—all lyrics which enforce a love of country, and a martial enthusiasm into men’s breasts—had obtained some reward for the poet. His perishable conversation was remembered by the rich to his prejudice: his imperishable lyrics were rewarded only by the admiration and tears of his fellow peasants.”

In the spring of 1793 Burns addressed the following letter “To the Hon. the Provost, Bailies, and Town Council of Dumfries.”

“Gentlemen,—The literary taste and liberal spirit of your good town has so ably filled the various departments of your schools, as to make it a very great object for a parent to have his children educated in them. Still to me, a stranger, to give my young ones that education I wish, at the High School, fees which a stranger pays will bear hard upon me. Some years ago your good town did me the honour of making me an honorary burgess. Will you allow me to request that this mark of distinction may extend so far as to put me on the footing of a real freeman of the town in the schools? If you are so very kind as to grant my request, it will certainly be a constant incentive to me to strain every nerve where I can officially serve; and will, if possible, increase that grateful respect with which I have the honour to be, gentlemen, &c.,—ROBERT BURNS.”

The request was at once complied with, to the great gratification of the poet, who was devotedly attached to his children, and desirous above all things to give them a liberal education. “In the bosom of his family,” says Mr. Gray, one of the teachers in the Academy, “he spent many a delightful hour in directing the studies of his eldest son, a boy of uncommon talents. I have frequently found him explaining to this youth, then not more than nine years of age, the English poets from Shakspeare to Gray, or storing his mind with examples of heroic virtue, as they live in the pages of our most celebrated English historians. I would ask any person of common candour if employments like these are consistent with habitual drunkenness.”

But though not systematically intemperate, his habits were too lax and irregular for the community in which he lived, convivial, though it was; and many who disliked him on other grounds magnified his excesses, and made these a pretext for “sending him to Coventry.” On one well-known occasion our errant poet received the cut direct from some of the patrician citizens. During an autumnal evening in 1794, High Street was gay with fashionable groups of ladies and gentlemen, all passing down to a county ball in the Assembly Rooms. One man, well fitted to be the cynosure of the party, passed up on the shady side of the thoroughfare, and soon found himself to be doubly in the shade. It was Burns. Nearly all knew him, but none seemed willing to recognize him; till Mr. David McCulloch of Ardwell, noticing the circumstance, dismounted from the horse on which he rode, politely accosted the poet, and proposed that he should cross the street. “Nay, nay, my young friend,” said the bard pathetically; “that’s all over now!” and after a slight pause he quoted two verses of Lady Grizel Bailie’s touching ballad:—

“His bonnet stood aince fu’ fair on his brow,
His auld ane looked better than mony aine’s new;
But now he lets’t wear ony way it will hing,
And casts himsel’ dowie upon the corn-bing.”

“O! were we young, as we aince hae been,
We sud hae been galloping down on yon green;
And linking it over the lily-white lea;
And werena my heart light I would dee.”

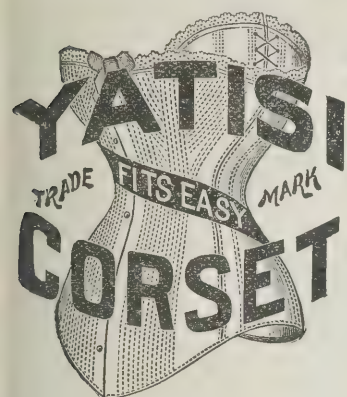
This incident has been adduced as a proof that Burns at this period (admittedly the darkest in his career) had become an object of “universal rejection.” Never was there a greater mistake; and it would be even wrong to suppose that the dejection that he felt, and expressed in Lady Grizel’s verse, was more than momentary, or otherwise than semi-dramatic. One who is overcome by real heart distress does not seek to give it vent by measured poetical quotations. Half an hour after the rencontre, Burns and Mr. McCulloch had some cheerful chit-chat over a glass of punch in the bard’s own house, the latter having thoroughly recovered his spirits; and so charming was his discourse, and so sweetly did Bonnie Jean sing some of his recent effusions, that the Laird of Ardwell left the couple with reluctance to join his fashionable friends in Irish Street.

Mr. Gray, referring to the poet about this time, states that though malicious stories were circulated freely against him, his early friends gave them no credit, and clung to him through good and bad report. “To the last day of his life,” he says, “his judgment, his memory, his imagination, were fresh and vigorous as when he composed the ‘Cottar’s Saturday Night.’ The truth is, that Burns was seldom intoxicated. The drunkard soon becomes besotted, and is shunned even by the convivial. Had he been so, he would not long have continued the idol of every party.” We have the testimony of the poet’s widow that her husband “never drank by himself at home,” and that he still continued to attend church—two facts which, apart from other more decided evidence, tell against the stigma that he had become recklessly dissipated in his latest years.

Burns’s circumstances whilst in Dumfries were humble, but not poverty-stricken. His official income was £50, extra allowances usually bringing it up to £70; and his share in fines averaged an additional £10. “Add to all this,” says Chambers, “the solid perquisites which he derived from seizures of contraband spirits, tea, and other articles, which it was then the custom to divide among the officers, and we shall see that Burns could scarcely be considered as enjoying less than £90 a year.”

If the poet would have accepted money payment for the glorious coinage of his fancy, he might easily have doubled this income or more; but, with a magnanimity which, however mistaken, illustrates the unselfishness of his nature, he steadily refused all offers of pecuniary reward for his lyrical productions. Of George Thomson’s *Musical Miscellany*, Burns was the chief minstrel, but he scorned to barter his melodious contributions for worldly gear, even when “one pound one he sairly wanted.” Thomson having ventured to send some cash to the bard on one occasion, drew down upon himself this rebuke, dated July, 1793:—“I assure you, my dear sir, that you truly hurt me with your pecuniary parcel. It degrades me in my own eyes. However to return it would savour of affectation; but as to any more traffic of that debtor and creditor kind, I swear by that Honour which crowns the upright statue of ROBERT BURNS’S INTEGRITY on the least motion of it, I will indignantly spurn the bypaths of trans actions, and from that moment commence entire stranger to you.”

According to the testimony of the bard’s eldest son, given to Mr. Chambers, and amply corroborated by others, the house in Mill Street was of a good order, such as was occupied at the time by the better class of burgesses; and his father and mother led a life that was comparatively genteel. “They always had a maid-servant, and sat in their parlour. That apartment, together with two bedrooms, was well furnished and carpeted; and when good company assembled, which was often the case, the hospitable board which they surrounded was of a patrician mahogany. There was much rough comfort in the house, not to have been found in those of ordinary citizens; for, besides the spoils of smugglers, as above mentioned, the poet received many presents of game and country produce from the rural gentlefolk, beside occasional barrels of oysters from Hill, Cunningham, and other friends in town; so that he possibly was as much envied by some of his neighbours, as he has since been pitied by the general body of his countrymen.—William MacDowall.



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A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

VOL. 1.
No. 7.

Saturday, February 26th, 1887.

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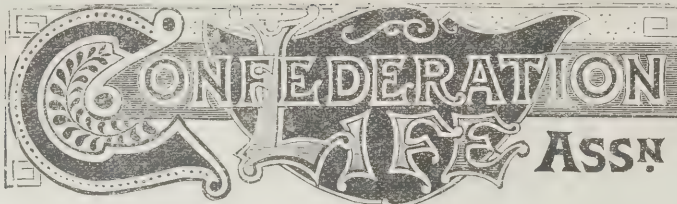
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ARCTURUS.

Notices of the Canadian Press.

A NEW star has appeared in the Canadian literary firmament under the name of ARCTURUS. The journal is a weekly, and is under the editorial management of Mr. J. C. Dent, whose accomplishments as a *litterateur* are a guarantee of excellence. ARCTURUS promises to deal with religious, social and literary matters and to discuss political questions from the national as distinguished from the partisan point of view. The number just to hand is an interesting and meritorious production. The editor apologizes for its imperfections on the score of the difficulties and drawbacks inseparable from the issue of a first number. But if succeeding numbers are as interesting as that with which the new enterprise is introduced, ARCTURUS will be a valuable addition to the periodical literature of Canada.—*Toronto Mail*.

ARCTURUS, Mr. John Charles Dent's new literary weekly, has received a flattering welcome from press and people. It is the most promising venture of its sort that has yet appeared upon the Canadian market. Its articles are sufficiently thoughtful to appeal to a class of readers who like a supplement to the rapid fire of running commentary which it is the province of the daily press to deliver, but the editor wisely eschews that heavy oracular style which has been the bane of so many literary weeklies. The initial number is good, and is a practical promise of better. *The World* hopes and predicts for ARCTURUS a long and prosperous career.—*Toronto World*.

THE first number of ARCTURUS, "A Canadian Journal of Literature and Life," issued in this city under the editorial management of John Charles Dent, makes its appearance to-day. It is fully up to the standard aimed at as a readable, forcibly written, and timely weekly paper, free alike from the pedantry which mars some pretentious efforts in this direction and the more frequent faults of slipshod and common-place writing. The articles are all interesting and thoughtful, and the editor has wisely permitted the writers considerable latitude in the presentation of their views instead of seeking to restrict their expression of opinion within the narrow limits usually marked out by party and class journals. Typographically ARCTURUS presents a bright and handsome aspect. It is convenient in form, and no pains have been spared to secure perfection in those details of arrangement which have so much to do with conveying a favourable impression with regard to a newspaper. Although the field of journalism seemed so fully occupied by publications of every class and grade, Mr. Dent must be credited with having struck out a distinctive line, and one which ought to find appreciation. If the standard of the first number is maintained ARCTURUS ought speedily to obtain a large remunerative circulation.—*Toronto News*.

ARCTURUS is the name of a new weekly paper published in this city, of which Mr. John C. Dent is announced as Editor and Proprietor. It claims to be "A Canadian Journal of Literature and Life." Mr. Dent's contributions to Canadian history and literature are an ample guarantee that this new journal will be conducted with taste and ability.—*Christian Guardian*.

ARCTURUS is the name Mr. John Charles Dent has selected for his new literary weekly, the first number of which appeared on Saturday, 15th. He calls it ARCTURUS because it is "A star of the first magnitude in the northern heavens"—according to the astronomical dictionary. We only hope the name will be kindly taken by the public, for the paper promises to be bright and able, as, indeed, in Mr. Dent's hands could hardly fail to be. The typographical appearance of the new comer reflects high credit on the printing establishment of James Murray & Co.—*Grip*.

WE are in receipt of the first number of ARCTURUS, a new weekly journal of "literature and life," owned and edited by Mr. John Charles Dent. The literary name and attainments of the editor are of themselves a guarantee of the highest excellence in all the departments of first-class modern journalism. The number before us, although published under the inevitable difficulties of a first issue, gives promise of a bright and successful future. The salutatory sounds a clear note of thorough independence, is succinct and clearly defined in its position, withal broad in its scope and liberal in its views. The initial number contains thoughtful and well-written articles upon independent journalism, the Labour Reform question in politics, and the Bible in the schools. It also gives us breezy book and other notices, and the extraneous selections are judiciously chosen. We welcome ARCTURUS, and bespeak for it a prosperous career.—*Toronto Sentinel*.

SUCH is the title chosen for a new weekly journal just established in this city by the well-known writer and historian, John Charles Dent. Made up in handsome form, with a neatly-engraved heading, and clearly printed on toned paper, ARCTURUS looks the picture of good taste, and comes freighted with gems from the editor's sparkling pen. To say that its leading articles are written with exceptional force and ability is but paying a slight tribute to the fine intellectual attainments of a gentleman who has long ago made his mark in the world of letters; and under his educated touch the new journal will be an enterprise of no uncommon merit. ARCTURUS, both as to brainwork and mechanical execution, is a credit to Mr. Dent, and we wish it a long and prosperous career.—*Irish Canadian*.

MR. JOHN CHARLES DENT has issued as editor and proprietor a new Canadian journal of literature and life called ARCTURUS. It is a neatly arranged, well printed and thoughtfully written production, and ought to easily find its own constituency. Mr. Dent is the author of "The Story of the Upper Canadian

Rebellion," and is not only a writer but a journal of experience. ARCTURUS should succeed and fill a useful position in Canadian literature. That it may do so is our wish.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

FOR some time past the announcement has appeared in the Ontario press that Mr. John Charles Dent, author of "The Last Forty Years," "The Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion," and of valuable historical works, was about to establish a weekly periodical—"A Canadian journal of literature and life." The first number of ARCTURUS which now lies before us, is the fulfilment of the promise. ARCTURUS is thoroughly independent in its expressions of opinion on political, social and literary questions. The terms of subscription are \$2 a year. Address, Room U, Arcade, Toronto, Ont.—*Monica Gazette*.

WE welcome to the ranks of independent journalism the newly established paper ARCTURUS, published in Toronto, and edited by Mr. J. C. Dent, one of the most talented and brilliant of Canadian writers—our national "Junius." We judge from its high moral tone that it seems destined to become a moulder of Canadian sentiment, and cannot but question as an authority in politics, literature and art. We wish it success.—*London Farmers' Advocate*.

ARCTURUS, a Canadian journal of literature and life, is the titular description given by Mr. John Charles Dent to the handsome sixteen-page week which he has just published at Toronto. The initial number develops more than ordinary excellence and the periodical bids fair to be a source of profit to its talented proprietor, as well as of credit to the Dominion.—*St. John Telegraph*.

THERE has been issued at Toronto a new sixteen-page, clearly printed weekly paper, entitled ARCTURUS. Mr. John Charles Dent, who is well known in connection with Canadian literature, is the editor and proprietor. The first number contains a department of interesting political notes. An editorial article, "An Independent Newspaper," is temperately written, but it puts forward strongly enough the idea that the future of the country is a matter for consideration by a thoughtful people. There is an article on "The Labour Question in Politics," one on "The Bible in Schools," a department of "Literary Notes" and of "Book Reviews" with, of course, a good portion of space given to romance-literature and to poetry. A well-managed weekly paper is a necessity for the thoughtful reader. The daily journal takes up questions as they occur hour by hour, forecasts, discusses and disposes of them weekly, having more time for consideration, and better opportunity of dealing with developed events can correct and give judicial opinions. We hope that Mr. Dent's journal will succeed, and that it will be able to discover that there is a large population east of Quebec with ideas and opinions on the future of Canada.—*St. John Globe*.

ARCTURUS, a Canadian journal of literature and life, has just made its appearance in Toronto. It is a strong and vigorous high class weekly, edited and owned by Mr. John Charles Dent, one of the ablest writers in Canada, and a gentleman of large journalistic experience. The first number of ARCTURUS is a notable beginning. The articles—written in a broad and Catholic spirit—deal with the tone of the party press, Sir Charles Tupper's return to the European war cloud, the death of Lord Dufferin, an independent newspaper, the labour question in politics and the Bible in the schools. There is some literary notes and book reviews, poetry, and the first part of Mr. Dent's very striking story "The Gerrard Street Mystery." ARCTURUS will contain regularly good stories by Canadian authors, papers on live social, political, literary and economical topics and poems by men and women of repute. The initial issue which is excellent throughout, and very interesting, may be heartily welcomed to the ranks of Canadian journalism.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

ARCTURUS is the title chosen for a new weekly journal just established in Toronto by the well-known writer and historian, John Charles Dent. Made up in handsome form, with a neatly-engraved heading, and clearly printed on toned paper, ARCTURUS looks the picture of good taste, and comes freighted with gems from the editor's sparkling pen. Its leading articles are written with exceptional force and ability. ARCTURUS, both as to brainwork and mechanical execution, is a credit to Mr. Dent, and we wish it a long and prosperous career.—*Windsor Leader*.

ARCTURUS:

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

GOLDWIN SMITH, in the last number of his paper, indulges in one of his periodic onslaughts upon Mr. Edmund E. Sheppard, editor of the *Toronto News*. As usual, he does this obliquely, and without any specific mentioning of names, though, to do him justice, he can call names as loudly as any Billingsgate virago of them all when he is so minded. A few weeks ago, it will be remembered, Mr. Sheppard delivered a rattling speech to the electors of Toronto in Shaftesbury Hall, in the course of which he made use of the expression "scars of labour." The phrase was a cunning one, and though doubtless employed by the speaker in all sincerity, it was eminently calculated to tickle the ears of the groundlings: in other words, to conciliate the hardy sons of toil, and to catch the labour vote. How far it answered that purpose will probably be known before these lines meet the public eye. At the time of the present writing the result is still dubious. But the expression acted like a pernicious narcotic upon the too susceptible nerves of the presiding genius of the *Week*, whose profound love for Mr. Sheppard has long since become matter of common notoriety. The Professor sounded his war-whoop in the next number of his journal. He has since returned to the charge again and again, his epithets increasing in intensity by his theme being constantly brooded over.

His latest deliverance on the subject is one of his choicest cuts. He refers to "some" of the labour candidates as "not really representatives of labour at all, but professional incendiaries trading on the labour agitation, who, instead of the scars of labour have nothing to show but the inkstains of malignity and libel." Truly, this is famous. Could anything be more utterly incongruous than such a sentence

as this, coming from such a source? Assuming the truth of all that he alleges against the object of his well-nigh insane hatred, the case is simply one of Satan reproving sin. Every one has heard of the leading case of Pot *versus* Kettle, but it is not often that that venerable authority is so clearly applicable at all points. How does the Professor justify himself to his own conscience when he indulges in these perpetual tirades of windy verbosity? With what grace can *he*, of all persons in the world, take his fellow-man to task on the score of "malignity and libel"? In other words, what are the plain facts upon which he builds his tottering edifice of malediction?

CONSIDERABLY more than a year ago Mr. Sheppard was involved in harassing litigation, and was subsequently convicted in Montreal of having published a libel upon a French Canadian officer of militia, in connection with certain events arising out of the then recent rebellion in the North-West. We are not careful to defend Mr. Sheppard. That gentleman has hitherto shown his ability to manage his own affairs without gratuitous assistance from outsiders. He knows nothing of these observations, and never will know anything about them until he reads them in print. It is quite possible that he may disapprove of them. But the simple truth is, that in the matter of his libel suit he published the objectionable paragraphs in good faith, and that in his hot fight with the French Canadian element he had the sympathy of the English-speaking residents of the adjoining Province, as well as of the people of Ontario, almost to a man. It was felt that the penalty imposed upon him was disproportionate to his offence. This sympathy found expression in a popular movement to present him with a testimonial, and to relieve him from the financial consequences of the alleged libel. The movement was nipped in the bud by Mr. Sheppard himself, who declined to be honoured in that manner, and insisted upon personally bearing the burden of his error. According to the testimony of dispassionate observers who were present at Montreal during the stormy days of the trial, the defendant bore himself throughout as one who had no desire to shirk the responsibility for his acts. The result of the proceedings was rather to elevate him in public favour with all classes except the French Canadians, who deemed that a slur had been cast upon their nationality, and whose impulses prevented them from exercising a cool judgment in the premises.

THIS, so far as we know, is the only instance in which Mr. Sheppard has been seriously compromised by legal proceedings in the nature of libel. Such, then, are the facts upon

which Professor Goldwin Smith bases his pseudo-epigram about "the inkstains of malignity and libel." Inkstains of malignity and libel! Is Mr. Sheppard the only conductor of a public newspaper in this city who has been compelled to suffer the consequences of having published a libellous article? We seem to remember a modern instance where a weekly paper of lofty pretensions—a paper conducted by a distinguished Professor—was compelled to pay through the nose for having given publicity to a particularly senseless and contemptible libel upon a professional gentleman named John A. Macdonnell. We seem to have heard that a good many hundreds of dollars were handed over to the plaintiff in that case by way of hush-money. We also have a tolerably distinct recollection of an apology of the most humble, not to say servile character, which the weekly paper in question was compelled to publish in consideration of the discontinuance of the action. The humble pie which the Professor was compelled to eat on that occasion must have been far from appetizing. In good sooth, it must have been exceedingly bitter. At all events, it was very dirty, and seems to have still further befouled a stomach which has never been in a very wholesome condition.

To speak in all seriousness: Has Professor Goldwin Smith any idea of the true light in which he stands before an Ontario audience, when he sets up to cast his little mites of impertinence and ill-temper at all and sundry who may happen to have incurred the honour of his personal resentment? It is not with unmixed complacency that one can contemplate the attitude of this self-elected censor of his fellow-men. It is sad for those who can recall what he might have been to see him where he actually is. When he first settled in this country there were many Canadians who anticipated great things from his residence among us. It was known that he was personally a man of unblemished character; that he was the possessor of learning and attainments; that he could—and did—boast a wide knowledge of affairs; that he was full of ideas; that he wrote excellent English, and wielded a vigorous pen. Such a man, it was hoped, would give an impetus to the political and literary thought of Young Canada. The presence in this community of one so endowed must, it was said, make for the public good. How have those high hopes been realized? Alas, that the fulfilment should have fallen so far short of expectation! How we tried to like him! How we deferred to his judgments, which were often shallow and unconsidered! How we listened to his interminable monologues about everybody and everything! And above all, how utterly has he disappointed us! Scarcely had he gained a settlement among us ere it began to be apparent that whatever capacity for good there might be in him was more than neutralized by an acidity of stomach, an infirmity of temper and a height of intellectual arrogance which not only disqualified him for the dignified place of a teacher, but actually unfitted him for close or continuous intercourse with his kind. He successively involved himself in quarrels with Lord Dufferin, Dr.

Ryerson, George Brown, George Brown's brother Gordon, T. C. Patteson, and indeed with pretty nearly every other public man with whom he came in contact. He established one paper after another as his personal organ, to vent his bile upon those who had offended him. He lost no opportunity of stabbing his opponents, living or dead. To this day he periodically assails the memory of George Brown and Dr. Ryerson, who are no longer here to answer him, as they certainly did most effectually during their respective lives. It has been the same with literary men. From the days of Mr. Davin down to the epoch of his latest editor, he has managed to quarrel with every one who has been brought into personal relations with him. His literary enterprises, one and all, have been failures of the most dismal kind. So long as he chose to keep them going out of his own bank account, he could send them to press and offer them for sale; but he could never succeed in inducing the public to buy. One after another has gone to the wall. He may try to galvanize their dry bones into life by offering prizes for orations and poems on the Queen's Jubilee, but it is safe to predict that the duration of any journalistic enterprise of his will simply depend upon how deeply he is prepared to dip his hands into his private purse.

WHAT a spectacle for a man of learning, wealth and social position to offer to the public among whom he has cast his lot! Why cannot he cultivate a spirit of peace and goodwill? Why cannot he rid himself of his miserable self-consciousness, which makes him continually whisper to himself: "They call this man as great as me?" Above all, why does he not cease his interminable bickerings with his fellow authors, and try to be of some real use in the world? And he seems to think that he ought to be permitted to vent his sour eructations without remonstrance. He is to hurl his boomerang right and left, and his victims are to submit in tame silence. He is to enjoy a monopoly of libel. Anyone who takes up the gauntlet which he has cast down is to be gibbeted as a "malignant" and a "libeller." And all the while he seems to have no perception of incongruity. He is as innocently unconscious as Raspé makes Baron Munchausen, when that worthy objects to the tales of travellers upon the ground that travellers are such devilish liars. Really, this is too much. It is time that some one should set him up a glass in which he shall behold himself as he is. Inkstains of malignity and libel forsooth! Inkstains of a pudding's end! There are other and deeper stains than these. There are stains left upon the heart and mind by a cloudy despondency and self-conceit—the product of a morbid uneasy egoism which is always at war with itself, and which knows no more of charity than the hyena in sight of the open grave.

THIS Canada of ours is coming to the front of late in various directions. Just now it seems to be among the possibilities that the honour of discovering the North Pole has been reserved for a Canadian. Possibilities, be it understood—not probabilities. Mr. Alexander MacArthur, of

Winnipeg, who is described as "a man of some scientific attainments," has made a start for the ice-bound regions of the north, with the intention of pushing his way to the regions of the Dread Wind-Singer himself. The equipments of this "bold discoverer in an unknown sea" are much simpler and less complex than were those of the Greeley expedition. His outfit consists of a canvas boat weighing twenty-seven pounds, fire-arms, ammunition, a few cooking utensils, and some scientific instruments. His entire suite is composed of a druggist's assistant named Young. Mr. MacArthur is reported to be confident of ultimate success, though he is prepared to do and to suffer much in the ordeal before him. His intention is to push on in the first instance to York Factory, whence he will proceed northward in a dog-sled. It is hardly likely that the venturesome traveller will ever return from his expedition. Should he however be more fortunate than there is any good reason to anticipate, he will of course gain an enviable immortality, and his name will go down through the ages side by side with those of Christopher Columbus and Vasco di Gama. In any case, Canada can win no honour from his enterprise, except such as is derivable from the fact of his nationality, for the cost of his expedition is borne by the Smithsonian Institute at Washington and several other scientific societies in the United States.

MR. MACARTHUR will of course keep a diary during his travels. Can anything be imagined more enthralling than the contents of this diary are bound to be when its author reaches high and hitherto untrodden latitudes? Fancy him there in the weird fastnesses of the north, with a solitary attendant, subjected to hardships and surprises such as have never yet fallen to the lot of man—or at any rate of any man who has returned to tell the tale. Suppose the adventurous pair should really succeed in penetrating to an open polar sea, amid "the eternal whiteness of snow." One can readily conceive of a narrative quite as absorbing as that of Arthur Gordon Pym and Dirk Peters. That we may all live to read it is the fond, but not over-confident aspiration of ARCTURUS.

THE phenomenal success of Henry George's paper is a very distinct sign of the times. With the issue of his sixth number the editor is able to announce that the *Standard* has reached a paid circulation of 40,000 copies, with every prospect of a steady and permanent increase. A *bona fide* circulation of 40,000 copies is a tolerably certain indication of more than 100,000 readers. This result points unmistakably to the conclusion that the *Standard* fills a real want, and that the number of persons who take an active interest in the questions therein discussed is assuming formidable proportions. Many of the best thinkers of the present day are strongly of opinion that Mr. George's doctrines are visionary and unsound, but none whose opinions are of any value can pretend to deny that they are worthy of respectful consideration and thoughtful discussion. His *Progress and Poverty* sounded a clear note of warning, and the refrain is making itself heard with more pronounced dis-

tinctness from month to month. The cry of "crank" must be abandoned. Crank or no crank, Henry George has succeeded in making himself a strong motive power, not in the United States alone, but throughout the civilized world. If he is a *mere* crank, and if his organ is the mere reflex of a crank's opinions, both he and it will soon find their proper level. The imputation of crankiness has ceased to count for much with sensible men. In all nations and in all ages cranks have moved the world. Peter the Hermit was a crank. So was Galileo. So was Harvey. So was Jenner. So were James Watt and George Stephenson. So was Richard Cobden. So were scores of men whose names have come down the rolling centuries, and who, being dead, yet speak. The way to ascertain whether a man is a crank or not is to insert a spoke in his wheel. If the spoke takes hold the crank ceases to turn. If the spoke breaks, the crank is the stronger of the two. If Mr. George is a visionary or a charlatan, it imperatively behoves the political economists of these latter days to insert the spoke.

CANADA is not the only appendage of Great Britain which is exercised about its future at the present time. Australia is in a condition which is described as one of "great political unrest." There, as with us, certain ominous signs are forcing themselves upon public attention, and have given rise to serious misgivings on the part of the Government officials, and those who are specially interested in preserving the status quo. There is a steadily increasing burden of debt which renders necessary the borrowing of large sums of money. Loans can be effected without much difficulty, and on favourable terms, but the growing figures on the debit side of the account are causing not a little anxious solicitude, and there are some pessimists who deliver periodical jeremiads about national bankruptcy. It is admitted on all hands that there is little or no disloyalty among the population, but there is a widespread sentiment in favour of a nationality. The country has within itself abundant resources for the maintenance of a nation. Like Canada, it is composed of various Provinces, but, unlike Canada, these Provinces have few diverse interests. Their interests, generally speaking, are in common with each other, and leading men are of opinion that the time is not far distant when the public welfare will demand the formation of a general Confederation, free and self-dependent, having no constitutional obligations or responsibilities beyond its own borders. Australia would enter on such a career with some manifest advantages. Australian interests would not be likely to conflict with those of other nations, and there would be no probability of her being drawn into war. Her remoteness from other lands would also tend in the same direction. There would be no necessity for her to maintain either a navy or a standing army. This alone would count for much. She grows everything which is absolutely necessary for the support of her population, which would count for still more. No one imagines that there will be any violent wrenching apart of present relations with the mother country. When the time comes for the

Star of the Southern Seas to try a large national experiment on her own account, it is unlikely that she will encounter any opposition from Great Britain. British statesmen are shrewd and far-seeing. They are not blind to the signs of the times, and will be prepared for the inevitable when it comes, whether as regards Australia, New Zealand or this Canada of ours.

MR. ERASTUS WIMAN has done good service to Canada on more than one occasion during his quarter of a century's residence in the United States. His speech on the reciprocity question at the Board of Trade banquet in New York the other night was both well meant and well received. It was on a matter of living interest to hundreds of thousands of persons, and it could not fail to produce an effect on the minds of the merchant princes and members of Congress who listened to it. From the report of the proceedings it appears that Mr. Wiman's remarks were at first listened to with coldness, but that as he proceeded, evidences of interest began to be manifest, and that before he sat down he had literally forced his convictions upon the minds of at least a portion of his audience. It is a pity that Canada has not a few more sons like Mr. Wiman to watch over her interests in the adjoining republic. If she had, we might look forward with confidence to the consummation of a measure of reciprocity before the close of the year.

THE European war-cloud still impends, but the indications of its bursting are no clearer to the eye to-day than they have been at any time during the past month. The latest opinion of those who sit in high places seems to be that the question of an immediate conflict between Germany and France will be settled by the recent elections in the former State. There appears to be a large minority of influential Parisians who would back Boulanger in aggressive measures, and who burn to avenge the disasters of sixteen years ago. Meanwhile, extensive preparations for war are in progress both in France and Germany, and if nothing beyond words is to come of them a great deal of public money is being culpably thrown away.

It is not often that Toronto has the opportunity of enjoying such a rich scientific treat as that of a course of lectures by so distinguished a man as Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, F.L.S., F.Z.S., F.G.S., etc. On the evening of Thursday, March 10th, Dr. Wallace will deliver his first lecture on The Darwinian Theory, and on the following evening his subject will be the Origin and Uses of Colour in Nature. Both lectures will be delivered in the Convocation Hall of Toronto University under the united auspices of University College and the Canadian Institute. Those whose ideas are hazy on the subject of evolution may expect to hear the most lucid explanation of the theory possible. The lecturer had worked on similar lines to those of Darwin for many years before the latter made an announcement of his conclusions. As a philosophical biologist Dr. Wallace differs from Hæckel, Huxley and others of the more advanced school, in his contention that the laws affecting man are not applicable to any theory that will account for the intellectual development of our race.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

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THE RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS.

AT last the six weeks' agony is over, and the country may now once more settle down with complacency to the ordinary business of life. At the time of going to press, no accurate figures can be given for the respective Provinces, but there can at least be no doubt that Sir John Macdonald's Government is sustained, though by a considerably diminished majority. Whether the majority be, as is claimed by some so greatly diminished as to seriously embarrass the Premier in carrying on the administration is a matter which can only be settled by actual experiment. The great fact which presents itself is that the Government is sustained, and that, in the absence of unlooked-for complications, the Reform party can have no hope of obtaining the control of the national purse for some years to come.

It goes without saying that the National Policy was the chief factor in bringing about this result. The manufacturers were all arrayed on the side of the Government, and, as in 1878, put forth their utmost strength to guard their own commercial interests. But it would be idle to deny that a good many persons who are not manufacturers, and who care nothing about the N.P., recorded their votes in favour of Government candidates because they deemed it better to suffer the ills they have than to fly to others which they know not of. There is a widespread distrust in the cohesive powers of the Opposition, and in their capacity to successfully carry on an administration, even if they were placed in power. Many of their adherents, too, have conducted the campaign in such a manner as to alienate voters who care little for either party and who have been accustomed to exercise their franchises on purely non-partisan grounds. Indiscriminate onslaughts on opponents are never gratifying to indifferent spectators, whose antagonism on the contrary is frequently aroused thereby.

Sir Charles Tupper appears to have done yeoman's service in Nova Scotia, and it is doubtless to his influence that Mr. Jones owes his defeat in Halifax. The cry of "Repeal" has for the nonce been silenced. But the people of the Maritime Provinces are proverbially given to sudden fluctuations of opinion, and it is not unlikely that a spirit of strong antagonism to the existing order of things may soon begin to make itself manifest among the defeated candidates and their friends. It is noticeable that a good many of the majorities in all parts of the country are exceedingly narrow,

and it is not unlikely that there will be a more than usual number of election petitions.

The ensuing session will call for all the tact and skill in the management of men for which Sir John has long been famous; but at present there seems to be no good reason for doubting that he will not only get through the session, but that he is established in power for the remainder of his life—or at all events until he shall think proper to voluntarily resign it into other hands.

GHOSTS OF EMINENT CANADIANS.

THE GHOST OF GEORGE BROWN.

THE writer lately received an invitation to attend a spiritualistic seance held at the residence of a leading citizen, at which a female medium from the United States was visiting. In company with a friend, he attended punctually at the hour named, and found a large company assembled. Some of them were known believers in the spiritual philosophy; others were present as inquirers, or out of curiosity. Among the latter class were several active politicians, mainly of the Liberal party. The medium was a tall, dark woman of sombre aspect. She was middle aged, somewhat sparely built, and spoke with a decidedly American accent. She "inaugurated" the seance with a brief exposition of the principles of spiritualism, and an explanation of her special mediumistic gifts. She decried the so-called "materializations" and dark circle manifestations as the grossest of humbugs and impostures, calculated only to deceive the credulous. She was a trance medium, and claimed that the fact that the spirits could take control of her organization and speak through her in such a way as to leave no doubt of their identity, was a far stronger evidence of the truth of spiritualism than the appearance of shadowy and vaguely-outlined forms in a cabinet or in a dimly lighted room of phosphorescent lights.

"The spirits of those whom we call dead," said the medium, "are around us everywhere. The future life is merely a projection of the present. Men and women out of the flesh long retain the passions, prejudices, feelings and habits of thought which characterized them in the earth-life, and only by slow progression do they gradually attain to higher planes of being. Those of strong individuality, whose minds were concentrated on earthly objects, are constantly attracted to the scene of their former struggles and triumphs. The miser revisits his treasure; the lover is drawn towards the surviving object of his affections; the shade of the warrior haunts the battle-field and the camp. The statesman watches with solicitude the course of public affairs, and frequently inspires the action of his successors. In proportion to the intensity of their interest in these things during their stay on earth is the strength of this attraction which binds them to the material world. Owing, no doubt, to the imminence of a political crisis, there are a number of spirits of departed public men here this evening. One in particular—a tall, commanding figure, whose face indicates great decision of character, appears determined to obtain control—Oh—o-h—!"

The medium here closed her eyes, and after two or three convulsive movements went off into the trance state. In about half a minute she, or rather the spirit speaking through her, in a strong, somewhat rasping voice, entirely different from her natural tone, discoursed as follows:—

"I have long waited for this opportunity. We of the spirit world are all about and among you, but it is only rarely, and under exceptionally favourable conditions, that we can hold communication with those still in the flesh. Limitations intervene of which you know nothing. The magnetism of the circle, including some who knew me in earth-life, has rendered the medium's condition specially receptive, and has enabled me for a short period to obtain the control which on previous occasions I attempted in vain. My old friend D'Arcy McGee and Cartier were both anxious for the chance, but they must wait.

"I know not why I should care to follow the course of Canadian politics, or to concern myself further in the ignoble struggle of parties devoid of principles. But an irresistible impulse which I cannot get rid of constrains me. The Reform party—the party I spent my life to build up—has become a degenerate faction. It has sacrificed every principle it ever held, for the sake of office which it has not yet obtained. I knew Blake, and distrusted him from the first. I foresaw that if the day ever came when he obtained control of the party he would give up every distinctive Reform idea to temporary political strategy, and would justify his recreancy with the high-falutin Chancery-lawyer sophistry so freely at his command. Men have called me arbitrary and dictatorial, and looking back on my earth-life with clearer insight than I then possessed, I can hardly deny that there were some grounds for the imputation. But I was always straightforward. I always expressed the policy of the Reform party in clear and unmistakable terms. What, for instance, could be more utterly at variance with the traditions of the party and the newspaper I founded than the contemptible trimming of Blake and the *Globe* on the Riel question? Keeping silent while the life of the poor wretch hung in the balance, ready to condemn the Ottawa Government as murderers if they hanged him, and to inflame the Orangemen against them if they commuted the sentence? The miserable, pettifogging tricksters! Then, look at what the man Blake calls his "policy" on the tariff question. What a thing of shreds and patches, neither fish, flesh nor good red herring. The people of Canada know to their sorrow what a protective tariff is. They know what a revenue tariff is. But what under the sun is this new-fangled creation of Blake's, but a ridiculous attempt at compromise between principles diametrically opposed? The man who could propose, and the party which could sanction such an abortion, to pretend to call themselves Reformers—but no—thank Heaven that, at least, they have thrown aside a name which their compromising, trimming policy would have disgraced—the grand old historic name of Reformers, under which we fought the Family Compact and French domination. They dub themselves by the meaningless milk-and-watery title of Liberals!—Liberals, forsooth! Wherein are they liberal, but in conceding principle to expediency? No wonder that they get rid of Alexander Mackenzie, whose indomitable courage and unswerving integrity would have scorned such duplicity. He showed the spirit of the old Reform party by his manly and straightforward course on the Riel vote last session. While I was in the flesh the Reform party laid down a clear, distinct line of action, and stuck to it. Now, under the time-serving, trimming policy of its leaders (save the mark!), the only aim is to get votes by pandering to all sorts of influences—including factious, rebellious Frenchmen and Nova Scotians—giving aid and comfort to disloyal Irishmen in their conspiracy against the empire, abandoning the sound principles of political economy to curry favour with labour agitators and fanatics on

the temperance question. I was a Reformer, but never would I have favoured movements which strike at the very root of constitutional British government. I believed in building up a strong united party with definite political aims. These men have no clear convictions of their own, and their idea of statesmanship is simply to endorse the notions of every little clique of consequential self-conceited nobodies who fancy they can renovate society, and at the same time bring themselves into notoriety. Home Rulers, Rielites, Prohibitionists, Labour demagogues, Socialists of the Henry George school, Agnostics, Woman Suffragists and all sorts of people of that stamp are patted on the back by the 'Liberals,' and find a welcome for their crazy theories in the *Globe* office." Here the medium stamped her foot violently on the ground, as though under the influence of strong excitement. She soon after resumed her remarks:—

"The base, contemptible trickery and ingratitude of the plot by which my brother Gordon was removed from the management of the paper, which he, like myself, spent his life in making a power in the land, roused my strongest indignation. But after all, like the deposition of Mackenzie, it is but one incident in the degeneracy of the party. He stood in the way of the time-servers and hucksters who control the party. He would never have consented to prostitute the *Globe* to their objects, and it was necessary to replace him with a more pliant tool who would do their will without questioning. In view of the depths of imbecility to which the *Globe* has sunk, it is now a source of satisfaction to me that no one of my name and blood is connected with it, or in any way responsible for its course. What, for instance, could be more foolish and ineffective than its recent circulation of the rumour of Sir John's insanity—a rumour which it did not dare to father, and for which it meanly tried to shirk responsibility while spreading it broadcast? 'Willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike'—I never—but I cannot control the medium longer—I was known in the earth-life as George Brown."

The medium here gave a heavy sigh, and came to with a sudden start. "I feel very much exhausted," she said, "owing to the strong personality and violent emotions of the control. There are several others who appear anxious to communicate, but especially a stout venerable looking gentleman—a clergyman I think—who seems to have had a good deal to do with schools, but I am not able to endure more this evening."

After some general conversation the party separated.

"If that was really George Brown," said one of the Liberals, as we parted on the street, "it just proves what I have always said—that he was a Tory at heart, and a Reformer merely by accident."

LIBRARY NOTES.

HERR GOERITZ, a German parish schoolmaster, who, notwithstanding his modest resources, had collected 10,000 books, among which were all the original editions of the German classics from the beginning of the 16th century down to first editions of Schiller and Goethe, has presented his library to the city of Berlin.

THE house of Mr. Macalister, librarian of the Leeds (England) Library, was recently destroyed by fire, and Mr. Macalister lost not only the corrected MS. of the catalogue of the library of which he has charge but the MS. of a history of philosophy upon which he has been engaged for the last eight years.

HERE, at any rate, is one librarian who has a proper appreciation of his duties. In his last report Mr. Dennis of the Kansas State Library says:—"My judgment is that he (the librarian)

should be free to assist those who come to consult the library that he should have time to thoroughly understand its contents that he may make purchases to the best advantage and know of what subjects it is weak and where it needs strengthening, and so preserve its harmonious growth; and as the library is being more and more read there need be no fear but that these duties, performed with any degree of intelligence, willingness, and care, will furnish him plenty to do and enable him to squarely earn his salary,—especially the one now allowed."

Poetry.

THE TRAMP.

ON a stone by the wayside, half naked and cold,
And soured in the struggle of life,
With his parchment envelope grown musty and old,
Sat the tramp with his crust and his knife.
And the leaves of the forest fell round him in showers,
And the sharp, stinging flurries of snow,
That had warned off the robins to sunnier bowers,
Admonished him, too, he should go.

But Autumn had gone, having gather'd his sheaves,
And the glories of summer were past,
And Spring, with the swallows that built in the eaves,
Had left him the weakest and last.
So he sat there alone, for the world could not heal
A disease without pain, without care;
Without hope, without sigh, too insensate to feel;
Too utterly lost for despair.

But he thought, as the night and the darkness and gloom
That gather'd around him so fast,
Hid the sky and the stars in their cloud-shrouded tomb,
Of the fair, but the far-distant past.
Around him a vision of beauty arose,
Unpainted, unpencil'd by art,—
His home, father, mother, sweet peace and repose
From the sad repertoire of the heart.

And brightly the vision came gliding along,
Through the warm golden gates of the day;
With voices of childhood and music and song;
Like echoes from lands far away.
And the glad ringing laughter of girlhood was there,
And one, 'mong the others so dear
That back o'er the gulf of his crimes and despair,
Came the sad sacred joy of a tear.

And he held, while he gazed, his crust half consumed,
In his cold shrivell'd hand, growing weak,
While a glory shone round him, that warmed and illum'd
The few frozen tears on his cheek.
In the dark silent night, thus his spirit had flown,
Like the sigh of a low passing breath;
Life's bubble had burst, and another gone down,
In the deep shoreless ocean of death!

In the bright waking morn, by the side of the way,
On the crisp frozen leaves shed around,
The crust, and the knife, and the casket of clay,
Which the tramp left behind him were found,
And bound round his neck, as he lay there alone,
Was an image both youthful and fair,
Of a sweet laughing girl with a blue-ribbon zone
And a single white rose in her hair.

Had he loved? was she wed? was she daughter or wife?
Or sister? the world may not read
Her story nor his. They are gone with the life
That ended, "A tramp was found dead!"
"Found dead by the way," in the gloom and the cold,
The boy whom a mother had kiss'd—
The son whom a father could proudly enfold—
The brother a sister had miss'd.

"Found dead by the way," whom a maiden's first love
Had hallow'd, then worshipp'd in part;
And clothed in a light from the glory above,
To enshrine in her pure virgin heart.
"Found dead," and alone by the way where he died,
To be thrown like a dog in his lair;
Yet he peacefully sleeps, as the stone by his side,
And rich as the proud millionaire!

Rockwood, Ont.

D. McCAIG.

LITERARY EXPERIENCES.—I.

SOMEWHAT more than a dozen years ago, during a prolonged residence in England, I was a regular contributor to the pages of *Once-a-Week*, a periodical which then enjoyed a large share of popularity, and numbered among its contributors some of the leading writers of Great Britain. It was originally founded by the well-known publishing firm of Bradbury & Evans, immediately after their rupture with Dickens and the consequent discontinuance of *Household Words*. At the time of which I am speaking, it was owned and edited by James Samuel Rice, afterwards better known as James Rice, the collaborateur of Walter Besant in the production of *Ready Money Mortiboy*, *My Little Girl*, and many other clever and eminently readable works of fiction. Mr. Rice's share in the authorship of these works occupied much of his time, and occasionally left him but scant leisure for ordinary editorial duties. I was on terms of close intimacy with him, and frequently rendered him assistance, not only in editorial work, but also to some extent in the general management of his magazine. I was thus brought into contact with many persons belonging to the literary world, and under circumstances specially favourable to observation. I necessarily amassed a fund of information, the acquisition of which, as it was very interesting to myself, will probably be fraught with a certain degree of entertainment if communicated to others.

Once-a-Week, like most other London magazines, had a regular staff of contributors; but its pages were open to outsiders, and the reading of the contributions of these latter alone was pretty nearly sufficient to exhaust the energies of any one person, no matter how keen his perception, and no matter how arduously he might devote himself to his task. The result of Mr. Rice's experience and my own was a well-settled conviction on both our parts that not more than five per cent. of the MSS. sent in by volunteers were suitable for publication in a periodical which professedly addressed itself to a wide circle of readers. Fully ninety per cent. of them could be pronounced upon at the first glance. The remaining ten per cent. required a certain amount of deliberation. As a general rule, about half of these latter were accepted and paid for. The reading and editing of even one-tenth of the entire mass of copy sent in involved the expenditure of much time and great labour. In responding to the writers of rejected contributions a printed form was employed, the phraseology of which was as follows: "This Manuscript is returned to the writer, with the Editor's compliments. The pressure upon our space is very great, and the Editor desires it to be understood that the return of a Manuscript is not in all cases to be taken as a criterion of merit." This response was not mere verbiage, adopted to soothe the lacerated feelings of sensitive amateur authors. A certain percentage of rejected contributions were well written, and quite up to the mark for high-class magazines; but, for various reasons, a clever article may be totally unsuited to the editorial requirements. It may be too long or too short. It may be upon an uninteresting or objectionable subject. Its best points may be of such a character that any discreet editor would be compelled to delete them. It may be the work of a clever and brilliant crank. It may contain libellous matter. It may—but why pursue the subject further? Suffice it to say that there may be a score of sound reasons for rejecting a paper, the writing of which displays cleverness, ability, and perfect mastery of the subject. And here lay the chief difficulty. Many authors were totally unable to put themselves in the editor's

place, and to recognize the fact that good writing is not the be-all and end-all of a periodical. Like all other editors, we necessarily came into more or less frequent conflict with writers who believed themselves to have been treated with too little consideration. In the course of these papers I shall relate the particulars of some of the more interesting of these altercations. I may meanwhile anticipate matters by stating that towards the close of the year 1873 Mr. Rice disposed of the magazine, in order to devote all his time to the writing of novels. He soon afterwards made over to me hundreds of letters which had been received by him during his incumbency of the editorial chair. The letters thereupon became my property, and I have ever since contemplated the turning of some of the more important of them to literary account. A good many have been given away to autograph collectors and personal friends who are fond of treasuring up memorials of the great. From those remaining I propose to make a selection for the entertainment of the readers of this paper.

The first episode—or series of episodes—which I propose to relate occurred during my own connection with *Once-a-Week*. One of our most constant contributors was the late Mr. J. Hain Friswell, author of *The Gentle Life*, and other well-known works which may be said to have had their day. One pleasant summer afternoon, while sitting in the editorial sanctum, Mr. Friswell mentioned that he was on intimate terms with a certain peeress of literary proclivities, who was very desirous of forming a connection with *Once-a-Week*. Mr. Rice was interested at once, for the lady referred to was the wife of a distinguished statesman and author, and was herself known as the writer of several novels which had made considerable sensation in their day. Mr. Friswell, I remember, casually referred to an act of considerate kindness which he had received from the lady some time before. He had been ill, and her Ladyship, hearing of the fact, had sent him a hamper of game and a certain number of bottles of champagne. I do not propose to divulge the name of this lady, for, though she has been dead for some years, her son is the present representative of the title, and the owner of the family estates. I may add that he has himself won a not undistinguished place in English literature, and that his name is familiar to—probably—every reader of these lines. Her Ladyship was then beyond middle age, and had passed through many grievous trials, but she retained all the physical and intellectual vigour which had marked her early womanhood, and she was emphatically a "strong-minded" personage. She had long dwelt apart from her more celebrated husband, and certain passages in her life had furnished food for the gossips of English society. I would not be misunderstood. There was not the shadow of an imputation upon her good name. Her purity of life had never been called in question by the most inveterate scandal-monger of the clubs. But, like Constance, she was "a most unadvis'd scold," and was altogether too fond of taking the world into her confidence on the subject of her separation from the eminent man whose name she bore. She apparently had no perception of that truth, so well expressed by the author of *Romola*, that the woman who willingly lifts up the veil of her married life for the edification of a censorious world has profaned it from a sanctuary into a vulgar place. The mutual recriminations of this ill-matched pair had been bruited abroad in London society for more than twenty years. Their union had been a most disastrous one for the domestic happiness of both. It is doubtful, indeed, whether either of them would under any circumstances whatever have furnished models of domestic happi-

ness. The lady was exigent, and was afflicted with an ungovernable temper. Socrates himself could hardly have lived with her upon terms of perpetual amity. There can however be no sort of doubt that she had been subjected to grievous wrong by her unloving lord, and that all the worst part of her nature had been brought to the surface by the treatment she had received at his hands. Upon one occasion he had caused her to be seized and shut up in a mad-house, although I do not fancy that there could ever have been any serious question of her sanity. She afterwards alleged that she had suffered much during her confinement by the unkindness and brutality of her gaolers. This culpable proceeding on the part of an eminent public man woke up the national press, and general attention was drawn to the subject. Universal indignation was aroused. The Prince Consort himself took cognizance of the matter, and, chiefly through his intervention, the wronged lady obtained her liberty. She was subjected to a careful examination by that eminent specialist Dr. Forbes Winslow, who declared that she had never been insane. As might have been expected, the outrage to which she had been subjected stung her to fury, and not long afterwards she personally appeared upon the hustings to oppose her husband's candidature for the House of Commons. This event, it will of course be understood, took place before his accession to the peerage. His lady hated him with a hatred which knew no bounds. She rushed into print upon every available opportunity. She wrote and published two novels, wherein her husband, under a thinly-disguised *alias*, figures as the principal villain, and is delineated in colours which would on the whole be rather too dark had they been laid upon the portrait of the father of Beatrice Cenci. The husband thereafter adopted a policy of dignified silence, and the warfare was subsequently maintained upon the lady's side only. But on her side it was kept up with never-failing vigilance. She knew not how to forgive, and of a surety there was much to be forgiven. Such were the relations which had existed between the ill-assorted pair for well nigh a quarter of a century.

The upshot of the conversation between Mr. Rice and Mr. Friswell was a verbal message conveyed by the latter to her Ladyship, to the effect that any contributions sent in by her to the office of *Once-a-Week* would receive due consideration. Ere many days had elapsed, a parcel of manuscript arrived from her Ladyship, accompanied by a letter in her handwriting, which I transcribe from the original now lying before me, omitting nothing but the writer's name:—

"Lady — presents her compliments to the Editor of *Once-a-Week*. Mr. Friswell having kindly suggested to her that she might find an opening in *Once-a-Week* for short contributions, she begs to enclose a paper entitled *A Basket of Fragments*, and at the same time to say that she has a small volume of essays, which not being of the dull *genus*, she thought might do to fill up a gap in that admirable journal, as a continued series. In case the Editor should not deem *A Basket of Fragments* worthy of seeing the light under the distinguished auspices of *Once-a-Week*, Lady — encloses the stamps to have the MS. returned to her."

The parcel which arrived simultaneously with this letter contained a quantity of MSS. which, if transferred to type, would have filled at least two monthly numbers of the magazine, to the exclusion of all other contents whatever. The editor, nevertheless, was willing to conciliate her Ladyship so far as his sense of duty to his readers would permit. The MSS. being of a fragmentary character, readily lent themselves to judicious selec-

tion. A selection was accordingly made and forwarded to the printer for publication. It occupied somewhat more than a page and a half of the ensuing number of the magazine. Her Ladyship was then informed by post that other extracts would be made from time to time as the exigencies of *Once-a-Week* might permit, and that the rest of the MSS. would then be returned to her. The editor's intention was, to include the price of the various selections in a single cheque, to be enclosed to her along with the returned MSS. After a brief lapse of time he was hugely surprised to receive the following communication from her Ladyship.

"Lady — is sorry to trouble Mr. Rice, but she wishes to know if it is his custom not to pay for contributions to *Once-a-Week*, as she has always been paid sixteen guineas, and at the rate of sixteen guineas, a sheet, for contributions to magazines. Indeed, she has such a wholesome horror of the English Press, from the utter blackguardism with which it is now conducted, that nothing but abject necessity could ever goad her into contributing a line to it. Of this Mr. Friswell was perfectly aware when she expressed a wish to write—*alias* to find employment—on *Once-a-Week*, as indeed he says in his last note to her, 'Mr. Rice perfectly understood from me that you were to be paid: he always paid me honourably.' It would have been better, and more germane to the matter, had Mr. Friswell repeated this to Mr. Rice, which any one but an Englishman would have done. Lady — begs to reiterate her apologies for being *compelled* to trouble Mr. Rice on the subject; only she can assure him that pauper peeresses are *quite* as much to be pitied, if not a great deal more, from their cruelly and completely *false position*, than pauper needlewomen."

The terms of this letter were such that Mr. Rice did not deem it advisable to have any further transactions with so peremptory a correspondent. Her MSS. were promptly forwarded to her, with a cheque in full payment of her contribution. But her Ladyship was not to be thus lightly disposed of. The next day's post brought the following:—

"SIR:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a cheque for £1 17s. 6d. from Mr. Rice for an article contributed to *Once-a-Week*. I regret, not indeed the honour (?) and equal profit (!) of being allowed to contribute to that periodical, but that I should have wounded Mr. Rice's susceptibilities by presuming to hint at the truth regarding that infernal machine, the Press: though I am by no means singular in my delinquency, as it is now patent to every one that this country, socially, politically, and above all in its literature, would not and could not be the immense sink of iniquity it is, varnished with the most impious hypocrisy, but for the notorious venality and corruption of its time-serving and prostituted Press: that while it could outrage all morality, truth and decency by an apotheosis to such a breaker of all the laws of God as the Pothouse Plutarch Mr. Charles Dickens!! is equally ready to puff or do dirty work as occasion may require for the still living scoundrelocracy of the happily defunct 'Guilt of Literature.' But I should have remembered *que ce n'est que la vérité qui blesse*, and therefore have been more cautious in speaking of that hideous national inquisition the Press, to one of its members. I congratulate Mr. Rice, however, for my having furnished him with a pretext for a German quarrel, so as to save him from the risk of offending the powers that be by having me for a contributor. And indeed I candidly own that such vulgar trash as he has lately been publishing from the pen of George Augustus Sala, guiltless of wit, humour, fun, or common sense, is much more congenial to the palate of that concrete and omnivorous ass, the British public, than anything I could write. I have the honour to be, Sir, Your Obedient Servant, —"

This, for the time, put an end to all correspondence between her Ladyship and the editor of *Once-a-Week*. After an interval of several months, Mr. Rice—partly, I think, in consequence of a suggestion from myself—began to publish a series of papers in

his magazine entitled *Some Experiences of an Editor*. In the first of the series he detailed some of the circumstances above narrated, embodying two of the letters, with the names so altered that no uninformed reader could form any satisfactory conjecture as to the real individuality of the persons referred to. Mr. Friswell was not mentioned by name. Neither was the magazine. Nor was the editor. The name and circumstances of her Ladyship were so transformed that her real personality was carefully hidden. She was merely referred to as the spouse of "one of the most eminent of living Englishmen," who was well enough off in her pecuniary circumstances to present her friends with hampers of game and "Clicquot galore." *A Basket of Fragments* was referred to as a paper on *The Rights of Women*. In a word, the utmost care was exercised to prevent the recognition of any of the persons or sketches indicated, and there was nothing in the least objectionable in the *Experiences* from first to last. They were on the whole exceedingly interesting, and were read with avidity all over England. Their publication, however, was followed by consequences which no reasonable minded editor could possibly have foreseen. The fat was veritably in the fire. An early post brought an epistle from her Ladyship which is surely one of the most extraordinary in the annals of literature. To say that both the editor and myself were profoundly edified would merely be to state a positive fact in the mildest of terms. Her anger must have been such as to temporarily deprive her of judgment, for when she could command herself she was capable of writing sensibly and well. The letter was kept a profound secret between us until Mr. Rice's lamented death, which occurred in the month of April, 1882. There can now be no good reason for withholding it from publication. Here it is, *verbatim et literatim*, except that I have omitted several proper names, and have cut out two brief passages which I do not care to take the responsibility of making public.

"SIR:—Though duly impressed with the prophetic truth of the proverb as to the blackening results of 'wrestling with a chimney sweep,' and equally cognizant of the patent fact, that as a member of the Press gang, you must never allow your *chief stock* in trade, the *suppressio veri*, and *suggestio falsi*, to for one moment fallow; still, some limits must be put, even to literary lies such as you have thought fit to pad your periodical of *Once-a-Week* with, in the article entitled *Experiences of an Editor*. I shall begin with your dastardly and brutal concoction about the poor governess which, even by your own *ex parte*, garbled, and most no doubt, mendacious statement, shows your conduct in the most unwarrantable, unfair and ultra-snobbish light. You, who print such perfect garbage, in the way of offensively vulgar trash, as that Dickensian dreg called *Nettles*!! and that other disoriented rignarole *Mrs. Timepiece*! What earthly right have you to garble, by curtailing without their leave, any one's contributions, or, still worse, to omit sending them proofs? Your virtuous indignation at the governess's *too true* assertion that money or interest can get anything into *The Times* (aye or any other paper) is rather too preposterous a piece of 'gag,' even for a member of the Press! When everyone knows that the Newspaper Press is entirely an organized subserviency in the hands of that Devil's Fantoccini, the Government, whoever it may be composed of *pro tem*.

"There is an inferior *Rice*, which the Hindoos call 'Devil's rice,' because, say they, it is so bad, so poor, so sapless, that it *disagrees with every one*; which would appear to be the case and quality of the *Rice of Once-a-Week*, judging by the multitudinous editorial squabbles of that magnificent and munificent journal.

"Now for your lies about me. But first, let me premise that you are at perfect liberty to turn this letter into gratis padding for your periodical, on *one proviso*, i.e., that you publish it *in extenso*, and not with your usual 'Thread of Candour in a Web of Wiles';

of utterly false statements, by changing names and *transposing dates*, and leaving out the context—a process by which it would be easy to make rank blasphemy of the Bible, and then, with true editorial mendacity, quote it as the Word of God! Pray how long is it since *A Basket of Fragments*, the title of vol. of essays I sent you, and *Our Old Friend Mr. Pepys*, the title of the paper you published, is synonymous in the English language for *The Rights of Women*, which you assert to be the name of the MSS. I sent you. That is your *first* cowardly and infamous lie. I know nothing about the Rights of Women, but plenty of their bitter wrongs, from being the legal victim of 'one of the most eminent of living' literary scoundrels. And as you have so unwarrantably over-stepped even the blackguardism of the Press, in presuming, with falsehood and malice aforethought, so brutally to drag in my private affairs, and completely invert the facts, I beg to tell you that that most dastardly brute, the most eminent of living Englishmen!!!—what a rascally set they must be, then!—did not find it comfortable to keep up an establishment for his legal slave, as well as for his Traviatas, and so turned her and her baby children out of their home on a starving pittance; and this three months after he had written her a letter (which she has) saying 'You have been to me perfection as a wife.' Neither did this most eminent of living Englishmen!!!! find it comfortable to let me live at all. So he next tried to despatch me *a la Borgia*, via one of his mistresses, whom he sent to a hotel where I was. Failing in this eminently literary and artistic plan, and still not 'finding it comfortable' to let me live, on Wednesday, the 22nd of June, 1858, he had me publicly kidnapped and incarcerated in a madhouse, where he hoped he could 'find it comfortable' to torture out my life. But this outrage, thank God! being public, made the place too hot for him. Even the dear Press—of course, only to make *political capital*—opened fire upon him; notably, *The Daily Telegraph*, though of course it was soon bought up, and has puffed the contemptible wretch double tides ever since. However, the uproar was so great that I was released in less than three weeks. But it is too bad that in their political system of sewage to deodorise unmitigated moral and political scoundrelism with Peerages, they are not compelled at the same time to erect patrician workhouses for the pauper peeresses they thus create. Neither does this 'most eminent of living Englishmen' 'find it comfortable' to provide for his wretched trulls when he is tired of them, but drafts them as governesses into respectable families, as he did his Swiss —, Miss —, under the name of 'Mrs. —'! as Mrs. Bignold of Norwich wrote to me recently to complain. His she-bastards go upon the stage, while the he-ones he gets on newspapers or into public offices, so as to get his puffing or his lies done to order, and gratis. Well do I remember how his first book fell stillborn from the Press; but being wise in his generation, as all the devil's protégés are, *Il a bien vite changé tout cela*, and by inviting 'Gentlemen' of the Press and literary *vauriens* to his house, *writing his own puffs*, and giving dinners to publishers, he has been able successfully, not only to varnish his bare-faced plagiaries but all his still more bare-faced vices ever since. I quite agree with Captain Marryatt, that it is almost impossible for an author to be a gentleman, for look at the fellows they have to cringe to and associate with! As, for instance, that Purveyor and High Priest of Obscenity, Mr. Hepworth Dixon! and his gang of Athenæum hell-hounds. The fellow himself graduated as *largo al factotum* to that vile, atheistical old hag Lady Morgan, when she had a pension of £300 a year for keeping an amateur brothel for the Whigs—though it is invidious to name them in particular, as it would be impossible without injustice to say which was the most thoroughly rotten stratum of English Society, its Social, Literary, or Political one; and worse still, all this corruption is festured with hypocrisy! that only sin for which Heaven has no pardon, and hell no prototype.

"It makes one grieve that such *really* clever and nobly *good* men as the Kingsleys cannot benefit the world with their hearts and heads without being authors! But what grieves me most of all is that I should have been such an accursed fool—but then are not all mothers such?—as, when his infamous madhouse outrage gave me so fully the power, anything should have prevented my publicly and thoroughly exposing in open court 'the most eminent

of living Englishmen! for had I not the cowardly brute's words still ringing in my ears, after one of his tigerish onslaughts upon me, when he made his hideous horse teeth meet in my poor quivering cheek. 'Remember, madam,—you have neither father nor brother. I have got all your money out of you, so you are completely in my power.' Now, the other 'most eminent English' scoundrel, lately defunct, went quite upon another tack. He did not find it comfortable to let his legal victim leave his house, but wanted her to remain to screen his infamy, and because she very properly would not, the brute insulted her from his grave by his disgusting injunctions to his children, and the whole tone of his will.

"However, with all their lies and hypocrisy, there is one eminently candid thing about these 'Eminent Englishmen'—their intense hideousness, and their truly fiendish countenances. I don't mean the mere ugliness with which nature has branded them as felons against her laws, but that ineffably revolting look as if—as no doubt they have,—their villainous countenances had been steeped and saturated in the loathsome vice of their ill-spent and degraded lives.

"Now to your 3rd lie—'The most eminent of living Englishmen' by no means provides me with a separate establishment, nor with anything else, but as is his 'eminent's' wont, has lied and swindled me out of everything; which has reduced me to such cruel difficulties, and so low an ebb of *stringent* privation, that for 8 years I have not crossed my own threshold, from having no clothes fit to go out in, having so many whom I began providing for, and therefore cannot bring myself to leave off doing, which must be the case, were I to have what are called necessities for myself, being unfortunately afflicted with what George Eliot calls a certain spiritual grandeur, that is but ill-matched with the meanness of opportunity.

"Now for your 4th lie. I never in my life sent your friend, Mr. Hain Friswell a case of champagne! for a very good reason, I have not a single bottle of champagne, or of *any other wine* in my house; nor have I had for the last 10 years. He wrote me word that he had been very ill—burst a blood vessel—not a few days before I sent you my *MSS.*, as you so mendaciously state, but long, very long after; to the best of my recollection, after the action for libel brought against him, for telling a few mild truths of that other 'Eminent literary'—well, 'gentleman,' since that is the modern euphemism for every blackguard and every scoundrel. An old lady, who told me I was starving myself, the very day before I got this letter from Mr. Friswell very kindly sent me six bottles of *Moselle*. I sometimes am sent game: nay, such is my luxurious living, that I am occasionally sent pines and grapes (not certainly by 'the most eminent of living Englishmen' faugh!! who wants them for the Theatres where his plays are acted, etc., etc.)—not that I often feast on these things, but am always glad to get them for those who really want them, and could not buy them. At the time I was given these six bottles of *Moselle*, not 'Cliquot galore,' (unless you like to send me some?) some game came too. As Mr. Friswell was laid up, and therefore, I supposed, could not work, I felt for him sincerely, and, judging from my own deficits and pinchings, I thought his family might be glad of a few nice things for him; so I sent him the *Moselle* and the game, adding a hare I was keeping for Christmas. I am well used to the vulgar English return of sixty per cent. of evil for good, but if Mr. Friswell told you, in order to save your pocket, that I had sent him a case of champagne (which I believe is 6 or 3 dozens), and thereby furnished you this means of publicly belying and insulting me, I must say it was too dirty a piece of blackguardism for even a literary man. As you are so well acquainted with my private affairs, and so honourably and truthfully regale the public with them, I think it is a pity you should not hear more of my plethora of wealth and reckless extravagance. About a month ago a friend of mine very kindly sent me a very handsome warm cloak, which I suppose cost seven or eight guineas. I told her it was a pity to waste it on me, as I could not go out to wear it. Nevertheless I was most sincerely grateful for her kindness, for if I am not too proud to accept an obligation, I am never too mean (à l'Anglaise) to acknowledge it. A week ago a poor lady—really a gentlewoman—whom I had never seen, wrote to

me, as so many do, a most painful letter—oh, how I pitied the poor old soul for having to write it—to implore me, if I could, to send her some old clothes; above all some warm wraps, and a warm outer covering, for she was perished every time she stirred out. Well, my clothes are far too old now to do duty as old clothes upon any one to whom they were not 'to the manner born,' but I did send her half my flannels—which to me is very like parting with my skin—and for the outer garment I sent her the fine cloak, telling her exactly how I came by such splendour, as I hate false pretences of any kind. Now, as I don't want a cloak, and as most 'Eminent literary' men do, most consumedly; you are quite welcome to turn this cloak affair into any dastardly public lie and insult that you think will injure me and curry favour (for rice is nothing without curry) with 'the most eminent of living Englishmen.' I am quite aware what an absurd, foolish thing my primitive, hole-and-corner way of helping my fellow-creatures, so far as I can, is, for that great verbal myth, English benevolence (!) is carried on on a great public scale, via raids upon other people's pockets; in appeals through the daily press, by which means, the whole world is secured as auditor and audience, and—best of all—posterity secured as a chronicler. I suppose literary 'gentlemen,' like the Italians, detest anything fragrant, but revel in the effluvia of their own dirty work, as you complain of what, with true Dickensian vulgarity, you call my *scent*, still remaining in your den. I have sent out for some common paper, not to offend your olfactory nerves. I hope you and the whole Press gang may soon rejoin your friend Mr. Dickens, and depend upon it, you will find no scarcity of fuel there. If you have read 'Quevedo's *Discourse in Praise of Hell*' with the old plates, you will know the post he assigns there to those who were puffers of 'distinguished authors' who were nevertheless pre-eminent scoundrels on earth. Go, and do likewise, is my valedictory wish to the whole Press gang. — — —"

And so ends this unique epistle. Unlike its predecessors, it is written on common note paper. The others are all on the finest cream-laid, each page being surmounted by a gilt coronet and an illuminated crest. Notwithstanding the lapse of all these years, the exquisite perfume of her Ladyship's writing-case still lingers on the original pages.

Poor Lady —. Notwithstanding her grievous wrongs, and the intensity of hatred which bursts forth from every sentence of the foregoing letter when her husband is referred to, she must have loved him in her heart of hearts. When he was gathered to his fathers a few years ago she wept bitter tears over his coffin and would not be consoled. I shall have more to tell about her Ladyship in a subsequent paper.

Church Collection at Red Gulch.

"WHAT is the ante?" whispered a Red Gulch miner with single \$20 gold piece, to the deacon with the collection plate in the Baptist church at Black Run, Col. He was told to contribute whatever he chose, whereupon he said he would chip in \$1, and proceeded to take \$19 in change. The deacon softly replied that no change was given. A struggle ensued, the plate was upset and the congregation was in the act of "jumping the deacon's claim," when the minister, an old Californian, leaned over the pulpit with a large navy revolver, and observed: "The brethren will please take notice that I've got the drop on them, and any brother who declines to go to his seat, or who touches any of that money will have a funeral at his house to-morrow at 2 o'clock p.m. Our mining friend from Red Gulch will kindly release the deacon's throat, or he is a dead man." The \$20 gold piece went to save the heathen.—*Leadville News*.

HERE is the circulation of a few of the principal London new papers: *Lloyd's Weekly*, 612,000; *Weekly Budget*, 500,000; *Reynold Newspaper*, 300,000; *Standard* (daily), 255,300; *Daily Telegraph*, 241,000.

ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION

SEEN AT STAR-CROSS, IN DEVONSHIRE, THE 23RD OF JULY, 1823.

I AM perfectly aware of the predicament in which I am placing myself, when, in the present age of incredulity, I venture to commit to paper, in all sincerity of spirit and fulness of conviction, a deliberate and circumstantial account of an apparition. Imposter and visionary, knave and fool—these are the alternate horns of the dilemma on which I shall be tossed with sneers of contempt or smiles of derision; every delusion practised by fraud or credulity, from the Cock Lane Ghost down to the Rev. Mr. Colton and the Sampford Spectre, will be faithfully registered against me, and I shall be finally dismissed, according to the temperament of the reader, either with a petulant rebuke for attempting to impose such exploded superstition upon an enlightened public, or with a sober and friendly recommendation to get my head shaved, and betake myself to some place of safe custody with as little delay as may be. In the arrogance of my supposed wisdom, I should myself, only a few weeks ago, have probably adopted one of these courses towards any other similar delinquent, which will secure me from my splenetic feeling, however boisterous may be the mirth, or bitter the irony, with which I may be twitted and taunted for the following narration. I have no sinister purposes to answer, no particular creed to advocate, no theory to establish; and writing with the perfect conviction of truth, and the full possession of my faculties, I am determined not to suppress what I conscientiously believe to be facts, merely because they may militate against received opinions, or happen to be inconsistent with the ordinary course of human experience.

The author of the *Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth* represents Berkeley as teaching us “that external objects are nothing but ideas in our minds; that matter exists not but in our minds; and that, independent of us and our faculties, the earth, the sun, and the starry heavens have no existence at all; that a lighted candle is not white, nor luminous, nor round, nor visible, nor extended; but that, for anything we know, or can ever know to the contrary, it may be an Egyptian pyramid, the King of Prussia, a mad dog, the Island of Madagascar, Saturn’s ring, one of the Pleiades, or nothing at all.” If this be a faithful representation of Berkeley’s theory, it may be adduced as a striking illustration of the perversity of human reason that such a man should be deemed a philosopher, and persuade bishops and divines, in spite of the evidence of their senses, to adopt his notions and deny the existence of matter; while the poor wight who, in conformity to the evidence of his senses, maintains the existence of a disembodied spirit, is hooted and run down as a driveller and a dard. Dr. Johnson’s argument, that the universal belief in ghosts, in all ages and among all nations, confirms the fact of their apparition, is futile and inconclusive; for the same reasoning would establish the truth of necromancy, witchcraft, idolatry, and other superstitions: but the opposers of this belief not only brand as impostors all those who relate their own experiences of its confirmation; they not only repudiate the Agathodæmon of Socrates, and slight the averment of Scripture, that Saul desired the witch Endor to raise up the spirits of those whom he should name, but they deny even the possibility of the fact. To admit a posthumous existence in the next world, and reject the competency of nature to accomplish a similar mystery in *this*, is surely an unarranted limitation of her powers. Who shall circumscribe the metamorphoses of our being? When we start from the antenatal void into existence, the change is certainly wonderful; but it is still more strange, startling, and incomprehensible when we quit the fulness of intellect and return into the invisible world. In the first case we advance from nonentity to a very confined state of consciousness, to an animal existence, for an infant has no mind. That celestial portion of our system is evolved by the painful elaboration of time and of our own efforts; it requires a series of years to perfect its inscrutable development: and is this sublime image and emanation of the Deity to be suddenly, instantly degraded into a clod of earth, an inert lump of matter, without undergoing any intermediate state of existence between death and final resurrection? Abstract theory sanctions the sup-

position of ghosts; and by what authority do we gainsay those who solemnly declare that they have beheld them? They never appear, it is urged, to more than one person at a time, which is a strong presumption of individual falsehood or delusion. How so? this may be the law of their manifestation. If I press the corners of my eyes, I see consecutive circles of light, like a rainbow; nobody else can discern them—but will it be therefore maintained that I do not? It is notorious that in dreams objects are presented to us with even a more vivid distinctness than they assume to the visual organ; but it would be idle to assert that those configurations were not presented to us because they were invisible to others. Our waking eyes may indeed be made the “fools of our other senses, or else worth all the rest”: granted; but still you may give us credit for the sincerity of our relation, for we pretend not to describe apparitions that other men have seen, but those which we ourselves have witnessed.

It may not be unimportant to remark, that so far from my being subject to the blue devils and vapours with which hypochondriacs and invalids are haunted, I possess that happy physical organization which insures almost uninterrupted health of body and mind, and which, in the elasticity and buoyancy of my spirit, renders the sensation of mere existence an enjoyment. Though I reside in the country, winter has for me no gloom: Nature has prepared herself for its rigours; they are customary, and everything seems to harmonize with their infliction: but for the same reason that the solitude of a town is desolating and oppressive, while the loneliness of the country is soothing and grateful, I do feel the sadness of perpetual fogs and rains in July, although they excite no melancholy feeling at the season of their natural occurrence. To see one’s favourite flowers laying down their heads to die; one’s plantations strewn with leaves not shaken off in the fulness of age, but beaten to earth in the bloom of youth; here a noble tree laid prostrate, and there a valuable field of corn lodged in the swampy soil (which were familiar objects in July last), is sufficient to excite melancholy associations in the most cheerful temperament. Confessing that mine was not altogether proof against their influence, and leaving to the caviller and the sceptic the full benefit of this admission, I proceed to a simple statement of the fact which has elicited these preliminary observations.

Actuated by the disheartening dullness of the scene to which I have alluded, I had written to my friend, Mr. George Staples, of Exeter, requesting him to walk over some day and dine with me, as I well knew his presence was an instant antidote to mental depression; not so much from the possession of any wit or humour as from his unaffected kindness and amiability, the exuberance of his animal spirits, the inexhaustible fund of his laughter, which was perpetually waiting for the smallest excuse to burst out of his heart, and the contagion of his hilarity, which had an instant faculty of communicating itself to others. On the day following the transmission of this letter, as I was sitting in an alcove to indulge my afternoon meditation, I found myself disturbed by what I imagined to be the ticking of my repeater; but recollecting that I had left it in the house, I discovered the noise proceeded from that little insect of inauspicious augury, the death-watch. Despising the puerile superstitions connected with this pulsation, I gave it no farther notice, and proceeded towards the house, when, as I passed an umbrageous plantation, I was startled by a loud wailing shriek, and presently a screech-owl flew out immediately before me. It was the first time one of those ill-omened birds had ever crossed my path; I combined it with the *memento mori* I had just heard, although I blushed at my own weakness in thinking them worthy of an association; and as I walked forward, I encountered my servant, who put a letter into my hand, which I observed to be sealed with black wax. It was from the clerk of my poor friend, informing me that he had been that morning struck by an apoplectic fit, which had occasioned his almost instantaneous death! The reader may spare the sneer that is flickering upon his features: I draw no inference whatever from the omens that preceded this intelligence; I am willing to consider them as curious coincidences, totally unconnected with the startling apparition which shortly afterwards assailed me.

Indifferent as to death myself, I am little affected by it in others. The doom is so inevitable; it is so doubtful whether the

parties be not generally gainers by the change; it is so certain that we enter not at all into this calculation, but bewail our deprivation, whether of society, protection, or emolument, with a grief purely selfish, that I run no risk of placing myself in the predicament of the inconsolable widow who was reproached by Franklin with not having yet forgiven God Almighty. Still, however, there was something so awful in the manner of my friend's death, the hilarity I had anticipated from his presence formed so appalling a contrast with his actual condition, that my mind naturally sunk into a mood of deep sadness and solemnity. Reaching the house in this frame of thought, I closed the library window-shutters as I passed, and entering the room by a glass-door, seated myself in a chair that fronted the garden. Scarcely a minute had elapsed when I was thrilled by the strange wailful howl of my favourite spaniel, who had followed me into the apartment, and came trembling and crouching to my feet, occasionally turning his eyes to the back of the chamber, and again instantly reverting them with every demonstration of terror and agony: mine instinctively took the same direction, when, notwithstanding the dimness of the light, I plainly and indisputably recognized the apparition of my friend sitting motionless in the great arm-chair!! It is easy to be courageous in theory, not difficult to be bold in practice, when the mind has time to collect its energies; but, taken as I was by surprise, I confess that astonishment and terror so far mastered all my faculties, that, without daring to cast a second glance towards the vision, I walked rapidly back into the garden, followed by the dog, who still testified the same agitation and alarm.

Here I had leisure to recover from my first perturbation; and, as my thoughts rallied, I endeavoured to persuade myself that I had been deluded by some conjuration of the mind, or some spectral deception of the visual organ. But, in either case, how account for the terror of the dog? He could neither be influenced by superstition, nor could his unerring sight betray him into groundless alarm, yet it was incontestable that we had both been appalled by the same object. Soon recovering my natural fortitude of spirit, I resolved, whatever might be the consequences, to return and address the apparition. I even began to fear it might have vanished; for Glanville, who has written largely on ghosts, expressly says—"that it is a very hard and painful thing for them to force their thin and tenuous bodies into a visible consistence; that their bodies must needs be exceedingly compressed, and that therefore they must be in haste to be delivered from their unnatural pressure." I returned, therefore, with some rapidity towards the library; and although the dog stood immovably still at some distance, in spite of my solicitations, and kept earnestly gazing upon me, as if in apprehension of an approaching catastrophe, I proceeded onward, and turned back the shutters which I had closed, determined not to be imposed upon by any dubiousness of the light. Thus fortified against deception, I re-entered the room with a firm step, and there, in the full glare of day, did I again clearly and vividly behold the identical apparition, sitting in the same posture as before, and having its eyes closed.

My heart somewhat failed me under this sensible confirmation of the vision; but, summoning all my courage, I walked up to the chair, exclaiming with a desperate energy—"In the name of heaven and of all its angels, what dost thou seek here?" when the figure, slowly rising up, opening its eyes, and stretching out its arms, replied—"A leg of mutton and caper sauce, with a bottle of prime old port, for such is the dinner you promised me." "Good God!" I ejaculated, "what can this mean? Are you not really dead?" "No more than you are," replied the figure: "some open-mouthed fool told my clerk that I was, and he instantly wrote to tell you of it; but it was my namesake, George Staples, of Castle Street, not me, nor even one of my relations; so let us have dinner as soon as you please, for I am as hungry as a hunter."

The promised dinner being soon upon the table, my friend informed me, in the intervals of his ever-ready laughter, that as soon as he had undeceived his clerk, he walked over to Star Cross to do me the same favour; that he had fallen asleep in the arm-chair while waiting my return from the grounds; and as to the dog, he reminded me that he had severely punished him at his last visit for killing a chicken, which explained his terror and his crouching to me for protection when he recognized his chastiser.

—Horace Smith.

PRESENTATION TO DR. WORKMAN.

It affords ARCTURUS great pleasure to record an instance of the paying of a well-deserved tribute to genuine merit and profound learning. Dr. Joseph Workman, of this city, was a few days since made the recipient of a handsome present by the Superintendent and Directors of the Homewood Retreat, Guelph. Dr. Workman needs no prolonged introduction to the readers of this journal. His name is a household word in this Province, and his professional fame extends very far beyond his own country. For more than a quarter of a century he was Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane. By his kind, firm, judicious and thoroughly conscientious management of that institution for so long a period, he secured for himself the esteem—almost the veneration—of pretty nearly every one whose good opinion was worth having. There are few medical men in Canada to-day whose professional advice relating to brain and nervous diseases are so highly valued, or whose opinions are more respectfully deferred to. Notwithstanding the Doctor's advanced age—upwards of eighty—he is still active in body and mind. He is a frequent contributor to the medical journals of this country, as well as to those of the United States. He is probably the oldest living graduate of McGill College, Montreal. Many of the medical superintendents and assistants connected with the Ontario Asylums received their professional training under Dr. Workman. Among these may be named Superintendent C. K. Clarke, of Rockwood Asylum, Kingston (his predecessor, Dr. Metcalfe, was also one), S. Lett, of Guelph, T. J. W. Burgess and J. Robinson, of London. On the establishment of the Homewood Retreat at Guelph, as a private institution, under government inspection, Dr. Workman was appointed consulting physician, and it was to mark their sense of obligation to him that the Directors presented him last week with a handsome mantel clock, the inscription on which tells its own story: "Presented to Joseph Workman, Esq., M.D., by the Directors of the Homewood Retreat Association, in grateful recognition of many kind and valued services as Consulting Physician of the Retreat."

J. W. LANGMUIR, President.

E. A. MEREDITH, LL.D., Vice President.

STEPHEN LETT, M.D., Medical Superintendent.

February, 1887.

To all which it may be added that about two years ago Dr. Workman was elected an honorary member of the Psychological Society of Great Britain and Ireland. May he be long spared to wear his honours.

The Straight Flush and Four Aces.

It is not many years since the straight flush was introduced into the game of poker, and given the power to beat four aces. The history of the development of the straight flush since the date of its introduction affords a curious instance of the way in which nature supplies every demand that is made upon her. In 1856 a straight flush occurred once in every 167,000 hands; four aces occurring at the same date once in every 9,027 hands. With the demand for straight flushes the frequency of their appearance increased, until at the time of the famous transit of Venus, when scientific parties were sent out by our government to the ends of the earth, the straight flush, according to the excellent authority of Prof. Harkness, of the Naval Observatory, could be expected to appear once in every 32,000 hands—in round numbers. In the very able paper on poker read at the meeting of the American Scientific Association last August, it was asserted that the straight flush had so greatly increased in frequency that it was commonly met once in every 1,147 hands, thus being very nearly as common as four aces.—*N. Y. Times*.

A COLOURED couple named Morse, resident near Little Rock, Arkansas, have a child whose complexion is a veritable freak of nature. The groundwork of the skin is white, or nearly so, but imposed upon it there are alternate irregular layers of black and a sort of reddish brown. It is to be hoped the child will remain where he is. Should he seek these northern latitudes Mr. Taylor would no longer be able to boast a monopoly of Morse's Mottled.



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The Rev. G. M. Milligan, pastor of Jarvis Street Presbyterian Church, writes,

384 Sherbourne St., Toronto,
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The following are a few of the references we are permitted to give:—William Elliott, Esq., Wholesale Druggist, T. G. Foster, Esq., Sam Osborne, Esq., Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D.D., Pastor St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto, W. B. McMurrich, Esq., M.A., Barrister, Hon. T. B. Fardee, Toronto, D. D. Hay, Esq., M.P., Listowel, Thos. McIntyre, Esq., M.P., Stratford, Rev. John Curry, Middleville, Robt. H. Henry, Esq., Winnipeg, J. J. Hoyt, M.D., Ingersoll, H. Covert, Esq., Port Hope, W. H. Storey, Esq., Acton, Wm. Hersee, Esq., Princeton, J. Lister, Esq., Hamilton, Thos. Simpson, Esq., Barrie, F. W. Eastbrooke, Esq., P.M., Nassagaweya, William Peers, Esq., Woodstock, C. G. Job, M.D., Peterboro', Rev. Dr. Wilson, Clergy House, 208 E. 17th St., New York City (late of Kingston), Wm. Hall, Esq., Morrisburg, W. S. Clark, M.D., Toronto, Thos. Bengough, Esq., D. A. McMichael, Esq., Toronto.

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VOL. 1. }
No. 8. }

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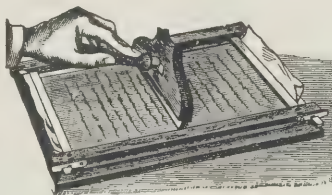
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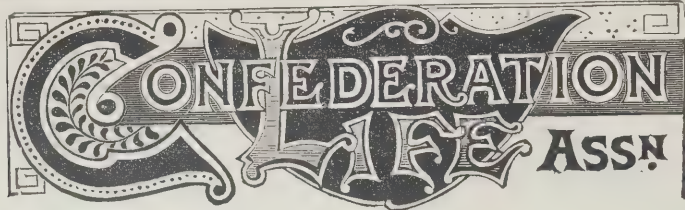
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ARCTURUS.

Notices of the Canadian Press.

A NEW star has appeared in the Canadian literary firmament under the name of ARCTURUS. The journal is a weekly, and is under the editorial management of Mr. J. C. Dent, whose accomplishments as a *litterateur* are a guarantee of excellence. ARCTURUS promises to deal with religious, social and literary matters and to discuss political questions from the national as distinguished from the partisan point of view. The number just to hand is an interesting and meritorious production. The editor apologizes for its imperfections on the score of the difficulties and drawbacks inseparable from the issue of a first number. But if succeeding numbers are as interesting as that with which the new enterprise is introduced, ARCTURUS will be a valuable addition to the periodical literature of Canada.—*Toronto Mail*.

ARCTURUS, Mr. John Charles Dent's new literary weekly, has received a flattering welcome from press and people. It is the most promising venture of its sort that has yet appeared upon the Canadian market. Its articles are sufficiently thoughtful to appeal to a class of readers who like a supplement to the rapid fire of running commentary which it is the province of the daily press to deliver, but the editor wisely eschews that heavy oracular style which has been the bane of so many literary weeklies. The initial number is good, and is a practical promise of better. The *World* hopes and predicts for ARCTURUS a long and prosperous career.—*Toronto World*.

The first number of ARCTURUS, "A Canadian Journal of Literature and Life," issued in this city under the editorial management of John Charles Dent, makes its appearance to-day. It is fully up to the standard aimed at as a readable, forcibly written,

and timely weekly paper, free alike from the pedantry which mars some pretentious efforts in this direction and the more frequent faults of slipshod and common-place writing. The articles are all interesting and thoughtful, and the editor has wisely permitted the writers considerable latitude in the presentation of their views instead of seeking to restrict their expression of opinion within the narrow limits usually marked out by party and class journals. Typographically ARCTURUS presents a bright and handsome aspect. It is convenient in form, and no pains have been spared to secure perfection in those details of arrangement which have so much to do with conveying a favourable impression with regard to a newspaper. Although the field of journalism seemed so fully occupied by publications of every class and grade, Mr. Dent must be credited with having struck out a distinctive line, and one which ought to find appreciation. If the standard of the first number is maintained ARCTURUS ought speedily to obtain a large remunerative circulation.—*Toronto News*.

ARCTURUS is the name of a new weekly paper published in this city, of which Mr. John C. Dent is announced as Editor and Proprietor. It claims to be "A Canadian Journal of Literature and Life." Mr. Dent's contributions to Canadian history and literature are an ample guarantee that this new journal will be conducted with taste and ability.—*Christian Guardian*.

ARCTURUS is the name Mr. John Charles Dent has selected for his new literary weekly, the first number of which appeared on Saturday, 15th. He calls it ARCTURUS because it is "A star of the first magnitude in the northern heavens"—according to the astronomical dictionary. We only hope the name will be kindly taken to by the public, for the paper promises to be bright and able, as, indeed, in Mr. Dent's hands could hardly fail to be. The typographical appearance of the new comer reflects high credit on the printing establishment of James Murray & Co.—*Grip*.

We are in receipt of the first number of ARCTURUS, a new weekly journal of "literature and life," owned and edited by Mr. John Charles Dent. The literary name and attainments of the editor are of themselves a guarantee of the highest excellence in all the departments of first-class modern journalism. The number before us, although published under the inevitable difficulties of a first issue, gives promise of a bright and successful future. The salutatory sounds a clear note of thorough independence, is succinct and clearly defined in its position, withal broad in its scope and liberal in its views. The initial number contains thoughtful and well-written articles upon independent journalism, the Labour Reform question in politics, and the Bible in the schools. It also gives us breezy book and other notices, and the extraneous selections are judiciously chosen. We welcome ARCTURUS, and bespeak for it a prosperous career.—*Toronto Sentinel*.

SUCH is the title chosen for a new weekly journal just established in this city by the well-known writer and historian, John Charles Dent. Made up in handsome form, with a neatly-engraved heading, and clearly printed on toned paper, ARCTURUS looks the picture of good taste, and comes freighted with gems from the editor's sparkling pen. To say that its leading articles are written with exceptional force and ability is but paying a slight tribute to the fine intellectual attainments of a gentleman who has long ago made his mark in the world of letters; and under his educated touch the new journal will be an enterprise of no uncommon merit. ARCTURUS, both as to brainwork and mechanical execution, is a credit to Mr. Dent, and we wish it a long and prosperous career.—*Irish Canadian*.

MR. JOHN CHARLES DENT has issued as editor and proprietor a new Canadian journal of literature and life called ARCTURUS. It is a neatly arranged, well printed and thoughtfully written production, and ought to easily find its own constituency. Mr. Dent is the author of "The Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion," and is not only a writer but a journalist of experience. ARCTURUS should succeed and fill a useful position in Canadian literature. That it may do so is our wish.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

FOR some time past the announcement has appeared in the Ontario press that Mr. John Charles Dent, author of "The Last Forty Years," "The Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion," and other valuable historical works, was about to establish a weekly periodical—"A Canadian journal of literature and life." The first number of ARCTURUS which now lies before us, is the fulfilment of the promise. ARCTURUS is thoroughly independent in its expressions of opinion on political, social and literary questions. The terms of subscription are \$2 a year. Address, Room U, Arcade, Toronto, Ont.—*Montré Gazette*.

WE welcome to the ranks of independent journalism the newly established paper ARCTURUS, published in Toronto, and edited by Mr. J. C. Dent, one of the most talented and brilliant of Canadian writers—our national "Junius." We judge from its high moral tone that it seems destined to become a moulder of Canadian sentiment, and cannot be questioned as an authority in politics, literature and art. We wish it success.—*London Farmers' Advocate*.

THERE has been issued at Toronto a new sixteen-page, clearly printed weekly paper, entitled ARCTURUS. Mr. John Charles Dent, who is well known in connection with Canadian literature, is the editor and proprietor. The first number contains a department of interesting political notes. An editorial article, "An Independent Newspaper," is temperately written, but it puts forward strongly enough the idea that the future of the country is a fair matter for consideration by a thoughtful people. There is an article on "The Labour Question in Politics," one on "The Bible in Schools," a department of "Literary Notes" and of "Book Reviews," with, of course, a good portion of space given to romance-literature and to poetry. A well-managed weekly paper is a necessity for the thoughtful reader. The daily journal takes up questions as they occur hour by hour, forecasts, discusses and disposes; the weekly, having more time for consideration, and a better opportunity of dealing with developed events, can correct and give judicial opinions. We hope that Mr. Dent's journal will succeed, and that he will be able to discover that there is a large population east of Quebec with ideas and opinions on the future of Canada.—*St. John Globe*.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

Vol. 1. }
No. 8. }

Saturday, March 5th, 1887.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

SINCE the close of the elections last week, the political journals have been quarrelling over the results. The *Globe* claims for the Liberals a majority of one. The Conservative and quasi-Independent newspapers of Ministerial leanings assert that Sir John will have a working majority of twenty-five or thirty. The pivotal point of the whole discussion is the attitude of the large number of members elected in Quebec as Nationalists, Independents, or "Conservatives but not Ministerialists"—men of various shades of opinion on other subjects, but agreeing in condemnation of the Government's North-West policy and the execution of Riel. They constitute the unknown quantity in the problem, and on their action the relative position of parties and the fate of the Ministry depend. The generally accepted Conservative opinion is that Sir John, following his usual course, will find means of winning over these recalcitrants by cajolery or otherwise. This opinion will probably turn out to be well founded, though, in view of the experience of the late Ross Ministry in Quebec, it is impossible to feel very sure on the point. The Nationalist element upon which the issue depended in Quebec stood firm in spite of every form of pressure brought to bear against them by the supporters of the Ottawa Government. The French Canadians are terribly in earnest over this Riel affair. It is one thing for a Government to "buy" members elected for the purpose of being bought, by subsidies which benefit their part of the country, and another to buy the representatives of the same constituents elected upon pledges of hostility to the Ministry.

As the term of the forty-ninth American Congress expires on the 4th inst., it appears altogether probable at the time of the present writing that, in spite of the deluge of bluster and spread-eagle oratory from statesmen of the Ingalls and Frye type, no retaliatory measure against Canada will be passed. Both the Senate and the House

of Representatives have by large majorities adopted Retaliation bills, but the measures are substantially different. That of the Senate is strictly confined to the fisheries, while the proposition of the House is broader, and, if carried out, would result in a suspension of all commercial intercourse. The deadlock will probably result in both falling through. It is likely that many of the Congressmen who blustered most loudly when these bills were under discussion, in order to please their constituents, are ready to connive at this easy way of disposing of the matter. Having said their say, and flourished in the newspapers as valiant defenders of the outraged American fishermen, they can now do the influential commercial element a service by judiciously disagreeing among themselves as to the precise mode and measure of retaliation until the time for action has gone by. As Mr. Wiman clearly pointed out at the Darling banquet in Toronto, the non-intercourse scheme would entail most serious injuries upon United States commercial interests, especially in the West. The Americans are the very last people in the world to be guilty of the kind of folly known as cutting off your nose to spite your face. If the true inwardness of the deadlock between the Washington Senate and House were revealed, it would in all likelihood be found to be a well-concocted scheme.

THE question of how the Queen's Jubilee shall be celebrated in Toronto, and what part of the expense shall be defrayed from the city treasury, is at present exciting a good deal of discussion. The consensus of public opinion seems to favour the establishment of some permanent memorial, such as a park or public square to be named in honour of the occasion; or perhaps an addition to the hospital: rather than the expenditure of public money in fireworks, music and processions. In a city the practical necessities of which in the way of additional open spaces and recreation grounds are so great, it would not be justifiable to expend a large amount of the tax-payers' money for any temporary celebration of the kind. But there are the usual number of pertinacious busy-bodies who see the opportunity of making personal profit or capital out of the occasion, and who are clamorous for a display at the public cost. We regret to see the disposition on the part of the council to shirk the responsibility of deciding, by referring the question to the people—or rather to such insignificant fraction of them as care to turn out and vote on money by-laws. There are many legitimate occasions when it is sought to lay out money in large sums for objects not strictly within the scope of city government when the tax-payers should be consulted; but

latterly the Council has abused the reference to the popular vote by appealing to it whenever the members find themselves in a dilemma, and are afraid of giving offence by a straightforward decision. This tendency is one that ought to be severely discouraged.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* recently took the vote of its readers as to the forty Englishmen who should constitute a literary academy, if such an institution were to be established in Britain on the French model. The list includes seven prominent public men, among them being the leaders of the Government and the Opposition. The contrast in this respect between Canadian and English public life is very marked. No list of Canadian literary men—exclusive of political journalists—would be likely to comprise a single member of either branch of the legislature, with the possible exception of Senator Plumb. Certainly no member of the Cabinet would be included. Politics is a much more absorbing vocation on this continent than in England. British statesmen appear to find time and opportunity, not only for literary work, but for a variety of other pursuits. Here, as a rule, the man who takes a leading part in politics does nothing else. The stress of the perpetual faction fight seems to engross his whole energy and ambition. It would be difficult to conceive of a politician in the thick of the fray finding time or inclination to write a novel or deliver a series of lectures on any subject apart from the questions of the day. There is probably no country where the literary and the political careers lie farther apart, and are popularly regarded as more incongruous than in Canada.

THE canonization of Sir Thomas More, the author of "Utopia," by the Roman Catholic church is a somewhat significant symptom. Lately the question of what the church teaches as to the relations between capital and labour and the right of private land-ownership has been a good deal agitated. The land league movement in Ireland and the kindred labour reform agitation in America have been prolific in controversies as to the attitude of the hierarchy and the bearing of tenets of Catholicism upon doctrines which if not strictly socialistic tend in that direction. Local ecclesiastical authorities have given conflicting decisions, and in the absence of any positive *ex cathedra* utterance the whole question of what the Catholic church holds upon these points is involved in a maze of uncertainty. The canonization of More seems to indicate that such reactionary prelates as Cardinals Corrigan and Taschereau have considerably strained the authority of their office to combat ideas which the church does not condemn. Rome can hardly anathematize Henry George and Michael Davitt after endorsing the considerably more pronounced socialism of Sir Thomas More's writings.

THE Ontario Legislature has resumed its sittings, lately interrupted by the Dominion election and the general desire of the local M.P.P. to take part in the fray. It is to be hoped: or rather let us say to be desired: that the party bickerings aroused by the exciting scenes through which they have passed in the interval will not prompt them to

renew the interminable warfare on the local arena. Nothing can be more absurd than the manner in which our provincial legislators habitually waste the public time and money in wrangling over Dominion issues when they should be attending to the business of the province. It is not certainly from any lack of urgent measures within their scope requiring their attention. It is unfortunate that the lines of cleavage between provincial parties are those drawn on Dominion issues. Both parties are to blame for this. The late Sandfield Macdonald's well-meant attempt to exclude Dominion politics from provincial affairs was defeated by the persistent opposition of the *Globe* and the Brown dictatorship, and in later years Sir John Macdonald's repeated onslaughts upon provincial rights have forced the Mowat administration in self-defence to assume a position of antagonism to the Ottawa Government. It is now futile to expect that the members of the Provincial House will cease to be partisans, but they should at least refrain from wasting time in fighting their campaign battles over again on the floor of the legislature, when matters of real moment claim their attention.

It is admitted on all sides that the Ontario majority of the Dominion was only saved by the raising of the cry that the N.P. was in danger. The absence of any important issue between parties gave undue prominence to this trivial *ad captandam* question. Mr. Blake's Malvern speech came too late, and was so obviously dictated by "political exigencies," that it did not have the re-assuring effect anticipated, while it probably did much to cool the ardour of the Maritime Province Oppositionists. The fear that Grit supremacy means free trade or any material reduction of the tariff is a mere bugbear. But capital is proverbially timid, and apart from the rabid Protectionists, by whom every jot and tittle of the existing tariff is invested with an almost sacred character, there were no doubt many who saw through the hollowness of the "N.P. in danger" cry, yet adopted it as a convenient pretext to vote for a Government which they could not have supported with any show of consistency on other grounds. It is high time that the petty and frivolous distinction without a difference between the attitude of the party that established the N.P. and the party that is willing to sustain it as a necessity ceased to be an issue in politics. There is not the shadow of a principle involved. It is a mere matter of expediency with both. If any party proposed to sweep away the entire tariff system and substitute absolute free trade and the raising of a revenue by direct taxation, then there would be a question worth fighting over. The journals and public men of both parties habitually use language and appeal to principles and authorities, on the broad question of Free Trade *vs.* Protection, from which an outsider might infer that their views were wide as the poles asunder, and that some such tremendous issue as was decided when the British Corn Laws were abolished was at stake. This confusion of thought is favourable to the Conservatives. Rightly or wrongly, the majority of people of Canada have got it into their heads that the country's prosperity depends upon the maintenance of the existing tariff intact.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

Terms, in advance, \$2.00 a year, or \$1.00 for six months. Subscribers not paying in advance will be charged 50c. extra. Clubs of three, \$5.00; clubs of five or more, to one address, \$1.60 each. Subscriptions may begin any time. Advertisements.—\$4.00 per line per annum; six months, \$2.50; single insertion, 20c. per line. No advertisement charged less than five lines. Business communications should be addressed, Business Manager, ARCTURUS, Room U, Arcade (Victoria Street entrance), Toronto. To Contributors.—The Editor cannot undertake to return MSS. by post, even when they are accompanied by stamps to pay return postage.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

NEVER since Confederation has a general election for the Dominion been as indecisive in its apparent results as that of the 22nd ult. As was generally anticipated by unbiassed observers, the Ministry has been sustained, but their majority has been greatly reduced. The change is mainly due to the revulsion of feeling in Quebec. In the other Provinces there has been but little alteration in the political complexion of the representatives, the gains being slightly in favour of the Liberals. But Quebec, instead of being a tower of strength to the Conservative Government, returns for the first time a Liberal, or rather an anti-Macdonald majority.

The uncertainty of the position of many of the members elect, and the absence of complete returns, owing to the later date fixed for elections in some of the remoter constituencies, render the estimates of the precise majority on which the Government can depend the merest guess-work. But, taking as approximately correct the figures of the more moderate of the exponents of Conservative opinion, it is probable that the majority will be sufficient to enable Sir John Macdonald to carry on the Government. Certainly if he possesses half the capacity and resource of the Sir John of ten years ago, there is little doubt that he will speedily recover his position by the use of the arts of diplomacy and finesse of which he is the master, and by the lavish use of the public patronage. His opponents assert that his right hand has to some extent lost its cunning. Even some of his friends declare that he is anxious to withdraw from the cares of an active political career. Others are of opinion that he will accept the opportunity of retiring now that he can do so with his prestige unimpaired, rather than undertake the arduous and uncertain task of building up his party again for the benefit of his successor. His early retirement in favour of Sir Charles Tupper is confidently predicted by those who profess to be to some extent behind the scenes. Such a step would change the whole situation. If Sir John would find it a matter of difficulty to retain power with the reduced following which the elections have left him, it would be simply impossible for Tupper to do so. While the latter's power in debate and his abilities as a rough and ready campaigner render him invaluable as a lieutenant, he does not possess the present Premier's faculties for leadership. He has none of the conciliatory tact and personal suavity of Sir John, and his unsavoury reputation as a corruptionist who has enriched himself is not excused so readily as the Premier's use of disreputable methods for the sake of his party.

For the present, as has been said, we believe Sir John's position to be fairly secure. On the whole, however, the signs point to a deadlock in politics at a day not far distant. If the Conservative ascendancy outlives the first shock of battle in Parliament and

the subsequent storms of the session, it certainly will not survive Sir John's political career. As has frequently been pointed out, the veteran Premier is the only living politician who can successfully unite the incongruous elements which are now ranged on the Ministerial side. Nor is the cohesion between the Opposition forces any more assured, especially since the Rielite faction in Quebec has assumed so much prominence on that side. Any Government which Mr. Blake might form from the materials now at his disposal, joined by such political waifs and strays as always attach themselves to whichever side is uppermost, would be equally unstable and devoid of any common bond of union as a Tory Ministry without Sir John. The prospect before the country is not re-assuring. In all probability we shall witness a similar state of affairs to that which has prevailed in Britain for some years past. We shall have a succession of weak and short-lived cabinets, depending for their existence on conciliating factions and cliques having special objects of their own to promote, and falling when their support is withdrawn. Under such circumstances there would be frequent appeals to the people and a gradual reconstruction of parties. The lack of cohesion which characterizes both the heterogeneous groups labelled respectively "Conservative" and "Liberal" is the natural result of the want of any broad comprehensive issue as between parties. In the absence of great principles over which to contend, personal and side issues inevitably come to the front, and sectional claims loom up more largely in the eyes of provincial delegations than fealty to party traditions or meaningless shibboleths. It has been the study of Canadian politicians for many years not to build up parties by undertaking large measures of reform and keeping pace in legislation and the science of Government with the material progress of the country, but to look almost altogether to official patronage and diplomatic concessions to sectarian or sectional groups of electors as a means for retaining or winning power. Mr. Blake has had the opportunity of inaugurating a bolder and nobler method of statesmanship. He has not availed himself of it, but has rather sought to imitate Sir John's tactics, notably in his attitude on the Riel question, and in his eleventh-hour attempt to trim on the N.P. As a consequence the electors, disgusted as they are with the corruptions of Toryism, have not realized that any decided improvement would result from a change.

CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMED HUMORIST.

(R. J. Burdette, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.)

THE arrival of a new boy in the little village of Greensborough, Greene County, Pennsylvania, on the 30th of July, 1844, interested me about as little as any event that ever occurred on the banks of the Monongahela. Other villagers came to inquire after the boy and his pretty mother; they decided whom the baby looked like, and what his name should be; they dandled him and guessed at his weight; they petted and praised him, and loved him. But I and the baby didn't seem to get on. At first sight of him I broke into pitiful wails, and brandished my fists as though I had met my mortal enemy. As the boy grew older, and opportunities for annoying him presented themselves more frequently, I persecuted him the more. I thrust my thumb into his eyes; I kicked the blankets off his sleeping form of nights; often I had fallen down-stairs with him, had not my sister Mary protected him. I have fidgeted and struggled until I thrust concealed pins into the person of that innocent, shrieking child. As the years of his boyhood came and went, more than all other people in the world I led that boy into mischief and got him into trouble; and I never got over this singular antipathy. I have been unkind to him where I would be tenderly merciful

to a stranger; I have been pitiless with him where I was gracious to my enemies. I have been the cause of all his mistakes and misdeeds: a thousand times I have been a stumbling-block in his way, and then I have smitten him because he stumbled over me. Often and often I wonder how bright and happy and good that boy's life might have been had he never met me.

The boy went West with my parents in 1846. Family traditions state that he wept aloud all the way from Greensborough to Cincinnati. Possibly he was heart-broken at leaving his native State, to which he returned long years afterwards. Six years they abode in Cincinnati. The boy grew in few years and some wisdom. He learned to read in the old family Bible, his mother teaching him his alphabet from the big initial letters. He went to school in an old market-house, somewhere near the river, in Fulton. He learned to swim in the Miami Canal, at Cummins-ville. In the eighth year of his age he followed the course of empire towards the setting sun. The family took ship and sailed for Peoria, Illinois, by the overland route, the Illinois river boat, which they took at St. Louis, walking over the sand-bars most of the way from Alton to Kickapoo Bar, five or six miles below Peoria. Just before the boat reached that point, some cows came along and drank up the river. The next week, however, it rained, and the "Clipper" sailed into port. With all this delay, the steamboat reached Peoria three or four years ahead of the railroad,—which might be considered excellent time, in those days.

In Peoria, this worthy boy was thrashed by a succession of educators through a long intellectual gauntlet, beginning at "Hinman's," a model "all-round" school in its time, and extending through the grammar school to the doors of the high school. Here the rod could not follow him, and as he entered the college of the people he rejoiced to know that if he failed to spell "phthisis" when the teacher said "tizzik" he could not be caned for it. All through his school-days he hated mathematics, never stood very high in any of his classes, was poor in declamation, very fond of history, while "composition-writing" he regarded as a pleasant recreation. Whatever his theme, he treated it lightly. He soon learned that what was such an easy task for him some of the boys most dreaded, and he established a little contraband traffic with them: "I'll write your composition if you'll do my algebra." I have known him to have half a dozen "compositions" in stock, viewing with a tranquil mind a secured mathematical future. Alas for such false training! all he knows about figures now is that his manuscript averages two hundred and forty words to the page. Had he but faithfully studied his own algebra, he might now be able to write a serial story on a postal card. But he wouldn't be able to invent the story.

In 1861 he graduated from the Peoria High School with high honours, standing about third in the class. When the doors of the school closed behind him he was greatly pleased. So were his teachers. I cannot say that his school-days were pleasant to him. He has often told me, in the strictest confidence, that he never wishes he were a boy again. His teachers were kind, sympathetic, I think, and infinitely patient with him, I know; and he often wishes he had not made them so much trouble. But then, you know, school-days are not pleasant to some boys. In the summer of 1862, at the tender age of eighteen, he was invited by President Lincoln, in a proclamation issued about that time, to save the country. He did so. He entered "C" Company, Forty-Seventh Illinois Infantry, as a private gentleman, and put down the rebellion with a musket longer than himself, for he was brief of stature, being but five feet three inches short. He saved his country, although he hasn't got a deed for it yet. The government wouldn't promote him, and couldn't reduce him: so he held his rank steadily,—which is more than some generals did. At General Banks's urgent solicitation he, with a number of other private gentlemen, accompanied the Red River expedition to Pleasant Hill and back to Atchafalaya Bayou, on an excursion-ticket good both ways, conquering in one direction and running in the other, his pay going on all the same. At the beginning of the Vicksburg campaign he laid his blood-stained sword down long enough to write his first letter for publication. It was a private letter to his father, but it contained some very patriotic sentiments, couched in the earnest language of a young

soldier, and it was published in the *Peoria Transcript*, greatly to the surprise of the author. He wished he had known it would be published: he would have made it longer. See what a blessed thing it is for the world of readers that authors do not know whether their articles will be published. That is the way editors stand like protecting bulwarks between the writer and the reader. Now, look at the length of this article: anybody could tell that the writer knew pretty well it was to be printed.

After the close of the war, the young veteran at once entered the profession of letters, being appointed a clerk in the Peoria post-office, where he served about two years, occasionally running as extra man on the railway mail routes running out of Peoria. All this time he was ambitious in an artistic direction. He was haunted by a presentiment that he was destined to be a great artist, and passed much of his time drawing pictures on the good manilla paper furnished by the government, and often he dreamed of painting a great historical picture as big as the side of a barn, with at least twenty dollars' worth of paint. So he journeyed to New York to see about it. After a few months' residence in that city, it began to dawn upon him that he was about two hundred and fifty years too late to be a great artist. He took his pen in hand, and began to write New York letters for the *Peoria Transcript*. One of these, "The sailing of the Arizona," pleased Mr. Enoch Emery, the editor, and he wrote to the great artist, asking him to come home, that he "might make an editor outen him." He went, and was set to work reading proof and "editing telegraph" on a morning paper, and from the day he bent over the first proof he wondered that he ever thought there was any pleasant occupation in the world outside a newspaper office. The *Transcript* was a good school of journalism, for Mr. Emery was one of the best editors I ever knew: I guess the first editor a youngster writes under always is. But he was a man of excellent ideas. When the paper was full of long editorials he scolded everybody for laziness. When it was only half filled with short paragraphs he praised all hands for industry and brightness. "Only a lazy man," he said, "will write long editorials." "Young man," he said to me one day, when I had printed something that would have looked better for our side unprinted, "it isn't knowing what to put into a paper that makes an editor; it's knowing what to keep out. Any fool can fill a paper with original matter every day, but a good editor will reject three or four-fifths of all that is offered him." He never had any faith in my so-called humour, and frequently repressed my exuberant flights. "Young man," he said, "I want you to learn to walk before you try to prance." And on another occasion he said, "See here, young man, when I want anything funny in this paper I'll write it myself." He was right: the tendency of a "funny" young man is to be too funny, to be as funny as he can be all the time; to be a "grig," which is to be a bore.

Alas! I see I have glided into the upper-case I. It was my intention to keep my identity carefully concealed until the close of these confessions, and then suddenly spring the revelation upon the startled audience, "That boy now stands before you." I have seen this done with great effect in Sunday-school conventions and on Commencement occasions, although I must confess that it always detracted a little from the impressiveness of the revelation when the "boy" standing before us was bald as an egg, wore throat-whiskers, and was seventy years young. From this point my confessions will be replete with the most interesting incidents that ever delighted a listening audience, most of which I will carefully suppress. You see, I have learned "what to keep out."

On the 4th of March, 1870, I married Carrie S. Garrett, of Peoria. From this time on, so much of her hand and influence ran not only between but in the lines of my work, that whatever I wrote should have been signed "Robert and Carrie Burdette." Not only by her brave, cheery, hopeful nature—and her courage and cheerfulness I never knew to be equalled—but by her wonderful good sense and judgment did she aid me. Against her advice shortly after our marriage I and some friends established an evening paper of our own, the *Peoria Review*. The gods loved it though the advertisers didn't, and in one short year it died sincerely mourned by its numerous creditors, and leaving in my hands a library valued at about fifteen hundred dollars. I have

this library yet. It consists of one volume of Zell's Encyclopædia. It may not be worth so much money in the market, but that's about what it cost me: that precious book was all I got out of the *Review*. Since then, several times I have been offered splendid opportunities for starting a new paper to fill a long-felt want. I have never started a second one. I don't want to. I lack business capacity. If I were to print a nine-column quarto on gold-leaf, I couldn't sell it for two cents a copy. In 1874 I was engaged on the editorial staff of *The Hawkeye*, and removed to Burlington, Iowa.

My work was very easy all the time I was on *The Hawkeye*. That is, it came easily. There never seemed to be any trouble either in selecting a subject—and it's always more difficult to find the text than it is to write a sermon—or in writing the sketch. Very rarely, either at that or any other time, was there an effort to invent anything "funny." Such an effort is usually a failure. When I sit down and think—I do think, sometimes—I seldom think of anything humorous: my thoughts, with rare exceptions, are serious—indeed, rather sombre in their tendency. Of late years especially I am aware of a constant struggle against melancholy.

As Mrs. Burdette's health failed, I did more and more of my work at home, soon withdrawing entirely from desk-work in *The Hawkeye* office and writing altogether at home. "Her Little Serene Highness" was at this time quite helpless, suffering every moment, in every joint, rheumatic pain, acute and terrible. But in these years of her suffering helplessness more than ever is visible her collaboration in my work. All manuscript was read to her before it went to the paper. She added a thought here and there, suggested a change of word or phrase, and, so tenderly that in her trembling hand the usually dreaded and remorseless "blue pencil" became a wand of blessing, struck out entire sentences and pet paragraphs. How well she knew "what not to print"! Blessed indeed is the man who writes with such a critic looking over his shoulder, a wife who loves and prizes her husband's reputation far above his own vanity or recklessness! At times she wove into our work whole pages of her own, and in some instances she wrote one-half of a long sketch or letter, and I think only ourselves could see where the sketch was joined. One day, as I was gathering up the "copy" which represented the morning's work, she slipped into the leaves with comically feigned timidity a little poem which, she said, she ventured to lay before the great editor, and would like a copy of the paper containing it, if published. It was "Robin's Nest," a tender little story of her own life. It was her only published poem; although after she fell asleep I found several fragments of her verses, written with pain-stricken fingers that could scarcely hold the pen.

In the winter of 1877 I wrote a lecture about two hours long, and went out and said it without hesitation, manuscript, or remorse. The writing of that lecture, "The Rise and Fall of the Moustache," was a comical piece of business. Dr. Charles Beardsley, then editor-in-chief of *The Hawkeye*, said to me one day, "Why don't you write a lecture?" Straightway I went home and told Her Little Serene Highness what he said. Her face lit up like a ray of sunshine. "Ah," she exclaimed, "Dr. Beardsley is as wise as he is good. I've been waiting for this for years." I was afraid to venture; but Her Little Serenity coaxed and petted and argued in her womanly way, and at last the lecture was completed. She calmly sent her little blue pencil cruising over its blotted pages, and, after making many prizes and sinking many a gallant rhetorical three-decker, she sent me out. I am afraid I didn't go out very grandly. I was badly frightened. I had no voice, no elocutionary training, no presence, no attitude, no gesture; my pronunciation was faulty, and my grammar uncertain: I had nothing but my lecture and my wife. How could I fail? The critics were kind; they were more than kind. Indeed, they have always dealt very gently with me. Possibly—I think probably—because I am scarcely worthy of the envenomed steel, but possibly because the critic is not so lurid as he is painted. There was so much money in lectures that they drew me more and more away from the desk. You see the difference between "spoken" and "written" literature? A lecture that no magazine would pay me one hundred dollars for has lasted nearly

ten years, is still in steady demand, and is worth four or five thousand dollars a year. And yet that lecture has been published, in book form, ever since the first year of its delivery. But, you see, nobody reads my books. Neither do I. In time we wrote other lectures, and in time I published some books. Mrs. Burdette warmly approved of the lectures, but she earnestly endeavoured to dissuade me from publishing the books. The lectures were financial successes: in a few years the fee grew from anything I could get, to one hundred dollars a night and as many engagements as there are nights in the week. The books were colossal failures. All I ever got out of the three of them wouldn't pay me for the time spent in their compilation at a day-labourer's wages.

I drifted away from *The Hawkeye* to the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the only journal with which I am now connected. Six years ago we came to Philadelphia to secure medical treatment for Mrs. Burdette, and shortly afterwards made our home in Ardmore. Here, wearied with the long struggle with pain and helplessness, Her Little Serene Highness fell asleep; and as I close this paper I miss the loving collaboration that with so much of grace and delicacy would have better prepared these pages for the reader. The first throb of literary ambition, my earliest and later successes, so far as I have been successful, whatever words of mine men may be pleased to remember most pleasantly, whatever of earnestness and high purpose there is in my life, whatever inspiration I ever had or have that enters into my work and makes it more worthy of acceptance, I owe to the gentlest, best, and wisest of critics and collaborators, a loving, devoted wife. And if ever I should win one of the prizes which men sometimes give to those who amuse them, the wreath should be placed, not on the head of the jester who laughs and sings, but on the brows of her who inspired the mirth and the song.

MEMBERS of Parliament come cheap. Labouchere tells the following story of a Radical member of the British House of Commons: "The atmosphere of the House of Commons does not seem to agree with Radicals. They soon want to become fine gentlemen. He remembered a case in one of the divisions with regard to the admission of Mr. Bradlaugh. About ten minutes before the division a highly respectable gentleman on the Liberal side of the House came to me and said, 'You know I have been thinking this over, and my conscience won't allow me to vote for Bradlaugh.' I replied, 'I have not got time enough to talk about your conscience—what do you want?' The member said: 'What do you mean? I am not that sort of a person;' whereupon I said, 'Do you want to be made a knight?' and the gentleman replied, 'No, you are entirely mistaken.' I next asked him, 'Have you got a wife?' and he answered, 'Yes.' 'Well, do you get asked to those crowds, those receptions at the Foreign Office?' The honourable member admitted that he and his wife rather complained that they had not, and then I said, 'You go in and vote, and I'll see that you are asked to them in the future,' and in about ten minutes I polled that patriot in." Even a New York alderman would scorn to sell his vote for such a low consideration.

In the days of Rome's greatness one Marcus Cassius had a large cooperage at the corner of Appian Way and Mars Hill. Upon a certain day two of his apprentices sought to see which would make a better beer keg. Caius Antoninus was the successful competitor, which so maddened Titus Demetrius that he knocked in the head of Antoninus's keg with a beetle. Caius cried aloud in his agony as he surveyed the ruin that had been accomplished, "See what a rent the envious casker made." Rome's downfall dated from that day.

SAID a Nevada lawyer concerning a man who had kicked his wife down stairs: "Gentlemen of the jury, he h'isted her! Great heavens, he h'isted her! He—the brute, once, perhaps, a man—raised his foot and applied it to the form of her who, at the holy altar, he had sworn to love and cherish."

Poetry.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST AND THE TRAMP.

WALKING along a country road,
While yet the morning air was damp,
As, unreflecting, on I strode,
I marked approach the frequent tramp.

The haggard, ragged, careworn man
Accosted me in plaintive tone :
"I must have food," he straight began.
"Vile miscreant," I cried, "begone !

" 'Tis contrary to every rule
That I my fellows should assist ;
I'm one of the scientific school,
Political economist.

"Dost thou know, deluded one,
That Adam Smith has clearly proved
That 'tis self-interest alone
By which the wheels of life are moved ?

"That competition is the law
By which we either live or die ?
I've no demand thy labour for.
Why, then, should I thy wants supply ?

"And Herbert Spencer's active brain
Shows how the social struggle ends :
The weak die out, the strong remain ;
'Tis this that nature's plan intends.

"Now, really, 'tis absurd of you
To think I'd interfere at all.
Just grasp the scientific view—
The weakest must go to the wall."

My words impressed his dormant thought.
"How wise," he said, "is Nature's plan ;
Henceforth I'll practice what you've taught,
And be a scientific man.

"We are alone ; no others near,
Or even within hailing distance :
I've a good club, and now right here
We'll have a struggle for existence.

"The weak must die, the strong survive—
Let's see who'll prove the harder hittest ;
So, if you wish to keep alive,
Prepare to prove yourself the fittest.

"If you decline the test to make,
And doubt your chances of survival,
Your watch and pocketbook I'll take,
As competition strips a rival."

What could I do but yield the point,
Though conscious of no logic blunder ?
And as I quaked in every joint,
The tramp departed with his plunder.

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

SONNET.—DARK DOUBTS.

BLACK is the night ; but blacker still my mind,
Whose thoughts like thunder-clouds obscure the sky
Of my fair reason. Rent in agony,
As sails, all tatter'd by the fitful wind,
In spite of all that cunning craft could bind,
My fondest hopes are toss'd about on high
And made the playthings of mad jealousy,
Whose raging frenzy no reprieve can find.

* * * * *

Let blackness reign and blust'ring blasts yet blow
Till all the firmament with furious wrath
Be hidden from the blinded sense beneath ;
From gravest dangers great escapes do grow.
Through darkest clouds the sun must later shine
As through my doubts the love that still is thine,

Paris, Ont.

E. G. GARTHWAITHE.

A WELL-KNOWN resident of New York, whose name is withheld, has made a proposition to the officers of the Free Library to buy a lot and erect a building for a branch. The offer has been accepted and the site will soon be selected. In addition to the above the library has lately received a gift of \$10,000 from Mrs. Charles Woerishoffer and the same amount from William Otten-doffer.

Book Notice.

THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS, Part III. New York, D. Appleton & Co. Toronto, R. W. Douglas & Co.

The third and concluding part of these *Memoirs* has been published at last, and the "trivial fond records" of one of the most amusing gossipers of the nineteenth century have been brought to a close. The falling-off in interest from previous volumes is distinctly, almost painfully apparent. The last entry is under date of November, 1860, when the chronicler had reached his sixty-seventh year. "I have long seen," he writes, "that it is useless to attempt to carry it on, for I am entirely out of the way of hearing anything of the slightest interest beyond what is known to all the world." Such a passage as this, penned in an old man's diary, goes a long way towards disarming criticism. It moreover conveys a lesson which all of us would do well to bear in mind. There must come a time when the best-trained hand shall forget its cunning, and when the lightest touch shall be all too heavy. To the author of these memoirs the time came slowly and very gradually. He had his full share of the good things which life has to give, and he has furnished entertainment for many thousands of his fellow-creatures. When he was at his best he wielded a sharp and almost vitriolic pen. Even at his worst, as he is in this last instalment of his diary, he is seldom absolutely dull. Here we learn for the first time that in the year 1854 efforts were made to bring about a marriage between Louis Napoleon and the Princess Mary of Cambridge. The foremost advocate of this match was Lord Palmerston, who on various occasions personally urged it upon the Queen. One ground upon which he urged it—that such a match would be preferable to a union with any little German Prince—was not likely to render it popular with Her Majesty. "It is incredible," writes Greville, "that he should have mixed himself up in an affair that he could hardly fail to know must be very disagreeable to the Queen, besides that the Princess is not likely to sacrifice her country and her position for such a speculation, so hazardous and uncertain at best, and involving immediate obligations and necessities at which her pride could not fail to revolt." In addition to social and political topics, the author has a good deal to tell us about the literary lions of his time. Very little of his information is absolutely new, but he throws a good many side-lights upon some of the characters. Of the poet Rogers, he says: "I have known him all my life, and at times lived in a good deal of intimacy with him, but for some years past he had so great an aversion to me that I kept away from him and never saw anything of him. He was an old man when I first made his acquaintance between thirty and forty years ago, or probably more. He was then very agreeable, though peculiar and eccentric ; he was devoured by a morbid vanity, and could not endure any appearance of indifference or slight in society. He was extremely touchy, and always wanted to be flattered, but above all to be listened to, very angry and mortified when he was not the principal object in society, and provoked to death when the uproarious merriment of Sydney Smith or the voluminous talk of Macaulay overwhelmed him and engrossed the company ; he had a great friendship nevertheless for Sydney Smith, but he never liked Macaulay. I never pretended, or could pretend, to be a rival to him, but I was not a patient and attentive listener to him and that was what affronted him and caused his dislike to me."

Correspondence.

The Sabbath Question.

Editor ARCTURUS:

SIR,—I am not a bigot, not even a Sabbatarian in the ordinary conception of the word, and yet I think that the movement which insists on one day of rest in seven ought to be supported by all who wish well to the human race. Six days of toil, whether of brain or body, are quite enough for any one to endure without relaxation. We need rest, and if we cannot get one day in seven or rest and recreation, I really think life is not worth living. During an active life I have found the seventh day's rest a boon which has rendered life enjoyable. Throwing aside as much as I could the cares and worries and labour of the week, I have rested both mind and body for one quiet day; sometimes at home, sometimes at church, or other meeting; sometimes wandering in the sunshine amidst the trees and flowers; at the same time learning something of nature. I have been rested, refreshed, instructed. Had I to live life over again, the greatest loss I can conceive of would be the loss of the resting day,—the Sabbath. I do not feel thus on account of religious scruples, but from the experience of an ordinary lifetime I am loath to give up the day of rest.

Now, what I desire and ask for myself, it would be selfish and wrong in me to withhold from others, and as I cannot get a rig at a livery stable, ride in street cars, or sail in steamboats without forcing someone to work, I regard it a duty to forego any additional pleasure which I might obtain in order that all may have the rest which I enjoy.

The Sabbath question must come to the front and ought to be discussed, but as one point, or thought, may be enough for one letter, other thoughts must for the present remain unnoticed.

Yours, etc.,

REST.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE early numbers of ARCTURUS are rapidly becoming exhausted, and persons wishing to obtain complete sets cannot send in their orders too quickly.

THE *Pilgrim's Progress* has been translated into Japanese, and illustrated by a native artist. This makes the eighty-first language into which the "Pilgrim" has been rendered.

THE latest thing in book advertising has been devised by a French publishing firm. A large number of men are made to walk in single file along the most frequented streets, apparently intent upon reading an open book, which they hold out before them with both hands, so that the back of the book can be seen. The public naturally wishes to know the title of this work of such absorbing interest, and finds on looking that it is a newly published novel. It is hardly necessary to add that several of the tired men could not read a line of it to save their lives.

FEARFUL and wonderful are the ways of cataloguers. A writer in *Blackwood* states that it is within his knowledge that in a certain public library Mr. Edmund Gosse's volume of poems, entitled "On Viol and Lute," was placed on the shelves among musical publications, and "King Solomon's Mines" among works on mineralogy. One correspondent of *Notes and Queries* states that he saw Tully's "Offices," at the Hartley Library, Southampton, inserted under the head of theology; and another says that a short time ago, in a bookseller's catalogue, he found Phineas Fletcher's "The Purple Island; or the Isle of Man" classified along with Manx books.

MR. GRANT ALLEN, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled "Falling in Love," speaks of fiction as follows: "I do not approve of novels. They are for the most part a futile and unprofitable form of literature; and it may profoundly be regretted that the mere blind laws of supply and demand should have diverted such an immense number of the ablest minds in England, France and America from more serious subjects to the production of such very frivolous and, on the whole, ephemeral works of art." Mr. Grant Allen's last novel, by-the-way, has not been republished in America. It is a West Indian story, entitled *In all Shades*.

WE have received from Messrs. Henry Stevens & Son, of London, England, their February "Catalogue of Chief Books and Pamphlets Relating to America." It contains a valuable lot of Canadiana, but the prices affixed are not what would commonly be called cheap. In fact, as any collector knows, the time for getting cheap books and pamphlets relating to Canada is past. So far as those of any real value are concerned, the demand is beyond measure greater than the supply. Even as regards many of those which are devoid of intrinsic merit, there is a steady demand on the part of State libraries and private collectors. There are not a few Canadian works which the local second-hand dealers in Toronto are much more anxious to buy than to sell.

ONE of the chief features of the number with which *Blackwood* begins the new year is "The Land of Darkness," a long story, in which Mrs. Oliphant delineates a novel idea of the "Inferno," differing entirely from all other conceptions of the same subject which have been formed by writers, whether in jest or earnest, from Dante downwards. The punishments, the sufferings, the situation, are new; mechanical modes of torture are for the most part supplanted by acute mental anguish; individualities are preserved, and the vices which had characterized humanity are found playing more fiercely and freely in the doomed spiritual nature. The story forms one of Mrs. Oliphant's series of essays in the fiction of the higher supernatural, of which "The Open Door" and "Old Lady Mary" in *Blackwood* will be remembered.

It will be news to many of our readers that the story of Paul Revere's ride, as related by Longfellow, is in a large measure apocryphal. The poet describes him as planning a scheme by which he warned the people of Concord and Lexington of an imminent attack by the British troops. According to Revere himself, however, who left the story of his ride to his descendants—some of whom are still living in Boston—he did not succeed in reaching Concord until the inhabitants had received warning by other means. The ride, too, was by no means so devoid of interruptions as Longfellow pictures it. Before Paul had gone half a mile he met a party of British, and had to lie in a swamp for several hours till the danger was past. Procuring another horse he started again, but in a short time was called on to halt by another party of scouts. While parleying with them horsemen were heard approaching, and Paul immediately advised his captors to flee, as these were his friends. The ruse succeeded and he proceeded on his journey, but the delays were fatal to its object.

THE following story is told regarding the ready comprehension which some people profess for everything that Browning has written. One lady was talking about the matter with another, a profound Browningite. "I am sure," said the latter, "that I understood without difficulty everything that Browning wrote." "And upon the first reading?" asked the other. "Certainly." The first lady took down her Browning, turned gravely to one of the most mystical of the poems and began to read it wrong end first, that is to say, she read the last line first and then the next to the last line and kept on till she had read the whole, finishing in an animated delivery with the first line of the poem. She lent to the rhyme, more or less dubious, of the poet the music, quite undeniable, of her voice; and the new disciple of Browning drank it all in with eager ears. "There!" the reader said when she had finished, "do you mean to say that you understood that?" "Perfectly," said the other; "Nothing could be more luminous than those glorious lines, which march from their introductory statement to their irresistible conclusion like the gleaming advance of a splendid army."

IMAGINATION loves to linger about the act of death and "the moment after" it. The idea of a narrative purporting to come from one who has passed into eternity has suggested itself to many writers, and has found embodiment in efforts more or less fanciful and Scriptural. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have recently added to the number of such attempts the *Letters from Heaven*, translated from a fourth German edition. The opening chapter is a letter from a mother to her son taking up her story from the moment when he closed her eyes with filial affection.

This is both affecting and imaginative, and seizes upon the reader's attention as genuine poetry will do in whatever form it comes. The succeeding letters scarcely come up to the same high standard; in fact they drag heavily with the weight of didactic effort, and have less of narrative and more of instructive suggestion. Here and there the author falls again into the vein of fancy and gives sketches of heavenly experience. The mother who writes has been the wife and widow of a German pastor, and many little incidental touches reveal an earthly existence of placid, unselfish aims and earnest piety. The book strikes us as unequal; thoroughly good and guardedly orthodox in its statements, but rather disappointing in its lapse from fancy to pious but well-worn religious sentiment.

MR. A. STEVENSON, some of whose work has already appeared in the columns of ARCTURUS, has a well-written brief article in last week's *'Varsity'* on the subject of Canadian literature. He deprecates the tendency of Canadian authors to follow European models. "Imitation," he says, "is the death of art in literature as well as in everything else. Let us be ourselves. Within that limit we are greater than Shakspeare. I am not sure that the great writers of the past are altogether a blessing to us. Perhaps they are only so many Old Men of the Sea on our shoulders. It is an open question whether we should not be grateful to the Turk that burned the library at Alexandria. There are other libraries which might be burned with advantage to-day. Canadian authors have no need to imitate. The true, the noble, and the beautiful are all about them if they will but look. There are as good men and women here as in England. They also are moved by fine enthusiasms, and great heroisms are wrought out here. Our sky is blue, our waters clear, birds sing here also,—our own birds—the grass is green, and our wild flowers are fair. Yet a young Canadian writer in his prize essay on 'Morning' introduces the English lark, though he probably never saw one; and certain recent Canadian poems and works of fiction have the trail of old country prejudices over them all."

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD is a name better known in England than in Canada, but it is far from unknown, even here. Many Canadians who have reached middle age will remember an excellent series of cheap sixpenny books which made their appearance in this country about thirty-five years ago. They were from the press of an English publisher, but they were sown broadcast over the northerly part of this continent, and were to be found in pretty nearly every rural home in Western Canada. One of the earliest of the series was *Recollections of William Wordsworth*, by Edwin Paxton Hood. It fell into the hands of the writer of these lines, who was then a lad of ten years. Previous to that time he had known nothing of Wordsworth, except that he was the author of a little poem in one of the national school readers entitled "The Pet Lamb." The *Recollections* were delightfully written, and from that time forward the gray-whiskered bard of Grasmere has been something more than a name. An interest was also thereby aroused in the personality of E. P. Hood—an interest which has never entirely abated to this day. A copious life of the "Poet and Preacher" has just made its appearance in England. It has been favourably received alike by the critics and the public, and is having an astonishingly large sale for a book of that class. It has not yet reached Canada, but from an advance notice in the London *Literary World* it is easy to see that the book is pervaded by a strong human interest. It is news to us to learn that Mr. Hood, like his more famous namesake, was an adept at epigram. The record has been preserved of his first introduction to Bulwer Lytton. Fascinated by the spell the author of *The Caxtons* was fastening round young and appreciative souls, the young man, Paxton Hood, ventured to call upon him. As has not been infrequent in such cases, he was told he could not see the popular patrician poet. Taking a pencil and paper from his pocket, he hastily wrote:

A son of song, to fame unknown,
Stands waiting in your hall below.
Your footman bids him to be gone;
Say, mighty Bulwer, shall he go?

The impromptu proved a potent *sesame*. He was sent for, kindly received, and invited to call at Knebworth.

ARISTOCRATIC SURNAMES.

PHONOGRAPHERS complain that scarcely one English word in a thousand is spelt correctly—that is, all its letters are not sounded precisely as they are in the alphabet. And such criticism is perfectly just, though, from the force of habit, we seldom notice the faulty orthography of common words. But if we meet proper names, of persons or places, their eccentric spelling is more observable, and sometimes even puzzling. Highly educated persons often hesitate in pronouncing a proper name which they see for the first time. This remark especially applies to some aristocratic surnames, as will be seen by the subjoined, with their recognized pronunciation:

CLANRANALD must be sounded as if written Clanronald. Derby, in speaking either of the peer, the town, or the race, should always be called Darby. Dillwyn is pronounced Dillon, with the accent on the first syllable. In Blyth the *th* is dropped, and the word becomes Bly. Lyveden is pronounced as Livden, and Pepys as Pepis, with the accent on the first syllable. In Monson and Ponsonby the first *o* becomes short *u*, and they are called Munson, Punsonby. In Blount the *o* is silent, and the word is spoken as Blunt. Brougham, whether referring to the late illustrious statesman or the vehicle named after him, should not be pronounced as two syllables—Brawham or Brooham—but as one—Broom. Colquhoun, Duchesne, Marjoribanks, and Cholmondeley—four formidable names to the uninitiated—must be called Cohoon, Dukarn, Marshbanks, and Chumley! Cholmeley is also pronounced Chumley. Mainwaring and McLeod must be pronounced Mannering and Macloud. The final *x* in Molyneux and Vaux is sounded, but the final *x* in Devereux and De Vaux is mute. In Ker the *e* becomes short *a*, and the word is called Kar; it would be awfully bad form to pronounce it Car. In Waldegrave the *de* is dropped, and it becomes Walgrave, with the accent on the first syllable. Berkeley, whether referring to the person or place, should be pronounced Barkley. Buchan is pronounced Bukan; Beaucherk, or Beauchark, as Beauclare, with the accent on the first syllable; and Beauvoir as Beevor. Wemyss is pronounced as Weems, and Willoughby D'Eresby as Willowb D'Ersby; St. John must be pronounced Sinjin as a surname or Christian name; when applied to a locality or a building, it is pronounced as spelt, Saint John. Montgomery, or Montgomerie, is pronounced Mungumery, with the accent on the second syllable. In Elgin *g* takes the hard sound it has in give; in Gifford and Giffard it takes the soft sound as in gin—as it also does in Niggin. In Conyngham the *o* becomes short *u*, and the name is called Cunningham. In Johnstone the *t* is silent. Strachan should be pronounced Strawn; Heathcote, Hethkut; and Hertford, Harford. The *av* is dropped in Abergavenny, which is called Abergenny, and the *n* in Penrith, which is called Perrith. Beauchamp must be pronounced Beecham; Bourne, Burn; and Bourke, Bur. Gower, as a street, is pronounced as it is written, but, as a surname, it becomes Gor. Eyre should be pronounced Air; and Du Plat is called Du Plah. Jervis should be pronounced Jarvis. Knollys as if written Knowls; Menzies as if written Mynjies; and Macnamara must be pronounced Macnamarah, with the accent on the third syllable. Sandys should be spoken as one syllable—Sands; St. Clark is also one word—Sinclair; and S. Leger is called Selliger. Vaughan is spoken as one syllable—Vawn; and Villebois is Vealbwoh. Villiers is called Villier with the accent on the first syllable; Tyrwhitt is called Tirrit; and Tollemache is pronounced Tollmash, with no accent on either syllable. The proper pronunciation of a dead Conservative premier's title is Beckonsfield; Bethune should be spoken Beeton; and Milnes as Mills. Charteris, by those moving what Jeames calls the "hupper suckles," is pronounced Charter and Glamis is called Glams. Geoghegan is always spoken Gagan, and Ruthven as Riven.—*London Literary World*.

At a recent meeting of the Burns Club in Glasgow it was solved to erect, on a rocky point overlooking the Clyde, an obelisk as a memorial to "Highland Mary." The necessary funds will be raised by public subscription.

Hours with Contemporary Authors.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

DURING the last few years, the subject of American Humour as received a considerable amount of attention at the hands of the English and the Canadian press. All the English quarterlies, and almost all the monthlies, have devoted more or less space to the theme. Canadian periodicals abound with extracts from and allusions to the humorous muse of the United States. If the British and Canadian public of the present day are not reasonably well informed with respect to the more salient features discernible in the humorous literature of the United States, the fault must rest with themselves. The works of Dr. Holmes, Professor Lowell, Charles G. Leland (Hans Breitmann), Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Josh Billings, Bill Nye and a score of minor lights, have been reviewed and commented upon in English and Canadian periodicals again and again; and the criticism, upon the whole, has been sound and liberal. To several American authors, indeed, English critics have been exceptionally kind and generous in their appreciation. Joaquin Miller and Walt Whitman, for instance—either of whom has met with very rapturous recognition in his own land—were, upon their first introduction to English readers, greeted with a fervour of enthusiasm which created not a little astonishment in the United States, where the eloquently expressed admiration of insular critics seemed incomprehensible.

The author whose name stands at the head of this article has come in for a share of attention along with his Transatlantic brethren, and has received perhaps more unmingled eulogy than any one of them; and yet, according to the best opinion I have been able to form, he has never received, at the hands of the general reading public of Canada, the amount of recognition to which his versatile genius and varied acquirements entitle him. The fact is, it has not hitherto been his good fortune to be discussed in suitable company. A dissertation on American Humour should be very comprehensive indeed—more comprehensive than any article of reasonable length can be reasonably expected to be—to do complete justice to a topic including writers so entirely antithetical in every conceivable respect as the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table and the impersonator of the itinerant Yankee showman whose “wax figgers” were confiscated down in Dixie, and who resorts to the expedient of quoting Hamlet’s soliloquy “2 B or not 2 B,” in order to provoke the laughter of his readers. The last named writer is doubtless irresistibly funny at times; though he is seldom or never anything more than funny. When we read his books we are constrained to grin, in spite of ourselves: though, sooth to say, we are frequently conscious of a feeling somewhat akin to self-abasement for being so easily amused. Artemus, in short, is all very well in his way; but his way is not that of the higher class of American humorists; nor do his books present any fair sample of the national humour except in its lowest development. Most assuredly his calibre is very far removed from that of the well-read gentleman, the accomplished scholar, the subtle psychologist, and the brilliant writer of eloquent and sparkling English who has described “The Last Walk with the Schoolmistress,” and who has told us the wondrous and altogether unquestory of *Elsie Venner*. And yet, wide as is the difference between them, we not unfrequently see the works of these writers classed together—or at any rate treated together—under the general head of “American Humour.” I have no particular charge to bring against such a course of proceeding. It is unquestionably legitimate, and even necessary, in a general article which professes to take something like an exhaustive survey of American Humour, to select examples from every phase of that humour. But I submit that such an article, no matter how judiciously it may be written, being restricted in its scope to the humorous element of literature alone, can convey no adequate idea of the status of an author like Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, while he is beyond question in the front rank of contemporary humorists, is not a mere humorist. Indeed, the nature and quality even of his humour are such as to place it out of the common category.

A New York journal recently remarked that there are few things in which Americans are more thoroughly distinctive than in their humour. The humorous vein runs largely through all their walks of life. They have had a great many comic papers—mostly imitations of *Punch*—not one of which has been very long-lived. This result is accounted for upon the hypothesis that an undercurrent of dry humour prevails to such an extent throughout all American journalism as to render a comic paper *per se* a superfluity. “We are all of us very apt,” says the journal just referred to, “to treat serious subjects lightly, and it is precisely this quality that renders our humour so characteristic. It possesses none of the airy grace of the Frenchman, nor is it based upon so solid a foundation of the ‘well of English undefiled’ as that of the Britisher. It is broad and irresistible caricature, rather than polished wit and satire. The American is a weak satirist. He lacks the elegance and polish of language that could make him one. Incapable in this direction, therefore, he betakes himself to a burlesque, and here it is that he finds a speciality in which he is unrivalled. Take our American school of humour altogether, it is not one to be ashamed of, nor yet to be particularly proud of. It can hardly be claimed as the humour of a refined and highly cultivated intelligence, but must rather be regarded as the exuberant fun of a sturdy intellect that is brimful of the practical, and can find relief only in its most direct antithesis.”

The foregoing remarks are well and tersely put; and if applied to the modern developments of the national humour are incontestable. Of this class is the humour of Mark Twain, Petroleum V. Nasby, Orpheus C. Kerr, the Danbury Newsman and Bill Nye. But there is another and more elevated class of American humorist, to whom the foregoing remarks can no more be applied than to the Rev. Sydney Smith, or any other of the best humorous writers of Great Britain: and to the latter class belongs the subject of this paper.

I suppose it will hardly be disputed that Holmes is entitled to the appellation of “Prince of American Humorists,” which was long ago bestowed upon him. Certainly the only author who can venture to contest the preëminence with him is his friend and fellow-labourer Professor Lowell, whose *Biglow Papers* are so well known in this country, and who would himself be the very last man in the world to raise the question. In the present article, however, it is proposed to consider Dr. Holmes not only in his capacity of a humorist, but generally as a man of letters. I shall of course take no notice of his lyceum lectures, nor of such of his works as are exclusively professional, of which he has published several. Independently of these, he has attained a certain distinction as a poet, a novelist, and an essayist respectively; and it will perhaps be most convenient to consider him separately in each of these three aspects.

As a poet, he chiefly merits notice for sprightliness of fancy and felicity of expression—two qualifications absolutely essential to a successful writer of verses of society. He seems to have formed, at an early period of his literary career, a tolerably correct estimate of the extent and peculiar bias of his poetical powers, and has seldom attempted any very ambitious flights. The one or two pieces in which he has attempted to reach a lofty altitude are notoriously the weakest things he has produced—Miss Mitford to the contrary notwithstanding. If we wish to see him at his best (as a poet) we must read his lyrics, which are incomparably the choicest of his metrical effusions; and in this department of poetry he has certainly no rival in America. Professor Lowell, in *A Fable for Critics*, has sketched his more prominent features with singular felicity:

“There’s Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit;
A Leyden-jar always full charged, from which flit
The electrical tangles of hit after hit.

* * * * *

“His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyric
Full of fancy, fun, feeling, and spiced with satiric,
In a measure so kindly, you doubt if the toes
That are trodden upon are your own or your foes’.”

The only contemporary English writer who can compete with Dr. Holmes as a writer of society verses is Mr. Locker. In respect of mere mechanical finish, Mr. Locker, we think, distances

his American competitor: but in the other requisites which go to make up a successful songster of this class—among which may be enumerated genuine earnestness, delicacy of fancy, and the faculty of detecting similitudes between objects not commonly supposed to bear any resemblance to each other—I am disposed to yield the palm to the author of *Songs in Many Keys*.

Some of his best songs have enjoyed an advantage which, so far as I am aware, has been enjoyed by no other poems of modern times except the *Irish Melodies* of Thomas Moore. They have been composed for special occasions, and have made their first appearance in public fresh from the lips of the author himself, who has sung or recited them at convivial and other gatherings in Boston. In other words, the Doctor has revived, in the most staid and decorous of American cities, the practice of the bards and minnesingers of mediæval times. Aided by vocal and elocutionary powers of no mean order, some of these little effusions have won a local admiration which might not, perhaps, have been accorded to them, had they been given to the world unaccompanied by such adventitious aids. As mere occasional verses, however, they are, as a whole, excellent. Many of them display a genuine independence of thought, and a detestation of cant and humbug, blended with a broad, fervid humanity and kindness of heart, such as would compel attention even if one were to read them for the first time in the poet's corner of some obscure provincial newspaper. Happy thoughts, clothed in well-chosen epigrammatic language, are everywhere perceptible, and pungent wit, without any trace of coarseness or ill-nature, meets us at every turn. Occasionally, too, we find exquisite *morceaux* of delicate and discriminative criticism scattered here and there through the stanzas. One soul-stirring little song, composed for and recited at a Burns Anniversary meeting, contains a verse which is well worth quoting, as illustrative of the foregoing remarks. The subject, of course, is Burns himself.

"The lark of Scotia's morning sky!
Whose voice may sing his praises?
With Heaven's own sunlight in his eye
He walked among the daisies:
Till, through the cloud of fortune's wrong,
He soared to fields of glory:
But left his land her sweetest song,
And earth her saddest story."

It is probable, however, that if Dr. Holmes had written nothing but poetry, he would be little known at the present day beyond the limits of his own country, and would not be likely to be generally known to future generations, even of New Englanders. His best thoughts have been reserved for prose, in which his mind is untrammelled by the requisite conditions of rhyme and metre. Clever and sparkling as many of his verses are, the discriminating reader of his works cannot fail to perceive that the exigencies of rhythm frequently hamper his power of expression. This power of expression finds its highest perfection in his discursive essays; but it is often very noticeable in his novels.

Of novels he has written only three: *Elsie Venner*, originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in 1860, under the title of *The Professor's Story*; *The Guardian Angel*, published in the same magazine in 1867, and *A Mortal Antipathy*, published in its complete form no longer ago than last year. The first of these is by long odds the most noteworthy of the three.

The Guardian Angel is by no means a commonplace novel. It is written in the pleasant, racy, nervous English peculiar to the author. The humour is of more than average quality, as novels go, and is sufficiently abundant in point of quantity. The story is interesting from the first page to the finish, and contains one excellent and thoroughly original character that will probably go down to posterity. Byles Gridley, A.M., who is himself the *Guardian Angel* in the guise of a scholarly old man who wears spectacles, must surely have been "drawn from the life." As a whole, however, the book appears to us to be unsatisfactory, and it certainly has not enhanced the author's reputation as a novelist, which had already been established by the publication of his former and much more powerful fiction. The psychological problem presented to us in the very singular creation of Myrtle Hazard is insufficiently worked out; and all things considered, one scarcely knows whether the lot of the accomplished Mr.

Clement Lyndsay, who secures her for his wife, is an enviable one or not. Viewing the matter in the light of some knowledge of the physiological theory of hereditary transmission, I am led to entertain certain unpleasant forebodings on behalf of the progeny consequent upon the marriage. The Reverend J. Bellamy Stoker is a very repulsive personage, and if such wolves in sheep's clothing are at all common among the clergy of New England, I heartily endorse the sentiment of Nurse Byloe, as to the propriety of keeping a bulldog to take the seat out of the black pantaloons of such gentry. The delineation of this character brought down upon the author's head a tremendous storm of obloquy and indignation from the orthodox clergy of the United States, while the work was coming out in monthly instalments in the pages of the *Atlantic*. In the preface, however, published when the novel was completed and given to the world in book-form, the author states very definitely that he had written upon amply sufficient data and authority. The truth of the matter is that Dr. Holmes and the "unco guid" among the clergy do not get on very well together. They accuse him of meddling with matters beyond the province of a layman. The Doctor is a sworn foe to hypocrisy and deceit, whether in matters of religion or in the affairs of every-day life, and has dealt some vigorous strokes at dogmas and creeds. It may perhaps be thought that he has occasionally gone somewhat too far in this direction, and has exceeded the legitimate functions of the novelist. However that may be, it is undeniable that by some descendants of the original New England Puritans he is regarded as a Man of Belial, and as one given over to reprobation. That he is heterodox, judged by any creed, is undeniable, but his heterodoxy never assumes the sneer of the scoffer, and in reading his fervid denunciations of Puritanical cant we have more than once been reminded of the dictum of the late Dear Ramsay, that the conscientious doubts of an honest seeker after truth are worth a great deal more than the blind and unreasoning faith of a dissembling rogue. The Doctor himself, in his clever essay on *Mechanism in Thought and Morals*, says "We all need forgiveness, and there must be generous failings in every true manhood which it makes Heaven itself happier to pardon."

Of *A Mortal Antipathy* I do not propose to speak at present as it is my intention to deal with it in a separate paper by itself. I pass on to the author's earliest novel, which, like *The Guardian Angel*, deals with certain subtle psychological problems. The master-theory in *Elsie Venner* is however worked out much more efficiently than in *The Guardian Angel*, and the work is in every respect a more telling and powerful one. It deals with the same grave and intricate question of hereditary transmission, and the influence of ante-natal accidents as brought to bear upon the moral character and entity of the offspring. To say that the author has solved all the difficulties incidental to so obscure an enigmatical a field of investigation would of course be saying too much. Indeed it may well be doubted whether any probable, or even any possible development of science can ever enable such matter to be cleared up with anything like precision. But he has at least presented the question in such a shape as to start many quaint speculations in the minds of such of his readers as are able and willing to think, as to whether a child may not be brought into the world under such an untoward combination of circumstances as entirely to deprive it of free-will, and consequently of all moral accountability for its delinquencies, no matter how glaring. Such a subject is of course in the highest degree complicated, and the implied doctrine would be a very dangerous one to import into judicial decisions. The law can be no respecter of persons. Yet the enquiry suggested can scarcely be regarded as an altogether profitless one, even though it should be productive of no other result than to make us more tolerant of the frailties and shortcomings of our fellow-creatures, and less disposed to congratulate ourselves upon our own immaculate purity and freedom from reproach.

Shortly before *Elsie Venner's* birth, her mother was bitten by that most deadly of reptiles, a rattlesnake, and died from the bite. The child survived, but as she grew up, the hideous nature of the serpent was partially developed within her. She was very beautiful, but her beauty was the beauty of a serpent rather than that of a woman. The ordinary studies and pastimes of girlhood were dis-

tasteful to her. When she danced, her body involuntarily assumed wriggling undulations. Her eyes were bright and glittering, and had a fell power of fascination. She lived near a precipice called Rattlesnake Ledge, the side of which swarmed with the hideous reptiles of whose nature she partook. As a consequence, Rattlesnake Ledge was avoided by everyone but Elsie herself, who scaled its side without fear and without danger, for the serpents, so deadly to everyone else, had no power—and apparently no disposition—to injure her. On the contrary, the human element in her composition seemed to endow her with a sort of qualified domination over them, for they became harmless and ceased to bite at her approach. In the end, she dies, having reached the age which naturalists assign as the ordinary limit of a rattlesnake's life.

Such is a brief outline of the story, which is sufficiently weird and remarkable in itself, and which is rendered doubly effective by the conscious power with which it is written. It would be impossible for the author to write so many pages without giving his readers a certain infusion of wit and humour, but the humorous element does not predominate, nor does it even enter largely into the composition of this book, which is not the work of a mere humorist, nor even of a mere story-teller. To any one who cares to read it for the sake of the scientific doctrines which it enunciates, the prevailing tone is one of sadness. The scene of Elsie's death, when she has outlived her serpentine nature, and has become a lovely, sweet, human girl, is very touching. One of the scenes on Rattlesnake Ledge is so graphic as to be simply terrible. The scene where Abner Briggs "follows his dog" has all the good points of the author of *Guy Livingstone* and his school, unaccompanied by the mawkishness and ridiculous exaggeration for which the works of those writers are conspicuous.

It has been said that Keats's *Lamia* and Coleridge's *Christabel* are both of them dim foreshadowings of Elsie Venner. I have no desire to claim any merit for the American author to which he is not entitled, but those who have made this statement must surely have forgotten one very material circumstance. *Lamia* and *Christabel* were nothing more, and were intended to be nothing more, than poetical abstractions; whereas Elsie Venner is presented to us as a living, breathing reality, or at all events as a possibility, and as an extreme development of a principle which is perhaps in some degree influencing every one of us in our daily conduct of life. Dr. Holmes was for many years engaged in the active practice of the medical profession in Boston and elsewhere; and, as may readily be inferred by any one who is familiar with his writings, he was and is an enthusiast (using the word in its most flattering sense) in matters connected with that profession. He is especially enthusiastic with respect to such matters as pertain to the border-land between medical and moral science. His practice in the more esoteric departments of his profession has been extensive, and in the preface to *Elsie Venner* he assures us that he has received startling confirmation of the possibility of a character like that of his heroine.

It is quite possible that the weird psychological studies of Charles Brockden Brown, with whose writings he must be presumed to be familiar, may have supplied certain more or less vague hints to the author of *Elsie Venner*. The former writer, however, is gloomy, and unwholesomely morbid. Holmes is often weird, but never morbid. His characteristic tone is fresh, bright and genial as a sunny midsummer's day. Hawthorne's incomparable *Romance of Mont Beni*, which was written and published about the same time as *Elsie Venner*, deals with a somewhat kindred theme. As an artist, I cannot, of course, compare Holmes with Hawthorne, but the Faun, like the creations of Keats and Coleridge already mentioned, is a mere artistic conception, and is not intended to pass current as anything more than the solitary omumings of a poetic visionary with his own soul.

It is as an essayist that Holmes is best known to general readers; and it is in this character, I suspect, that he will be best known beyond the limits of the nineteenth century. When his first series of breakfast-table conversations appeared, in 1857, in the pages of the *Atlantic*, they were looked forward to, month by month, with scarcely less zest than was felt by the English readers of Dickens and Thackeray for the monthly numbers in green and

buff. Making due allowance for a certain *bizarre* admixture of flippancy and sententiousness on the part of the Autocrat himself, who almost monopolizes the conversation, I am inclined to pronounce these essays the most delightful of their kind in the English language. Dr. Brown's *Horæ Subsecivæ*, which are somewhat akin in spirit and tone, must yield the precedence to these witty, brilliant, eloquent and earnest monologies, which do not contain a really ill-natured word, and which are throughout characterized by sterling good sense, kindness of temper, brilliant play of fancy, honesty of purpose, and no inconsiderable share of genius. They make no claim to comprehensiveness, nor is the author's intellect a comprehensive one, but they are the conscientious work of a manly, independent thinker, who is endowed with warm and generous sympathies, and who is wise enough not to permit those sympathies to run away with his judgment. They moreover display a most admirable proficiency in what the Country Parson has called "The Art of Putting Things." In one of the earliest of his discourses he says that "Unpretending mediocrity is good, and genius is glorious; but a weak flavour of genius in an essentially common person is detestable. It spoils the grand neutrality of a commonplace character, as the rinsings of an unwashed wine-glass spoil a draught of fair water." Again: "If a sense of the ridiculous is *one side* of a man's nature, it is very well; but if that is all he has to recommend him he might better have been an ape at once, and so have stood at the head of his profession." Opening the volume at random, we are sure to light upon such felicitously expressed aphorisms as these. As a specimen of a more elevated train of thought we may refer to the passage, too long for quotation, in which human brains are compared to seventy-year clocks. The description of "The Last Walk with the Schoolmistress," already alluded to, is perhaps the most chaste and delicate piece of workmanship in the whole series, and could not have been written by an author whose training, social position, and habits of life were other than "Autocratic."

The next series, published in 1859, under the title of *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, is not, as a whole, quite up to the mark of the *Autocrat*; but the same hand is apparent, and the subjects treated of are dealt with in the same clever, semi-scientific way. None but a physician could have written the Story of Iris, nor the numerous episodes in which the Sculpin figures so conspicuously. The "young man of the name of John," who furnished so much amusement in the former series, and who is endowed with the faculty of winking with one side of his face while the other remains smooth and uncreased, is again presented to us in this volume; but he has grown older, and has shaken off some of his boyish peculiarities. We also renew acquaintance with the young clergyman, the poor relation, and the old gentleman opposite. The Koh-i-noor, a new importation (? from New York) is not much to our taste, and we feel pleased when the little episode in the back-garden relieves us from further acquaintance with him. It is in this volume that the author, through the medium of the Sculpin, propounds his theory that "Boston has opened and kept open more turnpikes that lead straight to free thought and free speech and free deeds than any other city of live or dead men." Bostonians, one and all, are more than a little proud of their city, and pique themselves upon the intellect and cultivation of the American Athens. And justly, for probably not fewer than three-fourths of the American names which the world has agreed to consider famous, belonged to persons born in or connected with Boston.

The Poet at the Breakfast Table, which was also given to the world through the pages of the *Atlantic*, closes the series, and we are informed that we are not to expect any more lay-sermons in the guise of breakfast-table conversations from the same source. In this volume we are introduced to a host of new acquaintances, too numerous to be individually particularized. The plan is the same as in the preceding volumes, and the dialogue sparkles no less brightly than of yore. The subjects treated of are as heterogeneous as ever; embracing theology, sociology, science, medical ethics, and what not; all of which are discussed with the flippant sententiousness with which we have long since become familiar, and which we have learned to like so well. It is interesting to trace the progress of the author's mind, as manifested in the

three volumes comprising this breakfast-table series. In one sense it may be said that he is endowed with perennial youth; for the hand has lost none of its cunning, and the style is as fresh, sprightly and vigorous in his last work as in anything he has written. But there is notwithstanding a certain mellowness and maturity of thought about the Poet that we are unable to find either in the Autocrat or the Professor.

There are certain characteristics common to all Holmes's writings, whether in poetry or prose; and with a brief enumeration of these I will conclude. There is everywhere perceptible a decided propensity for talking *shop*; and this propensity is manifested so frequently that in any writer with less taste and judgment it would become offensive. The result of his out-of-the-way professional reading is apparent in almost everything he has written; but so skilfully does he manipulate his ideas, and so cleverly does he place them before us, that they do not seem to be forced or intruded, but to arise easily and naturally out of the context. A careful reader, however—more especially if he happen to be a professional writer—will frequently detect unmistakable evidences that the context has been carefully worked up for the express purpose of introducing the theories of the author respecting matters more or less remotely connected with the medical profession. But the theories, after all, are so obviously founded upon a broad common-sense, and are so frequently well worthy of the consideration of the non-professional reader, that one does not feel disposed to find fault with the author for imparting instruction where we only looked for amusement. Many persons, for instance, will be of opinion that the Professor's remarks on homeopathy and phrenology might well have been omitted. But to most persons who have not prejudged these questions the remarks will be conclusive; and even if not conclusive as arguments, they are at all events so excellent as jokes that we forgive the special pleader for the sake of his delicious humour.

No writer ever brought to his task a greater fund of genuine manliness and good feeling. And, paradoxical as the idea may sound, herein lies the secret of his scathing satire, of which commodity we find abundance scattered throughout his various works. But it is never the satire of a cynic. It is the sentiment of a well-informed and large-hearted man, who looks upon his fellow-creatures with a sincere desire to make them better; who is inclined to be hopeful for the future of humanity; and who constantly writes with the salt-cellar within reach of his hand. He is as different from Heraclitus with his whine as from Diogenes with his lantern. If he ever manifests intolerance it is when dealing with what he considers theological abuses. Thackeray did not loathe hypocrisy and cant more sincerely than does Oliver Wendell Holmes. The Doctor's most trenchant satires have been levelled against these vices; but even in his satire he is peculiar. He can administer the most excruciating castigation with a good-humoured smile upon his lips, and without rancour or bitterness in his heart. It has been said of him that "he has a velvet touch, but a sharp claw beneath it." I think I am justified in concluding these remarks with the assertion that the claw has never been bared but in the cause of progress and truth.

A TALE OF A GRIEVANCE.

THE regular Boston correspondent of the New York *Critic* waxes eloquent over the wrongs sustained by a friend of his in England. "English publishers," he writes, "are jealous publishers; and when an English magazine like *The Cornhill* or *Temple Bar* has a capital short story, or an article with the name of some one who is filling the public eye at the foot of it, the conductors do not allow the newspapers to make what those who are fond of Americanisms would call a 'free lunch' of it. A guileless friend of mine had the misfortune to become proprietor of a weekly paper in Liverpool, and having served an apprenticeship on *The New York Times*, and learned how attractive a feature its literary supplement is on Sundays, he thought he could follow the example of his journalistic Alma Mater. Though an Englishman himself, his education here had opened his eyes to the awful sterility of the

average English newspaper, and he said to himself that it would surely be acceptable to his readers if he should vary the political and religious dogmatism to which they had been accustomed by his predecessor, with a sort of literary salad composed of leaves from the magazines. It was not strange that in 'making up' his first number he should turn to a copy of *The New York Times*, and no doubt he had that sense of homesickness for our rowdy metropolis which I believe no one feels so acutely as the Englishman who, once having been acclimatized here, returns to his native land. The Sunday supplement was full of good things as usual: bits from *Macmillan's*, *Belgravia*, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *The Fortnightly*, and, leading all the rest, a lively short story by that excellent raconteur and most amiable man, Mr. James Payn. Mr. Payn's story was the very thing: vivacious, swift in its touch, unflinching in its humour; and forthwith it was transferred from *The New York Times* to *The Liverpool M—*, not, of course, without a brief word of credit to the English periodical in which it had first appeared. My friend foolishly believed that the single line of italics at the foot of the story would legitimize the use he made of it, just as it would have done if in America he had given a similar credit to *The Century* or *Harper's Magazine*. He knew how free the American newspaper makes with the pick of the contents of these two magazines, and how courteously their editors allow the man with the paste and scissors to do what he will with them; and he imagined that a similar hospitality would be dispensed by the London magazines. In a few weeks, however, he received a note from a firm of lawyers, informing him that he had violated the copyright of the magazine in which the story had first appeared, and that legal proceedings had been begun against him, the publishers having decided that a stop should be put to a practice which interfered with the circulation of their magazine by attempts to make common property of special features which they could only obtain by a large outlay of money. These are not the words used: the actual phraseology had all the impregnable neatness of Lincoln's Inn and Chancery Lane. The surprised and alarmed editor at once sought Mr. Payn, who received him with the fascinating *bonhomie* that distinguishes the editor of *The Cornhill Magazine*. Mr. Payn was sorry, but as the matter had ceased to be in his control he was obliged to refer his visitor to the publishers. The publishers were sorry, too, but they in turn had to refer him to their solicitors. The end of it all was, that in order to keep the case out of the courts my friend had to pay something over ninety pounds for the use he made of a story about four thousand words long; and ever since then he has regretted that when he wanted literature for his paper he did not avail himself of the matter which he could have bought from a 'syndicate.'

THE natural right of a woman to vote is just as clear as that of a man, and rests on the same ground. Since she is called on to obey the laws she ought to have a voice in making them; and the assumption that she is not fit to vote, is no better reason for denying her that right than was the similar assumption which has been urged against every extension of the franchise to unfledged men. And whether men like or do not like the imputation that they are incapable of framing proper laws without the aid of women, their success in making laws has certainly not been great as to give them a reason for disdaining women's aid. The fact the botch that men have made of the business of making laws, ought, it seems to us, to lead them to ask whether the finer and quicker intuitions and more delicate sensibilities of women are not as much needed in the management of public affairs as they are in the affairs of a family. Not only are women superior to men in what our correspondent considers women's sphere, but they often bring to affairs regarded as peculiarly belonging to men an insight and a judgment which render them most valuable counselors of men. The man who scorns the advice of women is anything but a wise man. And seeing that mankind is composed of men and women, and that the two sexes are the natural complements of each other, is not the leaving of what concerns both entirely to one sex very much like the attempt of an individual to use only one leg in walking?—Henry George's *Standard*.



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The Rev. G. M. Milligan, pastor of Jarvis Street Presbyterian Church, writes,

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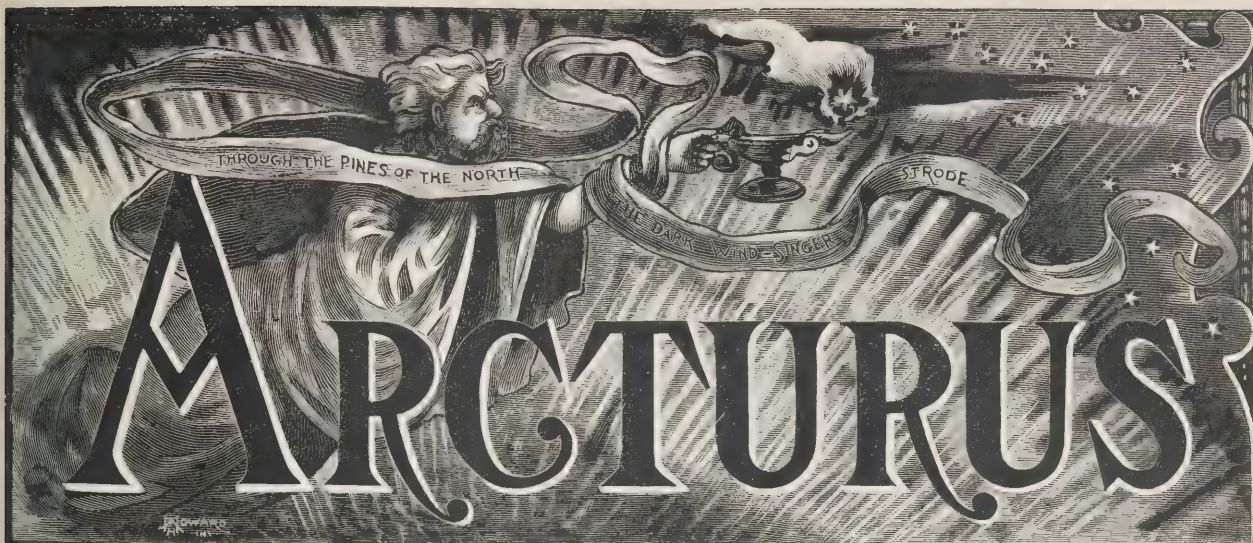
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VOL. 1. }
No. 9. }

Saturday, March 12th, 1887.

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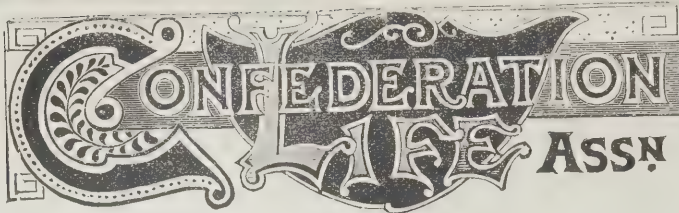
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ARCTURUS.

Notices of the Canadian Press.

A NEW star has appeared in the Canadian literary firmament under the name of ARCTURUS. The journal is a weekly, and is under the editorial management of Mr. J. C. Dent, whose accomplishments as a *litterateur* are a guarantee of excellence. ARCTURUS promises to deal with religious, social and literary matters and to discuss political questions from the national as distinguished from the partisan point of view. The number just to hand is an interesting and meritorious production. The editor apologizes for its imperfections on the score of the difficulties and drawbacks inseparable from the issue of a first number. But if succeeding numbers are as interesting as that with which the new enterprise is introduced, ARCTURUS will be a valuable addition to the periodical literature of Canada.—*Toronto Mail*.

ARCTURUS, Mr. John Charles Dent's new literary weekly, has received a flattering welcome from press and people. It is the most promising venture of its sort that has yet appeared upon the Canadian market. Its articles are sufficiently thoughtful to appeal to a class of readers who like a supplement to the rapid fire of running commentary which it is the province of the daily press to deliver, but the editor wisely eschews that heavy oracular style which has been the bane of so many literary weeklies. The initial number is good, and is a practical promise of better. The *World* hopes and predicts for ARCTURUS a long and prosperous career.—*Toronto World*.

The first number of ARCTURUS, "A Canadian Journal of Literature and Life," issued in this city under the editorial management of John Charles Dent, makes its appearance to-day. It is fully up to the standard aimed at as a readable, forcibly written, and timely weekly paper, free alike from the pedantry which mars some pretentious efforts in this direction and the more frequent faults of slipshod and common-place writing. The articles are all interesting and thoughtful, and the editor has wisely permitted the writers considerable latitude in the presentation of their views instead of seeking to restrict their expression of opinion within the narrow limits usually marked out by party and class journals. Typographically ARCTURUS presents a bright and handsome aspect. It is convenient in form, and no pains have been spared to secure perfection in those details of arrangement which have so much to do with conveying a favourable impression with regard to a newspaper. Although the field of journalism seemed so fully occupied by publications of every class and grade, Mr. Dent must be credited with having struck out a distinctive line, and one which ought to find appreciation. If the standard of the first number is maintained ARCTURUS ought speedily to obtain a large remunerative circulation.—*Toronto News*.

ARCTURUS is the name of a new weekly paper published in this city, of which Mr. John C. Dent is announced as Editor and Proprietor. It claims to be "A Canadian Journal of Literature and Life." Mr. Dent's contributions to Canadian history and literature are an ample guarantee that this new journal will be conducted with taste and ability.—*Christian Guardian*.

ARCTURUS is the name Mr. John Charles Dent has selected for his new literary weekly, the first number of which appeared on Saturday, 15th. He calls it ARCTURUS because it is "A star of the first magnitude in the northern heavens"—according to the astronomical dictionary. We only hope the name will be kindly taken to by the public, for the paper promises to be bright and able, as, indeed, in Mr. Dent's hands could hardly fail to be. The typographical appearance of the new comer reflects high credit on the printing establishment of James Murray & Co.—*Grip*.

For some time past the announcement has appeared in the Ontario press that Mr. John Charles Dent, author of "The Last Forty Years," "The Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion," and other valuable historical works, was about to establish a weekly periodical—"a Canadian journal of literature and life." The first number of ARCTURUS which now lies before us, is the fulfilment of the promise. ARCTURUS is thoroughly independent in its expressions of opinion on political, social and literary questions. The terms of subscription are \$2 a year. Address, Room U, Arcade, Toronto, Ont.—*Montreal Gazette*.

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VOL. 1. }
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Saturday, March 12th, 1887.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE British capital has narrowly escaped a revival of all the nauseous Dilke and Crawford business. The missing Fanny is missing no longer, having been discovered living quietly with her husband (!) in a quiet little Kentish village, where she has been *perdu* ever since the beginning of the notorious trial. Her discovery is alleged to be due to some mysterious anonymous communications which have passed to and fro between her and her somewhere paramour. The Queen's Proctor, however, does not appear to feel himself officially called upon to revive the proceedings, and unless some private individual sees fit to take upon himself the responsibility of setting the law again in motion, the world has probably heard the last of this scandalous iniquity. Meanwhile, Sir Charles Dilke appears to be doing his utmost to obliterate from his mind the unsavoury memories of the past. Independently of his magazine articles, he is understood to be writing an important book about Russia, which is likely to do much to enlighten Englishmen as to the Great Northern Bear and his subjects. Sir Charles's offence was of such a nature that society can hardly ever be expected to condone it, but it will at least vouchsafe some consideration to the man who is sincerely repentant, and who devotes the remaining years of his life to laudable objects. Repentance, if sincere, ought never to be wholly in vain.

WE in Canada have had our full share of log-rolling and conussing, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that we have had a monopoly of them. The State of Minnesota is at the present moment passing through a more aggravated form of the disease than has ever been developed in these regions. A new State Capitol is to be erected, and the various towns and hamlets of the State are vying with each other to secure the locality. The prosperous milling centre of Minneapolis opened the ball a short time ago by offering to build a new capitol at an expense of \$2,000,000, on condi-

tion of its being located there. The site was to be an eligible one, and both structure and site were to be handed over to the State in perpetuity. One-fourth of the sum required was promptly subscribed by the citizens. But before the Legislature could find time to take the matter into serious consideration, the town of Duluth came forward with an offer of \$2,500,000. St. Paul felt that the emergency was one imperatively calling for strong measures, and promptly advanced the bidding to \$3,000,000. Then, Crookston comes along with an offer of \$4,000,000 and a quarter section of land. Minnesota follows with a bid of \$4,000,000 and 640 acres. Wabash goes a million better, and several other small villages are now holding meetings with a view to outbidding all rivals. In a word, the State Capitol is regularly put up to auction. It is to be hoped that the Legislature will be far-seeing enough to ignore all temporary considerations, and to be guided solely by what will enure to the permanent good of the community. But meanwhile, the spirited auction is an edifying spectacle—a spectacle from which Canadians, in common with the rest of the world, may learn a valuable lesson.

THE St. John *Sun* is clearly of opinion that it is possible to have too much, even of a good thing. That independence, in the abstract, is a good thing, goes without saying. But how about independence in the concrete? The *Sun* finds no end of fault with the perpetual jeremiads of the *Toronto Mail*, which it pronounces to be even worse than the "indiscriminate falsehoods and diurnal vituperation" of the *Globe*. "The *Globe* at least finds some virtue in its own party," says the St. John luminary, "but the *Mail* finds no bright spot in all the universe. If this is the necessary condition of an independent journal, let us have dependence." Certes, the rôle of a mere fault-finder is anything but a grateful one. No part is more difficult to play with permanent acceptance than that of a hunter-up of abuses: what Iago, in the play, calls "a finder-out of occasions." There are abuses enough and to spare in the world, but they force themselves upon the attention often enough, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, and one dislikes to be reminded of them six days in the week, more especially if one never has anything served up by way of antidote. The *Mail*, however, occupies a peculiar position. It has cast loose from the traditions of a lifetime, and its present policy does not appear to be defined with mathematical precision. Those by whom it was once looked up to are now disposed to contemplate it in the light of a renegade; whereas the Reform journals are by no means desirous of welcoming it to their ranks. For some months to come the *Mail* will have no

easy part to play. But wherever there is capacity there is no need for despair, and we are strongly of opinion that the *Mail* will find or make a place for itself. This opinion, be it understood, is wholly unconnected with the flying rumours which are abroad with reference to the paper's attitude towards Sir Richard Cartwright.

TALKING about Sir Richard Cartwright, there are a good many disappointed Reformers who are accustomed to think and speak of him as the Jonah of the Reform party. Those who regard him in this light are not without something to say for themselves. Sir Richard, they claim, is wholly out of place in the Reform ranks. By descent, by early training, and by native predilection he is, if not a Tory of the Tories, at least a man with decided leanings towards Conservatism in politics and social life. All this is true enough; but it is not new. How is it that it now dawns on the mind of Reformers for the first time? Sir Richard is not one whit more Toryish in this year 1887 than he was when he first renounced Sir John. That his proclivities or his personality have anything to do with the Reformers' want of success at the polls during the recent elections we do not for a moment believe to be true. There are other persons in the van of the Reform party who will have to be thrown overboard before that party can hope to obtain, or at any rate to retain, the control of the national purse.

To predict an immediate commercial millennium would be in the highest degree absurd, but signs are rife all about us that the back-bone of the dull times has been broken. There has been a healthy, wholesome revival of business in certain lines, and this cannot be wholly attributed to the advent of spring. Persons who claim to have much discernment in reading the commercial signs of the times do not hesitate to declare their conviction that a season of measurable prosperity is before us. May their vaticinations be justified by results. We have waited patiently for "the better change," and are now both ready and eager to take the tide at its flood. A season of great prosperity would do more for Sir John Macdonald's majority than any amount of eloquence displayed in Parliamentary debate.

It seems to be generally understood that the Hon. John Beverley Robinson is to take up his abode permanently at Washington as the representative of Canadian interests. There is much to be said for such an appointment as this. A Canadian representative might render his country essential service at Washington, and it is on all hands admitted that Mr. Robinson is well qualified for such a post. There is ten times the need for a Canadian representative at Washington than there is for a Canadian Lord High Commissioner in London. But it is to be hoped that some regard will be had to the question of expense. Our Lord High Commissioner has been a dear bargain.

CONTRARY to what was generally expected, Dr. McGlynn of New York appears to be coming pretty well out of his difference with Archbishop Corrigan. The Sovereign Pontiff and his chief advisers are evidently much more liberal than some of their local representatives in America.

His Holiness has caused his loving apostolic benediction to be cabled to the Doctor, as well as to "the faithful of the parish." Monseignor Straneiro, late Papal Ablegate to the United States, has made a report which certainly seems to point to an exoneration of the recalcitrant priest, and which at the same time utterly fails to censure or condemn the Knights of Labour. Cardinal Taschereau's condemnation of the latter as a secret society finds little favour with Monseignor, who remarks that such measures as the Cardinal thought fit to adopt, though "possibly suitable to Americans," might prove unwise when applied to Americans. All which proves that Mgr. Straneiro is no mere puppet to be drawn hither and thither, but an ecclesiastical statesman of far-reaching vision, who can read the signs of the times and who recognizes in the Labour organization a distinct force which prudence forbids to convert into an inimical one. It is clear that Dr. McGlynn and his doughty champion Henry George are entitled to score one.

AT the hour of going to press, one of the greatest pulpit orators of modern times is lying in sore extremity at his home in Brooklyn. It is probable that he will have ceased to breathe before these lines meet the public eye. There is at all events no possibility of his recovery, and he is already to be accounted among the great forces of the past. That the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has exerted a wide influence in his day and generation is a fact which no one on this continent will pretend to dispute. That that influence has upon the whole been for good is a matter as to which there can be little doubt; though there are many persons—many religious persons—who will here put in a strong negative. It is safe to say this much: that he has been a mighty leveller in matters theological; that he has dealt some severe blows at hide-bound creeds; and that he has made the plan of salvation acceptable to some who would never have received it without his liberal interpretations. He was not wise at all hours. Who is? There was a tendency towards sensationalism in much that he did, and this caused old-fashioned cautious, conservative theologians to feel a certain distrust of him. The painful episodes which blighted his life thirty years ago have not yet passed out of public recollection. In those days there were many who regarded him as one of the greatest criminals of his time. It is certain that his usefulness was seriously marred, and that he never entirely recovered from the blow then dealt him; but there has of late years been a growing tendency among those who knew him to acquit him of anything worse than sentimental weakness. This much at least should be borne in mind. He was a man of enormous capacity for pleasure or pain: a man to whose life was a thing of tremendous intensity. There are profound depths in such natures which the shallow spectator by the wayside cannot fathom. It is so easy for the man who has no music in his soul to make little of the sonata of Mendelssohn. If Mr. Beecher sinned greatly, he was greatly tempted. If he was merely weak, he was more sinned against than any prominent man of the nineteenth century. In any case he has had a great career, and will leave many fruits of his teaching behind him. Requiescat

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT, - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

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Contributors.—The Editor cannot undertake to return MSS. by post, even when they are accompanied by stamps to pay return postage.

RETALIATION AND RECIPROCITY.

THE fishery embroglio between Canada and the United States has re-opened the broader question of the general commercial relations of the two countries. At first sight it might not appear that a rigid insistence on strict treaty rights upon our part, followed up by a retaliatory measure looking to the exclusion of our vessels from American ports, and an embargo on our ships, were likely to advance the cause of reciprocity. But on the principle that when things are at the worst they begin to mend, it is quite likely that an experience of the inconvenience and loss incident to commercial warfare may incline both nations to regard more favourably proposals for closer relations. At all events, it is significant that simultaneously with the "strained relations" arising from the fishery difficulty, projects of reciprocity or customs union are freely canvassed on both sides of the line. If a year or two of harassing and vexatious restrictions such as those embodied in the Retaliation Act should bring the Canadian and American peoples to see that their true interest lies not in multiplying but in diminishing as far as possible the artificial obstacles to free commercial intercourse the present dispute will be a lessing in disguise.

Repeated attempts to negotiate reciprocity treaties have proved failures, because of the active hostility of a few special interests which are benefited by the maintenance of the tariff line. It is unfortunately the case that while the small minority who are able to be prejudicially affected by measures framed for the general advantage are always alert and energetic in their opposition, the mass of the people whose direct interest is but slight are comparatively apathetic. Hence the money and influence of commercial rings at Washington have succeeded to defeat the reciprocity movements of late years. With the growth of our manufacturing industries a similar pressure of private and selfish interest will make itself felt at Ottawa, as it is now making itself heard through the columns of the protectionist press. If these sinister influences cannot be overcome in any other way than by the widespread injury to trade occasioned by a season of non-intercourse and increased restrictions on traffic, by all means let us welcome retaliation. Nothing inclines a nation to peace and exorcises the spirit of jingoism so effectually as a devastating war. The fight of tariffs, embargoes, and petty, irritating frontier regulations, may produce lasting good if it takes the whole question of commercial relations out of the hands of interested cliques and rings, and forces it on the attention of the public.

As to the great benefit of reciprocity or commercial union in its most comprehensive form, there cannot be two opinions. A

glance at the map is sufficient to decide that question. A policy of commercial isolation from our neighbours compels Manitoba, the North-West and the Maritime Provinces to trade at long range with Ontario and Quebec, instead of with the American communities at their doors. It not only taxes them heavily in freights, but excludes their products from their natural markets. Any gain which the manufacturers of the central provinces may secure is far more than off-set by the loss sustained by our farmers, who, if the American tariff was abolished, would supply the large centres of population with the produce of Canadian soil. The term "native industry" has been so freely and speciously used during the interminable tariff discussion as synonymous with manufacturing operations, that we are apt to forget that agriculture is our staple industry, and worthy of the first consideration in such a discussion.

Those strenuous protection advocates who affect to regard reciprocity as opposed to the national policy conveniently forget that during the memorable N.P. campaign, its champions repeatedly and persistently declared that they were not opposed to free trade *per se*, but to one-sided, or, as the phrase went, "jug-handled free trade." The existence of the American tariff was constantly put forward as the justification of the movement. No one then averred that Canadians could not compete with Americans upon equal terms. The whole gist of the Protectionist contention was that the terms were unequal, and that by raising a tariff wall against Canadian exports the United States had made it necessary for us to exclude their products. To object now to the proposal to abolish all tariffs on both sides of the line, under the pretence of upholding a movement which derived its whole force from the existence of the U.S. tariff barrier, is disingenuous in the extreme. That it would force reciprocity by giving us a make-weight in future negotiations with the Americans was one of the most popular and telling arguments in the mouths of those who have of late thrown off the mask, and assume that free trade with the States is to be dreaded rather than desired.

It is too often taken for granted that continental free trade would ruin our manufactures. The history of manufacturing progress since the American war wholly disproves this bugbear of the protectionist doctrinaires. If the United States, considered as a nation is a standing argument for protection, considered as an area large enough to comprise many nations it is an equally valid argument for free trade. There are no inter-state tariffs—no customs lines between North and South, East and West. Yet, despite the absence of tariff protection, the infant industries of the South and West have grown up and prospered in the face of the keenest competition with the wealthy and long-established factories of New England and the Middle States. Massachusetts is losing its old-time supremacy in textile manufactures. Pittsburg is finding formidable rivals in the iron trade in various southern localities, and manufactures of all sorts are springing up even in the newer settlements which, according to protectionist logic, should be utterly unable to hold their own against the concentrated capital and "pauper labour" of the East.

When once the custom houses are down there is no magic in an international boundary line. Why then should Canadians fear the competition which has not been able to concentrate manufactures in any one section of the republic, or prevent the success of new and originally feeble industries unprotected by any tariff?

P. T.

FEBRIS POLITICA.

BY A JAPANESE PHYSICIAN.

THIS strange disease has just paid its periodic visit to the small town of Pokerville, Ont., where I am at present staying, and, from advices received, has attacked with its usual malignant ferocity the entire Dominion of Canada. As a Japanese physician, I have been deeply interested in watching its progress; firstly, as a medical man, visiting this country solely to study its diseases with a view to mitigate the sufferings of my own fellow-countrymen on my return to Tokio; and secondly, because this species of febrile malady is utterly unknown in "the flowery kingdom," as our English humorists style my native land. When I first noticed the appearance of the disease I was alarmed, and my apprehension was increased by its rapid and general spread. After becoming firmly convinced of its presence, I called upon my esteemed friend Doctor Davies, and acquainted him with what had been for me a discovery. Imagine my surprise when, at the end of a long recital of my observations, and a description of the symptoms, the doctor laughed good-humouredly, and complacently remarked:—"It is nothing; only political fever." I tried in vain to convince him of the serious effect it had upon the people; but he only laughed the more, and said that they were used to it. When I spoke of the duty of trying to find a remedy which would stop its ravages and alleviate the sufferings it entailed, he was even yet more hilarious, and remarked that they always got over it all right. I began to think that something was wrong with the doctor himself, for in all our previous discussions on similar matters he had given the grave attention demanded by their seriousness. At this juncture a gentleman entered, and our conversation ended. No sooner did I look at the man than I was convinced he was suffering from the very disease, and naturally thought he wished to consult my friend, over whom I felt triumphant. That triumph was soon over, however; for the next minute they were both engaged in an animated discussion and gesticulating wildly. It was then the truth dawned upon me that the doctor himself was under the influence of the fever, and incapable of rational action. Not knowing the nature of the disease, and fearing to commit some mistake, I was powerless to assist my poor friend; so, pained and thoughtful, I left the house determined to find out what I could of the delirious fever. I desire to record the result of my experience. This mysterious malady seizes upon the entire population of a town regardless of age, sex, health or condition. The general characteristics of febrile disease show themselves in the general lassitude of the moral qualities; weakness of the mental faculties; inability to overcome prejudices; increase of temperature, whereby an abnormal heat is attained and maintained; quickened circulation of party lies and campaign rascalities; temporary derangement of the powers of recognition, when the victim will shake hands with an old enemy and openly insult his dearest friend; and increased thirst, especially for the dregs and refuse of political suillage. The various stages through which the unfortunate sufferers pass are also very distinctly marked. There is the formative period, when the victim sucks in the insidious particles of political argument, and ravenously imbibes the contagious germs of dissatisfaction with the opposite side. He believes firmly in the ability of his robust health of mind to maintain its rational independence and throw off outside influence; but, little by little, he unconsciously absorbs the pernicious spores and reaches the second stage—the period of invasion. He now feels the presence of the fever, and the earlier symptoms manifest themselves in his actions. An uncontrollable desire to communicate them to others exhibits itself, and he utilizes every possible opportunity to spread the disease. This is the most horrible feature in its development. In this stage loquacity appears, and the sufferers are separated into two bodies, which I would term the positive and the negative. In the consequent delirium it seems to be the duty of the negative to deny and oppose everything affirmed and suggested by the positive victims. The confusion becomes indescribable. Everyone talks at a great rate, and a general desire to argue manifests itself. All classes are attacked with the delirium about the same time, and the result is worse than the Babel mentioned in your Christian Bible. Clergymen preach politics and forget religion. Doc-

tors make a party examination of their patients, and I regret to say prescribe nostrums calculated rather to inflame than to allay their disease. Lawyers give advice gratis to people not asking their political assistance. Storekeepers measure out speeches on the questions of the day by the yard; workmen lose their dinner-hours in trying to argue one another down on matters they have had no time to consider; even schoolboys divide themselves into parties, and mercilessly pelt each other with undisguised ferocity. At night, fathers, who otherwise stay at home, leave the fireside and deliberately assemble in little hot rooms to quarrel over names in a voters' list. The saloons are always filled with noisy crowds, who divide the time between angry altercations with their positive opponents and periodic applications at the bar for the alcoholic means of temporary conciliation with the negatives. Deacons neglect prayer-meetings, and warmly discuss the chances of their chosen candidates; whilst "lovely woman stoops to folly," as one of your poets says, by jumping at a whole series of political five-bar gates, for which exercise she is not athletically built. Such is the desperate period of invasion. It increases violently until the day of election, which is the name given by the victims to the period of crisis. When the critical time arrives they follow each other like sheep, almost silently, and every one makes a mysterious sign on a piece of paper which he places in a box. It is curious that the extreme opposite of their previous loquacity appears in this act, for under no consideration whatever will they show or reveal the sign they mark on the paper; yet for days they have been telling the very thing one to another openly. Nevertheless, they are possessed with the hallucination that nobody else can possibly know what they have done, and they come away smiling, conceited and happy. After this the fever begins to wane. The air of aggravation gradually gives way to certain peculiar symptoms of nervous anxiety and restlessness, which mark the period of decline. After their papers have been examined, and what they have previously known is declared to them all, a spasmodic but vain attempt is made to regain the periods of crisis and invasion; but recovery is never seriously retarded, and shortly afterwards the last stage is reached and the sufferer is convalescent.

Such is a general description of a disease, which is happily unknown in Japan; but which, owing to the recent arrival of many English-speaking immigrants in that land, may some day appear among them. It is noteworthy that this is the only contagious disease which men deliberately seek to spread among themselves by every possible means. So far as I have learned, there is neither preventive nor curative for this most malignant malady. There must be some remedy, however, and I am inclined to attribute its non-discovery to the fact that the physicians are as useless as the people when the delirium attacks both. Should *febris politica* ever appear in Japan, I have such a good opinion of my fellow-countrymen as to believe it will be detected and stopped before it becomes a national disease. At any rate I trust never to witness such scenes of pathetic suffering as I have lately seen in this town, when ravaged by political fever.

Pokerville, Ont.

PETARA KEWILLA.

THE Boston *Evening Gazette* does not "enthuse" over Sam Jones. In a recent issue it characterizes him thus:—"Sam Jones is a cheap and comic version of the Rev. Joseph Cook, with a vulgar coarseness and an obtuseness of intellect wholly his own. In common with his popular prototype, he is windy, illogical, and intolerant. The manner in which he deals with things sacred is offensive to every refined and intelligent sentiment. His assumed positive knowledge of the Creator and the hereafter, and the blatant, self-confident manner in which he rants it forth, are simply ignorance made bold by encouragement. We are willing to concede the sincerity of Mr. Jones's motives, and the reality of his religious fervour, but things sacred cannot be treated disrespectfully from a comic standpoint, and earnest, religious sentiment side by side with funny anecdote and low wit is out of place, to say the least. A cheap method of winning a cheap laugh is not a method by which a dignified knowledge of the higher life may be inculcated. Buffoonery is objectionable under any circumstances, but when it is brought to bear upon the subject of religion, it becomes unutterably offensive."

Correspondence.

Church Privileges and Annexation.

Editor ARCTURUS:

It has been suggested that, if it be true that the system which the Roman Catholic Church has forced upon Quebec, and the influence it wields in the Councils of the Dominion and of the other Provinces, is a serious detriment to the progress and good-government of Canada, a remedy would be found in the annexation of this portion of the British Empire to the great American Republic. It has even been hinted that the powerful *Mail* hopes for a disruption of the Confederation and annexation, in order that the ecclesiastical hand that lies so heavily on the young Dominion may be paralyzed.

It is extremely doubtful, however, that annexation to the United States would have the effect desired by the opponents of ecclesiastical interference in politics. If annexation did take place, Ontario and Quebec would either be one state or separate states in the Republican federation. If they were combined in one state, the troubles which the *Mail* and those who think with it fancy they see would not be removed, for the French of Quebec, the "black militia" and the "solid column" of voters, would then have an opportunity of interfering more directly, and with consolidated forces, in the affairs of Ontario. If Ontario and Quebec were separate states, this Province would not be freed from clerical influence in elections, and the minority in Quebec would still be burdened with any grievances that they now have.

It has been said that the United States would not allow a state church to exist on its territory, nor allow a foreign language to be taught in national schools. It has evidently been forgotten, however, that even after annexation had been accomplished, the State would control education, and the clergy would still be a powerful factor in the political contests in the State. The church would have the same politicians to deal with, and the same "solid column" to enforce its desires at the polls; and it is not probable that the politicians who have obeyed its commands (if they have obeyed them) in British Canada or Quebec, would revolt, or be in a better position to revolt, in American Quebec. Nor is it certain that the Republican Congress would deprive the Roman Catholic Church of its privileges in Quebec. Annexation cannot take place without the consent of the people, and the people of that Province would not give their consent unless the church's privileges were guaranteed. If Britain was willing to guarantee those privileges in order to secure Canada, would not the United States be equally willing if by so doing it could obtain possession of this magnificent territory? Besides, the United States has had within its borders for many years a Territory of Utah and the most rabid Ulster-Tory, as the *Globe* would say, would scarcely claim that the gathering of cereal contributions to the church by legal authorities, or the assistance of denominational charities by the State, was as serious a political crime or as monstrous a social evil as polygamy. Yet the United States has not shown a wonderful degree of energy in stamping out the crime of polygamy. When it has been so tardy and easy in its dealings with that great social crime, it is not so certain that United States statesmen would be eager to enter into a conflict with the Roman Catholic Church in order to curtail its privileges, or that United States politicians would not be as ready as the political leaders of Canada to advance their own interests by yielding to clerical influence. If Congress and the Church in Quebec or Canada should become embroiled in a quarrel, would all the Irish, French and other Roman Catholics throughout the United States close their ears to the appeals for assistance that would go to them from the hierarchy of the North? And would Washington, any more than Ottawa, face the storm that would arise—a storm that politicians would endeavour to manipulate to carry them into coveted offices? Annexation would cause the conflict, if there is to be one, to extend over a much larger area, and would draw into the opposing forces larger numbers, but a settlement, peaceful or otherwise, would not be brought nearer or be made easier.

If any persons have been, by inferences drawn by the *Mail* from the practice of the United States, or by the insinuations of

others, led to look upon annexation as a means to avoid a conflict or to bring about a settlement of the disputes in a manner unfavourable to the Roman Catholic Church, a consideration of the matter, or an application of the principles upon which they now argue to the changed circumstances, will, I think, convince them that they are cherishing a delusive hope. Yours, etc.,

FRANK WALL.

Poetry.

THE QUAKER'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

THE snow looks in at the window
In a bold and frolicsome way,
No lighter the new-born snow-drift
Than Ichabod's locks of gray;
Not purer the new-born snow-drift
From worldly taint and sin
Than the life of Margaret Taylor,
Ichabod's wife, hath been.

"Hither, Margaret, hie thee,
I have a thought to tell:
Nay, never mind the shutters,
The night doth please me well.
Margaret, can thee tell me
How many years it is
Since thee and I were married
On a winter's night like this?"

"Think once again, my good wife;
I knew thee would never guess—
The days go by so swiftly
That only are born to bless;
Thy mother's heart will tell thee
'Tis eight and forty years
Since our first-born came to thrill us
With tender hopes and fears.

"Yes, Margaret, thee has guessed it—
Full fifty years have sped
So silently and so softly
We scarce have felt their tread;
But, watching the gliding snow-flakes,
The hickory coals, and thee,
The memory of that evening
Comes wandering back to me.

"True, Margaret, we were happy,
Trustful, and very glad,
And prouder was I, I fear me,
Than besemeth a Quaker lad.
Yet, not for the good years vanished,
If the right of choice were given,
Would I change this place, my darling,
For the pleasures of that even.

"We have had our trials, good wife,
We have shed some bitter tears,
But a sure dear Hand hath led us
Through all these precious years.
He has kept us long together,
And I've been bold to pray
That our meeting in the new land
Be a golden wedding day."

The snow looks in at the window,
And what do the snow-flakes see
But Quaker Ichabod Taylor
With Margaret on his knee?
The hickory coals in the fire-place
Sleep in their jackets white,
But the love of tried and true hearts
Steadily burns to-night.

LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will publish shortly a memoir of the late Charles Reade, compiled chiefly from his literary remains by his relatives, Mr. Charles L. Reade and the Rev. Compton Reade. Charles Reade's constituency is perhaps not quite so wide in America as it was a few years ago, but there are not a few who will be glad to know more of the most rugged personality who figures in the English literature of this generation.

It often happens that when a publisher is engaged upon the production of a great work occupying some years in its completion,

author and publisher are haunted by a miserable feeling of the insecurity of the manuscript. If a fire took place what would become of the precious copy? This difficulty has now been overcome by a procedure so simple that every one will wonder it was not thought of before. A firm of London publishers are engaged in the production of a colossal and costly dictionary, of which they have many thousand sheets already prepared. Each sheet is a monument of labour which it would be difficult to supply again if any catastrophe were to happen. The publishers have accordingly had resort to photography. Every sheet of the copy has been photographed in the reduced size of two inches by one and three-quarters. All the words can be read with a magnifying glass, and the negatives are carefully stowed away in a separate building. But the sheets take up scarcely any room, and the work has been comparatively inexpensive.

SOMETIMES a joke is so elaborated that the joke-maker finds it necessary to expound it, though piquancy is apt to be lost by the process; and, similarly, an allegory is occasionally too carefully put in the background—it being bad art, as Mr. Haggard tells us, to bring it too much to the fore—with the result that this side of a story becomes almost imperceptible. To many readers of *She* it had probably not occurred that they were expected to find an allegory in that remarkable story any more than in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, or in *The Hunting of the Snark*. But the author hastens to explain that *She* has a moral, and it is this: "In the first place, an attempt is made in it to follow the action of the probable effects of immortality working upon the known and ascertained substance of the mortal. This is a subject with a prospective interest for us all. Secondly, the legend is built up upon the hypothesis that deep affection is in itself an immortal thing." But there is more than all this, for it occurred to Mr. Haggard that "in *She* herself some readers might find a type of the spirit of intellectual Paganism, or, perhaps, even of our modern Agnosticism." It was to show how the true vengeance of Omnipotence punished *She's* insolent scepticism about religion that the author steeled himself to bring her to such a terrible end. We should certainly not have guessed that we had a sermon against modern infidelity hidden in *She* had not the author enlightened us; nor will the information thus given tend greatly, we think, to attract new readers.

THE *Edinburgh Review* devotes one of its articles to an examination of "The Literature of the Streets," and gives examples of the style which finds favour with the readers of "the Penny Dreadfuls." On one point the writer bears testimony which is full of encouragement. He says: "The lovers of pure indecency are comparatively few; not to be found among the children of the streets who can read, but, for the most part, among older and viler sinners—the lazy, the idle, with money at command, whose minds have been polluted long ago. Throughout the whole legion of worthless pages to which we have called our readers' attention, we can recall no one single indecent phrase or allusion." He thus summarises his objection to a large amount of the literature provided for the poor: "The fancy and the imagination, the innate thirst for novelty and excitement, for a touch of mystery or of tender passion, are as potent and as true in the heart of the street Arab or the shop-girl as in the fiercest devourer of romance on Mudie's list. But their desire can be gratified in one way alone. The feast spread for them is ready and abundant; but every dish is poisoned, unclean, and shameful. Every flavour is a false one, every condiment vile. Every morsel of food is doctored, every draught of wine is drugged; no true hunger is satisfied, no true thirst quenched; and the hapless guests depart with a depraved appetite, and the palate more than ever dead to every pure taste, and every perception of what is good and true. Thus entertained and equipped, the wide army of the children of the poor are sent on their way to take part in the great battle of life, with false views, false impressions, and foul aims. The pictures of men and women to which they have been introduced are unreal and untrue. The whole drama of life, as they see it, is a lie from beginning to end, and in it they can play none but a vicious and unhappy part."

WORKING WOMEN.

THERE are in the United States 2,647,157 women who earn their own living.

Of this number 2,242,252 are classed in the following occupations: labourers, mainly agricultural, mill operatives, seamstresses, domestic servants, and teachers—with the exception of the last the most menial and worst paid of employments. In any of these industries it would be a low estimate to say that the supply of workwomen is ten times greater than the demand. This statement will be amply corroborated by the experience of any establishment which employs women in large numbers, or by the personal experience of any one who seeks the services of a workwoman in any of these capacities.

Thus we find a social condition, which, while obliging nearly 3,000,000 women to depend upon their own exertions for a livelihood, offers them a field of labour so circumscribed as to afford employment for not more than one-tenth of the number. Enormous overcrowding, fierce competition, and a consequent undue pressure upon wages must necessarily follow such a state of things.

The five industries mentioned contain the following number of women: labourers, 600,080; mill operatives, 152,163; domestic servants, 938,910; seamstresses, 334,026; teachers, 154,375. Those classed as labourers are chiefly found in the Southern States, and include, of course, a large number of negro women, although the sight of white women working in the fields is a familiar one to the traveller, especially in the States of Tennessee and Kentucky. Thousands of women are also employed as porters and labourers in stores and warehouses in the large cities of the North.

The number of women given as mill operatives includes only those engaged in textile manufactures, but the number engaged in other manufactories would greatly swell these figures. Twenty years ago, there were not 300 women employed in cigar manufacture; to-day there are 19,884 in the tobacco industries, and the number is rapidly increasing. The trade of cigar-making is injurious to men, but fearful in its effects upon the health of women and children.

Twenty-one thousand and seven women are employed as boot and shoe makers. In this industry they do the binding, sewing-on of buttons, etc., which is paid by the piece and very poorly. In all these manufacturing pursuits women are restricted to the meaner sort of work; and rarely rise to positions of trust, skill, or management. The chief requirement of their work is a certain manual dexterity, which is as easily acquired by a child as a woman, consequently the wages and qualifications of the woman are kept at the level of those of a child. Under this system, factory women must remain in the lowest grade of employment; the experience and trustworthiness of maturer years are of no use in bettering their condition. It is, therefore, not strange that we find so many factory women wanting in that intelligence, energy, and spirit which accompany a sense of responsibility and trust.

Nothing is more effectual in producing abjectness of character and deadening the moral and intellectual nature than a mean, servile condition which holds out no hope of change or improvement, and in which the compensation is insufficient to afford the means of a comfortable living.

We may well argue a prevailing state of public ignorance regarding the evils of working women's condition, when one of the daily papers of this city uses, as an argument in favour of their present position in industry, the fact that 45 per cent. of the employees in numerous manufacturing enterprises are women. The beasts of burden, or the steam which furnishes the motive power, are as much a factor in the exercise of any intelligent, thinking purpose as the women employed in these industries. And although the number of women in these pursuits should be doubled, filling the places in them they now do, the evil would only be increased and intensified.

Trade-unions have become a recognized power in determining in great measure, the hours and wages of workmen. By means of thorough organization they now form a large and powerful class, whose claims are met with respectful consideration by employers. But this protest of labour against oppression of all sort

practically unavailable to women. As an eminent English writer says: "The stripes of workingmen are feared; those of working women laughed at." This fact is recognized by the employer, who well knows that he can buy his labour cheaper from organized than from organized labour.

Carroll D. Wright, U. S. Com. of Labour, makes the following strong statement on the condition of women in the cotton mills: "What are these women but the very weakest and most dependent of all the people? They have no disposition to agitate. All that is possible to them is to toil, scrimp, and bear. Now for men, the strong, those who bear rule, the sovereigns of the land, the hours of labour are but ten all over the country in about every employment where they preponderate. But where the women and children preponderate the hours of labour, as a rule, are more. And the question is, why is it, in this land, which claims at equality and justice, that the weakest, the most helpless and dependent, are loaded with the more hours, while the strong, the able-to-bear, and the controlling ones have the less hours to work?"

Many noble societies, even in this city, have been founded for the amelioration of the condition of factory operatives, but these do not reach the cause of the evil. It is justice, not charity, these women want from society. The even-handed goddess is the only former that can reach the root of these and many other social wrongs. The woman who effects the promotion of one capable factory woman to a position of trust and management, has done more to elevate and give encouragement to the whole class, than could she, who should organize a score of dilettante charities for their benefit.

The trades dependent upon the needle form a history of human misery unequalled by the industrial condition of any working class in the world has ever seen. Is not Hood's Song of the Shirt so truthful in that it is so true? Here, too, women suffer from the same want of organization, the same eager competition born of overcrowding, the same low wages that mark the other leading occupations. It is true that the best of skilled labour commands good wages, and the fashionable dressmakers often acquire a competency, but these are but a handful compared to the vast army of needle-women who work for a mere pittance. The influences which tend to depress women's industrial condition bear the most awful significance in the lower grades of its workers,—the sewing woman who makes a heavy pair of working pantaloons for seven cents, and by working continuously at the machine can make ten pairs in a day of from 12 to 15 hours. Provided no one is lost, their average weekly wages are \$3.80, but to reach even this sum they are obliged to work seven full days, only occasionally taking Sunday afternoon for a holiday. The condition of the shirt makers is still worse; they receive but 6 to 8 cents a piece, and can earn only from 30 to 50 cents a day. Vests are made for 3 to 6 cents apiece. Miserable attics and cellars form the only homes of these women, and their tenure of these is precarious, depending upon the uncertain fortunes of an employment in which, owing to the enormous overcrowding, the most frivolous reason serves as a pretext for a dismissal. Such a woman's food is insufficient and unwholesome, her clothing of the meanest description, and if she wears a best dress for Sundays or holidays it is often in the pawnshop to meet the exorbitant rent she is obliged to pay for even her wretched tenement. A cloak maker, who, with a friend, occupies two rooms on the top floor of a large tenement house on the East Side, states that they never have a warm meal or meat except for their Sunday dinner. The remainder of the week they subsist on bread and tea or milk. She also added that they were better off than many other sewing women. And yet it is work demanding experience, skill, and taste in its higher departments, and requiring neatness, deftness of hand, and care in all. Its products are among those most in demand; the garments of the women and children of the wealthy classes are marvels of beauty and workmanship, while the changing dictates of fashion require the constant services of the sewing women. The question naturally arises, Why then are the wages of seamstresses so shamefully low and the struggle for existence so tragic for them? It must be obvious to the most superficial observer that, even with the

present excess of supply over demand in this branch of work, thorough organization could effect much in raising the wages of needle women. But here the greed of monopoly is limited by no restrictions or resistance. The poor sewing woman, isolated in the midst of a great city, falls an easy prey to this gigantic evil of modern society. The multiplication of stores of ready-made clothing means an increase of the system which allows the manufacturer to grind down the wages of "slop work" to the pittance which merely enables the sewing women to exist,—to live in any sense that implies a rational existence she does not. To these women even the lowest wages of the workman would mean riches and abundance. And yet it is the man who complains the most loudly and effectually. Michelet says that the workman needs so many more things than the workwoman that one could say of them what is said of the English and Irish labourers, "The Irishman when he is hungry asks only for potatoes; but the hungry Englishman demands meat, sugar, tea, and above all beer."

The position of domestic servant possesses many advantages over the condition of a factory or sewing woman, both by the increased comfort and cleanliness of its surroundings and its better compensation. But in no other employment do we hear more bitter complaints of inefficiency. This is almost wholly due to the fact that, in the city, domestic servants are mostly drawn from the tenement-house districts or the newly-landed immigrants from Castle Garden, who, without previous training, are expected to perform skilfully the complicated duties of a modern household. With the best intentioned, proficiency is only gained by many failures and long experience, while the more thriftless and careless go to swell the ranks of inefficient servants who, being always in search of a place, serve to keep wages at the lowest rates. But if girls were trained for domestic servants as boys are trained to become carpenters and masons, the work would speedily command the consideration and wages that other skilled labour does in the market.

Upon women possessing wealth, leisure, and influence, must the evils of the present state of domestic service chiefly rest, since they have it in their power, not only to provide themselves with skilled servants by organizing and encouraging schools of cookery and other branches of domestic economy, but of becoming benefactors to thousands of their own sex by raising domestic service to the rank of a skilled employment.

And yet to enter domestic service is one of the most common remedies proposed for bettering the condition of working women. Do the advocates of domestic service ever stop to consider that it is one of the employments open to women which is already crowded to its utmost capacity, and that to precipitate any more untrained women into a field of labour which does not afford any adequate means of training for those already there would be a most disastrous remedy for the evils which now prevail? Nearly a million women are filling the position of domestic servants, and yet the intelligence offices are crowded and every advertisement brings scores of applicants. It is better servants that are needed, not greater numbers. Another evil in the working woman's condition arises from the fact that however hard she may work she cannot, at the present rate of wages in the occupations fully open to her, hope to save money. It is with the greatest difficulty she can provide for the immediate wants of the present; thus all openings which require the smallest amount of capital are closed to her. A man, starting at the lowest round of the industrial ladder, can, by habits of steady industry, thrift, and economy, rise to the highest position in his trade or profession, can look forward to the pleasures of a comfortable home, of educating his children, and enjoying a competency in his old age. But for the working woman there exists no such plans or hopes. The hopelessness of her condition is one of its saddest features.—IDA M. VAN ETEN, in the *North American Review* for March.

MESSRS. BENTLEY, it is stated, will be the publishers of a work by Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope containing reminiscences of eminent men and women with whom the writer has been acquainted during a long and active life. If it is half as interesting as his brother Anthony's *Autobiography* it will deserve to be more widely read than all his novels put together.

[THE following pages contain the opening chapters of an original story, a portion whereof was written some years ago by a Canadian author with a view to publication. It became necessary, we are informed, for the author to turn his attention to a different order of composition, and the writing of the story was abandoned when not more than a third of it had been placed on paper. As a consequence, the MS. still remains incomplete. It was never offered for publication, and in fact not a line of it has ever been seen by any one except the author himself and two or three members of his family. So far as can be judged from the fragment, the completed story would have been of exceptional power and interest. Even as it stands, it contains pictures of odd phases of rural life in Canada which we believe to be well worthy of preservation, and we are strongly of opinion that the readers of ARCTURUS will derive much pleasure from its perusal, all incomplete though it be. It will be continued from week to week until the MS. is exhausted.]

THE EAGLE'S NEST;

OR,

THE MARVEL OF SEBASTIAN GEE.

A Canadian Story.

PART FIRST.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK WILFORD.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE THRESHOLD OF "THE SHOOTING STAR."

I HAVE often been told by those who are entitled to speak upon the subject with authority that I have from my earliest years been distinguished for the possession of a singularly retentive and far-reaching memory: a memory which treasures up not only the most noteworthy incidents of my life, but which is equally tenacious with respect to insignificant matters of detail which might very well be forgotten. Waiving, for the nonce, any enquiry as to how far such a possession is to be regarded in the light of an unmixed blessing, I may say, without affectation, that the persons who have pronounced this eulogy have not done so upon meagre or insufficient grounds. My memory dates back almost to the commencement of my third year, and retains a nearly complete record of the subsequent experiences of a life which, to say the least, has not been altogether a monotonous or prosaic one. After mature deliberation, I have resolved to turn this faculty to account, and to embody in the form of a personal narrative such passages in my life as seem likely to prove of general interest.

In carrying out this resolution I shall occasionally be compelled to depend upon the recollections of other persons; but, as a rule, I shall draw upon the stores of my own memory alone. That memory, I will add, presents pictures of the remote past to my mental vision with almost photographic distinctness; and if I fail to interest the reader in the details which I purpose to set forth in these pages, my failure will certainly be due to a want of power to impart to those details an air of vivid reality correspondent to that which they present to my own mind during retrospection. It is, of course, quite possible—nay, very probable—that I may be unable to command any such degree of power; for I can only describe; and description, at best, is but a sorry substitute for actual observation. What to me have been veritable experiences will to the reader be mere narrations; and I can scarcely hope to make my pictures in words as lifelike and effective as a series of landscapes from the cunning hand of Dame Nature herself.

And then, so much depends upon the point of view from which one looks at a landscape. Yon beetling crag, viewed from the southwest, presents to the eye merely a rugged outline of unhewn stone, bearing no particular resemblance to anything but itself, and not worth a second glance. But just let us walk half a mile or so farther south, and then contemplate the scene once more. What do we see now? The crag is tame and uninteresting

no longer. Tame! Uninteresting! As well apply those epithets to the Spectre of the Broken. The rugged outline has become a hideously repulsive stone face, of gigantic proportions, with the lineaments so distinctly traced that the wrinkled visage seems literally to scowl in fiendish rage upon the quiet scene beneath: a monstrous ogre, hovering over his prey, and seeming only to wait till the keen, hungry air shall have whetted his fell appetite to ope those terrible jaws, and gobble up those flocks of innocent sheep that are pasturing in the vale, all-unconscious of the fate impending over them.—Now, let us stroll but a hundred yards farther, and the spreading branches of yonder intervening oak will have entirely hidden the frightful object from sight. And yet, during the whole of our walk, the scene itself has remained precisely as it was at first. The changes have been not in the object contemplated, but merely in the point of view from which our contemplation has been indulged. And the conclusion to be deducted from the foregoing rhapsody is simply that writer and reader do not at all times enjoy a common vantage-ground, so that what appears perfectly obvious to the mind of the one, may not be even remotely suggested to the mind of the other.

It is true, that at certain more or less rare intervals in the annals of literature, some happily-endowed mortal has appeared to whom the foregoing observations are inapplicable: some heaven-born genius whose masterly hand has been able to so bend the souls of others to his own conceit as to make them see only with his eyes, hear only with his ears, and understand only with his understanding; in a word, to render his delineations, even when wholly imaginary, not less real than the characters and occurrences of every-day life. Falstaff, Mrs. Quickly, and Ancient Pistol—nay, even Titania and Oberon—are as distinctly individualized to our minds as are the persons with whom we daily come in contact. We are as familiar with Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman as we can ever hope to be with the members of our own families; and I doubt whether my dearest and most intimate friends are more real personages to me than are Wilkins Micawber, Richard Swiveller, and Samuel Weller. These are creations which stamped by the hand of undying genius, are not for an age, but for all time. They will be as well known to our children's children as they are to us, and will be the admiration of our remotest descendants in centuries yet unborn. But such triumphs as these are for the few. For such leather and prunella as we of this rank and file of authorship there is no such thing as literary immortality. We cannot put our readers in our places. We cannot imbue them with our sympathies, aversions—prejudices if you will; and must perforce be content if we can now and then enable them to beguile a few hours which, but for our effort might have hung heavily upon their hands.

One of the most pleasing of contemporary humorists has remarked that writing is like shooting with a rifle, inasmuch as you may either hit your reader's mind or miss it: whereas talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine; if it is within reach, and you have time enough, you cannot help hitting it. This, it must needs be confessed, is by no means the most brilliant of the author's analogies, being somewhat too suggestive of Fluellen's comparison between Macedon and Monmouth. With all its faults, however, it will serve my present purpose as well as a better one; because it paves the way to my suggesting that if either an author or a marksman fail to hit a reasonable fair target, the explanation is generally to be found in the fact that he is unskilled in his craft; and that as the writer of this autobiography has hitherto had but little practice at targets of this sort, it may very well be that he will sometimes shoot wide. Some of the incidents to be related may perhaps be regarded as trivial and commonplace; but there are others which, unless the narrator shall make a much more inartistic use of the materials at his command than he hopes to do, will not be liable to any imputation on the score of dulness. Should the result prove that he has been too sanguine in this respect, he can only shelter himself behind that most lame and impotent of all excuses for prose—an underlying design.

The managers of a certain public entertainment which was more or less popular in the British capital some years back, were

front to make it their especial boast that they never had performed, and never, upon any earthly consideration *would* perform it of London. If this qualification be necessary in order to found a claim upon the sympathies of London audiences, I am bound to admit, at the outset, that my raree-show will be deserving of no patronage at their hands, and that I must look for all my appreciation and emolument in the colonies: inasmuch as, with one trifling exception, to be duly noted by another hand in its proper place, all such of my performances as may be supposed to possess any general interest, have taken place not only out of London, but out of Great Britain, and in the province formerly known as Upper Canada. I shall introduce those ladies and gentlemen who may honour my exhibition with their attendance, to a class of actors and a variety of scenery which, so far as I am aware, have not hitherto been produced upon any stage. Notwithstanding this trifling drawback, if such it is to be considered, I hope to place before them an entertainment which they will be able to sit out to the end without weariness, and which they will acknowledge to be worth the price charged for admission. I will only add that should any one in the audience regret his or her investment after witnessing a few of the opening scenes, he or she will be at perfect liberty to retire from the hall; but under no circumstances whatever will any money be returned at the door.

The foregoing metaphorical and somewhat egotistical remarks having been indulged in by way of introductory overture, the amour from the back benches becomes distinctly audible: hereupon the bell rings, the curtain rises, and the performance begins.

Looking back through the rolling years into the far-off vista of the past, one of my earliest recollections is of a tall, stalwart, square-shouldered, hazel-eyed, brown-bearded man rushing up to my mother and seizing her in his arms as she was in the act of descending from the canvas-covered waggon which had conveyed us—my mother, brother, sister and self—from Port Burlington, to the western extremity of Lake Ontario, to Johnson's Ford, a village about thirty-five miles inland. We had made the journey from Port Burlington at the exceptionally rapid rate—taking the condition of the roads into account—of three miles an hour; and the jaded horses had just been pulled up before the door of "The Hooting Star," the most pretentious of the three inns of which the village could boast. No sooner had the vehicle come to a stand-still than he of the brown beard sprang forward and embraced my mother as just mentioned. She, strange to say, so far from resenting this familiarity, threw her arms impetuously about his neck, and returned his caress with almost frantic eagerness, printing a rapturous kiss upon each of his sun-browned cheeks. It did not occur to me, however, to be in the least surprised at these exuberant manifestations of affection on the part of my mother, for two reasons: first, because she *was* my mother, and I felt absolutely certain that whatever she did must of necessity be right; and second, because I knew—though I then looked upon it as fate for the first time—that the man was my father.

"At last!" he exclaimed, in a cheery, joyful tone.
 "Yes, Robert; at last!" replied my mother, in a very low voice, smiling upon him through her tears.

He had no sooner deposited my mother safely on the ground than we three children came in for our share of his attentions; and having hugged and kissed us with a fervour not less intense than he had displayed towards my mother, he took me up in his arms, preparatory to leading the way into the tavern.

At this juncture there stepped forth from the doorway the most strange-looking figure it has ever been my fortune to fore-

ther withal. This figure consisted of a human being, presumably of the masculine gender; rather short in stature, but with shoulders broader even than my father's, and of very robust build. The face, entirely destitute of beard or whisker, was dark and swarthy, with high, prominent cheek-bones, and deep-set, lustrous, piercing black eyes that seemed to transfix while they looked upon you. The forehead broad, low, and retreating. The most noticeable feature, however, was the long, hooked nose, which curved down until it came almost upon a level with the thick, massive lips, through which the broken and half-decayed teeth here and there asserted

themselves unpleasantly. A few unkempt, matted colourless locks hung around the sides and back of the head, which at the top was quite bald, and devoid of any artificial covering in the shape of a hat. The upper part of the body was clad in a nondescript sort of tunic, made from undressed sheepskin, with the woolly side outwards. The throat, and part of the breast, were bare, and disclosed a dark, tawny skin, the texture whereof told of continued exposure to all sorts of weather. The limbs were protected by loosely-fitting trousers, apparently made from the remains of a superannuated blanket. The feet were encased in much-worn moccasins, confined round the ankle by thongs of deerskin. Altogether, the appearance of this singular being was suggestive of a limited wardrobe, and of long and hard service: a combination of Robinson Crusoe, Natty Bumppo, John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness; and Julius Cæsar in his decline.

Robinson Crusoe: on account of the unconventional character of the garments. Natty Bumppo: on account of the complexion and general *tout ensemble* of the man, which were unmistakably indicative of a wandering life, mostly spent in the open air. John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness: on account of the presence of the tunic, the absence of head-gear, and a pervading expression of earnest ecstatic wildness. Julius Cæsar in his decline: on account of the bald cranium, the aquiline beak, the lustrous eyes which glowed like carbuncles, and the general contour of the face, which last was of a decidedly Roman type, and not without a certain air of mournful majesty. Certainly, if an artist desirous of depicting "the mighty Julius" in insolvent circumstances had been then and there present, he would not have needed to look far for a model.

I do not mean to convey the idea that I—mere child as I was—took in all these things at a glance, or that any such reflections as the foregoing passed through my mind at that time. I had never heard of Julius Cæsar or Natty Bumppo. John the Baptist and Robinson Crusoe were even then familiar to me as mere names, but of their respective individualities it is not to be expected that I could have any definite conception. My astonishment was too great to admit of my being conscious of more than the general effect produced upon me by my first sight of this fantastic-looking personage; but as I had many subsequent opportunities of cultivating his acquaintance, and as his attire never underwent any material change all the year round, I have thought fit to avail myself of those opportunities, and to set him before the reader as he actually looked.

He placed himself directly in front of us, and came to an abrupt stand.

"Well, Sebastian," exclaimed my father, "what contrary wind has blown you to the Ford?"

"That your boy?" the man asked, disregarding the question, and pointing towards my face.

"Yes, this is my little boy—my youngest. You must come and see us some day, and be introduced to him; but we are in a hurry just now."

"Them yours, too?" he continued, indicating my brother and sister.

"Yes, these too; and this lady is my wife, of whom you have often heard me speak, and who will be glad to see you one of these days, when you call at the Crofts.—This is Sebastian Gee, my love,"—turning towards my mother with a smile: "you must learn to know Sebastian—he and I are sworn friends."

My mother bowed to him as respectfully as though he had been Autocrat of All the Russias, but he did not think it necessary to reciprocate her courtesy, and never even looked at her. His eyes were riveted upon my face, into which he gazed long and searchingly.

"Well, good-bye just now, Sebastian," resumed my father, after an uncomfortable pause: "don't forget to come and see us before long."

The stranger here withdrew his gaze from my face, and stepped aside; whereupon my father proceeded to enter the house. He had placed one foot upon the threshold, when the man again advanced towards us, and whispered, in a tone loud enough to be heard by us all, "Don't stay long. Git home afore dark."

And without uttering a syllable in the way of explanation or adieu, he stalked grimly away round the corner of the building

and became lost to sight; though not exactly "to memory dear."
 "What a strange man," said my mother, as we entered the tavern.

CHAPTER II.

A FACE AT THE WINDOW-PANE.

WE were ushered by the landlord into what he called "the settin' ro'm," where a cheerful wood fire was blazing in a great open fire-place.

"Ye'll be all to yerselves here, Mister Wilford; an' ef ye should want anything, ye can jest step aout into the hall, an' holler for the missis"; remarked our host, leaving the room, and closing the door after him. He evidently felt that his presence in the sitting-room just then was not required; and in fact that his remaining there would constitute him a member of the De Trop family in our estimation.

Then, after further affectionate greetings, we drew up around the fire, and warmed ourselves. I was much gratified to perceive from my father's treatment of me that I stood quite as high in his favour as did my brother and sister, although his actual acquaintance with me was of such short duration. The place of honour on his knee was assigned to me, and ere many seconds had elapsed I began, with the charming egotism characteristic of boyhood, to recount my numerous accomplishments for his especial edification. Prominent among these accomplishments was the ability to repeat by rote two of Dr. Watts' venerable effusions. My face was turned towards the street, and I consequently had a full view of the solitary window whereby the light of day was admitted into the apartment. I was just in the middle of the second verse of "Let dogs delight to bark and bite"; that verse which points out the unseemliness of children's permitting their angry passions to rise: when the light underwent a partial eclipse, by reason of a swarthy face being pressed, from outside, against one of the window-panes. It needed only the most cursory glimpse to assure me that the face appertained to the man who had accosted my father as we were on the point of entering the tavern.

"Look, look papa!" I exclaimed—"there is the funny man again—how wild he looks!"

The stranger proceeded deliberately to raise the lower sash of the window, which had been left unfastened.

"He is going to climb in"; said my sister—"O, no, he isn't; he wants you, papa; see, he is beckoning to you."

"What is it, Sebastian—anything the matter"? asked my father, rather impatiently, and without stirring from his seat.

"Want to speak to ye"; was the reply—"come out for a minute, right away. Don't bring the boy—don't bring nobody."

"What can he want, Robert"? asked my mother—"I don't like the man," she added, in an undertone.

"He wants nothing particular, I'll answer for it; but I suppose I had better humour him. I won't be away a moment. He says I mustn't take you, my boy; so just sit there till I return."

And so saying, my father placed me upon my mother's lap, and went out.

He had no sooner left the room than I got down, and ran to the window, from whence I saw him engaged in what seemed an earnest expostulation with the owner of the face that had just appeared at the pane. I could not hear what they were saying, but it was easy to perceive that the latter was making what he regarded as an important and confidential communication.

They were standing directly under the creaking tavern-sign, which depended from a stout pole projecting from the upper story of the building; and which, impelled by occasional little gusts of wind, swayed fitfully backwards and forwards a few feet above their heads. I looked up at it with some interest, for it was quite a curiosity in its way. Depicted upon it was a star, evidently of the first magnitude, in the act of flying through the abyss of space, and leaving a garish, yellow tail behind it.

I saw my father smile, and apparently remonstrate with his smart companion, who seemed very much in earnest.

The interview was soon over, and my father re-entered the room.

"He only wants to ride part of the way home with us"; he said—"and I didn't exactly like to refuse him, although we could very well have dispensed with his company. He is a very strange fellow—a half-breed Indian, who lives 'all alone by himself,' as the old ballad says, at a wild spot called 'The Eagle's Nest,' five or six miles from here. A good many people say he has a bee in his bonnet, and lacks a matter of elevenpence in the shilling; but I don't think he is half such a fool as most folks take him for. At any rate, he thinks a great deal of me, owing to my having pulled him out of the river one day last summer when he was seized by a fit of the cramp, and ran some risk of drowning. Since then, he has seemed to be greatly attached to me, and has several times been useful to me in various ways about the farm, when hands have been scarce. You have no need to feel afraid of him, my pets, for all his odd appearance. He is perfectly harmless—wouldn't hurt a fly; and is uncommonly fond of children. Now I come to think of it, I shouldn't wonder if he has taken quite a fancy to Mark, here, from the way he looked. How say you, my little man? You won't be afraid of him, will you? Perhaps he will teach you to swim, and shoot birds and squirrels, and dear knows what besides, when you are a year or two older."

I caught sight of the expression upon my mother's face, from which I was shrewd enough to draw the inference that she tacitly disapproved of the notion of my acquiring the arts of natation and ventry under such outlandish supervision. I cannot say that I even felt very enthusiastic on the subject myself; for I thought if he could not swim without running the risk of drowning himself he could not be very proficient in the art, and that I would much prefer to learn from my father. There was one matter alluded to in my father's remarks, however, upon which I felt very desirous of gaining further information. What did the funny man want with a bee in his bonnet? And how was it a mere matter of conjecture whether he had one there or not? Why couldn't anybody look in his bonnet, and see? And where on earth did he keep the bonnet? Not on his head, certainly, for that was bare.

"Papa," I enquired, when these thoughts had passed through my mind: "where does the funny man keep his bonnet that some people think has a bee in it?"

I wondered what they could possibly see in the question to make them all laugh so uproariously.

"When a man is said to have a bee in his bonnet," my father playfully rejoined, "it means that his head isn't quite level."

This was confusion worse confounded, and provoked another sally of laughter at my expense. As I did not exactly relish the idea of being the butt of the company I forbore to press for further enlightenment.

When the merriment provoked by my enquiry had subsided my mother asked a question.

"What was that he said about getting home before dark?"

"Well, I—I dare say—that is—I suppose he thought it would be more pleasant travelling by daylight, you know. But there's really no accounting for what he says, sometimes."

This explanation being apparently satisfactory to all parties, resumed my seat upon my father's knee, and again began to monopolize the conversation. I was anxious to let him know what an exceedingly clever little fellow I was, for I had fallen in love with him at first sight, and had seen, with the unerring instinct of childhood—I was only two years and three months old at the time—that his personal appearance, prepossessing as it unquestionably was, did not constitute the sum-total of his recommendations to favour. I could not, of course, have analysed my feeling at that tender age; but viewing the matter now, by the light of later experience, I can remember that there was an expression beaming from those hazel eyes of his, such as is rarely or never seen in the face of a man whose nature is other than kind and gentle. It was a face which any child would instinctively have taken to at once: a face full of love and affection. I seemed to have a dim sort of inner consciousness that it was worth all the hardships through which we had passed to enjoy the privilege of being kissed by that man, and of calling him by the honourable name of *Father*.

Yes, worth all the hardships through which we had passed. And yet we had encountered a good many, though my personal recollection of them is somewhat of the faintest, and my information with respect to them is mainly derived from my mother's lips. Our story, up to the time of our arrival at Johnson's Ford, must be told sooner or later; and I may as well tell it in this place. It shall, however, have a chapter to itself. A chapter which must in no account be skipped by any reader who cares to understand the sequel.

CHAPTER III. PARENTAL MEMOIRS.

My father belonged to a family resident in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where his ancestors settled I know not how many generations ago. At any rate, my several-times-great grandfather lived upon and owned the estate whereon the head of the family at present resides as long ago as the time of Oliver Cromwell. It is recorded in the domestic annals that the Lord-General of the armies of the Commonwealth quartered himself and seventeen of his psalm-singing pikemen at Broxborough Hall, the ancestral seat of the Wilfords, only three days before the commencement of the siege of Pontefract Castle. It is further recorded that during the brief occupation of the mansion by those image-breaking apostles upon that occasion, one of their number, by name Increase-in-the-incense-Milk-of-the-Word, bestowed a rude buffet upon the right cheek of one of the family servitors because the discourse of the latter was unsavoury in the nostrils of those strait-laced but valiant disputants. As to whether the servitor obeyed the Scriptural injunction, and turned his other cheek to the smiter, history and tradition are alike silent. The head of the family, being a staunch royalist, was conveniently absent at the time. But with such remote genealogy this story has no concern; and I only mention the foregoing circumstances in order that it may be understood that our race, on the paternal side at least, is not one of yesterday. It may be all very true, as the laureate sings, that

"From yon blue heavens above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent:"

but it is at least equally certain that many very worthy members of the human family, contemplating the matter from a merely terrestrial point of view, are not at all disposed to emulate the example of our first parents in this particular. The Wilford family is one that could "look back," if it were so minded. Whether the retrospection would be worth the trouble is another question, into which it is unnecessary to enter.

To be sure, I might, if so disposed, carry my family chronicle far so much farther back than the seventeenth century. I might give some interesting particulars of the career of that doughty Regynaulde de Wylfourde who fought under the Conqueror, and created such havoc among the Saxon ranks at Hastings. But I refrain; more especially as I have not the slightest reason for supposing that the aforesaid Regynaulde ever fought at Hastings at all. Indeed, I may have my private doubts as to whether he ever existed. If he did, and if he really took any part in that memorable conflict, the probability is in favour of his having fought under Harold; for his surname is pure Saxon, and was formerly written "Wilfrid." I am equally reticent about Hugo de Wylderde, who turned traitor to John Lack-land, and went over to Philip Augustus, who had him beheaded at Angiers; and—and, in short, the less said about that irreclaimable blackguard the better: the credit of his descendants. Neither will I occupy the reader's time and my own by recounting the achievements of that apocryphal Sir Marnaduke de Williforde who was (or was not) knighted by Henry the Seventh for gallant services at Bosworth Field, and who was (or was not) afterwards deprived of his highness, and compelled to seek safety in Flanders, in consequence of his real or imaginary co-operation with Lambert Simnel. To speak truth, I have ever looked upon this Sir Marnaduke, his titles and indignities, with a suspicious eye. As for that other ancestor of ours, who is alleged to have stood so high in the favour of the Virgin Queen as to have aroused the jealousy of Leicester, and who only missed been raised by his royal mistress to the peerage through the foul machinations of that nobleman, I have

about as much faith in him as I have in Bevis of Hampton. It would be folly for the present representative of the family to deny, after the evidence adduced in the leading case of *Brittredge vs. Wilford* (temp. Geo. II.) that the half-length portrait in the picture-gallery at Broxborough Hall, professing to represent the proud and fashionable Beau Wilford of Queen Anne's reign—I say, it will not be denied that this portrait was purchased from Isaac Levison, a Wardour-Street Israelite, for the inconsiderable sum of four guineas, and that it no more represents a member of our family than it represents Judas Iscariot. And in alluding to this somewhat delicate subject, should I be accused of running in the teeth of that expressive old Scottish proverb which declares that bird to be an ill one that fouls its ain nest, my answer must be that the facts of that case are matter of record, and accessible to any one who cares to become acquainted with them.

But enough of the traditions of bygone centuries, wherein a grain of truth lies embedded in a pound of fable: a half-penny worth of bread to an intolerable quantity of sack. Let us come down to a period comparatively recent, where we can lay hold of something tangible.

My father was a younger—or, to speak with greater precision, a youngest—son; and as his three brothers all enjoyed boisterous health, there was apparently no chance of his succeeding to the paternal acres. Under these circumstances, it was to be expected, as a matter of course, that he would devote his energies to the church, the bar, or the army. To none of these professions, however, did my father seriously incline. He chose rather to dally round the ancestral domain; riding, shooting, hunting, fishing, and losing his time generally; until one day, to his huge astonishment, he found that he was twenty years old. My grandfather, by all accounts, must have been a mere selfish bookworm, who cared for nothing but his library and his dinner, and left his children to bring themselves up as best they might, could, would, or should. He was a widower, his wife having died when my father was only a few months old. After her death, Squire Wilford repudiated the claims of society, and shut himself up with his books; from which, it is to be hoped, he derived a vast amount of consolation. He always dined alone, and in his library. He consequently saw little of his family, and apparently gave himself no concern about them.

On his twentieth birthday, my father was summoned to the Sublime Presence. I have heard the interview described so often that it almost seems as though I must have been present at it myself.

"Robert," began Paterfamilias; "I have sent for you in order that we may have a little serious talk together. Are you aware that to-day you are twenty years old?"

"I had not thought of the circumstance, Sir"; was the reply—"but I now remember that this is my birthday—the nineteenth of November."

"Exactly. I am afraid, my boy, that I have not quite done my duty by you of late, and have left you too much to follow your own devices. There must be an end to this, and at once. It is high time for you to think of a profession. By the way, what progress has been made with your education?"

My father admitted that he had not bestowed much attention upon the cultivation of his intellectual forces, and that his educational acquirements did not extend far beyond the three R's.

"And how do you propose to make a living for yourself, Sir? I suppose you are aware that you cannot go on in this way forever?"

My father had not looked at the matter in that light, but promised to think it over.

"Do so, Sir. And, mark me: think to some purpose. Your brothers are all fitting themselves to discharge their respective duties in life, and it is time for you to make a beginning. Come to me at the same hour this day week; by which time I shall expect you to have made up your mind what you are going to do with your life. Ryecrofts will tell you how much I can do for you. Now, leave me, and see that you have your answer ready at the appointed time."

Mr. Ryecrofts was the steward.

Robert Wilford went out from the presence of his father; and instead of seeking an audience with Ryecrofts, had his horse saddled, and rode straight to the "Red Lion," at Barnsley. Having

stabled his steed at that ancient hostelry, he strolled off to keep an appointment with his sweetheart.

Yes, he had a sweetheart—the daughter of a petty shop-keeper from Lancashire, who had settled at Barnsley some years previously. This shopkeeper, whose name was Jeremiah Mawson, was a Dissenter, and belonged to a sect the adherents whereof were called Jebusites. I shall have occasion to give some account of this sect further on.

The young man unburdened himself to Miss Mawson, and sought her advice. She was only a few days younger than himself, and—owing, in some measure, no doubt, to the eminently practical school in which she had been trained—was possessed of a goodly stock of a certain commodity, a single ounce of which, as times go, is worth a hundredweight of genius: I mean common-sense. The present emergency, however, was one in which she did not choose to rely entirely upon her own judgment; and, as she was motherless, the old shop-keeper was called in, and the case submitted to his arbitrament.

After about two minutes' grave deliberation the referee pronounced his decision. And these were the words of Jeremiah Mawson the Practical:

"Misthur Robbut, to tell yo' th' treeath, ah niver woor mooch i' faavur o' yo' cooartin' mey girl; an' nah, as yo've esked mey advaice, ah mun speek reeat aht. Ah mek nowt o' gentlefoak weddin' aneeath 'em. If yo' wed Mary, belaike yo'r fooak'll ahl leecawn dawn on 'er; an' happen yo'r feyther'll tooarn yo' aht o' th' dooar, an' coot yo' off wi' a shillin'! Ah waant me dowtther to enttherr naw fam'ly agen th' wishes o' th' eead on't; an' sooa ah think it'll happen be th' best for yo' to dthorp it at yance."

Against this decision both parties appealed.

"Well, then, aw'll tell yo' whaat. Yo', Robbut, mek up yo'r maind, as yo'r feyther sez, whaat yo'll deea to mek a livin' for yersen; an' when yo' see him this day week, do yo' tell him 'at yo' waant to wed mey lass. Yo'll hear whaat a sez, an' can coom ower an' let's knooa. It'll be taine enow then to settle't for good an' ahl."

I think it must have needed all my father's love for his betrothed to reconcile him to the idea of making this vulgar old man his father-in-law, whose manner was far from possessing that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. Still, boorish and offensive as his manner might be, there could be no doubt that his words were the words of wisdom.

After some discussion, the course indicated by Jeremiah was unanimously agreed upon.

Precisely at two o'clock in the afternoon of the twenty-sixth, Robert Wilford again found himself face to face with his father.

The young man stated his case simply and straightforwardly. He felt satisfied, he said, of his unfitness for a profession. He had neither taste nor capacity for professional pursuits, and was above all things desirous of settling upon a farm. There was a good holding of two hundred acres to be had over in Lancashire, in the neighbourhood of Pendle Forest; and to a suitable tenant exceptional advantages would be afforded. With a less sum than would be required to fit him for, and establish him in a profession, he could take this farm, have it stocked, and be regularly set up in business as a Lancashire yeoman. He would then be able to make his way without further assistance from anyone; of that he had no doubt whatever. He then began to speak with considerable diffidence of his attachment to Miss Mawson. As he went on, finding that his communication produced no mark of disapprobation, he gained more confidence, and enlarged upon the theme until his affectionate parent yawned in his face thrice; each successive yawn being more distinctly ejaculated than its predecessor. This, though far from encouraging, was better than positive and avowed disapproval; and Juvenis floundered on until he had delivered what was probably the longest speech he had ever made in his life up to that moment. And then he paused for a reply.

The Squire pronounced his decision without deliberating three seconds. His only anxiety was to get the matter off his hands, and return to his books.

And to this effect were the words of Horace Wilford, Esquire, the Indifferent.

"As you tell me that you have fully made up what you are pleased to call your 'mind,' and are resolved to marry this—this young person—that subject may be considered as at an end between us. If you insist upon taking this Lancashire farm, I suppose there is no more to be said on that subject either. You are not of age, and would probably not be accepted as a tenant upon your own responsibility; but that difficulty, I imagine, may easily be got over by the intervention of a third party. It will take fully all my duty to advise you to carry out the project; and I consider it my duty to advise you beforehand that under no possible contingency of circumstances are you to expect another farthing from me, either during my life or afterwards. I further consider it my duty to warn you that in less than five years from the day you take possession of the farm (beyond which time I must decline to become answerable for the rent) you will be an inmate of the workhouse. That, understand, will be wholly your own affair; at least it will certainly be none of mine. As you make your bed, so must you lie. After your marriage, it will of course be desirable that you never visit at this house, or attempt to associate or correspond with any of its inmates. Have you taken all these matters into consideration? Very well; then it will be useless for us to prolong this interview. All arrangements will be carried out by Ryecrofts, with whom you will confer about this farm, and—and, in short, about any other matters which it may be necessary to discuss. Now, shake hands, for I have lost a precious hour with you. What on earth is the boy crying for? I am not the least angry, I give you my word of honour as a gentleman. On the contrary I wish you well, and trust that you may be happy in your new relations. Good bye—good bye!"

And Robert Wilford once more went out from the presence of his father; and the two never met again on this side the grave.

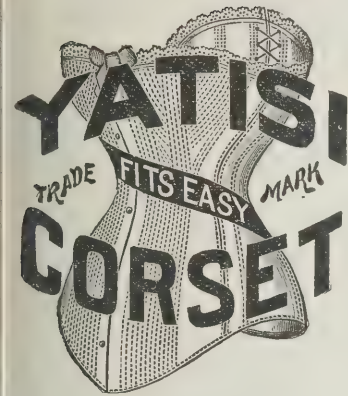
I wonder if they have ever met on the other

Within three months my father and mother were married and settled down on the farm in Lancashire; where, in fulness of time—that is to say, in rather less than three years—two children were born to them. My sister Sarah was the first to make her appearance. Next came my brother Norman. These, however, were almost the only additions which my father had been able to make to his possessions since the commencement of his tenancy. The last few seasons had been unpropitious for the farming interest. He had not much more knowledge of practical farming than of practical cotton-spinning, and his youth and inexperience had told sadly against him. He was going down hill every day; and he knew it. He saw ruin stealthily advancing towards him with slow but certain steps. England was evidently no place for him. About this time he received a visit from his father-in-law, who was not long in discovering how the land lay.

"Belaike, mey lad, yo'r feyther'll toorn aht a true prophett eeffther ahl. Two years mooar, an' then—th' workus."

This was inspiring. For a genuine consoler in affliction, such as it has fallen to the lot of most of us to encounter at least once in our lives, here was your customer. As has been well said, "When a fellow gets to going down hill, it does seem as though everything had been greased for the occasion." What happy man of mature age is there among my readers who cannot confirm this aphorism from his own experience of human nature? When the woes of life press most sorely upon a man: when his cup of affliction is full to overflowing: when the clouds impending over him are all alike sombre, and no silver lining is apparent in any one of them: when he stands most in need of words of cheer: when the future seems one mass of unrelieved blackness, and no ray of hope is visible, even at the end of the journey—under such gloomy conditions as these, is not the one suggestion most repellant to the soul of the afflicted one certain to emanate from some officious, coarse-grained egotist who administers his poetic under the guise of friendship? And has it not been ever thus? Have not these Job's comforters existed from time immemorial? I have no manner of doubt that if work-houses existed in the time of the Man of Uz, that much-enduring individual was counselled by his friends Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite, to betake himself to the one belonging to the parish in which he had obtained a settlement.

(Continued next week.)



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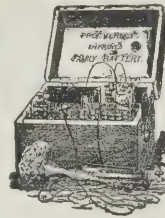
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The Rev. G. M. Milligan, pastor of Jarvis Street Presbyterian Church, writes,

384 Sherbourne St., Toronto,
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VOL. I. }
No. 10. }

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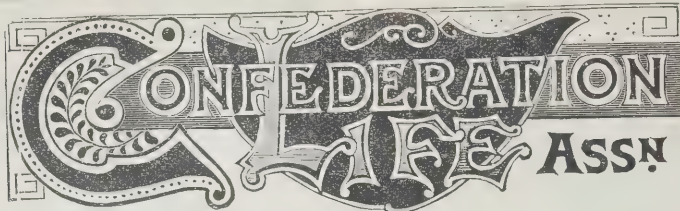
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ARCTURUS.

Notices of the Canadian Press.

A NEW star has appeared in the Canadian literary firmament under the name of ARCTURUS. The journal is a weekly, and is under the editorial management of Mr. J. C. Dent, whose accomplishments as a *littérateur* are a guarantee of excellence. ARCTURUS promises to deal with religious, social and literary matters and to discuss political questions from the national as distinguished from the partisan point of view. The number just to hand is an interesting and meritorious production. The editor apologizes for its imperfections on the score of the difficulties and drawbacks inseparable from the issue of a first number. But if succeeding numbers are as interesting as that with which the new enterprise is introduced, ARCTURUS will be a valuable addition to the periodical literature of Canada.—*Toronto Mail*.

ARCTURUS, Mr. John Charles Dent's new literary weekly, has received a flattering welcome from press and people. It is the most promising venture of its sort that has yet appeared upon the Canadian market. Its articles are sufficiently thoughtful to appeal to a class of readers who like a supplement to the rapid fire of running commentary which it is the province of the daily press to deliver, but the editor wisely eschews that heavy oracular style which has been the bane of so many literary weeklies. The initial number is good, and is a practical promise of better. The *World* hopes and predicts for ARCTURUS a long and prosperous career.—*Toronto World*.

THE first number of ARCTURUS, "A Canadian Journal of Literature and Life," issued in this city under the editorial management of John Charles Dent, makes its appearance to-day. It is fully up to the standard aimed at as a readable, forcibly written, and timely weekly paper, free alike from the pedantry which mars some pretentious efforts in this direction and the more frequent faults of slipshod and common-place writing. The articles are all interesting and thoughtful, and the editor has wisely permitted the writers considerable latitude in the presentation of their views instead of seeking to restrict their expression of opinion within the narrow limits usually marked out by party and class journals. Typographically ARCTURUS presents a bright and handsome aspect. It is convenient in form, and no pains have been spared to secure perfection in those details of arrangement which have so much to do with conveying a favourable impression with regard to a newspaper. Although the field of journalism seemed so fully occupied by publication of every class and grade, Mr. Dent must be credited with having struck out a distinctive line, and one which ought to find appreciation. If the standard of the first number is maintained ARCTURUS ought speedily to obtain a large remunerative circulation.—*Toronto News*.

ARCTURUS is the name of a new weekly paper published in this city, of which Mr. John C. Dent is announced as Editor and Proprietor. It claims to be "A Canadian Journal of Literature and Life." Mr. Dent's contributions to Canadian history and literature are an ample guarantee that this new journal will be conducted with taste and ability.—*Christian Guardian*.

ARCTURUS is the name Mr. John Charles Dent has selected for his new literary weekly, the first number of which appeared on Saturday, 15th. He calls it ARCTURUS because it is "A star of the first magnitude in the northern heavens"—according to the astronomical dictionary. We only hope the name will be kindly taken to by the public, for the paper promises to be bright and able, as, indeed, Mr. Dent's hands could hardly fail to be. The typographical appearance of the new comer reflects high credit on the printing establishment of James Murray & Co.—*Grip*.

For some time past the announcement has appeared in the Ontario press that Mr. John Charles Dent, author of "The Last Forty Years," "The Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion," and other valuable historical works, was about to establish a weekly periodical—"a Canadian journal of literature and life." The first number of ARCTURUS which now lies before us, is the fulfilment of the promise. ARCTURUS is thoroughly independent in its expressions of opinion on political, social and literary questions. The terms of subscription are \$2 a year. Address, Room U, Arcade, Toronto, Ont.—*Montreal Gazette*.

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VOL. I. }
No. 10. }

Saturday, March 19th, 1887.

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Editorial Notes.

AN OLD STORY REVIVED.

THE old story has just been revived that Mr. Blake, disappointed at the result of the late elections, and wearied of maintaining a long and unsuccessful fight for power, is about to retire from public life and resume his practice at the bar. The story is accompanied by its invariable concomitants, the chief of which are to the effect that Mr. Mowat is to succeed Mr. Blake as leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and that the direction of the provincial administration in Ontario is to be entrusted to Mr. Pardee. We have no means of knowing how much, if any, truth there is in these stories. There is an air of plausibility about them, and if we now heard them for the first time we should be disposed to invest them with some importance. But the fact is that they are chestnuts of the most pronounced type, and until they receive some authentic confirmation they must be treated as mere flying rumours which it would be out of place to spend much time in considering.

THE QUESTION OF MR. BLAKE'S RETIREMENT.

It may not, however, be amiss to glance for a moment at the probable consequences involved in the changes above suggested. In the first place, Mr. Blake's retirement would unquestionably be a good thing for himself. He is an eminent lawyer, and could count upon all the work at the bar that he could possibly get through with. Without seriously overworking himself, he could make an income of twenty thousand dollars a year. This would be far more profitable, in a pecuniary sense, than anything which public life, conducted on honourable lines, has to place at the disposal of any one unconnected with the Government. It would also be more congenial employment. When conducting a

forensic argument, or cross-examining a stubborn and reluctant witness, Mr. Blake is very much at home. The attentive observer who marks his demeanour under such circumstances cannot fail to perceive that he takes a real pleasure in his work. On the other hand, nobody who has marked Mr. Blake's course since he first entered public life on the accomplishment of Confederation can really suppose that he is fond of politics, or that the duties of a member of Parliament are very much to his taste. As the leader of a party he is a signal example of the round peg in the square hole. He is by nature cold, stand-offish and wanting in courtesy. Of the magnetic quality he seems to be utterly devoid. Of late years, in consequence of the urgent representations of friends, he has done his utmost to overcome these drawbacks to a successful political career, but his individuality is a strong one, and no man can honestly say that he has succeeded. He has been an indefatigable worker, and has made some remarkably able speeches both in and out of Parliament, although even his warmest admirers must admit that several of those delivered on the floor of the House of Commons have been somewhat of the longest. He has an acrid tongue, and on more than one occasion has caused the occupants of the Government benches to shift uneasily in their places. He has moreover kept his hands unsullied by personal corruption. But having said so much in his favour, there is positively no more left to say. He has accomplished nothing of importance either for himself or his party. He has no policy, and his tardy deliverance on the question of the N.P. came too late to be of any service to him. Whether rightly or wrongly held, there is a prevalent idea that he is a source of weakness rather than of strength to his party. His political prospects seem far from hopeful. Under these circumstances if he really wishes to throw up the sponge, he is not without good and plausible reasons for such a proceeding.

MR. MOWAT AS THE PROSPECTIVE LEADER.

THEN, as to Mr. Mowat. There can be no question as to who would be the most eligible man, in the interests of the Reform party, to succeed to the leadership at Ottawa, in case of Mr. Blake's retirement. Sir Richard Cartwright is an able man, but nobody can take him seriously when he poses as a Reformer, and during the last few months his popularity has been decidedly on the wane. He must be considered as out of the running. Mr. Mowat, on the other hand, holds his own in popular favour with remarkable pertinacity. There is a quiet, unostentatious force about him which is constantly asserting itself in unlooked-for

places. His staying power and his capacity for hard work are abnormal. He has been prostrated by one or two attacks of bodily ill-health within the last year, but he has rallied so quickly that no serious importance has been attached to them, and at the present time he seems to be full of aggressiveness and vigour. That he would make his presence felt in the House of Commons; that he would have a loyal and united following; that he would be a serious factor for the Government to deal with—all these things may be predicated with a good deal of confidence. The conduct of the Ontario Administration might safely be delegated to Mr. Pardee, who is in some essential respects not inferior even to Mr. Mowat himself in the capacity for directing public affairs. A hundred other ideas suggest themselves in connection with this many-sided subject. Perhaps it may be thought desirable to return to the consideration of them in a future issue.

THE HORRORS OF THE RAIL.

ANOTHER frightful railway accident has taken place—this time on the Providence line, in the immediate neighbourhood of Boston. Pretty nearly the entire train has in a few brief seconds been converted into splinters, and a great part of the human freight, alas! has shared a similar fate. The story is a gruesome one from first to last. Some of the details are as terrible as have ever been placed on paper. They are in fact too terrible to be read without a shiver. Following closely, as this accident does, upon the recent catastrophe on the Central Vermont Railway at White River, it will not be surprising if railway travel in New England should for a time be seriously affected. There are persons who will be afraid to trust themselves behind a locomotive for many a day to come, and who will endure any amount of delay and inconvenience rather than subject themselves to the possibility of such frightful casualties as have fallen to the lot of the sufferers by these recent calamities. Such an effect can of course be only temporary. The advantages of travel by rail over all other means of locomotion are so great that humanity will in the long run take whatever risks it may be necessary to incur, rather than forego those advantages. But these successive appalling catastrophes may well give rise to the enquiry: Are such risks necessary? Are there no means whereby they may be avoided? Is it a fixed condition that a man must take his life in his hand every time he takes his seat in a railway train? Is it a matter altogether beyond dispute that whenever a wife or mother sees her husband or her son start away upon a journey, she must calculate the chances of his being returned to her in fragments? It seems to us that a stricter legislation would minimise the risks, and considerably lessen the dangers of travel by rail. Effects are not produced without causes. A train does not drop bodily through a bridge from mere caprice. There was a weak spot somewhere, and that spot it was the business of the company to know. If the directors were made criminally responsible for such mishaps, as they are in some European countries, we should

hear of fewer railway holocausts and pulverized bridges. We should read fewer horrifying narrations such as we have been compelled to read during the last day or two, and scores of human beings would be preserved from cruel suffering, such as it transcends the power of the pen to describe. The plan of imposing criminal responsibility is said to have worked exceedingly well wherever it has been put into operation. An experiment in that direction would seem to be imperatively called for in New England at the present time. When "some one has blundered" it is the blunderer who ought to bear the penalty, in so far as such a thing is at all possible.

THE LATE PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

MR. BEECHER having finally retired from this shifting scene, the pertinent question presents itself: What is to become of the immense congregation which he has left behind him? Where is it to find the peculiar spiritual food by which it has been nourished during the last forty years. That congregation has been considerably reduced in numbers ever since the great scandal of thirteen years ago, but it is still the largest on this continent, and consists of some where in the neighbourhood of three thousand persons. It was originally formed almost entirely by Mr. Beecher's own personal influence and exertions. It has ever since been held together by his large personality, and by the marvellous power of his pulpit oratory. A considerable portion of it was doubtless attracted by the magnetic nature of the man himself, rather than by his doctrines or his teaching. It has indeed long been notorious that some of his adherents were prepared to follow their pastor whithersoever he might choose to lead them in the direction of liberal thought. Dogma and creeds were very little to them, whereas their pastor was everything. They were ready and willing to permit him to do their thinking for them, and concerned themselves very little as to their personal responsibility. Such persons as these will hardly be disposed to transfer their allegiance to a successor less splendidly endowed than Mr. Beecher, and such a successor is nowhere to be found. He had the faculty of spiritualizing the common experiences of life, and of investing them with a profundity of human interest which touched the heart of every listener. This great gift made him always entertaining. To be dull was simply impossible with him. "When I see members of my congregation asleep in their pews," he once remarked, "I don't ask a man to get up and wake them up, but I send for a man to come and wake me up." As matter of fact, we suspect there were very few attendants of Plymouth Church who ever went to sleep in their pews. On the contrary, they were wont to signify their wakefulness and their keen appreciation of his most telling points in a manner which seemed scarcely fitting in a temple dedicated to divine worship. But the plain truth of the matter was that the great preacher carried them literally off their feet. When subjected to his spell, they were taken far away from the sordid cares of every-day life and lifted into a region above stocks and cent per cent. On one day of the week they were made to recognize the ex-

istence of something more noble than the Almighty Dollar. What if they did relapse during the other six? The man under whose witching spell such natures became as clay in the hands of the potter, even for a brief interval on Sunday, was a potent magician, and his influence on the whole must have been to brighten and sanctify their lives.

MR. BEECHER'S SUCCESSOR.

HE has certainly left no one behind him who is capable of filling his shoes, and one tries in vain to conjecture as to who will be found venturesome enough to dare to put on his mantle. Several names have been mentioned, at least two of which belong to persons as to whom very little is known in this country. It seems extremely doubtful whether any one will be found capable of carrying on the work of Mr. Beecher, and of permanently keeping together a congregation made up of so many incongruous elements. Still, the attempt will be made, and it is tolerably certain that, at any rate for some time to come, Plymouth Church will continue to be a chief place of resort among New Yorkers and Brooklynites on the first day of the week. Viewed merely in the light of a financial speculation, the investment is too great to be abandoned without serious efforts to keep it afloat. The directorate numbers in its ranks shrewd and capable men of business who cannot afford to leave the pews untenanted. But in the matter of preachers it is not true that there are as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught, and the successor of Henry Ward Beecher in the pulpit must be a man of exceptional power indeed to enable the treasurer to exhibit a satisfactory balance sheet in the years to come.

MRS. STOWE AND THE BYRON SCANDAL.

AT such a time the mind is insensibly drawn towards another distinguished and still surviving member of the Beecher family. By the death of her eminent younger brother, Mrs. Stowe has sustained a second mortal bereavement within the brief space of a few months. It seems only like the day before yesterday when her husband was taken from her. He had been her companion for more than half a century. He had marked her rise from obscurity to world-wide fame, and though he had been an invalid for many years before his death, the mere fact of his existence gave her an object in life, for she was a faithful and assiduous nurse. Since the withdrawal of that object, her future has had little in it of bright allurements. She has suffered much from the decline and infirmities inseparable from advanced life, and has been beset by the idea that there was no work left in the world for her to do. Effective literary work is hardly to be expected from an overtasked woman in her seventy-sixth year, more especially when the light of her life has gone out, and when her house has been left unto her desolate. She is two years the senior of her late brother, between whom and herself there has ever existed an attachment of the warmest and most tender kind. This second bereavement, following so closely upon the heels of the other, has doubtless been felt by her as an overwhelming calamity. To speak frankly, we have never been able to regard her with very fond affection since the publication of her outrageous and most unwomanly assault upon the memory of Lord Byron, eighteen years since. It

is well to be charitable, and we are willing to concede that she believed the monstrous story which she then gave to the world. The story itself was the mere figment of Lady Byron's morbid imagination, and in any case it was of such a nature that no woman—certainly no woman unconnected by ties of blood with Lady Byron—had any business to concern herself with its disclosure. By the publication of this hideous nightmare Mrs. Stowe dealt a serious blow at her own literary reputation. But she has ever since been compelled to bear the penalty of her indiscretion—to employ no harsher a term—and in her present melancholy circumstances it is surely gracious to extend to her a share of the sympathy of which she so urgently stands in need. The authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* long since established a claim upon the sympathies of all who can recognize the hand of genius when they see it, and who believe that slavery was one of the greatest curses that was ever permitted to afflict mankind. She stamped her genius upon that wonderful book, and upon the strength of having written it her name is destined to go down through the centuries. Let us remember her only as the creator of Uncle Tom and little Eva, and let her ill-starred excursion into the unsavoury realms of "Lady Byron's Life" be eternally forgotten. May she be strengthened to bear the burdens imposed upon her.

THEODORE TILTON AND THE FLESHLY SCHOOL.

THE subject of Mr. Beecher's death brings to the recollection still another figure which at one time occupied a conspicuous place in public interest, but which has of late years sunk into absolute and richly-merited oblivion. No reputation is more hopelessly dead and buried than is that of Theodore Tilton; yet the man himself is still alive, and in fact has scarcely passed the term of middle life. It may safely be alleged that few more unmitigated scamps than the "Dory" of the famous trial have ever figured in the ranks of literature. This is saying a good deal, for literature has at one time and another counted some exceedingly tough subjects among its votaries. But Theodore was a *mauvais sujet* from the beginning. He has written some remarkably clever things, but it is doubtful if he was ever fit to be the companion of decent men and women. He dealt a blow at Mr. Beecher's reputation from which it never entirely recovered, and it is quite within possibility that the terrible and prolonged strain to which the pastor was subjected may have shortened his days. But "be sure your sin will find you out." Theodore Tilton did much to mar Mr. Beecher's career; but he utterly blasted his own. Of all the wide constituency which was once his, probably not one member now remains to do him reverence. He has long been an exile from his native land, where nobody ever mentions his name. In the Students' Quarter of Paris in which he makes his abode he has doubtless found congenial spirits of the Fleshly School whereof he is—or was—so ardent a votary. The Bohemian life of the Cluseret and the Elysée de Montmartre is well suited to the worshipper at the shrine of Victoria Woodhull and Tennie Claflin. The last that was heard of him on this side of the Atlantic he was showing the sights of Paris to a much better man than himself—Frederick A. Douglass. As to which all that need be said is that Mr. Douglass cannot be congratulated upon the companions he chooses for himself when he takes his walks abroad. But surely Theodore must have been conscious of a pang near the region of what in him does duty for a heart when the news of his somewhat pastor's death was flashed across the sea.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT, - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

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SHAKSPEARE AND IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

IGNATIUS DONNELLY cannot surely expect that he will be allowed to keep back his alleged Bacon-Shakspeare discovery much longer, without serious remonstrance on the part of the public whose curiosity has been awakened. It is now fully a year since he pledged his reputation to publish his wonderful "Key," within four or five months at farthest. The four or five months passed by, and when the world was all agog with expectation the great iconoclast besought grace until Christmas. Christmas and New Year's have come and gone nearly a quarter of a year since; yet we are not permitted to feast our reason on Ignatius's long-expected book, nor has any indication been recently afforded as to when we are likely to do so.

An impression is getting abroad that Mr. Donnelly's so-called scheme has utterly collapsed, and that he recognizes the fact that he has gasconaded prematurely. It is further believed that he has not the manliness to avow his failure, and that he has no intention of publishing anything whatever on the subject. Should this impression prove correct, he must not expect to be let down easily. His flourish of trumpets was so loud, and his pretensions were intrinsically so absolutely monstrous, that he aroused attention from Shakspearian students all over the world. Nobody whose opinion was of any value ever supposed that he would succeed in proving what he set out to prove; but readers of *Atlantis* and *Ragnarok* looked forward with eager expectation to the appearance of the promised book, because they believed that it would be clever, ingenious and superficially plausible. Mr. Donnelly must not suppose that he will now be permitted to quietly drop out of public attention. He must either make good his claims or reconcile his mind to the idea of going down to posterity as an utterly discredited man—a man entitled to rank side by side with William Henry Ireland and other specious frauds of that kidney.

Among scores of other Shakspearian scholars, Mr. Albert R. Frey, of the Astor Library, New York, has got tired of waiting for the long-promised revelations, and has begun to show his impatience in print. In the last number of *The Bookmart* he has an open letter addressed to Mr. Donnelly, in which he asks the very pertinent question: "Is it not about time that you gave us a full explanation of your so-called discovery?" And then he adds some words which deserve a wide circulation. "For more than a year," he writes, "you have received gratuitous advertising in all the

leading journals, and the Shakspearian world is naturally anxious to obtain the result of your researches. You have explained your system when applied to pages 53 and 67 of the Histories (*1 Henry IV.*), but this proves nothing, as we find that your rule does not hold good throughout. We tried your method on about twenty different pages of the first folio, and the result is unsatisfactory in every instance. Perhaps you intend to publish a sequel to your *Atlantis*, something upon the site of Laputa or Balnibarbi, and wish to have your name extolled before you issue such a work; but we assure you that the public will think more of you if you come out fairly and squarely, and either admit that your 'cipher' has fallen to pieces, or else give to the world the result of your investigations."

Mr. Donnelly can hardly afford to ignore this letter, which moreover is certain to be followed by others from different quarters couched in the same spirit. That he can come triumphantly out of the ordeal before him is simply impossible. The best that he can hope for is to excuse his vainglorious boastings by giving to the world something which has at least an air of specious plausibility on the surface. From what we know of his key—that is, from the account given of it last spring in the *Nineteenth Century*—we have no sort of expectation that it will be deemed worthy of serious consideration. We will undertake, on the same system, to demonstrate that *The Pilgrim's Progress* was written by Mark Twain. [We don't mean *The New Pilgrim's Progress*, but the Old.] But such as it is, Mr. Donnelly is bound not to withhold it.

RANDOM NOTES BY A PROTECTIONIST.

THE protective policy of the United States rendered it necessary for us to adopt a similar policy. In both countries it has proved successful.

We adopted our National Policy several years after that of our neighbours was effectuated, and our industries are in much the same position as those of the United States were then.

The National Policy is by no means complete in all its details, and there are many features constantly appearing which require to be definitely settled before it can be said that we have satisfied the reasonable expectations of those who have invested their capital upon the understanding that the policy would be adhered to.

Our present duty clearly is to place Canadian manufacturers in as good a position to carry on trade as those of other countries, before we throw down the protective barrier.

Nations in every way inferior to us find it necessary to employ numerous consuls to protect the interests of their citizens, and increase their trade abroad; and circumstances now imperatively demand the immediate establishment of a complete system of consular or commercial agencies wherever our products are likely to find markets, as well as in those countries where we are at present trading extensively.

Besides supplying information and rendering assistance to our people in placing goods in new markets, it would be their duty to disseminate information as to the resources and advantages of the vast fertile unoccupied areas of Canada. Thus a double purpose would be served. Immigration of settlers of which we

land in need would be increased; our home markets would be improved; fresh scope would be afforded to our manufacturing trade; and a new era of progress and prosperity, exceeding anything of the kind heretofore experienced, would be inaugurated.

The immense increase in trade and population in a very short space of time in the United States is chiefly due to their efficient consular system.

Their export trade to Canada amounts to about fifty millions. Their consuls abound throughout the country. Everyone of them acts as an emigration agent. Besides, American railway companies employ numerous emigration agents throughout the country. Meanwhile, what are we doing in Canada? With an export trade of nearly forty millions of dollars annually to the United States: with an enormous tract of territory admitted on all hands to be more fertile than any in the United States open for free occupation: with the Eastern States overcrowded with small farmers having capital, and the cities with artisans who are unable to better their condition: with an intelligent enterprising population of nearly sixty millions at our doors requiring no persuasion and nothing but information with reference to this country to be supplied to them to induce them to take land in our North-West, we have not a single agent throughout the length and breadth of the United States; and practically no effort has been made to attract either population or capital thence to our shores. The sooner we adopt the system referred to the better. It may be some time before it will be thoroughly efficient, but when it is, and when by such means a considerable population has been attracted to our North-Western prairies and the vast mining regions of Lake Superior and British Columbia, and when our manufacturing trade has acquired strength and won its way in the markets of the world, we may perhaps advantageously consider the advisability of a commercial union, or the establishment of complete free trade with the United States. Then, also, with a consular system, the germ of a diplomatic service in working order, it may be proper to consider whether an alliance with Great Britain would not be more advantageous to both countries than that Canada should longer continue as a mere dependency.

Meanwhile, much may be done to improve trade relations between the United States and Canada in other directions.

The fishery question is one that should be settled upon its merits alone, apart from all other considerations.

The Americans have conceded that they have not the right to fish within certain limits of our shores, and if they want that privilege they can have it by establishing free trade in fish, and paying the difference in value between our fishing grounds and theirs, less whatever advantage their markets may be to our fishermen. In this way alone, we contend, is there a prospect of arriving at a fair settlement.

The question of the advisability of reciprocal free trade in natural products of the two countries is a different matter altogether. Since the last treaty was negotiated the circumstances of both countries have vastly changed. The United States have acquired a world-wide trade, and their profits will be increased in proportion to the decrease in cost of their raw material, whether that arises from proximity or any other cause. Nowhere can they get the material they require as good or as cheaply as they can here, and their forests are yearly becoming more distant than ours from their chief markets. Our coal and iron supplies are in some instances more easy of access to them; so it is for their own inter-

est to admit our natural products free now more than ever. At the same time we would derive a similar benefit, but to a much less extent.

Upon the whole, such an arrangement is only just to the inhabitants of both countries.

The adoption of a vigorous trade policy as suggested by our Government; the settlement of the fisheries difficulty, followed by reciprocity in natural products, would pave the way to such further mutual concessions as would be advantageous to both, and in such case it is reasonable to expect, without endangering or sacrificing British connection, or importing matters of sentiment into plain business transactions, that an arrangement may be evolved worthy of the intelligence of the people of both countries, adapted to the requirements of both, giving to the inhabitants of each any advantages to be derived from freer intercourse, and at the same time securing to our infant industries the protection and assistance they now have a right to expect from the people of Canada

J. B.

Book Notice.

NARRATIVE AND CRITICAL HISTORY OF AMERICA. Edited by Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University, etc. Vol. II. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: George Virtue.

The self-sufficient reviewer who takes up this volume with intent to pass a sweeping judgment upon it after a few hours' cursory examination of its pages will, unless his critical acumen has wholly deserted him, feel a strong inward prompting to stay his rash hand. This inward prompting will be all the stronger if he has some real knowledge of the subject-matter, and if he happens to be endowed with something approaching to a true consciousness of the magnitude of the task with which he has been entrusted. A little learning is proverbially a dangerous thing, and the sciolist who undertakes to pronounce upon a book like this is tolerably certain to become a laughing-stock to all readers who have a proper appreciation of how much is involved in judicious book reviewing. When a man has gained a sufficient perception of himself to be conscious of serious limitations—in other words, when he has become wise enough to know his own ignorance—he may fairly be said to have learned a valuable lesson, and to have made some progress on the high-road to knowledge.

It is probably safe to say that no general historical work has ever come forth from the American press which reflects higher credit upon all persons connected with its publication, or which more richly deserves to be carefully studied, than the one now under consideration. It is written on the only plan whereby it is possible to secure thorough workmanship in every department. When Mr. Tytler or Mr. Anybody Else puts forth a Universal History written entirely by himself, we know quite well that his labours, as a whole, cannot have any great value. We know that we must not look for much beyond mere compilation, and that there can have been no serious endeavour to examine and weigh original authorities. The field is altogether too wide for any man to travel over it all, and to note everything worth noting during his journey. No one human being can be said to *know* the history even of America alone. He may have a more or less general idea of the course of events. He may know the fate of Montezuma and Atahualpa, and may have some inkling of

the achievements of Jacques Cartier and Champlain. He may be possessed of a few facts bearing upon the life of Washington, and may have some more or less confused notion of the causes of the revolt of the Thirteen Colonies. But he cannot pretend to have mastered the whole course of American history. His knowledge of the entire field cannot possibly be thorough or profound. For this reason it has become the vogue for a scholar to devote himself to some particular epoch or series of events, and, so far as such a thing is possible, to go to the bottom of his theme by exhausting the materials bearing upon it. Thus we see Mr. Parkman devoting his life to the manifold intricacies of the history of French and English exploration in North America. Thus we see Mr. Prescott devoting many laborious years to familiarizing his mind with the achievements of the Spanish conquerors of the Western World. The list of historical specialists might be extended almost to infinity; and such a list would include the names of nearly every contributor to this Narrative and Critical History. The writers, almost without exception, are the very best authorities on the respective subjects which they have here undertaken to treat. This volume deals with the Spanish explorations and settlements in America from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century. The Editor himself, whose learning and critical sagacity are apparent from first to last, deals with the documentary sources of early Spanish-American history, as well as with the discoveries of Columbus. Sydney Howard Gay takes up Amerigo Vespucci. Edward Channing disposes of the Companions of Columbus. John Gilmary Shea deals with Ancient Florida, and George E. Ellis with the relations of the Spaniards to the Indians. Henry W. Haynes reviews the early explorations of New Mexico, and Clements R. Markham details the exploits of Pizarro and the conquest and settlement of Peru and Chili. To Edward Everett Hale has been entrusted the discoveries of Magellan. Now, as every careful student of American history knows, each of these writers is a master of his subject. We thus have before us the choicest fruits of varied learning, and cannot help feeling that on each particular epoch there is not much more to be said that is really worth saying. The scholar who has this book in his library may feel certain that he possesses the results of the latest and most profound researches, and that he has a practical encyclopædia of those epochs of history which are here presented. And if he wishes to gain still further knowledge, the original sources of information are unfolded to him.

Anything like an adequate review of the work as a whole can only be undertaken by a quarterly magazine which has abundant space at its disposal. It is manifestly out of the question for any weekly journal of such dimensions as ARCTURUS to do more than hint at the main characteristics. This we have here attempted very briefly to do; and we hope to do as much for future instalments. For the present we have merely to say that should the subsequent volumes bear out the promise of the present one, America will be able to boast of possessing the most complete and scholarly history that has ever been given to the world.

THERE is one almost incredible thing which will give a fair idea of how the Chinese regard the death penalty. It is an actual fact that in some cases substitution can be instituted, and a substitute can be readily found. Money here will make men risk almost certain death, but it is to be doubted whether Vanderbilt had millions enough to secure a man to stand for hanging in cold blood. Any one acquainted with the ways and customs of China will, however, testify that \$50 will, at any time, and in numbers, secure men to step up beneath the executioner's sword and die.

Poetry.

SONNET.—LOVE'S WARNING.

ARE we to part and must I say good-bye?
The sun hath kiss'd the earth; but coming soon
The cold embraces of the captor moon
Will pale the crimson blushes of the sky,
Excited still by love's sweet ecstasy—
This night will pass in one long silent swoon
Not all the light of stars will leave the boon
Of radiant warmth that once rained from on high.

This love of mine is sun-like, all on fire,
And I have kiss'd thy lips, so wondrous sweet,
With wholesome warmth, desirous, yet discreet,
Whereat thy cheeks hot blushes did acquire
By love's responson;—therefore when I go
No later passion shall re-light their glow.

Paris, Ont.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

SONG-BIRDS.

AH, in the summer, the blythe golden summer,
Songs to my heart came, as birds to a tree,
Piping and shrilling, each jubilant comer
Full of song-secrets, of bird-ecstasy!

Now in December, the cold white December,
Few come, and sad ones, to sing thro' the snow,
Waking my heart but to bid it remember
That childhood has gone, as the sweet summers go.

King's College, Windsor, N.S.

ELIZABETH GOSTWYCKE ROBERTS.

PAGANINI.

HE shambled awkward on the stage, the while
Across the waiting audience swept a smile.

With clumsy touch, when first he drew the bow,
He snapped a string. The audience tittered low.

Another stroke—off flies another string!
With laughter now the circling galleries ring.

Once more! The third string breaks its quivering strands,
And hisses greet the player as he stands.

He stands, and,—while his genius unbereft
Is calm—one string and Paganini left.

He plays. The one string's daring notes uprise
Against that storm as if they sought the skies.

A silence falls; then awe; the people bow,
And they who erst had hissed are weeping now.

And when the last note, trembling, died away,
Some shouted "Bravo!" Some had learned to pray.

—Independent.

THE DRAMA.

BOTH the opera houses in Toronto are presenting attractive bills of fare to their patrons this week, with a prospect of still better things to come in the immediate future. At the Grand, Kate Castleton and her clever company have been delighting large audiences with the musical extravaganza of *Crazy Patch*. They are to remain throughout the remainder of the week, when they will be succeeded by the ever popular favourite, Rosina Vokes. At the Toronto Opera House the three-act drama *In His Power* is winning nightly favour. Next week at this house a comedietta entitled *Pat's Wardrobe* is to be presented. The Pat of the title-rôle is the well-known Pat Rooney, which is equivalent to saying that the piece is of a decidedly hilarious character. The United States press speaks enthusiastically of the performance, which will be presented on the evenings of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER has so far recovered his health that he has resumed his lectures at Oxford, after a pause of several years. He has promised to lecture at the Royal Institution in March, on "The Science of Thought," a subject on which he has just finished a carefully-considered volume.

Correspondence.

The Growth of Canadian Nationality.

EDITOR ARCTURUS:

THE growth of Canadian Nationality, like that of the oak, is undoubtedly slow, but it will prove to be a hardy and vigorous member of the family of nations when once it spreads its branches. The Dominion has within its limits everything that is necessary to make a people prosperous as well as powerful. The wide-awake politicians in the Dominion know this. When you meet them, whether in Frisco, enjoying a view of the Golden Gate from the piazza of the Lick House, or steamboating from St. Paul down the Mississippi in one of the great floating palaces of that noble stream, or crossing the Atlantic in one of Canada's fast cruisers, they are proud of their country. They speak of it in the true spirit of natives, and not in the spirit of braggadocio wherein the American politician was wont to indulge in the days of Mr. Jefferson Brick.

It is a hopeful sign to note that the Canadian in foreign lands not only defends his country with national warmth, but points out the advantages which it is offering as a home for the surplus population of older lands. And well he may, for this country is so "pent up Utica," but more than half a continent, with rivers so great and majestic as those whose names were perpetually flung into our ears during our boyhood. How much did we fear of the Father of Waters? But have we not within our vast interior a Father of Waters of our own—the mighty Mackenzie, whose waves roll down to Arctic seas? Soon, I fancy, one of the numerous literary lights which centre around Toronto will be seized with a passion for exploration, and will take a voyage down this mighty stream. Upon his return he will write a book entitled, "Four Thousand Miles Down the Mackenzie." Another will give us "A Trip up the Yukon"; another will venture on "A Summer Down the Liard." Yet another will remove much of the ignorance which prevails with regard to the source of the Skeena, and the possibility of Port Essington being the St. John of the Pacific.

Politics have a firmer hold on the eastern Canadian than the geography of his own west, and this should not be. Here are a number of copies of the Boston *Herald* of a late date, containing advertisements under the heading of "Wants from Canadians," seeking menial employment in an over-crowded city at wages much lower than they can get in the Canadian North-West. If there is any subject on which a Canadian writer might wax eloquent, it ought to be in encouraging his compatriots to remain in their own country. If the older provinces are crowded, there is plenty of room here. Assiniboia has just as mild winters as Nebraska, and Alberta has a similar climate to Montana; while to the people of the Maritime Provinces, Northern Columbia is a better country than Washington Territory or Oregon.

The growth of Canadian Nationality is dependent on the settlement and development of the North-West, just as the greatness of the American Union was not achieved until her broad western prairies were opened up to the settler from older countries, and when the young giant of the west with his hundred hands took hold, the greatness of the American Nation was complete. The young Dominion has a great west without which all visions of Canadian Nationality would be as absurd as have been the views of the leading politicians of Newfoundland on the subject of joining the Canadian Confederation, but which views, of late, they have been surrendering as the musty notions of isolation and stagnation.

Probably nothing has given a greater impetus to Canadian Nationality than the first steps of empire which were made when the North-West and British Columbia were made a part of the Dominion. Narrow provincialisms must disappear before the wider and more enlarged status of a Canadian Nationality. When an American goes abroad he is not a Rhode Islander, or an Oregonian, but an American. When a Nova Scotian or a Manitoban travels in foreign lands he ought to be, and really he is beginning to take some pride in the fact that he is, a Canadian.

Regina, March 7th, 1887.

Yours, etc.,

G. B. E.

Literary Notes.

ANYBODY who is fond of skirmishing around among old and rare books can spend a pleasant hour or two in the establishment of Messrs. R. W. Douglas & Co., in this city. Mr. Douglas is an enthusiast in his calling, and has become a recognized authority in matters pertaining to bibliography. He has managed to get together a number of odd, out-of-the-way books such as are not often found in juxtaposition in Canadian book-stores, or indeed in any book-stores on this continent. Among others relating to the early history of Canada is one important and valuable work worthy of special mention. This is Father Gabriel F. Sagard's *Grand Voyage du Pays des Hurons* published in Paris in 1632. Father Sagard was a member of the Recollets in Paris, and was directed by a congregation of his order to accompany Father Nicholas on a mission to the savages of New France. He sailed from Dieppe in March, 1624, and landed at Quebec three months later. Proceeding at once to the scene of his labours among the Hurons, 150 leagues west of Quebec, he remained some months with them, studying their manners, religion and language, in the intervals of leisure afforded by his missionary work. The privations and sufferings of this life, however, were more than his fortitude could endure, and he returned to his convent in Paris, where he produced his *Grand Voyage* and the *Histoire du Canada*. Copies of the original editions of both of these works are now exceedingly rare. A copy of the former was sold at the Murphy sale in New York in March, 1884, for \$170.

ANOTHER rare book in the possession of the same firm is Gottfried's *New Welt und Americanische Historien*. The author, or compiler, was John Phillippe Abelin, better known as John Louis Gottfriedt, who was a contributor to and a co-labourer in the famous Great and Small Voyages, published by Merian, the son-in-law of Theodore De Bry. The above mentioned work is generally considered as an abridgment of the Great Voyages. It is divided into three parts, of which the first serves as an introduction, containing the history, geography, natural history, etc., of the New World, taken from the publications of Oviedo, Acosta, Peter Martyr, etc. The second part contains accounts of thirty-three expeditions or voyages to America, from Columbus to Spilberg and Schonten. The third and last part contains a description of the West Indies and Central America, as well as of certain expeditions such as those of Jacob le Maire and Peter Heyn; an account of the conquests of the Dutch in Brazil, and a description of Greenland, Spitzbergen, and other northern lands. This work was published in 1655, and is not only very scarce, but very curious and entertaining.

STILL another, and not less interesting work, is the *Narratio Regionum Hispanos Quosdam Denostatarum Verissima* of Theodore De Bry. This is a small quarto published in 1598. It deals with the relations between the Spaniards and the Indians. It is also profusely illustrated with curious copper plates. The principal object of these plates is to show the zeal of the conquerors in converting the natives to Christianity, which they effected by the exercise of the most fiendish and revolting cruelties. The pictures form a hideous phantasmagoria of roasting by slow fires, pouring molten lead down the throats of resisting victims, cutting off of hands, hanging and slaughtering in every conceivable diabolical manner. It is possible that the translation of this book might cause a sensation much the same as was caused some years ago by the publication of Aaron Goodrich's *History of the Character and Achievements of the so-called Christopher Columbus*, and for precisely the same reason.

THE literary lounge will find much to interest him in the above mentioned establishment, and will moreover find Mr. Douglas full of interesting bibliographical information, which he is always willing to impart to his patrons. We notice that the firm have just issued an eighty-page catalogue of theological books containing 3,130 distinct items, some of which are exceedingly curious and rare. The catalogue will be sent post free to anyone who may apply for it.

THE EAGLE'S NEST; OR, THE MARVEL OF SEBASTIAN GEE.

A Canadian Story.

PART FIRST.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK WILFORD.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

BUT this is digression, and I am desirous of restricting this introductory chronicle within the narrowest possible limits consistent with the reader's clear comprehension of subsequent details; so I will simply state the fact that a family council was held, at which the following course was resolved upon. My father was to obtain his landlord's consent to the sale of the unexpired term in the lease of the farm. Squire Wilford, who was the nominal lessee, was also to be communicated with, and his consent to the transfer obtained. The stock, grain, and household furniture were to be converted into current coin of the realm. My father was to emigrate to Canada (which was then considered a most desirable field for emigration), and after a twelvemonth's experience of the country was to invest his money in land. Meanwhile, my mother, with her two fledglings, was to take up her abode with her father, at Barnsley, until her husband should have provided a home in the west; after which she and her little ones were to follow him there.

This programme was carried out in every essential particular.

Ten days before my father sailed from Liverpool he received a windfall in the shape of a farewell letter. As it is quite short, I transcribe it in full—the letter, not the windfall—from the original now lying before me.

"BROXBOROUGH HALL, YORKS,

"DEAR MR. ROBERT: "Oct. 17th, 183—.

"Acting upon your father's instructions, I take up my pen to apprise you that, having been made acquainted with your intention of emigrating to Canada, he begs to enclose herewith a draft for the sum of one thousand pounds (£1,000), payable to your own order, at sight, at the banking house of Messrs. Adams, Peabody & Co., Nassau St., New York, in the United States of America.

"In case you should determine to go by Quebec, instead of by New York, you will have no difficulty in getting cash for the enclosed, by paying a small sum for discount, at any respectable Canadian bank.

"I am to add that your father hopes you may be successful in finding a Canadian home to your liking. He regrets that the present state of his health is such as to preclude the possibility of his bidding you farewell in person.

"This letter, together with enclosure, will be delivered to yourself, personally, by a special messenger; so that no acknowledgment will be necessary.

"I remain, dear sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"JAMES RYECROFTS."

"To MR. ROBERT WILFORD."

So the Squire was better than his former word. My father, upon his arrival at New York, obtained payment of the amount specified in the draft, and was thus enabled to land in Canada with upwards of sixteen hundred pounds sterling in his pocket: a sum large enough to enable any man reasonably endowed with common prudence to set himself very comfortably on his feet in that new country.

I have omitted to mention that shortly after the birth of my sister, both my parents had simultaneously experienced certain mental phenomena which had resulted in what, I believe, is in certain circles called "a change of heart." Rendered thoughtful, no doubt, by that feeling of responsibility which the possession of offspring is apt to engender in reflective minds: and being further incited thereto by the oratory and ministrations of a certain eloquent cordwainer: they had experienced "conviction of sin," and had identified themselves with the sect called Jebusites,

whereof Mr. Jeremiah Mawson was a highly-honoured member. As my story matures I shall have a good deal to say respecting some of the tenets of this sect. Meanwhile, it will be sufficient to state the fact of my parents having become converts to the Jebusitical doctrines.—Now, about ten years before this time, a little colony of these sectaries had emigrated from Lancashire to Canada; and when my father left his native land he took with him a congregational missive, recommending him to all professors of the faith, wheresoever situate; but more especially to the congregation worshipping at Peartree Chapel, in the neighbourhood of Johnson's Ford, Gore District, Upper Canada.

Upon presentation of his credentials to Elder Jairus Redpath the young emigrant was cordially admitted into the fold by the entire community of the faithful in Canada, whose cordiality underwent no diminution when it became known that he had brought with him a considerable sum of money, and was desirous of settling in their neighbourhood. Elder Redpath, who was looked up to as the patriarch of the tribe, had immediately upon his arrival in the country become locattee of a tract of several thousands of acres of land, of which, in case of his payments being punctually made, he would eventually become absolute owner; in so far, at least, as the law of Upper Canada (which in this respect precisely resembles the law of England) admits of the absolute ownership of real estate by a private individual. He had reserved five hundred acres for himself, and had built thereon a stately mansion, to which he had given the name of "Aspleigh Hall." The bulk of the tract he had divided into twelve farms, which he portioned out among the little band of colonists who had accompanied him across the Atlantic, and who worked these farms according to his directions, for certain stipulated wages occupying towards him merely the position of hired servants. This arrangement, however, which had a dash of William the Conqueror and the feudal system about it, was only a temporary one, and was to cease when the title of the locattee should become absolute. It was verbally understood that upon the consummation of that event, the farmers were to have the privilege of buying the farms which they respectively worked, at a small advance upon the original purchase money, in addition to the value of improvements, and upon easy terms of payment. They had therefore every incentive to work faithfully, and make the best of the property which would eventually become their own. Besides, houses had been built for the occupation of themselves and their families; and they dwelt there, in the midst of the other settlers in the district, after the manner of the Children of Israel among the Egyptians—among, but not of them. The parallel, however, extended no farther, and was thus by no means complete. So far from occupying, like the Israelites, a position subordinate to their neighbours, their industry, frugality, and thriftiness, joined to the spirit of zealous and active co-operation by which they were animated, gave them an especial prominence, and bade fair to place them in a position of independence. Real estate was rapidly increasing in value. The Canadian rebellion, which at the time of my father's emigration had just been brought to a close, had not interfered with the prosperity of the neighbourhood, even for a single day. Elder Redpath had bought his entire tract for three dollars an acre, and at the time of my father's arrival it was well worth five times that sum.

I have intimated that my father was kindly received. He was invited to quarter himself for a few months at Aspleigh Hall, until he could look about him a little, and invest his capital to advantage. This proposal was accepted, and ere long the newcomer was regularly installed in the office of Elder Redpath's overseer and general manager; his duty chiefly consisting of paying successive visits to the various farms, and apportioning to the respective occupants their daily or weekly labour.

This arrangement had lasted for some months, when Gile Hartley, the occupant of one of the twelve farms, fell ill, and went the way of all flesh. His widow, who was childless, and who had long pined for the green hills and vales of her native country, surrendered any rights she might have in the farm worked by her late husband, and sailed for England. The vessel in which she embarked was wrecked on the Banks of Newfoundland; and she, together with others of the passengers and crew, was drowned.

the great importance of this catastrophe to myself and those dear to me will hereafter appear.

The farm left vacant by the death of Giles Hartley was called "The Crofts," and was by far the largest and most valuable of the twelve. It was contiguous to Aspleigh, and consisted of four hundred acres, about half of which were already under cultivation. This farm my father resolved to make his own. He wrote my mother, stating that he was concluding a bargain for its purchase, and that he intended to forthwith set about the erection of a comfortable brick house, which would be ready for occupation by the following autumn. He would expect her, he said, not later than the middle of September.

My mother, however, was not in a condition to undertake a transatlantic voyage at the time indicated by my father. Three years after his letter had been posted, he received a communication from her, acquainting him with the circumstance that she expected to make a further addition to her family sometime during the following summer. This, of course, had not been suspected by her at the time of my father's departure, and would necessitate her remaining in England until the spring of the year following the birth of her child; winter voyages by sea being almost invariably rough, and unsuited to the condition of one upon whom the cares of maternity have recently devolved; more especially as facilities did not then exist for traversing the ocean in the first-class hotels of the Cunard Line.

The little stranger made his appearance in the following July. He was christened Mark; and forty years afterwards began to write his autobiography. In other words, the little stranger was myself.

For nearly a year after I was born, my mother's health was very delicate; too delicate to admit of her undertaking so formidable an enterprise as a journey from Yorkshire to Canada. It became necessary to postpone the voyage for another year; and before that year had expired my maternal grandfather's health had begun visibly to decline. He had long been a widower, and my fatherless found his daughter's presence a great convenience in his household arrangements. He was assured by his medical attendant that his vital forces were nearly spent, and that he could not possibly survive many months. Up to this time his health had always been remarkably good, and he had been wont to in-
 ough with caustic bitterness against the unreasonable folly of those misguided worldlings who cling to this life as to a thing eagerly to be desired. He had always been accustomed to refer to his own end as an entering into rest, and as a happy release from trial and sorrow. How often had his unctuous tongue waxed eloquent about the crown of righteousness laid up for him, and about the unspeakable glories which were to be his inheritance in the new Jerusalem. His views, however, underwent a considerable modification about this time. He appeared to be in no un-
 emly haste to quit a world where his lines had fallen out at least as pleasantly as his deserts merited, and he would willingly have postponed his participation in the exceeding weight of glory which he averred to be prepared for such as he. Nay, more; he failed at the prospect of facing the King of Terrors with no voice kindred near to soothe his last moments; and he piteously be-
 ught my mother to remain with him until the swellings of Jordan should be passed. To such an entreaty, couched in such language, she could not turn a deaf ear, and she consented to remain with him until the end. The end, however, was much farther off than the leech had anticipated. In process of time the invalid began to rally, and with returning health his Old Adam began to reassert itself. His manner towards his daughter underwent a sudden and complete change, and she had a very weary time with him for many weeks. He taunted her for having married a man who, notwithstanding his social advantages, and the great assistance he had received, had been unable to make his way in England. "Leak at meea;" he used to say: "mey feyther never took an' stoocked a faam for meea. Mey feyther niver gev meea a thoosan' pund, nor yit a thoosan' faathin's; an' here I be, worth faive taines as mooch as yo'r faine gentleman this day." The reason of this sudden change in the old man's demeanour did not become apparent until after our departure for America, when I married a woman two years younger than my mother. By

this woman he subsequently had a family, who, upon his death, twenty-six years afterwards, inherited all his possessions. My mother's presence under his roof materially interfered with his matrimonial project, and his harsh conduct was due to a determination to hasten her departure by making his house a Pandemonium to her; in which laudable determination he achieved the most complete success.

And that was how it came about that I never saw my father until I had entered upon the third year of my life.

Our ocean voyage was long, tedious, and stormy. It is needless to say that it was made in a sailing vessel, for at that time there was no other available method of transit. True, the *Sirius* and *Great Western* had crossed the Atlantic—the former from London, the latter from Bristol—by means of steam-power, during the preceding month of April; but the innovation had not been generally adopted; partly because no other boats had as yet been constructed for the purpose, and partly because crossing the Atlantic in a steamer was considered by most persons in England to be hazardous in the extreme, and a wilful defying of Providence. We chose the southern route in preference to that by Quebec; and we had been thirty-seven days out from Liverpool before we landed at New York. And even then our journey was by no means ended. There were still more than five hundred miles to be traversed; and in those days the New York Central and New York and Erie railways were not. A river steamer conveyed us up the Hudson as far as Albany, and an Erie Canal boat thence to Rochester. Here my father intended to meet us, but my mother's letter apprising him of our landing did not reach him until a few hours previous to our arrival at Johnson's Ford. A steamer took us across Lake Ontario to Port Burlington. How we were conveyed the rest of our journey has already been related.

I have now brought the narrative down to a point whence I can draw to a considerable extent upon my own personal recollection, and as this chapter is already quite long enough, we will begin

CHAPTER IV.

THE CROFTS.

THE travellers have not been kept waiting in the "settin' ro'm" of "The Shooting Star" while the preceding narrative has been placed before the reader. After a hollow pretence of partaking of some slight refreshments, they have been bowled merrily along in Elder Redpath's capacious double-seated buggy—borrowed by my father for the occasion—over a tolerably smooth gravel road, to the new house, three miles away. This house had long since been furnished and put in order for our reception; and in it my father had for the better part of a year kept "bachelor's hall."

Sebastian Gee accompanied us till we came to a solitary part of the road about midway between the Ford and our destination. He sat on the front seat beside my father, and was apparently in the most sullen of humours, for he never opened his lips. The rest of us had so much to say, however, that his reticence was not commented upon. When we came to the solitary place just mentioned, he quietly laid his hand on the reins, as a signal that he wished to alight, and my father brought the horses to a stand. At that moment we saw the figures of two men lurking among the bushes in a little coppice a few yards off on the left. They did not approach near enough for us to see their faces, and seemed disposed to avail themselves of the obscurity afforded by the bushes. Before the horses had completely stopped, our strange companion jumped out, and ran towards the coppice. Then my father hurriedly drove on, merely remarking that the men were, no doubt, acquaintances of Sebastian's, and had been waiting there for him.

In due season we reached our journey's end, by which time the brief twilight had given place to darkness. For my own part, I was pretty well tired out: too tired to eat any supper: and was soon sound asleep in bed. My last thoughts before dropping off were of the strange man who "wouldn't hurt a fly." What was the nature of that communication made by him to my father, in front of the tavern? Why had he so earnestly enjoined us to get home before dark? And why had my father been in such a hurry

to drive on (as he certainly had been) after Sebastian Gee got out? Was it in consequence of his having caught sight of the two figures among the bushes? By the way, who were those men, and what were they doing there? Had they meant to attack us, and had Sebastian Gee's presence frustrated their design? And then, too tired to pursue my self-questionings any farther, came forgetfulness and dreams.

Next morning we began to look about us, and to examine what manner of place it was that we were thenceforward to call our home. And in describing it and its surroundings I shall anticipate to some extent the course of my narrative, in order to put the reader in possession of certain topographical and other facts which more or less bear upon the story of my life.

The Crofts was, in its way, a very pretty spot; not at all the kind of place one would expect to find in an out-of-the-way corner of a newly-settled country. It was nearly half a mile from the public highway leading from the Ford to Burtch's Landing, and was reached by means of a private road which led down past Aspleigh Hall.

The building itself was of plain red brick, and had some points of resemblance to a modern English farm-house. It was rather small, but quite large enough for the occupation of a sober-minded country family who preferred coziness and comfort to mere display. Of mere display, indeed, there was none, either externally or internally. It was two stories high, oblong in shape, rectangular at each side of its four corners, and without projections or architectural ornament of any kind, unless a little porch in front, facing the south, is to be so considered. The gable roof was covered with pine shingles, upon which the pattering rain used sometimes to play the quaintest and most slumber-compelling harmonies imaginable after the toils of the day were over, and we had retired to rest. The house stood in the middle of a large garden, already containing a miniature forest of currant and gooseberry bushes, and a few young apple trees which had not yet arrived at sufficient maturity to bear any fruit. In this garden, just at the rear of the building, was the well, thirty feet deep. The apparatus for raising the water to the surface resembled nothing so much as a huge fishing-rod, extending almost perpendicularly thirty feet into the air, swinging upon a pivot, and with a long chain attached by way of line. To the end of the chain farthest from the pole was fastened an iron-bound bucket, which could be lowered into the depths of the well and raised again at pleasure, the pole acting as a lever. The garden was bounded at the rear by a rail fence, easily scalable at one point by means of a couple of wooden steps at each side. When once over, you found yourself in the barnyard, at one side of which were the stables and fowl-house. In the centre of the barnyard, on the occasion of my first visit, stood three immense straw-stacks; and beyond these was the barn itself—an erection of colossal dimensions, containing all sorts of nooks and crannies which seemed to have been constructed with a special eye to interminable games of hide-and-seek.

A gate on the western side of the garden led into the orchard; and beyond the orchard were the crofts from which the farm derived its name. They consisted of two small enclosures of about three acres each, and were used for pasturage. Here and there throughout these crofts were scattered little clumps of the beautiful and umbrageous Canadian maple.

About two hundred yards to the south of our habitation towered, stately and majestic, Aspleigh Hall; as to which see the next chapter. To the north, cultivated land extended for about four furlongs; beyond which stretched, for miles and miles away, the vast, primeval, pathless forest, wherein a few wolves still lingered to make the early winter nights hideous with their unearthly screeches. Deer, though far from common in the neighbourhood, were sometimes successfully sought after by the wily Tuscarora Indians from down the river. As for foxes, any one provided with a fowling piece, and reasonably agile in his movements, might have shot one or two almost any morning, in the course of an hour's walk along the skirts of the wood. Occasionally, too, by penetrating a little farther into its depths, you might chance to get a shot at a black bear; but to render such a proceeding other than foolhardy in the extreme, you needed to be provided

with something much more effective than a fowling piece; *videlicet*, a rifle; and if the rifle were double-barrelled, all the better, as these animals not unusually hunt in couples. The first shot, moreover, might not prove mortal; and woe to you if you had not another charge ready for prompt delivery in case of the brute being only wounded. His desperate hug your frame might feel through bars of brass and triple steel. In the fall of the year when the Indian corn was ripening, raccoons were as plentiful throughout the district as the most ardent sportsman could have desired. Then, in the way of smaller game, the whole country abounded with black squirrels—animals which, properly dressed and roasted, are more delicious eating than any spring chicken to be bought in Leadenhall Market. A smaller species of squirrel of a greyish colour, striped with white, and called *chipmunk*, was more abundant still. It was impossible to walk any considerable distance along even the most frequented road, without seeing them running along on the zig-zag rail fences at each side of you. This animal, however, is not used as an article of food, in consequence of its diminutive size. Wild geese and turkeys were not numerous, but pigeons, pheasants, quails, partridges, and various other edible birds, at certain seasons of the year, were pretty well as plentiful as blackberries.

The Crofts was not far from the centre of the Redpath Tract so that the farms adjoining us on both sides formed part of that tract, and were occupied by *ci-devant* Lancashire yeomen, mechanics and labourers, who, like ourselves, were voluntary exiles from their native land; and all of whom were professors of the true faith according to the exposition of John Jebus. They were most of them men of probity; not without some fitful gleams of natural intelligence; but, with two or three exceptions, they were persons of very limited education, boorish and uncouth to the last degree. Conspicuous among them was Stephen Duckworth, who occupied the farm adjoining us to the east, and to whose rude eloquence, delivered within the hallowed precincts of Peartree Chapel, I was fated to listen many a time and oft. To the west of us, Richard Blackley, another chosen vessel, had a snug holding of two hundred acres; and beyond his farm the forest intervened all the way to Burtch's Landing.

Such were the external features of our new abode and its immediate surroundings. The interior of the house was not such as to warrant any prolonged description. The front door, reached by means of the porch, opened into a hall five feet wide. To the right of the hall were the rooms occupied by the family during the daytime. To the left were the kitchen, pantry, and domestic offices. The upper story was exclusively devoted to sleeping apartments.

Time passed by; and we soon began to be familiar, not only with our own immediate neighbourhood, but with the adjacent country. Providence had been kind, and had ordained that we should pitch our humble tent in what was then considered the garden of Canada. The greater part of the district was already beginning to show the effects of industry and cultivation, and a part of it was more thriftily farmed than the Redpath Tract. The wheat produced during the preceding season by a twenty-acre field belonging to my father had been threshed out not long before our arrival, and had yielded eight hundred bushels of wheat, of excellent quality. This was considerably above the average product, but a yield of twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre was by no means so uncommon as to excite remark. It was evident that the scion of the house of Wilford was a prosperous man, and that in purchasing the Crofts he had expended his money judiciously. His life, as was to be expected, was a toilsome one; but his toil brought its daily reward in the shape of additions to his little store. He was supported by a tolerably certain prospect of possessing, at no distant day, what to a man of his moderate ambition might well be called affluence, and of leaving behind him a comfortable inheritance for his children. All things considered, he had abundant reason to congratulate himself, as he often did, upon the difference between his present condition and that in which he had found himself after his three years' experience as an English farmer.

Nor was our new life without its attractions for us junior. We arrived at our journey's end early in November, and had

een settled at the Crofts more than a fortnight when we had our first experience of that most delightful of all seasons, the Indian summer. Talk as eloquently as you will about southern climes and Italian skies: about *dolce far niente* among the vales of Canada, and perennial summers in the Islands of the Blest! I do not believe that this wide world contains anything more surpassingly beautiful than a Canadian forest during those few dreamy, balcyon days which come just before the beginning of the cold weather. Indian summer! To adequately describe this delicious realization of an opium-eater's dream of Arcadia would require the pen of a poet. Indeed, several ambitious versifiers have tried their hands at it with very indifferent success; and as I have no inclination to emulate their failures I shall not attempt any elaborate description of those never-to-be-forgotten hazy afternoons when we wandered among "untrudged ways" through the sinuous depths of the forest. The variegated foliage of the trees included many shades of colour of which mere words fail to convey any idea, and for which the artist's vocabulary has no name. My father invariably accompanied us on these rambles; and, apart from the possibility of our encountering wild beasts, nothing would have been more easy than for us to lose ourselves in that vast wilderness. He carried me on his shoulders the greater part of the way, for my little legs were too young to achieve such long walks unassisted. He sometimes took the double-barrelled rifle, tucked under his arm; but the necessity of setting me down upon the ground before taking aim prevented its securing anything more important than squirrels. I soon ceased to feel alarm at the noise occasioned by the discharge of the rifle, and ere long began to look impatiently forward to the time when I should have a gun of my own, and be as expert a marksman as my father.

Johnson's Ford was at that time a little village containing about seven hundred inhabitants. Its position on the Grand River gave it water communication with Lake Erie, and it was even then regarded as a flourishing place. It has long ceased to be known by the name which it will continue to bear in these ages, and has become a wealthy, prosperous town, with a population of ten thousand, and with two main lines of railway running through it. The surrounding country has all been settled, and raised to a high degree of cultivation which approximates much more nearly to the condition of the best agricultural districts of Great Britain than untravelled Englishmen would be disposed to believe.

But in those early days a more primitive state of things prevailed. It was a great treat to my brother and myself to accompany our father to the village on the Saturday of each week, which was market-day. On those occasions, the main street, running parallel with, and close to the river, was invariably thronged with native Indians, of both sexes, from the adjacent Reserve; and the picturesque garb and tawdry finery of the squaws, bejewelled with beads, and ornaments made from porcupine quills, were sights of which our eyes never grew weary. The law was very strict in prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drink to the aborigines, but the traffic in fire-water was too profitable for any legislative enactments to be efficacious for such a purpose; and as they tended towards evening three-fourths of them were invariably reduced to the inebriate condition proverbially attributed to David's sow. Now, the red men were generally idle, thriftless vagabonds, fond of doing an infinite deal of nothing, in the shape of deer-stalking, fish-catching, and what not. They could seldom be induced, either for love or money, to devote their energies to any settled or useful occupation for three consecutive days. They persisted chiefly by hunting, fishing, and making baskets andoccasins; aided, in some instances, by a little sly pilfering, till, when sober, they were, as a rule, not quarrelsome; and had long since given up the notion of expelling the pale faces from their territory. But it was quite as much a matter of course for them to quarrel when they were drunken as it is for the conventional Englishman to eat when he is hungry; and as every one of them was provided with a murderous-looking knife, called a *gully*, the consequences were often serious. The strong arm of the law was not unfrequently found inoperative to prevent bloodshed; and as the magistrates were humanely disposed to make allow-

ances for barbarous habits and defective moral training, and to be as lenient in their sentences as circumstances would admit of, the noble savages waxed bolder and bolder. Stabbing affrays became as common in the streets on Saturday evenings as are broken heads at Donnybrook fair, and the constables literally had their hands—and arms—full. We, however, saw very few of these encounters; my father taking care to return home with us by the middle of the afternoon, before the requisite degree of drunkenness had been reached, and consequently before the gentle and joyous passages of arms had begun.

The days of my childhood, unlike those of most persons, do not seem to come and go in my memory by fits and starts. My recollection of them begins at a specified point, and continues thenceforward almost unbroken. I remember my first meeting with my father almost as distinctly as I remember eating my breakfast this morning, and I can recall without effort pretty nearly everything of importance which has happened to me since; but our voyage across the Atlantic, which occurred just before, and which might well be supposed to have impressed itself upon my memory, has completely gone from me, and I have no more recollection of it than I have of cutting my first tooth. Our first ride from the Ford to the Crofts comes back to me very distinctly while I write. The sun was just beginning to go down as we ascended the long winding hill at the top of which stood—and still stands—Peartree Chapel, with which we were afterwards to become so familiar. I see Sebastian Gee sitting, grim and silent, on the front seat beside my father; and I can see him springing out of the buggy, with an odd light flashing from his dark eyes, as he glanced towards the coppice where we had just seen the two men. I also recall very distinctly that when we turned off the highway through the great gate into the lane leading down to our house, my father pointed to the main road we had just quitted, and informed us that it led to Burtch's Landing, which was two and a half miles further on.

This village of Burtch's Landing was a queer, and rather uncanny spot. It was the *bête noir* of the district; the most objectionable feature to be met with throughout the whole countryside. It lay at the foot of a steep hill, at an abrupt bend of the Grand River, and contained a "store," a blacksmith's shop, two taverns, and perhaps a dozen other houses of the poorest description. It was just on the edge of the Indian Reserve, and was chiefly supported by Indian patronage. It had an ill reputation, which it had taken special pains to deserve; having been the scene of several murders and quite a chapter of accidents within the last year or two. It was there that gigantic Joe Two-Fish, the Mohawk, maddened by drink and jealousy, had dashed out the brains of Roger Traviss, a butcher from the Ford, in revenge for the latter's having spoken tender words of endearment to the Indian's favourite squaw. This event had taken place in the bar-room of Price's tavern, six months ago; and although a warrant had at once been issued for the apprehension of the murderer, and had ever since been in the hands of the constables, Joe Two-Fish was still at large, the myrmidons of the law having failed to find any trace of his whereabouts. He was supposed to be in hiding somewhere down the river.

Then, one night only a few weeks before our arrival, a peddler had been robbed and murdered within a few yards of Whelpley's store. In this case the perpetrators had been arrested and lodged in jail at Port Burlington, where they lay awaiting their trial at the forthcoming Assizes.

A short time previous to the occurrence of this tragedy Stephen Duckworth, whose name has already been mentioned, was set upon by five drunken ruffians in the very same spot, and in broad daylight. The assailants were all rough residents of the place, and their object was simply to gratify their drunken fury and to vary the monotony of pounding each other by trying their hands upon an outsider. As the event proved, however, they woke up the wrong passenger that time. Stephen was a boxer by nationality, and before the light had dawned upon his soul, and shown him the error of his ways, he had been a prizefighter, and the acknowledged champion of his native Rochdale. He endeavoured, in the broadest of Lancashire vernacular, to remonstrate with his assailants upon the unchristian-like spirit which they

manifested in assaulting an unoffending stranger who had never done anything to offend them, and who would be grieved beyond measure if compelled to raise his arm against a fellow-creature, even in self-defence. This amiability of disposition the fools mistook for cowardice, and straightway proceeded to carry out their determination of first reducing his face to a pulp, and then sousing him in the river. For the first time since his conversion, Stephen Duckworth trusted to an arm of flesh, and trusted not in vain. The interview lasted only about thirty seconds longer, at the expiration of which time the muscular Christian calmly resumed his way homeward, leaving two of his assailants sprawling in the road; two more struggling in the river; and the fifth running in an opposite direction as if for dear life, his nose flush with the rest of his face, and with a singing in his ears such as is induced by an overdose of quinine.

At irregular intervals, too, some luckless wight or other would be missed from the population of the village; and within a day or two afterwards his body would be fished out of the river. The road was narrow, and close to the edge of the stream. There was no fence or other obstruction, to prevent the wayfarer from overstepping the bank on a dark night; and it was of course probable that some of these casualties were the result of accident; more especially as the victims in every case were habitual drunkards, unaccustomed to ponder the paths of their feet, either by day or night. In one case, however, the corpse had been found with its arms tightly strapped to its sides, and with a gag thrust between its teeth; which circumstances, as the coroner sagely observed at the inquest, were sufficient to give rise to grave suspicions of foul play. The crime had never been brought home to anyone, however; and the murder—for such it unquestionably must have been—remained unavenged.

All these things had contributed to render the Landing an undesirable port of visitation, even had it possessed any local attractions, to set off against these disadvantages, which it did not. Fortunately, it was on the direct road to nowhere, except to the Indian Reserve, and was seldom visited by respectable people unless in case of necessity—for instance during harvest time, when labour was scarce, and it became advisable to approach even the denizens of Burtch's Landing with offers of employment in the wheat-fields. Dr. King, of course, frequently went there on professional duties; but then he had Indian blood in his veins, and moreover was not considered as included in the category of "respectable people." Indeed, there were not a few in our neighbourhood who believed that he might have gone to the mouth, or even to the interior, of the bottomless pit, without encountering any one worse than himself.

CHAPTER V.

ASPLEIGH AND ITS INMATES.

OUR long journey came to an end on a Tuesday. On the following Thursday a sumptuous feast was given at Aspleigh Hall, in honour of our arrival.

At the time of which I am writing, Aspleigh Hall was the largest and most pretentious private residence in that part of Upper Canada. Elder Redpath had built it shortly after his acquisition of the tract of land which subsequently bore his name; and at this time it had been occupied by him about eight years. The reader will have inferred from the contents of the preceding chapter that our own modest dwelling at the Crofts was of a better class than were most houses in the neighbourhood; but our home was a very middling affair indeed when compared with Aspleigh Hall, which had been so styled by its owner in commemoration of a well-known country seat in Lancashire, to which it bore about as close a resemblance as a hawk to a handsaw.

It stood upon the summit of an eminence which was unmistakably indicated by nature as an appropriate site for the erection of a stately mansion, and was approached by means of a gate opening out of the private road or lane already mentioned, from which the hall was distant about forty yards. The walls were an exact square of red brick, three stories high, with stone dressings, and supported a four-sided or cottage roof, which was covered with

tin. This last adornment combined with the elevated situation and great size of the building to render the latter a conspicuous object from every point of the compass. The roof was surmounted at its apex by an octagonal tower, from the windows whereof a fine view was to be had of the whole country for miles round.

The gate opened from the lane into an avenue of native oaks extending thence to the front entrance of the hall, which was finally reached by a succession of stone steps, with two massive stone pillars on each side. Viewed from the public highway rather more than a quarter of a mile off, the structure certainly looked vast and imposing, and in those days was eminently calculated to enhance the reputation of its owner as a man of wealth and importance in the community.

The garden, such as it was, lay to the east of the building, and consisted of a small plot of ground which had probably presented a more inviting appearance during the spring and early summer than when my eyes first looked upon it, at which time it contained merely a few withered marigolds and china-asters, and great many overgrown weeds. The orchard, which lay immediately beyond it, was of much greater extent, and contained some choice fruit.

Previous to his emigration, Elder Redpath had been a humble farmer; but had nevertheless contrived in the course of a few years to wring from his well-tilled acres a sum large enough to give him a decided pre-eminence among the settlers in the land of his adoption. Let us not enquire too curiously as to what manner of spirit it was which had impelled him to build so large and costly a pile in a neighbourhood where it was quite out of keeping with its surroundings, and where he had no more need for such a habitation than a frog has for a side-pocket. We all—even the best of us—have our little weaknesses; and it may be that his only motive in building Aspleigh Hall was to inspire his neighbours with an exaggerated idea of his individual wealth and dignity. His household consisted only of himself, his wife, and an indefinite number of domestics of both sexes, who were often in each other's way, and who generally assisted each other in doing nothing. His issue was confined to one son, who was already a householder on his own account at Johnson's Farm, where he drove a prosperous trade in drygoods, groceries, and general merchandise. Of the eighteen rooms which the hall contained, less than half were furnished, and of these not more than six were in ordinary use.

If this solution of the enigma be the true one: that is to say, if his object had been to elevate himself in the general estimation, that object had been fully attained; for he was popularly regarded as a Western Cæsar, and was currently reported to be the wealthiest man in the district. When anyone desired a pecuniary loan, at fair interest, and was in a position to give satisfactory security, the good Elder's purse was ever as recuperative as ever was that of Fortunatus. Many distinctions followed as a matter of course; for what honours are too great to be bestowed upon a man who has—or is believed to have—boundless wealth? Did any dispute arise in the neighbourhood as to the proper localization of dubious boundary-lines: as to the true measure of damages to be assessed in consequence of Smith's cattle having broken in Jones's field; or as to Brown's having done or omitted something which he ought not to have done or omitted on behalf of Robinson—in all such contingencies as these, what arbitrator at once so sagacious, discreet, and impartial, as the revered Patriarch Peartree Chapel? With such opportunities before him, there could be little doubt that the Elder accomplished a great amount of good in his day and generation. Many quarrels were amicably adjusted, much litigation was avoided, and a general spirit of harmony and good fellowship was promoted; always excepting the spirit pervading the graceless inhabitants of Burtch's Landing. The name of Jairus Redpath had been included in the last commission of the peace issued by authority of Her Majesty's local representative; but with a seeming perversity of disposition the Elder had refused to serve, and the penalty imposed by law in case of such refusal had never been exacted. With equal pertinacity he had repeatedly refused to serve in the capacity of township councillor.

(Continued next week.)



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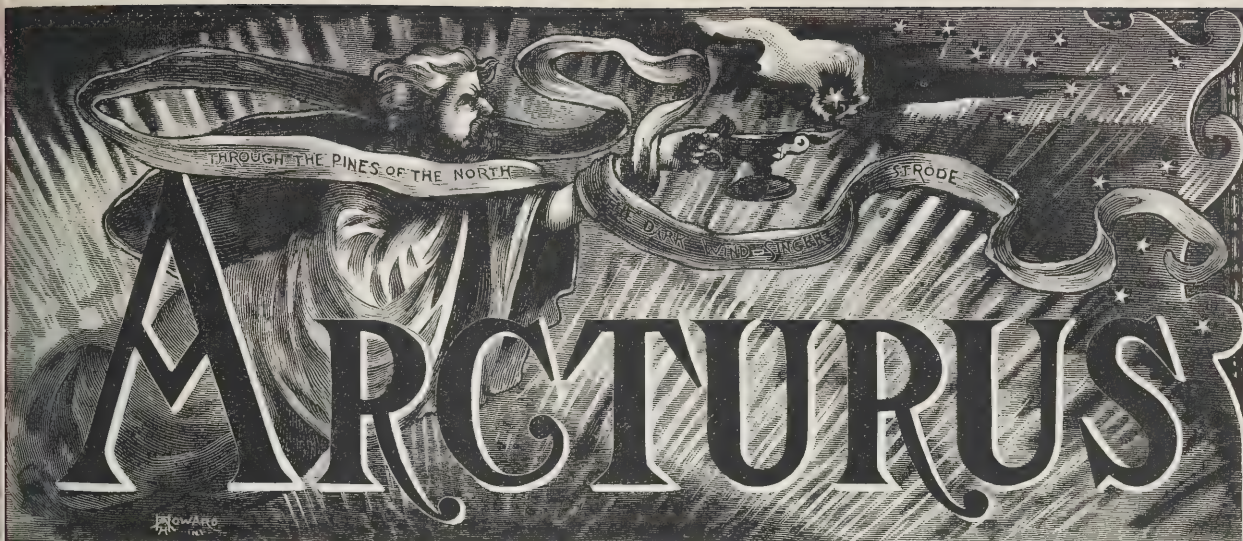
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VOL. 1. }
No. 11. }

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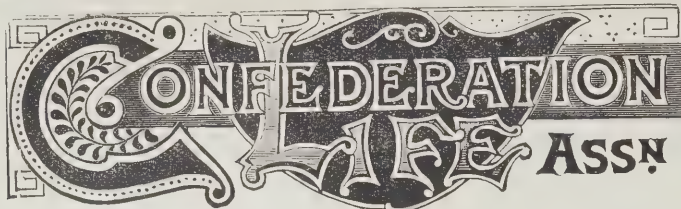
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1880	141,402 51	911,132 93	3,881,479 14
1882	254,841 73	1,073,577 94	5,849,589 19
1884	278,379 65	1,274,397 24	6,844,404 04
1885	319,987 05	1,411,004 33	7,930,878 77

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ARCTURUS.

Notices of the Canadian Press.

A NEW star has appeared in the Canadian literary firmament under the name of ARCTURUS. The journal is a weekly, and is under the editorial management of Mr. J. C. Dent, whose accomplishments as a *littérateur* are a guarantee of excellence. ARCTURUS promises to deal with religious, social and literary matters and to discuss political questions from the national as distinguished from the partisan point of view. The number just to hand is an interesting and meritorious production. The editor apologizes for its imperfections on the score of the difficulties and drawbacks inseparable from the issue of a first number. But if succeeding numbers are as interesting as that with which the new enterprise is introduced, ARCTURUS will be a valuable addition to the periodical literature of Canada.—*Toronto Mail*.

ARCTURUS, Mr. John Charles Dent's new literary weekly, has received a flattering welcome from press and people. It is the most promising venture of its sort that has yet appeared upon the Canadian market. Its articles are sufficiently thoughtful to appeal to a class of readers who like a supplement to the rapid fire of running commentary which it is the province of the daily press to deliver, but the editor wisely eschews that heavy oracular style which has been the bane of so many literary weeklies. The initial number is good, and is a practical promise of better. The *World* hopes and predicts for ARCTURUS a long and prosperous career.—*Toronto World*.

The first number of ARCTURUS, "A Canadian Journal of Literature and Life," issued in this city under the editorial management of John Charles Dent, makes its appearance to-day. It is fully up to the standard aimed at as a readable, forcibly written, and timely weekly paper, free alike from the

pedantry which mars some pretentious efforts in this direction and the more frequent faults of slipshod and common-place writing. The articles are all interesting and thoughtful, and the editor has wisely permitted the writers considerable latitude in the presentation of their views instead of seeking to restrict their expression of opinion within the narrow limits usually marked out by party and class journals. Typographically ARCTURUS presents a bright and handsome aspect. It is convenient in form, and no pains have been spared to secure perfection in those details of arrangement which have so much to do with conveying a favourable impression with regard to a newspaper. Although the field of journalism seemed so fully occupied by publications of every class and grade, Mr. Dent must be credited with having struck out a distinctive line, and one which ought to find appreciation. If the standard of the first number is maintained ARCTURUS ought speedily to obtain a large remunerative circulation.—*Toronto News*.

ARCTURUS is the name of a new weekly paper published in this city, of which Mr. John C. Dent is announced as Editor and Proprietor. It claims to be "A Canadian Journal of Literature and Life." Mr. Dent's contributions to Canadian history and literature are an ample guarantee that this new journal will be conducted with taste and ability.—*Christian Guardian*.

ARCTURUS is the name Mr. John Charles Dent has selected for his new literary weekly, the first number of which appeared on Saturday, 15th. He calls it ARCTURUS because it is "A star of the first magnitude in the northern heavens"—according to the astronomical dictionary. We only hope the name will be kindly taken to by the public, for the paper promises to be bright and able, as, indeed, in Mr. Dent's hands could hardly fail to be. The typographical appearance of the new comer reflects high credit on the printing establishment of James Murray & Co.—*Grip*.

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ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

VOL. I. }
No. 11. }

Saturday, March 26th, 1887.

{ \$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
{ SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

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Editorial Notes.

SPECIAL TO CONTRIBUTORS.

THE editor finds it necessary to call the attention of would-be contributors to the fact that no manuscript whatever can be accepted or published in these columns where the editor is left in ignorance of the true name and address of the author. From time to time contributions of a highly meritorious character are received at this office, and are consigned to the waste-paper basket for no other reason than because there is no clue to the authorship. *Ex. gr.*: this morning's post brings to the editorial sanctum a bright and sparkling rondeau, composed in the manner of Austin Dobson, and not greatly inferior to the every-day work of that elegant writer. It is accompanied by a letter dated and posted in Toronto, to which is appended an apparently genuine signature. The poem itself, however, is of such exceptional merit that the editor feels a curiosity to know something more of the writer than his mere name, and upon consulting the directory finds no such name there. He is accordingly compelled, though with great reluctance, to treat the rondeau as an anonymous contribution, and to cast it into the receptacle for anonymous MSS. Should this note meet the author's eye, let him learn therefrom that there is nothing which editors hold in such special abhorrence as the unknown contributor. Attention is also called to the announcement embodied in the editorial heading, that the editor cannot undertake to return MSS. by post, even when they are accompanied by stamps to pay return postage. It is found necessary to act stringently up to this rule, as otherwise the number of unavailable MSS. to be examined would be too great for editorial endurance, and the task of enwrapping and returning them would involve greater labour than the editor feels bound to undertake.

SEED GRAIN AND VOTES.

OWING to blighting by drought and the havoc wrought by innumerable swarms of gophers, the crops in some parts of the North-West have been almost total failures during

the past two years. In the upper part of the Qu'Appelle valley, for example, some settlers with fifty acres and upwards in crop did not harvest an acre. Disheartened by continued ill-fortune, some of them threw up their claims entirely last autumn. Others were induced to remain for another year's trial only by the promise of assistance in the form of seed grain from the Dominion Government in the spring. It was eminently desirable that our unfortunate fellow-countrymen should receive aid from the State in their distresses, and that aid has been given. But the mode which was adopted for the distribution of assistance throws grave doubts on the purity of the motives of the Government. It is affirmed that applicants were practically told that the measure of their relief would depend upon how they voted in the impending Dominion elections. The elections in these territories are by open vote, and exceedingly powerful and pernicious influence may have been brought to bear on the needy electors. What makes the matter look worse is the fact that the relief agent in Assiniboia was also the Government candidate. *He was elected.* The two facts may have no connection, but seen in the light of the ordinary tactics of party politicians, there is an unavoidable and unwholesome suspicion that they may be closely related. The final result of the so-called benefaction in such a case can only be bad. It means the wholesale political and moral corruption of the electorate, and the maintenance and encouragement of the corrupting power. At this rate the seed wheat of the Assiniboia farmers has been provided at a great cost to Canada.

THE NORTH-WEST.

NOBODY needs to wonder that the recent failure in farming operations in some districts of the North-West is not more generally known in Ontario. The railway and colonization companies which have lands to sell are of course very careful not to publish any information of this kind in their pamphlets. Then, most of the newspapers of the territories are more or less under the influence of these companies, and of private speculators. So it comes about that while all the good qualities of the country are painted in glowing colours, not a syllable derogatory to it is permitted to get abroad. Through these organized influences, based entirely on self-interest, a strong local sentiment has been created which looks with extreme disfavour upon any attempt to report the truth when that happens to be damaging to the bolstered-up reputation of the country. Here is an incident within our personal knowledge which will show to what extent this feeling prevails. Some time since a gentleman of this city gave to an editor as an item of ordi-

nary news an extract of a few lines from a private letter he had received from a friend who is farming in the vicinity of one of the larger towns in the North-West. When the Toronto newspaper containing this item reached the western town the people worked themselves up to an extraordinary state of excitement over it, and there was much talk of holding an indignation meeting to denounce the "informer." As it was, the town council took the matter up, and passed a vote of censure upon the latter. There was no pretence of denying his statement. Everybody knew that it was true; but it was asserted with great vehemence that outsiders must not be informed of these things, because such reports would prevent immigration, and so destroy the chances of profit which the merchants and speculators hoped to make from new settlers. As a result of this unprincipled policy of booming the country, many new settlers go through a course of sad disillusioning which begins soon after their arrival. The deception which has been practised upon them becomes evident, they become dissatisfied and despondent and in some cases would gladly leave if they had the means. This is of course only one side of the matter. That there are fine farms and abundant harvests in some parts of the North-West, and that many settlers are accordingly prosperous, is a matter about which there can be no dispute. But a statement of the other facts seems necessary by way of disabusing the minds of some people in Ontario who yet hold the notion that our great North-West is an earthly Paradise compared with our own province of Ontario.

QUEBEC AND ANNEXATION.

MR. L. O. DAVID, the well-known French Canadian littérateur and journalist, has been making himself especially conspicuous on the floor of the Quebec Local Assembly. During Monday's session of that body, the member for Montreal East, in the course of a moving speech which had evidently been carefully prepared and committed to memory, denounced Confederation in unmeasured terms. He declared that Sir John Macdonald was the testamentary executor of Lord Durham, and that his policy was tending directly towards a legislative union of the provinces—a contingency which the speaker, in common with many of his fellow-countrymen, regards with unspeakable abhorrence. But he did not pause here. He went on to say that in the event of such a contingency arising, it would be necessary for the people of Quebec to look for relief across the border, and to seek for a union whereby, at any rate, they would be benefited in their material interests.

WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?

Now, it is quite possible that this wild speech was intended as a mere trap to catch a sunbeam: in other words, as a menace to the Government at Ottawa, in the event of their refusing to concede better terms to Quebec. But there is no doubt that it voices the sentiments of a good many young French Canadians who have to a greater or less extent cut themselves aloof from the teachings of the Church. Coming from Mr. David, it is regarded as specially significant, for, where-as he was once an ardent Conservative, he has for some years

past been a prominent Liberal, and his position in the party ranks gives colour to the belief that he is not merely giving expression to his own individual views. There are people who do not hesitate to say that in the event of their being defeated the Liberals would come out boldly and openly as advocates of annexation. At the present time, so far as may be judged at this distance from the scene of action, any movement in that direction would be altogether futile. Unnecessary to say that any such movement would be opposed by the united strength of the hierarchy, who have good reason to be satisfied with things as they are. The Church is not, as it once was, omnipotent in the Lower Province, but it still controls public opinion to a greater extent than any other motive power whatever, and so long as this state of things continues British connection is not likely to be seriously menaced there. Quebec, indeed, is the very last province of the Dominion where one would expect to find annexation sentiments widely diffused.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH'S LETTER.

As was to have been expected, the letter addressed by Archbishop Lynch to Lord Randolph Churchill is just now receiving a good deal of attention at the hands of the United States press. The letter itself is ably written, and goes to the root of the matter with which it professes to deal. His Grace understands the Irish Question in all its bearings, having been "to the manner born," and having visited his native land under exceptionally favourable circumstances since the beginning of the present agitation. The letter is probably intended to influence public opinion on the subject of the Coercion Bill now before the British Parliament. If so, it is exceedingly likely to fulfil the writer's intention. Such a deliverance, at such a time, is specially opportune, and can hardly fail to find many eager responses in Ireland, as well as in the United States.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDUCATIONAL matters are conspicuously to the front in Ontario just now. Mr. Mowat's Government is being urgently importuned to grant money for the establishment of schools of practical science in connection with Queen's College, Kingston, the Baptist University at Woodstock, and other educational institutions in different parts of the Province. ARCTURUS's opinion on this subject was emphatically delivered more than a month ago, and subsequent events have confirmed the opinion then expressed. Our one important school of practical science stands in urgent need of thorough overhauling and organization. Its equipment is altogether inadequate to the requirements of many would-be pupils, who are compelled to resort to Yale and elsewhere in the States for that thorough training which is denied them at home. For the present, and indeed for some years to come, whatever public money is devoted to such a purpose should be strictly confined to the thorough equipment of the one institution of the sort which is already in existence. When that institution shall have gained a national reputation: when its pupils shall have become so numerous that full justice cannot be done to them there: it

will be quite time enough to project other and perhaps subsidiary schools elsewhere. It is much better to have one effective school than half a dozen of manifestly inferior grade.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

ANOTHER educational institution which is attracting a good deal of attention just now is Sir John Colborne's "advanced seat of learning" known as Upper Canada College. Shall it be abolished? This establishment has long since been condemned by the consensus of independent public opinion in Ontario. It was in its day a useful institution, and did much good work. Many persons whose names stand high on the roll of our country's history were educated within its walls, and there is naturally a sentimental fondness for it in the hearts of these persons and their immediate descendants. But the reasons which originally prompted its establishment have long ceased to exist, and to keep it up any longer at great public expense seems, to say the least, a doubtful advantage. Mr. Kingsford, in the *World* of Monday last, made an eloquent plea on its behalf, but it is doubtful if he carried conviction to any heart which was not already prejudiced in its favour.

THE TRIALS OF A CROWNED HEAD.

UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown, said Henry of Lancaster, when the infirmities of age were creeping upon him, and when he was tortured by anxieties arising out of his son's misconduct and the bad faith of some of those in whom he had trusted. The expression has long since become proverbial, and has received ample confirmation in the experience of pretty nearly all the royal heads which have ever been surmounted by a crown. Just now it is receiving emphatic confirmation in the daily and nightly cogitations of the Czar of Russia. Assuredly the path of His Imperial Majesty is by no means strewn with roses. Ever since his accession to the throne the manner of his father's "taking-off" has haunted his imagination like a hideous nightmare, and he has walked about in constant dread of being overtaken by a similar fate. On several occasions his forebodings have come unpleasantly near to being realized. At least twice he has escaped the assassin's knife by the skin of his teeth. Bombs have been exploded beneath his chariot wheels, and shots have been fired at him by unknown hands. A few days since he narrowly escaped being blown into fragments; and it is said that he has ever since been in a state of such nervous trepidation that it is hardly safe for anyone to approach him. According to common report and belief he, not long since, in a sudden fit of nervousness, did to death an officer employed about his own household, because the officer's hand strayed in the direction of his pocket, and His Majesty jumped to the conclusion that another attempt was to be made upon his life.

THE DREAD OF ASSASSINATION.

THAT any man, even the bravest, should go about in fear and trembling under such circumstances, is not in the least surprising. Dread of assassination may well cause the stoutest heart to quake and the ruddiest cheek to blanch.

It played havoc with the nerves of Oliver Cromwell, who certainly was not wanting in those heroic qualities which give the world assurance of a man. The Czar, with his father's fate ever before him, may well be excused for not being always master of himself. He is well aware that assassins, thirsty for his blood, are constantly prowling about, and only awaiting a suitable opportunity to resolve him into his constituent elements. He has good reason to believe that plots against his life and crown are widespread, and that some of his nobles and near relatives are more or less concerned therein. He knows that he is not absolutely safe, even within the precincts of his own palace; and he knows further that every time he moves beyond those precincts it is an open question whether he will ever return alive. He is tolerably certain that, sooner or later, his time will come to be swept into eternity in a moment of time, and that no precautions on his part can guard with certainty against such a doom. Surely it is no coward, but an exceedingly brave man, who can sustain such an ordeal as this year after year, when he could get rid of all fear and anxiety by the simple act of abdication.

"TAKING A SIDE" IN POLITICS.

A LEADING journal in the Maritime Provinces takes ARCTURUS gently to task for not "coming out straight" on the various Canadian party questions of the day, and taking a distinct stand for either Mr. Blake or Sir John Macdonald. But surely the writer who thus summons us to the bar cannot have read the prospectus of this paper, as published in the opening number. ARCTURUS has not hesitated, and does not propose to hesitate, to express its opinions on any subject whatsoever, political or otherwise, as to which it may feel an impulse to deliver itself. It has had its say about Sir John Macdonald, as well as about Mr. Blake. But it is no part of the policy of ARCTURUS to "take a distinct stand" for Sir John, Mr. Blake or any other person whomsoever. ARCTURUS is first of all a literary paper, and only concerns itself with politics to a very limited extent. To "take sides"—i.e., to espouse the side of either of the political parties, is precisely what ARCTURUS from the first announced its fixed determination not to do. It has no share in the machinations of either party, and has nothing to hope or ask from them. It is firmly of opinion that the respective parties in Canada have altogether survived their usefulness, and that a reconstruction is imperatively needed in the best interests of the country. It is further of opinion that such a reconstruction cannot much longer be delayed. No political principle is at stake between the so-called Reformers and the so-called Liberal Conservatives. The latter are in power, and the former have for years been struggling to obtain power. This is the main—indeed the only momentous—issue which divides them. Owing no allegiance to either party, and seeking nothing at their hands, this paper feels itself free to say its say out on such subjects as these whenever it feels an inward impulse to do so; but it does not propose to indulge in tirades about purely partisan matters in which it has no interest, and as to which it cannot "take a side" without ceasing to be independent.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT, - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

Terms, in advance, \$2.00 a year, or \$1.00 for six months. Subscribers not paying in advance will be charged 50c. extra. Clubs of three, \$5.00; clubs of five or more, to one address, \$1.60 each. Subscriptions may begin any time.

Advertisements.—\$4.00 per line per annum; six months, \$2.50; single insertion, 20c. per line. No advertisement charged less than five lines.

Business communications should be addressed, Business Manager, ARCTURUS, Room U, Arcade (Victoria Street entrance), Toronto.

To Contributors.—The Editor cannot undertake to return MSS. by post, even when they are accompanied by stamps to pay return postage.

ON GREEN POETS.

THERE is something as natural in the coming of green poets as in the advent of green peas. When Dame Nature, in her continuous endeavour to make life palatable, puts forth in her quiet way, unostentatiously and without regard to price or praise, her vernal dainties—be they for eye, ear, stomach or other senses (for I hold to the decided belief, opinions of *savants* notwithstanding, that the stomach is the chief sense of humanity)—when, I say, the Universal Housewife spreads out her annual spring feast, we look for the young and tender poet with as much complacent expectancy as we look for the lamb and chicken on the dinner-table, the pickerel and bass in the river, the redbreast in the garden, and the swallow by the eaves. The juvenile singer is as necessary an adjunct to the success of Spring's triumphal entry as is the mint sauce that must ever accompany the last appearance in public of the untimely-ended lambkin. If he did not drop in upon us as usual with his drastic dactyls and sporadic spondees, his refractory refrains and overloaded odes, we should note his absence unconsciously at first by feeling a deficiency. Soup without salt would be as unsavoury as spring without the poet. It would be like striking the yellow, time-stained finger board of an old harpsichord, after the wires had long been extracted to clean pipes with, and a shadow of sadness would surely steal upon us at the disappointing surprise we had so silently experienced. Such another cloud would chill our very heart-strings, if the vernal equinox were passed without the canticles of the green or spring poet.

Gentle reader, have you ever noticed when the songsters return to their favourite haunts, after having escaped the cares and colds of winter, that they do not at once burst forth into the unceasing volume of beautiful melody, which afterwards makes them such dear and familiar friends? Their first efforts are always short and hesitating, indistinct and jerky, as if they were tuning up, like an orchestra before the opera, or clearing their throats, like a children's chorus. They seem not to be sure of their scales, just as is experienced in the bashful attempt of the obedient Euphemia Ann, who, in the vacation following her first course of singing lessons, is introduced with ample pride and apology by her maternal parent to display her vocal accomplishments. How the dear girl's voice trembles and quavers, starting out with sudden shrillness, and then sinking timidly, as though ashamed of its recent boldness. How she swallows some notes and expectorates others, until she comes to a sudden and unexpected full-stop, after making everyone around her as blushinglly uncomfortable as herself. It is so with the harbingers of aerial harmony. They are not used to singing without an accompaniment, and the music of nature is not yet played by the orchestra

of leaves and insects. Not so, gentle reader, with the spring poet. There is nothing of the hesitancy of even an early robin about him. He does not look around anxiously to make sure that no one is near or likely to intrude upon his privacy, whilst he tries his first artistic aria. He does not desire to tune up, nor does he turn his face away from the audience, as did the timorous Euphemia Ann. Rather is he possessed of a full assurance that he is expected, and will be thoroughly enjoyed by a full house. He bursts at once and without preliminaries of any kind into his annual "Ode to Spring"; "The First Flower"; "The Robin's Return"; "The Last Snow-flake"; "The Advent of Ice-Cream"; etc. He is certain of filling the auditorium and callous to any accompaniment. He delivers his sermon in song from the pulpit of poetry, and is surprised and annoyed to find those whom he would call his hearers go one by one to sleep. We may safely assume him to be quite young; if his years have numbered a score, you may reckon with arithmetical certainty that the cranio-logical part of him is not equal to his time of life, but has assumed a cancerous method of marching backwards. As he merely describes what he sees in common with the squirrel, the sparrow and the grasshopper, you may conclude without risk of libel that the poet has read nothing, and desires none but his own experience. He is of the class of poets who take a great deal of licence without paying for it, thereby defrauding the mental revenue of a vast amount of common sense. He is like the girl who paints an Alpine scene in a hot schoolroom. Her glaciers are all ice-cream, and her clouds wet muslin; the rocks are masses of dough, overlaid with pinnacles of blanc-mange, and over it all is thrown the crimson glamour of a dying sun. The sun dies a natural death after lighting up such a scene, and blushes as it dies. Similar is the work of the green-poet when he attempts the delineation of nature. It has no inspiration, unless insanity can inspire. There is no emotional outburst of spontaneous reflection as in Wordsworth; no swift imagery of sensuous joy as in Shelley. Spring poetry of the green order is the meaningless vapour of dissolving imbecility. I select an instance, composed by a young man of the order mentioned. It is called, "Lines to the First Swallow." A prize poem, possibly, offered to the winner of the annual migratory race. What anguish must have torn the breast of the second swallow, that was only beaten by two flaps of the wing!

"Happy harbinger of joys to come,
But are not yet—while others
Thy vari-plumaged singing brothers
Are yet unsinging in their watches dumb,
Thou, with earliest twitter, skim'st
On and on and on as if in skimming
Thou find'st the joys they find in hymning
Tributes to the gates of Heaven. Deem'st
Thou thy twitter not unmusical,
To me it is a matchless anthem,
A song supernal, a melodious gem,
A merry, mad and moving madrigal."

A mad wriggle, indeed! Does the first swallow really care for this? Does the reader even swallow it? Why such trash and balderdash? Yet it is a sample of all green poetry. *Poeta nascitur non fit*. The spring poet is born unfit.

E. BURROUGH.

A LEADING Baptist minister in Richmond, Va., has received a letter from Boston, signed H. F. Steadman, asking the ministers of Richmond and the South to pray especially for Boston, which is represented as being in an unprecedented condition of wickedness.

Poetry.

TWO BOYS.

Two boys in whose warm brother-blood,
 A tribute stream from mine
 Has mingled with the alien flood
 Of their parental line;
 In one the red tide leaps like flame
 At moving act or word;
 But John is grave of mood, not tame,
 By no swift impulse stirred.
 All marvels he is keen to hear;
 The lore of earth and sky
 Fills with delight his listening ear,
 Absorbs his kindling eye.
 He loves old tales of giant men
 Who strode from fight to feast;
 And wonders told by modern pen,
 Of fish, and bird, and beast.
 He sees that stars and planets shine
 Upon this world of ours,
 And knows that sun and rain combine
 With God, to paint the flowers.
 And questions none can solve, perplex
 His little groping brain;
 The germ of problems dark, that vex
 The hoary head in vain.
 He is not cast in gracious mould,
 His flatteries are few;
 His childish heart is somewhat cold,
 But it is staunch and true.
 Not his that sparkling mirth and glee,
 His brother's natural charm;
 And beauty is to him less free
 Of gifts that win and warm.
 But Charlie's dark revealing eyes,
 His soft cheek, rosy-brown,
 His sudden smiles, and transient sighs,
 And momentary frown;
 The sweet heart-wisdom of his speech,
 Its eager generous glow;
 The stern and worldly soul can reach
 And melt the hardest brow.
 Yet watchful Nature will provide
 For John a larger share
 In hearts with manna pure supplied,
 Loves hoard of daily fare.
 That mother knows affection thrives
 By spending all its store,
 And owns that he who little gives
 Will ever need the more.
 Twelve moons just filled their golden round
 Between each day of birth;
 And truer comrades are not found
 Upon the pleasant earth.
 Each to his goal in Life's wide plan—
 Bright Charlie presses on,
 A loved and loving little man;
 But John is always—John.

Montreal.

MILETA.

THE poet Saxe wrote this sentiment one day:
 You have heard of the snake in the grass, my boy—
 Of the terrible snake in the grass:
 But now you must know,
 Man's deadliest foe
 Is a snake of a different class,
 Alas!
 'Tis the venomous snake in the glass!

P. GAGNON, of 53 Rue Du Pont, St. Roch, Quebec, sends us his latest catalogue of second-hand books, which contains 306 lots. Many of the works here offered are more or less rare and sought after. To many receivers of this catalogue the most interesting portion will be the page of *Desiderata*, from which it will be seen that, as to certain Canadian books, the demand is greater than the supply. Among the numerous works which M. Gagnon seems to be much more anxious to buy than to sell may be enumerated Smith's *History of Canada* (Quebec, 1815); Christie's *History of Canada* (first edition); Garneau's *History of Canada* (first edition); Haliburton's *Nova Scotia*; Hawkins's *Picture of Quebec*; *Report of the State Trials in Montreal in 1838-39*; Knox's *Journal*; Henry's *Travels*, etc., and various odd volumes of old directories and Historical Society Transactions.

AN ODD CHAPTER OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

PERSONS familiar with the history of the French Revolution are not unacquainted with the name of Théroigne de Méricourt—the woman of easy morals, who for a single day was elevated by the fickle populace to the rank of Goddess of Reason, and borne aloft through the streets, the observed of all observers. Carlyle gives one or two hints as to certain dark passages of her subsequent life. But it has been reserved for Augusto Tebaldi, an Italian physician, to follow that passionate personality to its close. The following translation of an article from his pen appeared not long since in the *American Journal of Insanity*, published at Utica, New York:—

Paris is the heart of a great country, and when its beatings become tumultuous, the surging pulse-wave flows through the gates of the Charenton, the Salpêtrière and the Bicêtre, and the dozen other public and private asylums, leaving indelible traces of memorable names.

These thoughts flitted through my head one morning as I entered one of those isolated cabins, within the court of the Salpêtrière.

They were ugly huts, scattered here and there, in which the more turbulent patients had been lodged. There was a time when the light, broken by strong iron bars, entered through a little window; the narrow door, strengthened by cross beams, showed at the bottom a hole, through which food and water were passed in. In the interior there was a board, sloping towards a corner, to which filth was directed; along the side opposite the window, was a sort of bench, about the length of a man, and half as broad as it was long, supported at the four corners by square feet, about a foot high. At one end of this lair there stood, about its middle, an iron bar on which there was a strong ring, at the ends of two chains that terminated in strong manacles which in better times were lined with leather. At the present day these contrivances have been relegated to the historical museums of asylums, and one of these huts has been preserved at the Salpêtrière, just as it was, as an historic curiosity. I determined to visit it, and on entering it, I saw on the grey wall a sort of arabesque, of reddish colour, dashed off convulsively, which on inspecting with closer attention, I recognized as a name, and probably that of an old inhabitant of the place; the plaster had been somewhat injured by the dampness, which had obliterated some of the characters, but not so far as to prevent me from making out the name *Lambertine*, and below it *September, 1807*. That name was not new to me, and that date brought back to me a certain remembrance; but, as so often happens, it was obscured by the gloom of clouded recollection; yet that name excited in me a strong desire to know something more about it. I therefore went at once to search the archives of the establishment, where I ransacked the clinical records of that year, until I succeeded in reaching, at the head of the entry: *Lambertine Théroigne de Méricourt*.

Here was my heroine. At the instant, my old intimacy with the name re-appeared, only in indistinct, but strange, terrible and pitiable lines. I ran rapidly through the few pages, and a sensation as of a cold knife blade ran over me from head to feet, and restored back the memories of her times.

Having, without fear of indiscretion, taken some notes, I added these, after my arrival at home, to some others which I found in my scrap books, and I now transcribe them faithfully.

Théroigne Lambertine was born at Méricourt, in the vicinity of Liège; at the date recorded in the clinical record, 1807, she was 40 years of age. This was her second admission into the Salpêtrière; her first was in 1800, but she was subsequently transferred to the asylum called *des Petites Maisons*.

She had been known in Paris as *la belle Liégeoise*, and she must indeed have been very beautiful, to have been called the "Queen of all the daughters of Eve in the district of Luxembourg," the designation under which she was afterwards known.

There stood on the banks of the Rhine an old ivy-clad castle, hidden among linden trees; Lambertine often wandered towards

it, and it was there she breathed the air of a first ardent and confiding love. She was betrayed! Shame drove her from her native land, and she fled to England.

There are some errors in early life, which may be followed by a reaction that will regenerate and elevate the sufferers, or may, should they unfortunately become inebriated by new seductions, enfeeble them and sink them yet deeper. The latter was unfortunately the result in the life of *Lambertine*. Fired with scorn for that ideal love which had brought her to shame; asking for vengeance, which she sought even in the brutalism of vice; fervid in imagination, that ever opened to her new horizons of seduction; and bursting with indistinct and boundless desires, she was prepared to obey her most vivid emotions. The present must wipe out the memory of the past; every new day must be the tomb of that which had gone before. The storm then raging in Paris reached the beautiful *Lambertine*; with the daring of one conscious of the power of the charms conceded to her by nature, charms to which even the souls of the austere English had yielded, she reached the capital of France. She brought with her but one letter of introduction; it was addressed to the citizen *Mirabeau*; —her path was now marked out.

The political field proves opportune to woman for the sheltering of her emotions, and in her, those of the heart always rank first; she will, if so required, die for her party, but behind the banner of the party it is always her heart that beats time. Plunged into the vortex of the revolution, *Lambertine* must run through all its mazes, passion became enthusiasm, and this, by a fatal law, ran into madness. Paris was soon habituated to see her the standard-bearer of the revolution, wherever the people assembled; on the public squares, in the orgies, on the barricades, at executions, *Lambertine*, as a baleful star, was ever present, to-day by the side of *Mirabeau*, to-morrow with *Sieyes*, then with *Chennier*, *Danton*, *Jourdan*, *Brissot*, *Desmoulins*, and all the other great reformers. To-day an Amazon, to-morrow at the assault of the barricades of the *Invalides*, or in the front, at the capture of the *Bastille*, where she was decreed a sword of honour. Borne around as a lady of court in an aristocratic coach, she descended from it glittering with gems and gold, which, attended as she was by a battalion of bold women, induced the regiment of the guards to salute her with their arms.

Lambertine, invested with military rank, rushed to *Liège*, to rouse the people; shortly after she presents herself among the raging rabble that moved from Paris to *Versailles*, and thence she returned on horseback, in that bacchanalian tumult which determined the dethronement of a king; on this day she rode by the side of the terrible *Jourdan*, "the man of the long beard." We find her for a short time the prisoner of the Austrians, in *Vienna*; but the Emperor *Leopold* must talk with her, and she was so amiable that her gaoler was softened, and she presently winged her way back to Paris. One fine morning the crowd saw her once more in the *Tuileries*, preaching love, moderation and concord; a few days after she is at the head of those who bore in triumph the heads of the royal body-guard.

One day she fell in with a cortège of condemned ones, who were on their way to the prison of the Abbey; among those wretched ones she recognized a man that reminded her of a castle on the banks of the Rhine; it was said that she was petrified by the sight of him, and that she was seized with such a thirst for vengeance, that though she could have saved him, she left him to be numbered among the massacred of September. On another day she could have saved the revolutionary journalist, *Souleau*, but she left him to his fate. In all these scenes of vice, crime and madness, she appeared as an enchantress. Her stature was noble, her hair auburn, her eyes were large, brilliant and sea-blue; she smiled sweetly, but in every passionate movement of her features she showed a notable cast of fierceness. Her figure was gracefully rich, and all her gestures were pliant and elegant.

Her person acquired new enchantments, under new and strange vestments; she was brilliant under a scarlet mantle, voluptuous within thin gowns, that defectively concealed her witching shapes; and when she appeared in the tumults of the squares, wearing her rich head-dress, the people were intoxicated by her charms.

But the favours of the people are fleeting; their stars are falling

stars. *Lambertine* preferred the Girondistes, and with them and *Brissot* she fell; with them she tried to stem the tide, but it overwhelmed her; the heroine of *Liège* seemed a moderate, compared with the *furies of the guillotine*; on the terraces of the *Tuileries*, where she was wont to harangue the people, she was stripped, and publicly flogged.

There are indignities which give to reason its death-blow, when it has already been shaken by a giddy life, and this, to the spirit of a woman, however unused to the blush of modesty, was the one. The name of *Lambertine* was entered on the register of the *Salpêtrière* in 1800; but she had already been, for several years, confined in a house in the suburb *St. Mark*. In the *Salpêtrière* she was shut up in the cell already described; she was not subjected to any form of bodily restraint, for the spirit of benevolence had then penetrated those walls and taken away the chains. Yet, oh! what anguish to her, within those close walls! The convulsed phantasy of *Lambertine* peopled that cell with images that incessantly succeeded each other, arousing fresh excitements, and breaking her sleep, when her frame, wasted by delirium, needed repose. In the night, when the vast court of the *Salpêtrière* was deserted, and the shadows of the lindens trembled on the dusty soil, whilst some attendants passed across, and the dead silence was broken only by the ravings of the insane, the unquiet spirit of *Lambertine* peopled this solitude with imaginary personages; she harangued these phantoms, urging them forward to attacks, battles and murders. Beneath the graces of a woman *Lambertine* had possessed a fibre of steel. She now tolerated no vestments; she was insensible alike to cold and to shame; she was in the habit of upsetting the water pails on her wretched straw-bed, on which she would afterwards curl herself up in a single sheet, with her knees between her hands; the rigours of winter did not change this custom, and she would break with her fists the ice on the water for her use. Thus lived she for years, her vigils, ravings and fastings ruined her once beautiful person.

She, who had been accustomed to raise her beautiful head over crowds of adorers, now crawled on her hands and knees, scratching up the filth of her floor; she, whose body was once so caressed by seducers, raged on that lair of filth, as if in luxury; her hair ere while so soft and glossy, now bristly, scarce and whitened; the brilliance of the eye extinguished, the music of the voice hushed and all the allurements of the flesh forever gone!

I followed my heroine even to the table of the post-mortem room. Anatomy sought in vain within the cranium for any testimony to her ferine cruelty, her insatiable voluptuousness, implacable hatreds, and voluble loves. Nothing, and still nothing that cranium and that brain might have been allotted to another demented being.

THE ENGLISH SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

THE Society of Authors has at last outgrown the natural timidity of a young organization, found the courage of its opinions, and taken a completely new departure. Lord Lytton who presided at a crowded meeting yesterday at Willis' Room kept the beaten track in his polished address. It was Mr. Walter Besant who struck the new note. He, with every profession of personal good-will and respect for honourable publishers, set forth unflinchingly a catalogue of those singular practices by which less honourable publishers secure to themselves an unfair proportion of the profits of a book. He showed how they set apart secret profits, withhold accounts, and present to the author fictitious statements of the cost of his book. He showed not less clearly that even where all is aboveboard the publisher takes for his services in introducing the book to the public more than twice or thrice what he allows the author for writing it. He announced that the society henceforward would no longer be content with protecting individuals against injustice, but meant to establish a new principle on a new basis of dealing as between authors and publishers. He carried the audience with him enthusiastically on these and on other points. One or two papers, ignorant of the real merits of the question, came feebly to the rescue of the publishers, but English authors now know what to aim at and whom to look to for protection.

A COLUMN OF NONSENSE.

Down in Ohio a woman had a drummer arrested for winking at her. When the trial came off, it was found that the eye which he claimed he winked, was a very clever glass imitation of the human optic. Of course this put a stop to the suit, but she was bound to get square with somebody, so she found out where the eye was made, and presented a bill to the firm for the advertising he had given them.

"You have heard all the evidence," said the judge in summing up, "you have also heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them has said, then I'll be hanged if I know what you will do."

AGENT (selling preparation for removing stains from clothing) — "I have got here—" Servant (who responds to the agent's ring) — "Excuse me, please, but we are in great trouble here to-day. The gentleman of the house has been blown up in an explosion." — "Ha! hurt much?" S. — "Blown to atoms. Only a grease spot left of him." A. — "Ha! Only a grease spot, you say? Well, here's a bottle of my champion eradicator which will remove that grease spot in two minutes."

A WOMAN in Bridgeport, Conn., complains that her husband, who is a member of the Salvation Army, makes her life miserable round the house by too much praying and singing and assaults upon her and the children, because they do not believe in his religious methods. It is enough to make a man lose his hold on all his religion he has to be compelled to break off abruptly in the middle of a prayer or a hymn to hammer his wife and children because they do not join in the worship.

In these days of frequent divorce it may not be malapropos to quote from a recent English book a good anecdote of Opie and Godwin. Opie was divorced from his first wife, and Godwin was an infidel. They were walking together near St. Martin's church. "Ha!" said Opie; "I was married in that church."

"Indeed!" said Godwin; "and I was christened in it."

"It is not a good shop," replied Opie: "*their work don't last.*"

CALIFORNIA widows stand no nonsense. An Oakland paper stated that a citizen had gone to a happier home, and the widow has sued the paper for libel.

SAID a maid, "I will marry for lucre,"
And her scandalized ma almost shucre;
But when the chance came,
And she told the good dame,
I noticed she did not rebucre.

YOUNG husband: "It does seem to me you might learn how to cook better than that. My mother—" Young wife: "There, what will do; I refrain from learning how to cook on principle." "Oh, you do! Thinking of me, of course?" "No, of my son." "Son?" "Yes; I don't intend he shall ever make any nice girl miserable, bragging about my cooking."

SPEAKING of parsons, a story is told of one who is "favoured" with absent-mindedness and a short memory. He has a habit of forgetting something he intends to say in the pulpit, and then, after sitting down, will rise up again and begin his supplementary remarks with "By-the-way." Recently he got through a prayer, when he hesitated, forgot what he was about, and sat down without closing. In a moment or two he rose, and pointing his forefinger at the amazed congregation, he said, "Oh! by-the-way—Amen!"

A TUTOR of one of the Oxford colleges who limped in his walk was some years after accosted by a well-known politician, who asked him if he was not the chaplain of the college at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. The interrogator observed, "I knew you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems my limping made a deeper impression than my preaching." "Ah, doctor," was the reply, with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

MISS CUSHMAN AS "MEG MERRILIES."

The *Meg Merrilies* of Miss Cushman bore no more resemblance to Scott's old crone than did the witches of Shakspeare to the wretched old hags that Scotch James persecuted. The *Meg* of Charlotte Cushman was a sibyl, a pythonesse, before whose oracular utterances the boldest might have trembled. When a thrill went through the audiences as she suddenly darted from the side scene and then stood motionless, with one claw-like finger of a skeleton hand pointed at *Henry Bertram*. What a face! blanched, and tanned, and wrinkled and scarred, as it were, by the storms of centuries, bleary-eyed, with Medusa-like grey locks straggling from beneath a kind of turban, while the tall bony figure was clad in a mass of indescribable rags, shreds, patches of all colours, marvellously real. Who that ever heard it can forget her delivery of the prophecy, more especially the last two lines:

"Till Bertram's might and Bertram's right
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height."

The tall weird figure on tiptoe, the withered arms thrown up, one holding her staff far above her head, the flashing eyes, the deep rough voice rising to the shriek of a bird of prey upon the final word—it was not mere acting, it was an inspiration as great as any thing Rachel ever achieved. I once heard an old actor, who was playing *Dandie Dinmont*, say that he had to turn away his head while supporting her in her death scene; and I have seen ladies in the house cover their faces with their hands, unable to endure the sight of the dying agonies of that awful face in the fierce struggle against the coming doom. When all was over, she was borne off the stage, and some little time elapsed between her death and the fall of the curtain, sufficient for her to wash off her hideous mask and paint and powder her face, though the dress was unchanged, for the call. It was a curious bit of coquetry for so great an artiste, but she invariably did it. Miss Cushman's engagement at the Princess extended over eighty-four nights, though not consecutive, opera and other lighter entertainments alternating with her performances, an arrangement far more favourable to artistic acting than the present grinding and monotonous drudgery of unbroken long runs.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

A WRITER ABOUT WHOM CRITICS AGREE.

If there is any writer of the time about whom the critics of England and America substantially agree, it is Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. There is something in his work, precisely what it is not easy to say, which engages and fixes the attention from the first page to the last, which shapes itself before the mind's eye while reading, and which refuses to be forgotten long after the book which revealed it has been closed and put away. There are two stories in the volume containing his *New Arabian Nights*, both night adventures, the more powerful one an adventure of that scoundrel and man of genius, the poet Villon, which seared themselves into our recollection years ago, and which are as vivid there now as some of the terrible things in Shakspeare. The quality by which Mr. Stevenson is chiefly distinguished, and which differentiates his writing from the story-writing of the period, is imagination—the power of creating characters which are as real as creatures of flesh and blood, and of devising and shaping events which are as inevitable as fate. Beyond all the writers of his time, he is remarkable for clearness and accuracy of vision; he seems to see, and we believe he *does* see, all that he describes, and he makes all his readers see likewise. How he accomplishes this last feat, which is a very uncommon one, we have never been able to discover, for on returning to a scene or a chapter which has impressed us deeply, which has sent the blood tingling through our veins, or has darkened our souls with foreboding, we have always failed to detect the secret of his power. It can hardly be in his language, which is always of the simplest, nor in the feeling that he depicts, which is always natural, and often common; but it is there all the same. It is there unmistakably, and it leaves its impress upon the reader's receptiveness for many a day after he is subjected to its spell.—*R. H. Stoddard, in the N. Y. Mail and Express*.

THE LARGEST LIBRARY IN THE WORLD.

By far the largest library in the world is the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. It is so large that nobody knows how many books it contains. They have never yet been all catalogued or counted, and when the classification of a great library falls behind it takes some time to get it in order, especially when no attempt is made to bring up the arrears. Current works and new acquisitions are now catalogued in this library as received, but many old collections—amongst others, the official documents relating to the Revolution—still lie unsorted. Mere bulk, then, goes for little, unless it is accompanied with utility. As to this, and as to the accommodation it provides for readers, the French National Library is a long way behind the reading room of the British Museum, and vexatious restrictions and needless formalities meet the reader at every turn. But before referring to its organization we shall pass a *coup d'œil* over the history of this remarkable collection, which, though sold by impecunious kings and otherwise dispersed more than once, has never been so widely scattered that it could not wholly or partially be brought together again.

The earliest nucleus of a national library in France was made by the Emperor Charlemagne, and some of his manuscripts are still preserved in the present collection. At the death of the Emperor, the books were sold and the proceeds given to the poor. His successor, however, Louis le Debonnaire, had a taste for literature, and gathered a few volumes together. He was followed by St. Louis, who bought up as many of the works of the early Christian writers as he could get. At his death the library was dispersed again. This time it fell to the monasteries. From the time of Saint Louis to the days of John the Good (1350), the library had little merit; but after the battle of Poitiers it had grown sufficiently to be thought worth plundering, and accordingly the English carried most of it away with them. One Bible then taken is now in the British Museum. There was a library in the reigns of Philip the Hardy and Philip the Bel, but the real founder of the Royal Library of France was Charles the Wise. He had a collection of about 1,000 books, which at that time was considerable. He, indiscreetly, however, lent some of his books out to read, and as, at this early period, the habit of never returning books borrowed had been contracted, thus lost several volumes. Soon after this the whole collection was sold to the Duke of Bedford, and brought to England, but was dispersed at his death in 1435, and some of the works found their way back to France. Charles VII. was too much occupied with politics to look after a library, but Louis IX. and Charles VIII. were both collectors. So was Louis XI., many of whose books still exist. Francis I. had a library at Fontainebleau, with Budé as his librarian, and from the time of Henri II. to Charles IX. the library remained there, and went on increasing. In the reign of the latter monarch it was removed to Paris, and in the course of the transference several valuable works were stolen.

Between the reign of Henri IV. and the time of Catherine de Medicis—who augmented the collection largely—the library was changed from place to place in Paris, and at every change suffered more or less from pillage. A catalogue made out in 1622 showed that there were then 6,000 volumes, of which very few were printed books. Large private collections were bequeathed to the library about this time, and under the indefatigable activity of Colbert it went on prospering. In 1666 it was installed in the Rue Vivienne, and after the death of Mazarin—whose great collection went to form a library by themselves—was placed in his palace in the Rue de Richelieu, where it has since remained. In 1688 the library had already swelled to 43,000 printed books and 10,000 manuscripts. Louvois, who succeeded Colbert in its management, resolved to open it to the “learned of all nations” for study. The time given to the learned to pursue their researches was limited, only two hours a week, so that we find that Voltaire and others borrowed books from the librarian. The library was well arranged, and getting into good working order at the time of the Revolution, which we are told opened up a new era of prosperity for it. All the great chateaux were then plundered, monasteries ransacked, religious institutions pillaged, and everything seized was confiscated and declared national property. Some of the

princes of the blood and the *émigrés* had magnificent collections of books, and these were among the spoils. For months books came pouring into Paris from all directions. Among the collections were those of Talleyrand, Rochochouart, Philippe d'Orleans, Renard, Montaigne, Choiseul, Egmont, and Montmorency. Some of the books were sent to the Sorbonne, but the majority fell to the National Library. The librarians were quite overwhelmed with the hauls that were carted pell-mell into the building, and the sudden acquisition upset the whole organization of the library. The Terror decreed that a copy of every book published in France should be sent for preservation in the National Library, and, not content with appropriating all the great collections they could lay their hands on, sent out commissioners to Greece, Italy, Germany, and other countries to buy more. In 1807 it was roughly estimated that the library contained about half a million of books. Then came Napoleon, who was also good to the library. Wherever his victorious hosts went a flock of human vultures followed, carrying off the booty, and thus more hauls of books were brought to the French capital. But not all to remain there, for, after Waterloo, Germany, Belgium, Bavaria, Austria, and other countries stepped in and claimed their prints and manuscripts.

Since the days of Napoleon the library has gone on augmenting. Now and then an extraordinary grant has been given to purchase books, and every printer is bound to send two copies of every book he prints to the library. This is a very unsatisfactory arrangement, as printer sometimes means printer, engraver, and binder, so that frequently the books reach the library by instalments; and then only by the roundabout way of a general depot. The number sent to the depot fluctuates greatly. From 1860 to 1874 the number of books Paris produced was nearly double that which came from the provinces, but since that time the provinces are a long way ahead, whether this be a criterion to literary activity or not. In 1881 books from Paris numbered 9,702, from the departments, 23,094; and in 1884 books from Paris were 8,156; those from the departments, 50,606. This does not include periodical publications. Other means which the library has of increasing its stock is by exchanging duplicate copies with foreign libraries, by receiving from learned societies, by donations, and by purchases. In 1884, 5,609 books were bought, and 4,049 received as donations. The total number of books in the library is about two and a half millions. Only part of the books are catalogued, and all the catalogues are not accessible to the readers. The catalogue of historical works is complete, and includes 363,125 books on French history alone. There are sets of imperfect catalogues which the librarians use and try to ferret out works asked for, but not always with success. Since 1871 a catalogue of the new acquisitions has been issued as a monthly periodical—not a convenient method—and a subject list of recent works exists. The reading room—*salle de travail*—is much less than the reading-room of the British Museum, and cannot be compared to it in point of arrangement, convenience, or with regard to the service. Readers have to go through useless formalities, but more or less red tape must be expected at every French institution. No writing material beyond ink is supplied, and should anyone attempt to pass out of the room with a twopenny notebook in his hand, though it is his own property, the functionary at the entrance will come down upon him like a detective on a malefactor. As a guarantee that he is not walking off with national property, he must be furnished with a *laissez passer*. In 1884, 71,932 readers went to this room, and 213,744 books were referred to. There is another room for consulting manuscripts, a department for engravings and maps, and a public room which is open to everybody without tickets, and furnished with about 50,000 books of general literature. The library is open from ten to four o'clock on week-days, and the public part on Sundays as well. From a fear that the building would be set on fire, no light has ever been introduced into it. The sum allowed for expenses is not a third of [that which is given to the British Museum library.—*London Standard*.

MR. JAMES MCPHERSON LE MOINE, F.R.S.C., is preparing for publication in the spring two volumes *Chassé et Pêche* and *May Leaves*. These promise to be an interesting addition to the literature of Canada.

THE EAGLE'S NEST;

OR,

THE MARVEL OF SEBASTIAN GEE.

A Canadian Story.

PART FIRST.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK WILFORD.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

BUT while he eschewed magisterial and municipal honours of every nature and kind soever, he was by no means indifferent to honours of another description. Very dear to his heart was his proud and undisputed supremacy as Elder and Imperial Dictator of the sect to which he belonged. And here it will perhaps be advisable to give some account of that sect, whereof so frequent mention has been made in these pages.

Among the many persons who, during the fourth decade of the eighteenth century, were roused to a high degree of religious fervour by the preaching of John Wesley, was a young student of Queen's College, Oxford, whose name was John Jebus. Of humble origin, coarse manners, and somewhat unamiable temper, he was nevertheless a youth of some parts and learning, and a conscientious seeker after truth. His studies had been pursued at the expense of a wealthy patron, and with a view to the ministry of the Established Church; but Wesley's teaching combined with his own observation to convince him that the clergy had sunk into a state of lethargy and indifference too little in accordance with the spirit of genuine Christianity for him to have much in common with them. He also imbibed ideas on certain doctrinal points which would probably have insured his rejection had he applied for admission to holy orders. His zeal reached its height in the spring of the year 1738; at which time he conceived the idea of evangelizing the lower classes in his native county of Westmoreland; and, aided by a number of faithful fellow-workers who had enlisted under his banner, he organized a crusade for that purpose. He encountered the active hostility of the local clergy, for parts of his doctrine were direct subversive of theirs, and his method of inculcating it by means of preaching in the market-places, from the housetops, and in the open fields, was in their eyes an innovation upon the wholesome rule which commands that all things be done decently and in order. But, undaunted by all opposition, he steadfastly pursued his vocation, and extended the field of his operations into the adjoining counties of Lancashire and Yorkshire. His success was by no means commensurate with that which attended the efforts of Wesley; for, unlike that eminent divine, he contemned the power of the press, and restricted his efforts to oratory alone. His creed, moreover, was by no means so well adapted to popular acceptance as that of Wesley, nor was he in any respect so able a man as his great contemporary. He achieved, however, a limited measure of success; and at his death, which took place in 1766, he left behind him about a thousand adherents, who adopted his name as well as his creed, and called themselves Jebusites. Henceforward until the present time the body has remained, in respect of numbers, very much as he left it; neither multiplying nor decreasing to any appreciable extent.

He taught the doctrines of predestination and election in all their gloomy and uncompromising rigour. According to him, the Almighty, before the creation of the world, predestined a fixed number of persons to eternal glory and happiness, without any respect whatever to the faith or good works of the recipients themselves. The rest of the human family were with equal precision devoted to unquenchable fire—the atonement effected by the sufferings and death of Christ extending to the elect alone. All men, moreover, being born in sin and shapen in iniquity, are under the curse; and no man is either able or willing to avail himself of the promises of salvation except by the direct intervention of the Holy Spirit. So far, the teachings of John Jebus were not materially (if at all) distinguishable from those of John Calvin; but there were various other matters upon which it is

unnecessary to enlarge in these pages which were peculiar to the originator of this sect and his followers alone. That which especially made them to differ, however, from other professing Christians, was their singular mode of church government. Every congregation was presided over by five elders, selected by the members, and recruited from time to time, whenever a vacancy occurred by death or otherwise. These elders met at sunrise on the morning of the third Sunday in January of each year, and elected one of their number as Patriarch for the succeeding twelvemonth—the elders themselves being appointed for life. The elders formed the legislative, the Patriarch the executive branch of the government of the local church. From the decision of a majority of this body upon any point connected with church affairs, there was no appeal. The title of Patriarch was a sort of tacit dignity, except among the elders themselves; and it was not customary to address or speak of the holder of it as *Patriarch*, but merely as *Elder*, except on those occasions when the five met officially in solemn convocation, to discuss and arrange grave matters pertaining to the hierarchy.

Regular or paid ministers there were none. Every male member was expected to hold himself in readiness to preach when his turn came round. This rule was necessarily relaxed in favour of young members, and those upon whom no gifts of exposition had been bestowed. These latter exceptions, however, were fewer than might be supposed; for no matter how ignorant the Jebusites might be as to matters pertaining to things temporal, there were few of them whose knowledge of the Sacred Writings might not have put to shame many who had been expressly trained for the clerical calling. Ignorant, in the common acceptance of the term, they might be. Bigoted and narrow-minded, judged by any standard but their own, they certainly were. But while few of them could have given any satisfactory account of the difference between an irregular verb and an acute-angled triangle, there were fewer still who could not have discoursed by the hour upon such congenial themes as sanctification, justification, regeneration, original sin, and the like. And as for their bigotry, might they not have attested the example of many great and good men, from John Calvin and John Knox downwards?

Among the first to espouse the Jebusitical doctrines fresh from the mouth of their founder was the father of the man who afterwards became Elder Redpath, the opulent proprietor of Aspleigh Hall, whose faith thus came down to him in a direct line of descent, and who had been a prominent member of the sect from his youth. For some years before his emigration he had pondered upon the feasibility of founding a church in some distant colony; and when he had brought his scheme to maturity he had no difficulty in securing the co-operation of a sufficient number of the faithful to form the nucleus of a congregation. Having pitched their tent in the Canadian wilderness, one of the first proceedings of this little band had been to build a place of worship; the largest subscription coming, of course, from Elder Redpath himself, who also gave two acres of ground for the purpose. The chapel was a little frame building, humble and insignificant enough in appearance, but quite adequate to the requirements of the not very numerous congregation, which however continued to be periodically reinforced by arrivals from beyond sea, so that in process of time the chapel came to be well filled. Stables and sheds were built for the accommodation of the horses and wagons of those who did not live in proximity to the chapel, and were compelled to come from a distance; and a sufficient space was set apart for a graveyard, of which Giles Hartley was destined to be the first tenant.

They called their place of worship "Peartree Chapel;" not from the presence of any pear tree in the neighbourhood, but simply because their Transatlantic Bethel had been called by that name. And to this chapel, every Sunday morning, repaired a congregation, rude and unlettered, it is true, but not less remarkable than their coadjutors in England for their intimate acquaintance with the contents of the Book of Life. Unversed in almost all other literature, they were much given to regard the letter of the one Book wherewith they were familiar—sometimes rather to the exclusion of its broad spirit. *Ex. gr.*: they were wont to console themselves for their educational deficiencies with that text

in the first chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians which informs us that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. Their pulpit oratory, uncultured as it was, answered, to a certain extent, the purpose for which it was extemporized. Since I was first subjected to its influence I have listened to many eloquent discourses from venerable dignitaries in Westminster Abbey, and to several from the marvellous Sage of the Tabernacle in Newington Butts; but never have I sat under homilists more eminently calculated to awaken the sinner to repentance than were Elder Redpath, Stephen Duckworth, and one or two others who periodically held forth from the rostrum of Peartree Chapel—provided always that the intelligence of the sinner was not too far removed from that of a cart-horse. Morning service commenced punctually at ten, all the year round, and terminated about noon. Then, after a short intermission, came a cold dinner, which was partaken of in the body of the chapel, each family bringing its own supply of food. An hour was then devoted to Sunday-school; and then came the afternoon service, which lasted till four. After that came what was called "latter meeting," in the course of which the sacrament was administered to those who had the right of membership; and this ceremony was usually followed by a brief homily called an exhortation, from some member who had been selected for the purpose on the previous Sunday. This ended the services, and the congregation betook themselves to their respective homes, to meditate upon the day's texts; and in many cases to hold yet another theological sederunt around the domestic hearth.

Such was the order of proceeding every Sunday throughout the year; from which it will be seen that the spiritual wants of these peculiar people were bountifully supplied—at any rate in respect of mere quantity—at least one day in every seven, however they might fare on the other six.

Within the chapel walls, social position was entirely ignored, and the ministrations of the humblest were listened to with as rapt an attention as were those of the Elders themselves. One of the most popular of the sermonizers was Job Greaves, who on week days occupied the not very exalted position of Elder Redpath's stableman. It seemed a little anomalous that this fiery apostle should feed swine and groom the Elder's horses on six days of the week, and show his master the way to heaven on the seventh. But Job was quite an orator in his way, and it was on all hands conceded that he was a faithful and earnest exponent of the faith. His strong point was the deceitfulness of riches, and on this theme he sometimes waxed rather personal. From his place in the sacred desk he would declaim about the rich man and Lazarus until he had wrought up the feelings of his hearers to the desired pitch; when, suddenly pausing, and fixing his great staring eyes upon his master, he would put the very pertinent query: "What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul: or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Then, the congregation were tolerably certain to be regaled with a pointed allusion to the camel and the eye of a needle, and the difficulty experienced by a rich man in entering into the kingdom. The pursuits of Job's every-day life left their impress upon him to some extent on Sundays, and it must be confessed that his pulpit oratory was not quite free from a certain aroma of the stables. This peculiarity, however, was rarely offensive except in very warm weather. On hot Sundays in July and August it cannot be denied that he emitted an ammoniacal odour which was more or less perceptible to the olfactories of every one in the congregation. But, both his denunciations and his aroma were always taken in good part. It was his privilege to point the path to the skies in such manner as to him seemed most fitting; and whether in the pulpit or out of it he was no respecter of persons.

At the time of our arrival in Canada, the Jebusitical congregation, what with men, women, and children, numbered about seventy persons, who were invited to Aspleigh Hall *en masse*, for the purpose of being introduced to my mother and her family, and of returning thanks for our preservation from the perils of the deep.

The feast was held in the kitchen, which was likewise the ordinary dining-room and sitting-room: the room in which the household lived. It was of great dimensions, and ample for the

accommodation of all the guests; being about fifty feet in length by thirty in breadth, with a fireplace at each end. A table ran down almost the entire length of the room on each side, one of which was set apart for the exclusive use of the young people, while the other was reserved for the use of parents, grandparents, and adults generally. My brother, sister, and self were permitted as an especial favour to sit between our parents at the latter table; and by the time the meal was brought to an end I had carefully examined nearly every face about me, and in a manner formed my conclusions, young as I was, as to the loveliness of the respective guests. At the upper end of our table sat the Patriarch himself—a large, portly, and rather good-looking man still in the prime of life. His thick, iron-grey hair was brushed back from a broad, high, Baconian forehead, which indicated a good deal of intellectual power. His lips were thin, and when in repose were generally kept tightly compressed. The lower part of his face did not quite bear out the promise of the upper, being somewhat narrow, and inclined to taper off towards the chin, which rather retreated than otherwise. There was a something in his large grey eyes to which I could not then have given a name, but which I now know to have been an expression of restlessness and inquiet. In speaking, however, his utterance was particularly calm and deliberate, and was doubtless the result of careful self-schooling. Facing him, at the other extremity of the table, was his wife, who was built in a mould as elephantine as her spouse. She had a grim, saturnine expression of countenance which, at first sight I did not much like; and I may add that she did not greatly rise in my esteem upon a more intimate acquaintance.

After a blessing of wearisome length had been asked by the Elder, the guests fell to in profound silence; a silence which continued almost without interruption until the termination of the meal. There was a sort of funereal gloom about the whole proceeding, except when Stephen Duckworth—who had never read *Oliver Twist*—asked for "more," which he did at least five or six times. For my own part, I was not hungry, and ate little, preferring to gaze around me into the faces of the feasters. The Elder's Gilbert, the merchant, was perhaps the most austere-looking personage at table. His face wore an expression of profound gloom and sadness, as though he were aware of life. For some occult reason which I do not profess to be able to explain, even my own satisfaction, he has always been inseparably associated in my mind with the Mr. Fearing of Bunyan's immortal allegory. Except my father, Stephen Duckworth was the only man of the batch for whom I felt much regard. He seemed, I thought, very hearty, genial fellow, with a voracious appetite; and formed a resolution to repeat to him "Whatever brawls disturb the street," on the first suitable opportunity. Another guest whose demeanour was somewhat less repellant than the prevailing tone seemed to demand, was Samuel Priestley, a kinsman of the Elder. He lived at "The Pines," five miles off—a desolate spot in the heart of the forest. The morose visage of his helpmate, however, who sat by his side, acted as an effectual foil to his comparative heartiness of demeanour. The servants who waited upon us seemed to have caught the general tone of dreary austerity and performed their duties in a passive, listless manner. Even the children who sat at the other table by themselves seemed to be awed into a sort of frigid indifference to the plethora of good things placed before them. Nothing approaching a laugh was heard; nothing in the most distant degree resembling a smile was visible upon the face of any one of them. The happy, sportive joyousness of childhood seemed to have departed from them, and all. It was with a feeling of inexpressible relief that I at length heard the Elder call upon his son to return thanks for the meal; for in my ignorance I supposed that this would be the prelude to bringing the ceremonial to a close. Most grievously I was mistaken. The merchant having responded to the appeal, the Elder gave out the singularly appropriate hymn,

While others crowd the House of Mirth,
And haunt the gaudy show,
Let such as would with Wisdom dwell
Frequent the House of Woe;"

which was sung with great unction by the assembly to the lugubrious of tunes. Then followed voluntary prayers from

rious brethren and sisters whose petitions occupied from ten minutes to half-an-hour each; and it was not till the waning light the room gave token of departing day that the dreary entertainment came to an end.

O, that weary, weary, all-but-endless afternoon. The memory it haunted me like a nightmare for many a long year; and to this day I cannot recall it without an internal shiver. With what a thrill of ecstatic delight did I welcome the blissful intelligence that the monotonous thanksgiving was over; and what a relief it was to escape into the open air. No scholar dismissed from the thralldom of the school-room ever sprang across the threshold with a more joyous bound. I was soon joined by my mother and sister, and a host of other little ones whose natural buoyancy of disposition came back to them the moment they were relieved from the supervision of their seniors. As may readily be expected, we lost no time in striking up a common acquaintance, and

"Away we fled, with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin,"

to the barnyard, where we played hide-and-seek among the straw-cks by the bright light of the autumn moon until the gruff but unkindly voice of Job Greaves summoned us to supper, in the course of which meal I fell fast asleep. Shortly afterwards the assembly dispersed, and I was carried home in my father's arms and put to bed.

And here it may appropriately enough be asked: How was it that my father, a man of good birth, and—notwithstanding his neglected training—with many of the hereditary instincts and nothing of the manner and education of a gentleman: by what strange chance was it that he had seen in the creed and manners such a community as this, anything sufficiently attractive to induce him to cast in his lot with them, and to become in many respects one of themselves? This enquiry has often suggested itself to my mind; and the only plausible answer I have been able to make has been somewhat after this wise. In matters theological, not less than in matters hymeneal, men—even wise and good men—have, time out of mind, done very extraordinary things. My father was one of the kindest, most amiable, and most lovable of men that ever breathed; but I cannot conscientiously claim for him that he was a man of extraordinary wisdom or force of character. He was easily influenced by those with whom he was thrown into intimate relations, and he was ever anxious to recognize in my mother an intelligence higher than his own. His marriage had brought him into close contact with the friends of my mother's family, and after that marriage he had no friends of his own rank in society. The father who should have been his "guide, philosopher and friend" was a solitary and selfish man, whose pedantic love had destroyed his sense of social and moral responsibility. The young man had thus no friend to counteract the influence of those amongst whom his lot was cast. Added to this the fact that at the time of my mother's "conversion," she had likewise experienced a craving for spiritual consolation; and the only commodity of that sort that came in his way was supplied by that fraternity whose chapel he attended out of deference to my mother's wishes. All these things concurring, he had joined their ranks and espoused their creed as the one best suited to his requirements. And if this explanation be deemed insufficient to account for the seeming anomaly I have no other to offer. I can only say that "such things were." He sincerely believed in the efficacy of their faith for man's salvation, though he inwardly disapproved of some of their church regulations, and possibly declined to take his place in the pulpit. He sometimes went so far as to give an exhortation; and from what I can remember of his efforts in that line I am of opinion that, in respect of matter, they were neither better nor worse than those of other spiritual brethren; though they were certainly couched in a vocabulary less repellant to ears metropolitan. It was but seldom, however, that he was called upon to exercise his functions, for it was known that such exercise was distasteful to him. He was never regarded as not quite so strict in his opinions respecting universal reprobation as the Jebusitical creed enjoined upon its followers. Gilbert Redpath, indeed, had recently mooted the question as to the propriety of requiring every member of the

church to reaffirm his or her declaration upon this point; and it was well known that the proposal was expressly directed at my father. But Master Gilbert had been effectually put to silence by Stephen Duckworth, who reminded him of the dictum of St. Paul: "Him that is weak in the faith receive ye, but not to doubtful disputations."

CHAPTER VI.

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

EARLY in the forenoon of the day after the thanksgiving-feast, we went, by special invitation, to regale ourselves with a view from the tower of Aspleigh Hall. We were assured by my father that the prospect from there was very picturesque; and we had no sooner beheld it for ourselves than we were able to confirm the epithet from personal observation. We mounted an interminable number of steps, and had almost begun to despair of ever reaching the top, when we suddenly emerged upon a landing-place, and found ourselves within the turret which we had previously admired from terra firma. Then the scene burst upon us in all its splendour. The sun shone brightly, and displayed to the best advantage a landscape which would have been well worth contemplating even on the gloomiest day of the year, and which seemed, I thought, to embrace all the kingdoms of the world. To the north, beyond our home, and also to the west, a vast forest stretched away for miles and miles, and nothing was to be seen but the variegated foliage of the tree tops. To the east was a regular succession of hill and dale, forest, field, and stream, dotted here and there with cottages and farm-houses. The most noteworthy view, however, was directly south of us. It has been stated that Aspleigh Hall stood about a quarter of a mile from the public highway. Fifty yards or thereabouts beyond the highway was the top of the tremendous "bank," as it was called—a steep, and in many places precipitous descent of four or five hundred feet. At the bottom of this descent, a plateau, varying in width from one to three hundred yards, intervened between the bank and the Grand River—a huge stream which rises fifty miles or so above, and pours its turbulent waters into Lake Erie seventy miles below. The stream was here very tortuous, and formed an enormous letter C, six or seven miles wide, with the bank for a background from one extremity to the other. The interior of this letter C lay stretched beneath us, a level plain, which during the spring freshets was sometimes entirely submerged. Beyond, rose a mountainous bank of solid rock, the geological formation there being quite different from that on the side nearest us. The Elder, who accompanied us on our tour of inspection, pointed to a huge, riven cliff, which stared us in the face from the far side of the valley, and which rose abruptly, somewhat nearer to the water's edge than its neighbours, to a height of at least five hundred feet, and was crowned with a clump of diminutive pines. So clear was the atmosphere, and so bright was the sun, that every crevice and cranny on the surface of the cliff seemed distinctly visible to us. Its sides were very steep, and on the front visible to us it was evidently insurmountable. A few yards below the summit, a lump of rock protruded about twenty feet towards the river, and resembled a monstrous wart on the face of the mountain. In answer to my mother's enquiries, the Elder informed us that this protuberance was called "The Eagle's Nest," from an Indian tradition which told of an eagle of Cyclopean proportions that had made its home there in days of yore, and preyed upon the pap-pooses of the district. I gathered from his remarks that the term came in process of time to be applied to the entire mountain, which was known far and wide as "The Eagle's Nest."

The name at once arrested my attention.

"The Eagle's Nest, did you say?" I asked: "why that is where Sebastian Gee lives. But where's his house? I don't see a house anywhere near it."

"Sebastian Gee—what do you know of Sebastian Gee, Master Mark? Your father has been telling you about him, I suppose."

My father here explained how we had encountered the half-breed on the evening of our arrival at the Ford; but I could not help noticing that he said nothing about the strange warning that Sebastian had given, nor about that personage's having accompanied us part of the way home.

"And what did you think of him, Master Inquisitiveness?" the Elder asked.

I replied to the effect that I thought he was the funniest man, without exception, that I had ever seen; and that I wondered how it was he did not take cold going about the country without any hat on.

"O, Sebastian Gee never takes cold; he is used to it. I have known him ever since long before you were born, Mark;" replied the Elder: "and I never saw him with a hat on yet. He objects to hats as one of the useless superfluities of civilization, and says that wearing one when he was young took all the hair off his head. He is generally called 'The Bald Eagle,' because he has such a great beak, and such fierce, fiery eyes. I cannot tell you whether he lives at the Eagle's Nest or not, because he never invites anyone to visit him, and I never came across anyone who had ever seen his house."

I was for a moment in two minds whether to ask the Elder about that disputed matter of the bee and the bonnet; but as I shrewdly suspected that I would only be laughed at again for my pains I restrained my curiosity; inwardly resolving, however, to have the matter thoroughly investigated at a more convenient opportunity.

About three miles southeast of us lay the Ford, which was situated just at the opening of the letter C, and of which from our elevated point of observation we seemed to have almost a bird's-eye view. Midway between, at the top of a high hill, not far from the edge of the "bank," rose the little spire of Peartree Chapel.

Turning partially round, and looking southwest, I desisted, about two miles away, a quaint, castellated-looking stone building, surmounted by a weathercock, and built on the very edge of one of the highest peaks of the bank. This building was at a considerable distance from any travelled road, and had an exceeding solitariness of aspect. It formed such a picturesque feature in the landscape that it aroused my ever-wakeful curiosity, and gave immediate rise to numerous questions on my part. The Elder informed me that that house was called "The Eyrie" and was inhabited by a very wicked man whose name was Doctor King. The Elder looked so preternaturally grave and solemn when he mentioned the name of this occidental disciple of Hippocrates that I forbore at that time to ask for any particulars as to the especial character of the latter's wickedness. I could perceive, however, that his delinquencies must be very grave indeed, for the Elder seemed to shudder and grow cold at the mere mention of his name.

After spending an hour in the turret, and taking in the view from all points, we descended to the kitchen, where an early dinner had been prepared for us. It was one of the many singular characteristics of these Jubusites that they never knew when they had enough of a good thing. Grace was said, and dinner eaten; and one would have supposed that the only remaining duty necessary to be performed was to return thanks. But not so thought Elder Redpath, who, at the conclusion of the meal, proceeded to offer up a prayer so long, so tedious, and so comprehensive, that it seemed as though dinner had been merely a slight prelude to the devotions, instead of the devotions being only a decorous accompaniment to the dinner. He framed his petition as skilfully as ever a lawyer framed an indictment, and—in all reverence be it spoken—he absolutely left Providence no loophole of escape. He besought protection from every variety of calamity that ever happened to mortal man, and forgiveness for every offence that ever had, or by any possibility could have been committed. This prayer was supplemented by a verbose exposition of a text of Scripture from Job Greaves. Then, having got through with this singular morning call, we returned home and settled down to our new life.

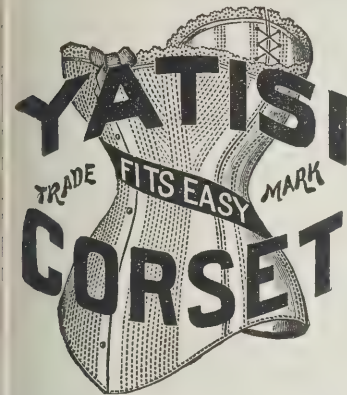
The Bald Eagle did not seem very solicitous to avail himself of my father's cordial invitation to call upon us, for a good many weeks passed by before I next set eyes upon him. Meanwhile my father told us all that was known about him, which was very little, for he brooked no question about his antecedents from any one. It was impossible to form any clear idea even as to his age. He had first made his appearance in the neighbourhood about

twenty years before the date of the opening of this narrative, since which time he had not grown perceptibly older. He led a barbarous, nomadic sort of life, gaining his livelihood, such as it was, by hunting and fishing. He associated chiefly with the Mohawk Indians—whose language he spoke, and with whom he claimed kinship—when he associated with any one; but it was not often that he was to be found in company of any kind. He commonly affected solitude. If he had any settled place of habitation, no man, woman or child in the district had ever been able to learn its whereabouts; but from the circumstance that he was most frequently seen in the vicinity of the Eagle's Nest, and had more than once been descried from a distance wandering about on the very top of it, it was generally supposed that he must have some sort of dwelling there. So far as was known, no human being except himself had ever succeeded in scaling its precipitous heights; and there were tolerably good reasons why no man whose bosom dwelt a common share of the better part of valor had ever attempted the ascent. In winter it was not easy to get within half a mile of its base, for its exposed situation caused it to be surrounded with inaccessible ice-gorges and snow-drifts; and in summer and early autumn that particular locality literally swarmed with those most terrible of reptiles, rattlesnakes. The ophidians, however, apparently possessed no terrors for the Bald Eagle; though I have no reason for supposing that to various other accomplishments of an unusual character he added that of snake charming. His singular manner and mode of life led to his being supposed partly insane. He was a very expert huntsman, and his skill with the rifle was almost miraculous. He had all the cunning which is popularly attributed to the children of the Six Nations, and to this quality was added a familiarity with some of the appliances of civilization. He could read the English language, and even write it, after a fashion; but where he had contrived to pick up these acquirements was a problem which no man in the community could solve. He was a total abstainer from the matter of strong drink, and the bar-room of Price's tavern had no attractions for him. He was on terms of more or less familiarity with the inhabitants of Burtch's Landing; but as a general thing he did not take kindly to the pale-faces, and the white man in the district, my father excepted, had ever won much of his favour. It was doubtless to the circumstance of my father having rescued him from a watery grave, as mentioned in a former chapter, that the preference was to be attributed; and since the happening of that event the half-breed had given his preservation many proofs of his gratitude and good-will. He had kept my father's larder plentifully supplied with venison, and whatever choice game happened to be in season. He had given information which had led to the recovery of a valuable colt which the Tuscororas had stolen from my father's pastures. He had even descended to work steadily as a farm-labourer in my father's field for a week at a time: a signal mark of favour which he would have vouchsafed to no one else: and had persistently refused to accept any recompense for his services. Last, but not least, he had by his watchful care and vigilance saved us from a very disagreeable rencontre on the night of our arrival; and as it would serve no good purpose to keep the circumstances connected with that affair any longer a mystery, I may as well explain them in this place.

My mother's letter, apprizing my father of our intended arrival, reached him early in the afternoon of the day on which we arrived at Johnson's Ford. It was placed in his hands while Elder Redpath and he were engaged in paying off the men who had for a week past been assisting at the fall threshing. His delight at receiving the intelligence was very great, and he at once announced the contents of the letter to the Elder, in the presence of Sebastian Gee and the other men who were present. Among these last were two habitués of Burtch's Landing. It occurred to these latter that my mother would probably be the bearer of a sufficient sum of money to make it worth their while to rob us on our way homeward, and they adjourned to the barn to talk over the scheme.

(Continued next week.)

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The Rev. G. M. Milligan, pastor of Jarvis Street Presbyterian Church, writes,

384 Sherbourne St., Toronto,
July 26th, 1883.

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I remain, thankfully yours,

Malvern, P.O.

L. D. CLOSSEN, M.D.

St. Marys, Oct. 13th, 1884.

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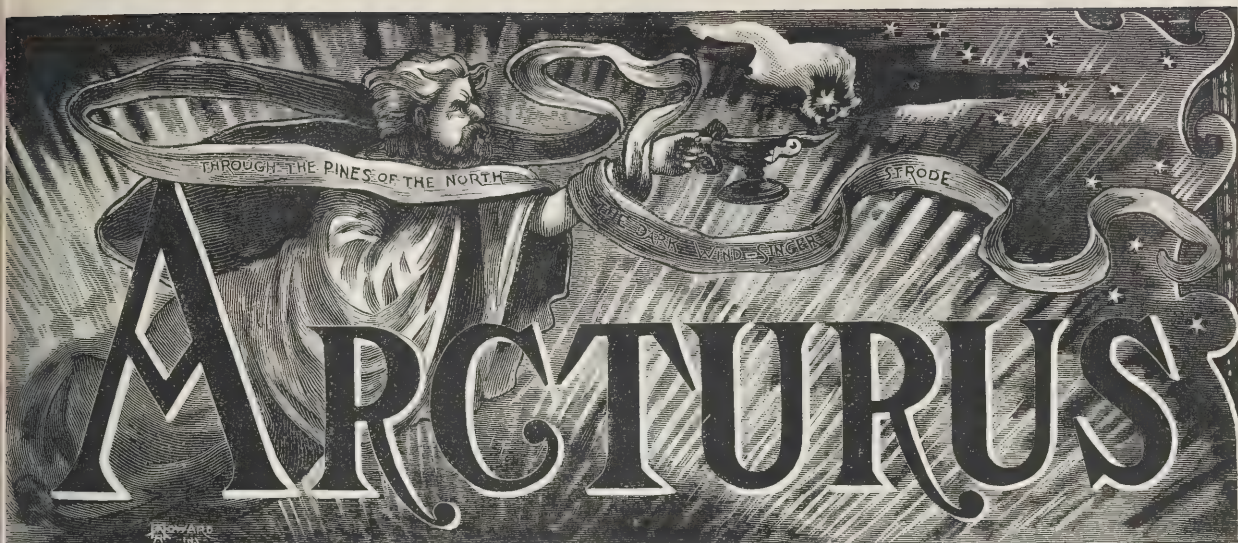
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VOL. 1. }
No. 12. }

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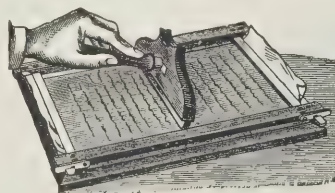
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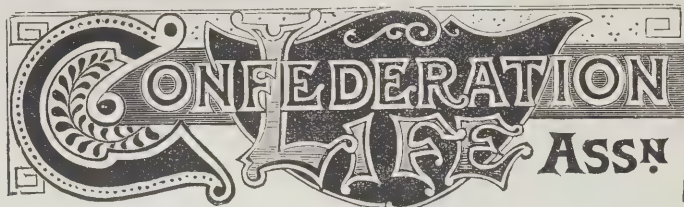
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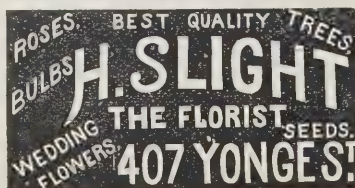
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Editorial Notes.

POLITICAL PULPITEERS.

It is to be regretted that no definite result was arrived at on Monday of last week, when the Ministerial Association discussed the limits of a minister's legitimate interference in politics. There seemed to be a general feeling that ministers should not identify themselves with any political party. This is undoubtedly a sound and sensible doctrine, which should be far more rigidly adhered to by our spiritual pastors and masters than it is. Party politics are preached, under thin disguises, from many Canadian pulpits, particularly about election time. Congregations, being composed of persons of mixed opinions, are set at loggerheads upon the substance of political sermons, and instead of being one in Christ they become houses divided against themselves. With moral and social questions ministers of the Gospel have assuredly the right to deal, and that vigorously; but such questions are not of any party, nor should they be made the means of pulpit canvassing. It is a pity some restraining resolution was not placed on record by the Ministerial Association.

THE IRISH COERCION BILL.

THE measure now before the Imperial House of Commons relative to the government of Ireland is one the spirit of which there is no possibility of mistaking. It is an out-and-out coercion bill, more repressive in its scope than any measure which has been submitted to Parliament during the present agitation. With respect to certain classes of crime it contemplates a virtual abolition of the jury system, and practically places the press under the censorship and control of the local magistracy. In cases of the gravest character it proposes to change the venue from Ireland to England. Purely political offences are excluded from the operation of the bill, which moreover is only intended to apply to proclaimed districts; but these districts are precisely those where the feeling of hostility to the union is

greatest, and where any attempt to remove an Irish prisoner to England for trial would meet with the most stubborn and determined resistance. The bill has set the Parnellites members fairly aflame. They pronounce it to be a measure of unparalleled atrocity, and pledge themselves to fight it clause by clause to the bitter end. The Government, with the aid of the Liberal Unionists, will almost certainly be able to carry it intact, but its passage will provoke such a storm in Ireland and among the Irish in America as has not yet been heard. It really seems as though hammer and anvil were likely to come into collision at last. There can of course be no doubt as to the immediate effect of such a collision, but it is discouraging to know that all the negotiations and parleys of the past nine years should have no better issue than this.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE CLOTURE.

MR. GLADSTONE is certainly tempting his fate to the uttermost in these latter years. His speech on the cloture in the House of Commons the other night must have taken most of the members of that body by surprise. He for the first time posed in the rôle of leader of the combined Liberals and Parnellites, and some of his remarks were of such a character as would hardly have been tolerated from any other member of the House without a reprimand from the Speaker. It is unquestionable that many who have sympathized with him in his change of base on the Irish question, and who were prepared to follow him almost anywhere, will think it time to pause when they perceive the anomalous position in which he has placed himself by his latest utterances. It may be conceded that the stand he has taken of late years with respect to Ireland has been due to a sincere change of opinion, brought about by a fuller acquaintance with the subject, and by a statesmanlike and philanthropic desire to render justice to a long-suffering and much-enduring people. His public repudiation of the self-same doctrines which he was wont to uphold with all the power of his eloquence in the days when he was in office—even this may be accepted as springing from more matured thought and profound intensity of conviction. But it is positively astounding to hear him give open and direct encouragement to the obstruction of public business—nay, to hear him indirectly threaten the Government and the Speaker of the House if they dare to follow the bent of the majority. This from Mr. Gladstone! One would as soon expect to hear a sermon from His Grace the R. C. Archbishop of Toronto in favour of divorce. We refuse to believe that the exact words of the ex-Premier's speech have been reported, and we patiently await further developments before coming to a conclusion.

OUR GOVERNOR-GENERAL AS A LANDLORD.

DOUBTLESS there are two sides to this story about the Marquis of Lansdowne and his Irish tenantry, but the *ex parte* statement for the prosecution discloses a dark case against Her Majesty's representative in this Dominion. It appears that William O'Brien is to come over here to explain the true inwardness of the situation to the Canadian people. The representatives of the League will of course yield him a cordial greeting, and it is safe to assume that his lectures will be attended by large audiences. He is a voluble and effective speaker, full of enthusiasm and highly charged with electric sentiment about the wrongs of Ireland; so that we may expect to have one side of the story painted for us in vivid colours. His Excellency will probably feel it incumbent upon him to make some more comprehensive statement on the subject than the one which has just been put forth in his behalf. Should he fail to do so, there are a good many Canadians who will pronounce judgment against him by default.

MR. McDUGALL ON THE FISHERIES.

THE Hon. William McDougall has been delivering himself on the subject of the fisheries. His opinion should carry weight, for the subject is one which he years ago made his own, and which he probably understands about as thoroughly as any man in Canada. His conclusions, however, as recently given to a reporter at Ottawa, seem to have been arrived at on general principles rather than as the result of special study or investigation. They are, in brief, that the United States, with a population of sixty millions, and with interests fully commensurate with her population, will not submit to be coerced by this Canada of ours, with a population of less than five millions. This may be, and probably is, the gist of the whole matter; but the obvious remark presents itself: Can a great nation like the United States afford, in the interests of her future, to do less than justice in the premises? In other words, are there no such things as inherent rights and inherent wrongs, which nations and individuals alike are bound to recognize? It seems to us that there are, and that no nation ever existed upon which such recognition was more imperative than the United States.

THE SALVATION ARMY IN INDIA.

THE Rev. Mr. Ellison, Harbour Chaplain in Bombay, in a letter addressed to the father of a Salvation Army missionary from Toronto, who was left at death's door in that city, points out the futility and inhumanity of sending out untrained missionaries to such a country as India. To the class of zealous devotees who give themselves wholly to the cause of salvation, as mapped out by General Booth, the opportunity of visiting a vast stronghold of heathenism is no doubt attractive. The possibilities of personal sacrifice and self-abnegation are considered in the abstract before they start; but the numerous difficulties that are to be encountered at every turn in dealing with the natives of Hindustan cannot present themselves to the uneducated minds that march against millions armed only with the Gospel.

The Hindoos (by which we mean all natives of that most remarkable Asiatic Empire, which is nameless among its own many races) are not an unreflecting people, and of all conservatism, perhaps that of caste and religion as practised by them is the most conservative. It is scarcely to be expected that the believers in the Sacred Vedas, which can parallel the oldest Jewish records in antiquity, will give up the faith of some fifty centuries at the bidding of a Salvation Army missionary, or that a follower of Gautama's doctrines will be terrified into Christian salvation by the loud beating of tambourines and the constant shouting of Alleluiahs. Most truly has it been said that "God works in a mysterious way"; but in religious as well as other conditions of human existence, there is to be found a harmony between faith and human capacity. There is no point of agreement between the Hindus, Buddhists or Mahometans on the one hand and the proselyting Salvationist on the other. The Jesuits have found India a hard region to sow the seed in. Other sects are still making slow headway against the accumulated religious ideas of centuries, and it is not to be expected that the emissaries of any army formed to convert the lowest of the unconverted dwellers in professedly Christian cities can cope with the remnants of the strongest natural religion known. The effort is not noble, but misdirected, and the poor creatures who go forth to fight are to be pitied rather than admired.

A SEASON OF PROSPERITY.

VARIOUS indications of a season of commercial prosperity are apparent at the present time, both in Canada and the United States. The mercantile condition of affairs in the adjoining republic is always sure to reflect itself on this side of the boundary, and there, at least, the improved prospects in certain lines of industry are so perceptible as to be pretty generally admitted. There is no scarcity of money, which is easily procurable at moderate rates, and for this, the most important of all mercantile commodities, there is more than a fair demand. The railways are doing an exceptionally large business in freights, and branch lines and extensions are projected all over the country. Old capitalists of large experience, who are reputed to be wise in discerning the face of the commercial sky, attach a good deal of importance to the failure of the great labour strikes in New York, Boston, and other business centres. While it cannot be said that labour has sustained any crushing defeat, or that capital has achieved any signal triumph at the expense of the workingman, the opposing forces have in many cases arrived at a practical solution of their differences, and there is a general feeling that for the present no further serious industrial disturbance is to be looked for. This of itself will necessarily do much to help along the revival. We in Canada have waited long and patiently for the "good times" which we have been told were "coming." It is beyond measure gratifying to feel that there is now some prospect of the prediction being realized. It goes without saying that advocates of the N.P. will claim all the credit for the incoming wave. Well, give us first the result, and then let whomsoever can establish a claim have the credit.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1887.

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CANADIAN ANTIQUITIES.

ALTHOUGH many Canadians have some knowledge of the history of their native land, our national antiquities have not received at the hands of our scientists the attention which they deserve. These antiquities are of course the earliest remains of the Indians. The most important researches that have up to the present been made in this field of anthropological enquiry have emanated nearly altogether from outside of Canada. It may be said indeed that outsiders know more of prehistoric America than the inhabitants of the American continent. There is nothing in Canadian literature to compare with the contributions of Markham, Virchow, or Powell. There is not even a recognized handbook upon the subject. There is not a first-class collection of remains, as one would expect to find in a country filled with the debris of aboriginal history. Yet there cannot be a more deeply interesting study than this savage archæology, if patiently and properly pursued. It is almost safe to assume that more is known of the Belgian cave-dwellers of the paleolithic ages than of the prehistoric dwellers in Canada. Perhaps half a million of years separate their respective periods of vitality. It might be that some light would be thrown upon the genesis of the North American Indian, still a *vexata quæstio* among ethnologists, who do not all agree with the theory of the Hittites in America as once propounded by an ingenious but also illusioned philologist of Montreal. At any rate, if only from the mere desire to preserve from destruction the relics of ancient days when the red men ruled the land, some organized attempt should be made to collect for the nation these objects of archæological value and interest. They tell a great story in a little compass, and should not be lost. The majority of finds are undoubtedly of the neolithic order; but there are probably many far older relics of early life on what is now Canadian soil. The Canadian Institute should take up this work, and in no hap-hazard manner. As many specimens of pottery, shell, bone, horn and stone utensils, weapons and ornaments should be secured as is possible, with a view to forming a national collection of Canadian antiquities accessible to the public. The necessity for speedy and thorough action in this matter is absolute and apparent, for the monuments of ancient savagery are not of the large and lasting nature that pertain to ancient civilization. They are devoid of the historic associations connected with temples, coins, bronzes, etc., belonging to classi-

cal archæology it is true; but there is nevertheless a great interest attaching to the rude implements and utensils of a more primitive life. These are still plentiful in Canada. They are ploughed up every spring and fall, and flung aside by the laborious but unsympathetic agriculturist, in whose eyes the only yield is that of a good harvest of golden grain. It is not to be expected that he will waste his time over the buried remains of other days, and certainly it is not his business; but by this time there should be sufficient spirit and energy among the many savants of this Dominion to seriously undertake a *thorough* research in the direction of Canadian antiquities. No doubt there exist many private collections of such relics; but these are inaccessible alike to the student and to the public. What is wanted is a national collection, and it is to be hoped steps will soon be taken to supply the need. Then we may expect to find some Canadian Evans among us capable of writing an accurate and interesting description of aboriginal reliquiae.

E. G. G.

Book Notices.

THE TALE OF TROY. Done into English by Aubrey Stewart, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London and New York, Macmillan & Co. Toronto, R. W. Douglas & Co.

In this work Mr. Stewart has given us "the tale of Troy divine" in prose form, in admirable English, and in the very spirit and style of Homer. He begins with the old-fashioned "Once upon a time," and the sequel is of the adventurous and romantic character to which the story everywhere lends itself. The book is doubtless chiefly intended for the use of young persons, but it may be read with pleasure and profit by persons of any age—even by students of Homer. The following brief extract will show how thoroughly the author has imbued himself with the spirit of the Father of Greek poetry:—

"As when a strong west wind blows, the waves first rear their crests far out at sea, and then, growing ever longer and heavier as they draw nigher to the land, break with a thunderous roar upon the beach, and toss the spray high above the tall cliffs of the shore, even so did the Greeks that day roll unceasingly onward against the hosts of Troy. Man to man and lance to lance they fought; and dread was the clash of shield against shield, the shouts of the warriors and the groans of the fallen, while beneath their feet the plain of Troy ran red with blood."

FOUR WINDS FARM. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Walter Crane. London, Macmillan & Co. Toronto, R. W. Douglas & Co.

This is another book written for the entertainment of young people, but possessing merits which may well recommend it to children of a larger growth. "This," says the author, towards the close of the last chapter, "is only the story of the very opening of the life of a boy who lived to make his mark among men." It tells how little Gratian Conyfer, the godchild of the Four Winds, meets with and successfully withstands the first great temptation which assails him. The narrative is clearly and beautifully told, and its little hero gains a strong hold upon the reader's affections. Mrs. Molesworth inscribes the volume to her "youngest daughter Olive," because, as she says, they thought of it together. The spiritual truths conveyed are however the work of no "youngest daughter," and the text is that of a

clever and practised writer. Walter Crane's illustrations are in his best style, and add not a little to the charm of a book which would be delightful even without such artistic adjuncts.

WINTER SONGS AND SKETCHES. New York, E. P. Dutton & Co. Toronto, R. W. Douglas & Co.

Here is a truly beautiful little quarto, which may be bought at a price not much more than nominal, and which nevertheless contains pictorial effects such as, a very few years ago, all the wealth of the Rothschilds would not have sufficed to purchase. The literary contents are charming in themselves, and include verses by Shakspeare, Herrick, Shelley, Keats, Swinburne, Tennyson, Austin Dobson and others. In this respect, however, the volume has nothing to specially distinguish it from other collections of verses by eminent poets. It is in the matter of pictorial illustration that it presents exceptional claims to notice. The style of art is altogether novel and striking, combining all the finest effects of the rarest wood engraving with a softness and warmth of tint which no wood engraving can even distantly approach. The process, which is understood to emanate from Germany, appears to be a dexterous adaptation of oleo-lithography, and seems admirably adapted to the illustration of poetry and works of fiction. What a pleasure would it be to possess an edition of one's favourite author, illustrated after this artistic and delightful fashion.

IN DIVERS TONES. By Charles G. D. Roberts, Author of *Orion*, and *Other Poems*, Professor of English Literature in the University of King's College, Windsor, N.S. Montreal, Dawson Brothers. Toronto, R. W. Douglas & Co.

Professor Roberts, it is to be presumed, has adopted the title of this little volume from Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. The contents, however, are adapted from nobody, and are in the author's happiest manner. Those readers who welcomed *Orion* several years ago will receive this contribution from the same source with full acceptance. Mr. Roberts's strong point is perhaps rather in treatment than in conception, but one or two of the pieces in this volume indicate that he can invent as well as describe. Some of the softer warblings fall soothingly and gratefully upon the soul. The invocation to Canada, forming the second poem in the collection, breathes forth the true spirit of independence. It is suggestive just at the present time, as being a veritable voice from the Maritime Provinces. The following fine stanza gives a faithful idea of the pervading spirit of the whole :—

How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness not thine own ;
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone !

Professor Roberts's Montreal publishers have done him justice in the matter of mechanical details. A neater or more tasty little volume is not often seen. In respect of paper, typography and binding, Messrs. Dawson Brothers have fully maintained the reputation which they long ago acquired, and which they seem determined to maintain.

MR. T. WEMYSS REID, late editor of *The Leeds Mercury*, on leaving Leeds to take the position of general manager for Messrs. Cassell & Co., has been presented by some of the inhabitants with a cheque for 425 guineas and a gold watch of the value of 75 guineas. Several other presents have also been given to Mr. Reid, including a silver inkstand from the members of the Leeds Liberal Club, and an English oak writing cabinet from the staff of the paper.

Correspondence.

Editor ARCTURUS : *Modern Massacre.*

DEAR SIR,—I read an editorial in your last issue commenting strongly on the railway disasters occasioned by derailment and fire, which appears to me to be but an echo of a generally arising public sentiment on that matter. Lives and limbs are being sacrificed at a shocking rate of late. The succession of horrors which have occurred is sufficient to wake up the most soulless of corporations—railway companies—to the duty of the hour. These latter cannot excuse themselves on the score of inability to avoid such disasters. First, there appears to be palpable negligence as to the condition of the road-bed ; secondly, a criminal refusal to accept those appliances which inventors have brought to their notice, intended, and practically proved, to prevent disasters. We know that hundreds of couplers have been invented, any one of which would spare the lives of the poor brakemen. There has been an invention patented for several years, both here and in the United States, and tested on all leading railways, which practically renders derailment under ordinary circumstances impossible, *i.e.*, in cases of sharp curves, broken rails, open switches, spreading of rails, etc. There have been many other inventions brought to the notice of railway corporations and their practicability proved beyond question, but railway magnates are above all things conservative in their method of doing business. Nothing but compulsion, or the strongest incentive to self-interest, will cause them to move in the forward march of greater security to life and property, or even the economical utilization of their own resources.

What I deem to be the duty of the press, our public men, Boards of Trade, and all beneficial institutions is to start an agitation which will crystallize itself in a law compelling railway companies to adopt all reasonable appliances and all reasonable means of securing to the travelling public the greatest possible safety. And here comes in a strong argument for the existence of a railway commission, whereby railway companies might be made amenable to some power, greater than their own, looking to the public interests.

And let me remark that the government, controlling as it does several lines of railway in the Dominion, should set an example by adapting such safeguards as are available and practicable. But governments, like other corporative bodies, do not usually act until compelled to, and there is little hope, even here, until the compulsion come from the people in an unmistakable demand that they have rights to protection, while travelling, which railways and governments are bound to respect. The safe way is the better way. If railway companies but counted the cost of wrecks, compensation of claims, etc., etc., they would find they could afford to be generous in providing for the safety of passengers.

Yours very truly,

Chatham, Ont., March 21st, 1887.

R. E. GOSNELL.

Literary Notes.

MESSRS. R. W. DOUGLAS & Co., of 250 Yonge St., have just passed through the custom house and placed upon their shelves a huge importation of English and American books. The collection is a miscellaneous one, including all the staples suitable for Mechanics' Institutes and public libraries. Among these are cheap editions of all the leading poets, historians and novelists, works of travel and adventure, and a large number of illustrated juveniles. Several of the most noticeable of the latter are particularly referred to in the current number under the head of "Book Notices." Among the more expensive works may be mentioned a huge folio of choice *Etchings by American Artists* ; a splendidly-bound set of Black's 25-vol. edition of the *Waverley Novels* ; and several copies of Tennyson's *Complete Works*, beautifully bound and tooled by Tout, whose name is well known to bibliophiles as belonging to one of the foremost bookbinders in the world. Book-lovers who have a spare hour at their disposal can spend it very pleasantly in inspecting these and other literary treasures to be found on the premises.

THE spelling of Russian names is a constant difficulty. Miss Isabel F. Hapgood writes to *The New York Independent* on the subject as follows: "*Tourguéneff* is the way he used to spell it himself when he wrote letters in French. It represents the sound well, but it is Frenchified. I always spell it *Turgeneff*. That substitutes one letter in English for one in Russian, and is, therefore, I think, the best. But you must always remember that the *e* is something like *ie*—*gay*—in fact, but as delicate as the *i* which people west of the western boundary line of New England introduce into such words as *earth*—*ear(i)th*; *bird*—*i(i)rd*; *worth*—*wor(i)th*, and so on; also that the *u* is like *ou*. No one—myself included—spells Russian quite consistently in English. For instance, I spell *Dostoevsky* thus. It is pronounced *Dostayévskiy*, since an *o* is only *o* when the accent falls on it; and in other cases it is *a*. But no one would know of whom I was writing if I were consistent. So I do as in the case of *Turgeneff*. On the whole, that is the best plan, especially as an actual reproduction of the sound would entail an enormous number of letters in some names where the sibilants occur, as *iy*, *tchotch*! The result in such cases reminds me, in the effect on the visionary reader of Lowell's lines—

'She nerved her larynx for the dreadful thing,
And cleared the five-barred syllables at a spring.'

Poetry.

NOT A POET.

Not a Poet? no, he sings not;
Are not poets sometimes mute?
Is he greater, he whose bosom
Feels the thrill or plays the lute?
Is the blare of brazen trumpet
Sounded in the ear of Art
Strong as silver chord that vibrates
Through the chambers of the heart?
Is the voice of Alpine thunder,
Calling from its cloud retreat,
Stronger than the brook that murmurs
All its music at our feet?
Is the sigh from wave of ocean,
Beating 'gainst life's hither shore,
Stronger as it sinks to silence,
Or amid the tempest's roar?
Thrills not all life's solemn music
Through the soul's strange woof and warp;
From the monotonies of Nature.
On her great Eolian harp?
And the Poet—he who gathers
All the sad and solemn strain;
Though the why and whence of being,
Still but *why* and *whence* remain;
Stands he by the Caves of Silence,
Where the night-winds come and go;
Asking still that awful question,
Answering winds, "We do not know."
Waits he still, in time-bound fetters,
Gazing through his prison bars;
Calling out in helpless pleading
To the cold and voiceless stars.
Thus adown the cycling ages,
Kneels he at some heathen throne;
Hands upraised to Baal or Moloch,
Reaching to the Great Unknown.
But the awful *if*, that meets him,
Drifting hopeless from the shore;
Into utter outer darkness,
If 'tis darkness, evermore!
But do not the wings of morning
Wait upon the darkest night?
Is there not a sun still shining
Always on the shores of light?
Judge him kindly, if he wanders
From the line so plain to thee.
What to some is truth unquestioned,
He may strangely fail to see.
You may stand where others left you,
He has on and onward trod,
Till no chart will show his bearing—
Is he farther, then, from God?

D. McCaig.

THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

THE annual address to the students of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching was delivered this year on the last Saturday in February, by the Right Hon. John Morley, M.P., who took for his subject, "The Study of Literature." In the course of his remarks he thus referred to

THE ATTITUDE OF SCIENCE TO LITERATURE.

After the severity with which science was for so many ages treated by literature, I cannot wonder that science now retaliates and treats literature somewhat with contempt. I only have to say on the relative claims of science and literature what the great Dr. Arnold said: "If I had to choose, I would rather that a son of mine believed that the sun went round the earth than that he should be entirely deficient in knowledge of beauty, of poetry, and of moral truth." I am glad to think that one may know something of these things and yet not believe that the sun goes round the earth. But of the two I, for one, am not prepared to accept the rather enormous pretensions that are nowadays made sometimes for physical science as the be-all and end-all of education. Next to this we know that there is a great stir on behalf of technical and commercial education. The special needs of our time and country compel us to pay a particular attention to this subject. Here knowledge is business, and we shall never hold our industrial pre-eminence, with all that hangs upon it, unless we push on scientific, technical and commercial education with all our might. But there is—and now I come to my subject—a third kind of knowledge which, too, in its way is business. There is the cultivation of the sympathies and imagination, the quickening of the moral sensibilities and the enlargement of the moral vision. That is, I take it, the business and function of literature. Literature alone will not make a good citizen; it will not alone make a good man. History affords too many proofs that scholarship and learning by no means purge men of acrimony, of vanity, of arrogance, and of a murderous tenacity about trifles. Mere scholarship and learning and the knowledge of books do not by any means arrest and dissolve all the travelling acids of the human system. Nor would I pretend for a moment that literature can be any substitute for life and action. A great man, Edmund Burke, said: "What is the education of the generality of the world? Reading a parcel of books? No! Restraint and discipline, examples of virtue and of justice—these are what form the education of the world." That is profoundly true; it is life that is the great educator. But the parcel of books, if they are well chosen, reconcile us to this discipline; they interpret this virtue and justice; and they awaken within us the diviner man, and rouse us to a consciousness of what is best in others and ourselves.

DISTRESSING PROCLIVITY FOR FICTION.

As a matter of fact, there is much to make us question whether the spread of literature, as now understood, does awaken the diviner man—the figures of the books that are taken out from public libraries are not at all that we could wish. I am not going to inflict many figures on you, but there is one set of figures which distresses booklovers, and that is the enormous place which fiction occupies in the books taken out. In one great town in the North prose fiction forms 76 per cent. of the books taken out. In another great town prose fiction is 82 per cent.; in another, 84 per cent.; and in another, 67 per cent. I had the curiosity to see what happens in the libraries of the United States; and there—supposing the system of cataloguing and enumeration to be the same—they are a trifle more serious in their taste than we are; and where our average is about 70 per cent., at a place like Chicago it is only about 60 per cent. In Scotland, too, it ought to be said that there they have what I call a better average in respect to prose fiction. There is there a larger demand for books called serious than in England. And I suspect, but do not know, that the reason that there is in Scotland a greater demand for the more serious class of literature than fiction is that in the Scotch Universities there are what we have not in England—well-attended chairs of literature systematically and methodically studied. And do not let it be supposed that I at all underrate the value of fiction. On the contrary, I think when a man has

done a hard day's work he can do nothing better than fall to and read the novels of Walter Scott or Miss Austen, or some of our later writers. I am a voracious reader of fiction myself. I do not, therefore, point to it as a reproach or as a source of discouragement that fiction takes so large a place in the objects of literary interest. I only point out that it is rather large, and I should be better pleased if it sank to about 40 per cent., and what is classified as general literature rose from 13 to 25 per cent.

HOW MUCH TO SPEND ON BOOKS.

There are other complaints of literature as an object of interest in this country. I was reading the other day an essay by the late head of my old college at Oxford—a very learned and remarkable man, Mr. Mark Pattison, who was a booklover if ever there was one. He complained that the bookseller's bill in the ordinary English middle-class family is shamefully small. He thought it monstrous that a man who is earning £1,000 a year should spend less than £1 a week on books—that is to say 1s. in the pound per annum. Well, I know that Chancellors of the Exchequer take from us 8s. and 6d. in the pound, and I am not sure that they always use it as wisely as if they left us to spend it on books. Still, 1s. in the pound to be spent on books by a clerk who earns £200 a year, or by a workman who earns a quarter of that sum is rather more, I think, than can be reasonably expected. And I do not think, for my part, that a man does want to have a very great many books. Mr. Pattison said that nobody who respected himself could have less than 1,000 volumes, and he pointed out that you can stand 1,000 octavo volumes in a bookcase that shall be 13ft. wide by 10ft. 6in. deep, and that everybody has that space at disposal. But the point is not that men should have a great many books, but that they should have the right ones, and that they should use those that they have. We may all agree in lamenting that there are so many houses—and some of considerable social pretension—where you will not find a good atlas, a good dictionary and a good cyclopædia of reference. And, what is still more lamentable, in a good many more houses where these books are they are never referred to or opened. That is a very serious and very discouraging fact, because I defy anybody to take up a copy of *The Times* newspaper—and I speak in the presence of gentlemen well up in all that is going on in the world—and not come upon something in it upon which they would be wise to consult an atlas, dictionary or cyclopædia of reference.

BORN INCAPACITY FOR READING.

Now, I do not think that everybody is born with the ability for using books, and reading and studying literature. Certainly not everybody is born with the capacity of being a great scholar. All people are no more born great scholars like Gibbon and Bentley than they are born great musicians like Handel and Beethoven. But some people are born with the incapacity of reading, as some are with the incapacity of distinguishing one tune from another, and to them I have nothing to say. Even the morning paper is too much for them to get more than a skimming from. I go further, and I frankly admit that the habit and power of reading with reflection, comprehension and memory, all alert and awake, does not come at once to the natural man any more than many other sovereign virtues. What I do submit to you and press upon you with great earnestness, is that it requires no preterhuman force of will in man or woman—unless household circumstances are unusually unfavourable—to get at least half an hour out of a solid busy day for good and disinterested reading. Now, in half an hour, I fancy, you can read fifteen or twenty pages of Burke, or you can read one of Wordsworth's masterpieces—say, the lines on Tintern—or more than half—if a scholar, in the original, and if not, in a translation—of a book of the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*. I am not filling the half hour too full; try for yourselves what you can read in half an hour. Then multiply the half hour by 365, and consider what treasures you might have laid by at the end of the year; and what happiness, fortitude, and wisdom they would have given you for a lifetime. I will not take up your time by explaining the various mechanical contrivances and aids to successful study. They are not to be despised by those who would extract the most from books. Many people think of knowledge as of money. They would like it, but

cannot face the perseverance and self denial that go to the acquisition of it, as money.

READ WITH A PEN IN YOUR HAND.

The wise student will do most of his reading with a pen in his hand. He will not shrink from the useful toil of making abstracts and summaries of what he is reading. Some great men—Gibbon was one, and Daniel Webster was another, and the great Lord Strafford was a third—always before reading a book made a short, rough analysis of the questions which they expected to be answered in it, and the conditions to be made for their answer, and whither it would take them. I have sometimes tried that studied and guarded attention, and I have never done so without advantage; and I commend it to you. I need not tell you that I think that most books worth reading once are worth reading twice, and the masterpieces of literature—among this is a very important fact—are worth reading a thousand times. It is a great mistake to think that because you have read a masterpiece once or twice, or ten times, that you have done with it. Because it is a masterpiece you ought to live with it and make it part of your daily life. Another practice which I commend to you is that of keeping a common-place book, and transcribing into it all that is striking and interesting and suggestive, or that seems to lead anywhere. And if you keep it wisely and well, as Locke has taught us, you will put every entry under a head division and sub-division, which is excellent practice for concentrating your thought on the passage, and making you alive to its real point and significance.

ABOUT THE "HUNDRED BEST BOOKS"

I have been asked to say something about those lists of a hundred books that have been circulating through this universe within the last few months. I have examined some of these lists with considerable care, and whatever else may be said of them—and I speak of them with great deference and modesty, because men for whom I have a great regard compiled them—they do not seem to me to be calculated to either create or satisfy wise tastes for literature in any very worthy sense. To fill a man with hundred parcels of heterogeneous scraps from the *Mahabharata* down to *Pickwick* and *White's Selborne*, may pass the time, but don't think it would strengthen or instruct or delight. I agree with others that the steady working down one of these lists would end in the manufacture of that obnoxious creature, the prig. A prig has been defined as an animal who is overfed for its size; and I think that this precise amount would lead to an immense quantity of that overfeeding for size. The object of reading is not to dip into everything that wise men have ever written. In the words of one of the purest writers of English that ever existed—Cardinal Newman—the object of literature in education is to open the mind, to correct it, to refine it, to enable to comprehend and digest its knowledge, to give it power over its own faculties, application, flexibility, method, critical exactness, sagacity, address and expression. These are the objects of that intellectual performance which a literary education is destined to give. I will not give you a list of a hundred books but will recommend you to one book well worthy of your attention. Those who are curious as to what they should read in the region of pure literature will do well to peruse my friend Frederic Harrison's volume called *The Choice of Books*. You will find there as much wise thought, elegantly and brilliantly put, as any volume of its size, whether it be in the list of a hundred or not.

THE CIRCUS HORSE.

PEOPLE who go to the circus and see horses, elephants, monkeys and the like perform wonderful tricks must often ask themselves how the animals are taught to do them. A writer in the *Manchester Guardian* having interviewed several circus celebrities, undertakes to satisfy their curiosity. M. Loyal, who has been ringmaster of the leading Paris circus for 32 years, supplies interesting information concerning horses. "The horse," he says, "contrary to general belief, is the most stupid animal on earth. He has only one faculty—memory. You must teach him his exercises with the cavesson and the long whip. Having forced them into his head, you

must use the short whip when he resists, and give him a carrot when he obeys. Whips and carrots form the secret of the trainer. The horse must be from 5 to 7 years old; before that age he is too spirited; after it his muscles are not elastic enough."

The first thing to do is to accustom your horse to the ring, to make him run round regularly, and then to stop at a given signal. To accomplish this the animal is brought into the ring. The trainer holds in his left hand a tether, which is passed into the girth, a kind of iron crescent armed with sharp points fixed in the nose of the horse; in his right hand he holds a long whip. Behind the animal an assistant with a stout, short whip is posted. The trainer calls on the horse to start, and, pulling his tether and cracking his long whip, forces him to gallop round. If he refuses, the assistant uses his whip also; if he is obedient, he is rewarded with a carrot. To make him stop short the trainer cracks his long whip again, while the assistant, with his short whip, throws himself suddenly in front of the animal, and the result is obtained.

M. Loyal tells us that "the horse has a great deal of objection to kneeling or lying down at any moment. This feat is taught by means of iron bracelets placed on his ankles and attached to a tether held by the trainer, who, by sudden jerks or pulls as he is moving, makes him fall or kneel. The animal remembers the lessons, and, by dint of whip and carrot, ultimately performs them at the mere command of the trainer. The horse is taught to dance to music in the same way with the foot bracelets."

As regards the learned horse, who opens boxes and takes articles out of them, here is how the animal is trained to do it:—"I first get a carrot," says M. Loyal. "I place it in a box. I then lead the horse to the box. He smells the carrot, lifts up the lid of the box with his nose and takes out the vegetable, which he is allowed to eat. The next day, before letting the horse free, I show him a handkerchief full of bran. He takes it and tries to eat it. I then let him loose. He runs to the box, but—bitter deception—it is empty. The day after I resume the exercise, but this time the horse finds the handkerchief with the bran in the box. He takes it out and I reward him with a carrot. I decrease the amount of bran in the handkerchief every day, until in the end I put merely the handkerchief in the box. The horse brings it to me and gets his carrot. I then reduce the size of the carrot every day, until at last I give him nothing. The horse continues to perform with the handkerchief in the hope of getting the carrot."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

ANONYMOUS AUTHORSHIP.

THE question of the authorship of certain popular works has given rise to a great deal of speculation. A few months ago the Americans were puzzling their brains to discover the name of the author of *The Bread Winners*. Among other stinging charges against him, to induce him to break the silence, was that it was a base and craven thing to publish a book anonymously! "My motive in withholding my name is simple enough," he said to his various critics. "I am engaged in business in which my standing would be seriously compromised were it known that I had written a novel. I am sure that my practical efficiency is not lessened by this act, but I am equally sure that I could never recover from the injury it would occasion me if known among my own colleagues. For that positive reason, and for the negative one that I do not care for publicity, I resolved to keep the knowledge of my little venture in authorship restricted to as small a circle as possible. Only two persons besides myself know who wrote *The Bread Winners*."

A far more serious dispute followed the publication of the *Vestiges of Creation*, forty years ago. The theologians of Scotland were wild with rage at the audacity of the author. In scientific circles Mr. Robert Chambers was credited with the authorship; and Henry Greville seems to have had no doubt upon the matter. In *Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville*, there is an entry under the date December 28th, 1847, as follows: "I have been reading a novel called *Jane Eyre*, which is just now making a great sensation, and which absorbed and interested me more than any novel I can recollect having read. The author is unknown. Mrs. Butler—Miss Fanny Kemble—

who is greatly struck by the talent of the book, fancies it is written by Chambers—who is author of the *Vestiges of Creation*—because she thinks that whoever wrote it must, from its language, be a Scotchman; and from its sentiments be a Unitarian; and Chambers, besides answering to all these peculiarities, has an intimate friend who believes in supernatural agencies, such as are described in the last volume of the book."

Nobody knew Charlotte Brontë; but she was unable to keep the secret very long. The late R. H. Horne was present at that first dinner party given by Mr. George Smith, the publisher, when Currer Bell, then in the first flush of her fame, made her earliest appearance in a London dining-room. She was anxious to preserve the anonymity of her literary character, and was introduced by her true name. Horne, however, who sat next to her, was so fortunate as to discover her identity. Just previously he had sent to the new author, under cover of her publisher, a copy of his *Orion*. In an unguarded moment Charlotte Brontë turned to him and said:

"I was so obliged to you, Mr. Horne, for sending me you——" But she checked herself with an inward start, having thus exploded her Currer Bell secret by identifying herself with the author of *Jane Eyre*.

The late John Blackwood corresponded with George Eliot some time before he knew that she was a woman. He called her "Dear George," he says, and often used expressions which a man commonly uses only to a man! After he found out who "Dear George" was, he was naturally a little anxious to recall some of the expressions he had used. Charles Dickens, however, detected what escaped the observation of most people. Writing to a correspondent in January, 1858, he said: "Will you, by such round-about ways and methods as may present themselves, convey this note of thanks to the author of *Scenes of Clerical Life*, whose two first stories I can never say enough of, I think, them so truly admirable? But if those two volumes, or a part of them, were not written by a woman, then shall I begin to believe that I am a woman myself."—*All the Year Round*.

AN EDITOR'S PLEASANT LIFE.

THERE are but very few people who are aware of the pleasant life a newspaper man leads. His pathway is strewn with the brightest of flowers, and upon a downy couch he reposes. His daily life is one continued round of unalloyed happiness. This is why so many young men aspire to become editors. There is no end to the fun there is in the business, as will be learned from reading the following of an editor, whose style of writing was calculated to arouse people to deeds of gore. Being himself not much on his muscle, he found it necessary to keep a fighting editor, and he had a speaking-tube connected with the peeler's room, to call him when danger required.

One day a gentleman, whom the editor had referred to as a "cross-eyed dromedary," came in to request a correction, and as the fighting editor was out, he didn't respond to the signal of distress; and, while the editor and his visitor were on the floor under his desk, the former agreed to correct his mistake, and the irate man left. Pretty soon a gentleman from the rural districts came in to give the editor a big squash and get a notice, and about that time the fighting editor returned, and a boy in his room told him that the boss wanted help. The man of war was quick to respond, and dashing into his chief's room, and seeing the latter in a somewhat disordered condition, the result of his previous visitor, he thought the countryman was the cause of it, and clinched him; and, after staving up some furniture, ran the victim across the street to where an empty hearse was standing in front of an undertaker's shop. Into the vehicle he jammed the farmer and shut the door. The commotion he had created scared the horses attached to the hearse, and they started off on a dead run. People soon noticed the runaway and ran after it, and were shocked at beholding the hearse collide with a post and become a complete wreck, and their horror at seeing a human body precipitated to the sidewalk was only equalled by their amazement at seeing it spring nimbly to its feet and take off across the country yelling "murder!"

THE EAGLE'S NEST; OR, THE MARVEL OF SEBASTIAN GEE.

A Canadian Story.

PART FIRST.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK WILFORD.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

SEBASTIAN, to whom the proclivities of the rascals were well known, had remarked their furtive glances; and being ever solicitous for my father's welfare, his suspicions had been aroused, and he had stolen round the corner of the barn with the cat-like secrecy in which only an Indian is a thorough adept. He had heard sufficient of their colloquy to acquaint him with their purpose, and with the particular spot where they intended to carry it out. By this time my father had started for the Ford, whither the half-breed forthwith followed him. When he had unfolded the design of the ruffians to my father, the latter was more than half disposed to regard the intelligence as a mere freak of the Bald Eagle's mad fancy, and not wishing to alarm my mother, he had said nothing about it to her. It was not until long after that she knew what an unpleasant adventure we had escaped. The rascals, who would not have hesitated to attack us had we been protected by my father alone, knew better than to attempt anything of the kind in the presence of the Bald Eagle, whose prodigious strength and regard for my father were matters of notoriety. My father thought it better to keep silence on the subject, as no overt act had been committed, and it would have been impossible to convict them on the unsupported testimony of such a witness as Sebastian Gee. He moreover did not wish to incur their vengeance, or that of their villainous comrades at the Landing. Friction matches were cheap, and the rapparees would not have hesitated to fire the house or barn of anyone who had given them cause of offence. As a precautionary measure, my father slept with his loaded rifle suspended over his bed, and waited until the Bald Eagle should think proper to call and relate the sequel of the adventure.

CHAPTER VII.

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

THE mellow autumn season glided by almost imperceptibly to us youngsters of the House of Wilford. Everything about us was so novel and strange, and so busily were we occupied in wandering about, and seeing whatever was to be seen, that we were only passively conscious of the flight of time. The Indian summer of that year was of somewhat longer duration than usual, and lasted for a fortnight. It was succeeded by a few wet, dreary days toward the end of November; and these ushered in the rigours of a Canadian winter of unusual severity—a severity unexampled in the experience of any white settler in the district. Frozen toes, ears, and noses, were matters of frequent occurrence, and there was scarcely a family but had some frost-bitten member to exhibit for the sympathy of occasional visitors. On many days the atmosphere was so keen that out-of-door occupations had to be altogether abandoned. Sometimes intelligence would reach us of persons being frozen to death while driving home from market. On one long-remembered day in January the mercury fell to thirty-seven degrees below zero. Such a portentous state of things was alarming to some of the new colonists; but cold weather was to us an affair of comparatively little moment. We had abundance of fuel, in the shape of cordwood, piled up in long rows in the kitchen-yard, at the end of the house; and there was neither necessity nor inclination for economy in using it; for in those far-away times the market value of the best hickory, beech, and maple, was little more than nominal. So we piled high the logs in the wide-mouthed fireplace, and made ourselves cosy and comfortable in spite of the howling blasts that raged without.

I frequently look back upon that time, and wonder if it was

not really the happiest period of my life. There was a bracing healthfulness in the atmosphere which seemed to impart spirit and vigour alike to young and old. My mother's health, which since my birth had never been very robust, rapidly recovered its natural tone, and there was nothing to mar our contentment. In spite of the novel associations by which we were surrounded—perhaps in consequence of them—I do not think that any one of us ever had a moment's homesickness. We had delightful sleigh rides almost every day, except when the temperature was absolutely Arctic, or when the roads were so drifted with snow as to be impassable. And when the long winter nights came on apace we had an endless round of amusements. The great desire of my father's heart was to see us all happy, and he never wearied in his efforts for our diversion. He was at heart almost as much a child as I myself was, and the evening's performance was generally inaugurated by a game of romps, in which he took an active part. Then we used to gather round the bright, cheerful blaze, while supper was preparing. What a panorama that fireplace used to unfold to my never-tiring curiosity! How I loved to gaze into its recesses, at the hickory coals, resplendent in their white jackets, and construct all sorts of fairy landscapes and palaces out of the fantastic shapes which they assumed to my childish fancy! These visions were always most brilliant after supper, as I sat on a little stool at my father's feet, while he told us wondrous legends of the Seven Champions of Christendom, or perchance read aloud for our edification from some well-thumbed volume of thrilling adventure. Our library embraced only about a score of volumes, very few of which were adapted for juvenile reading. Baxter's *Call*, Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, and Hervey's *Meditation* were never opened except by my mother—and not very often even by her. Several odd volumes of *The Penny Magazine* were chiefly attractive by reason of the numerous wood-cuts which they contained. But *Cook's Voyages*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and Bligh's *Narrative of the Mutiny of the Bounty* were a host in themselves. They were read and re-read over and over again; and though I was too young to be able to read them for myself, I came in process of time to know their most salient passages almost by heart. There was one huge volume which was kept under lock and key in a chest of drawers in the bedroom occupied by my parents. It was a ponderous tome bound in sheepskin, and called "Parliamentary Debates." It contained a number of the most notable speeches made in the British House of Commons upon the subject of the American War of Independence. There were no illustrations in it, and as the subject-matter was not one in which any member of our family took much interest, the book was never opened for the sake of its printed contents. But in addition to its printed contents it held a certain sheet of blue foolscap paper, upon which was written an agreement between my father and Elder Redpath respecting all and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises called "The Crofts," containing by admeasurement four hundred acres, be the same more or less, situate, lying and being, etc., etc., etc. This document was kept between the leaves of the volume of debates, and was read aloud by my father in my presence not many days after our arrival. I was too young to take any interest in its contents, but I remember that my mother listened to them with rapt attention. The general purport of the document, as understood by her, was to place my father in the place of his predecessor, Giles Hartley. He was to receive a deed in fee-simple of the farm so soon as the Elder should be in a position to grant such a title. The stipulated price was twenty-eight hundred dollars; being at the rate of seven dollars an acre; and the agreement embodied a receipt in full for that amount. This document had been drawn by the Elder himself, and signed both by him and my father in the presence of Mrs. Hartley, whose name was subscribed as a witness, and to whom the sum of one thousand dollars had been paid by way of compensation for improvements effected by her late husband. On another part of the same sheet was a written acknowledgment by the Elder that he had received from Robert Wilford a further sum of two thousand dollars, to be accounted for on demand, with interest thereon after the rate of seven per centum per annum. This acknowledgment was also witnessed by Mrs. Hartley. The rest of the

's capital had, as he informed my mother, been expended in erection of the house and barn, in the purchase of household-furniture, stock, and implements, and in various minor ventures about the farm.

circle of visiting acquaintance was necessarily somewhat restricted, but the Elder and his wife would frequently drop in for an evening for an hour's chat; and, more rarely, some other of the musical neighbours would favour us with their company. On weekdays we regularly spent the day at chapel, no matter how stormy the weather might be; but our Sunday evenings were as useful as were those of any other day in the week. The many romps were omitted; but were there not the histories of Joseph, Moses, and Samson, and the episodes of Abraham and of the Infant Samuel, of David and Goliath, to be read? And my father was a rare hand at oral narration. How new how to extract the telling points from a story, and how to place them in the light most acceptable to a child's understanding. He imposed no catechisms upon us, and was never purposely didactic. He did not consider it an unpardonable sin when we were unable to remember the day's texts; nor did he take us seriously to task when we forgot—as we generally did—the most important deductions therefrom, as set forth in the discourses to which we had listened at Peartree Chapel.

During the whole of that long winter we neither saw nor heard anything of the Bald Eagle. My father made frequent inquiries about him, but could not learn that he had ever been seen or heard of in the haunts of men since the day of our flight. He had frequently been known to withdraw himself from the public gaze, however, for longer or shorter periods; and his absence did not excite any wonder or remark in the community.

And thus the even tenor of our lives glided by, until beautiful spring came, with its buds and bright flowers.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOCTOR KING.

More than once incidentally mentioned the name which was as the head of this chapter; and as the owner of that name was destined to play a prominent part in the story of my life, it is time that I should give the reader some account of him.

Towards the close of the last century, an English gentleman, returning in America for his pleasure, paid a visit to Fort George, called Niagara—at which place a British regiment was stationed. He was delighted to find, in the person of the colonel of the regiment, an old college-friend between whom and himself the intimacy had once subsisted; and the two derived so much pleasure from this renewal of intercourse among such novel relations that the traveller prolonged his visit far beyond the time he had originally intended to devote to it. Not long after his arrival, in the course of his peregrinations about the adjoining country, he accidentally formed the acquaintance of a beautiful squaw, the daughter of an Indian chief whose wigwam was pitched, for the nonce, in the neighbourhood of the fort. The traveller, who had pertinaciously resisted the blandishments of the fair dames of every capital in Europe, became violently enamoured of the charms of this dark-skinned western beauty; and so much affected that his *penchant* for her was a much greater inducement to his protracted stay than was his friendship for his old college-chum. At any rate, the *penchant* was mutual. "Her eyes confessed a kindred flame;" and its result was the birth of a child who was ushered into the world with the stain of illegitimacy upon his birth. True, the parents had been married, after a fashion; but then it was after an Indian fashion. No priest was present at the nuptials, and the ceremony of marriage consisted of a few barbarous and unmeaning rites which many of the Six Nations to this day regard as the only requisites preliminary to a union for life between persons of opposite sexes.

The ceremony, of course, was no valid marriage by the laws of the colony; and not long after the birth of his son, Lionel Wentworth King returned to England, leaving his wild western wife behind him, with a promise of one day returning to cherish his bosom for the remainder of his life. At the time of his

departure from Canada it is not probable that he had any serious intention of making his promise good. There must have been something particularly winning about the young Indian damsel, however; for after his return to London and fashionable life his former pleasures palled upon him, and he pined for the tender glances of the dark-eyed Mohawk maiden who had certainly loved him well, whether wisely or not. He found town and country alike intolerable, and had not been at home many months before he resolved to hurl conventionalities to the winds, and seek in the western wilderness a renewal of those tender love-passages, the memory whereof haunted him by night and by day. No sooner was this resolution formed than he proceeded to carry it out. He disposed of his estates, bade farewell to Piccadilly and "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall," and returned to Canada, where he sought out his innamorata, marched her off to the nearest settlement where a clergyman was to be found, and married her after the orthodox fashion. Her son, however—called Lionel Wentworth, after his father—had been born more than a year before, and the marriage had no effect to remove the stain from his birth. Under the less rigorous ordinances of the civil and canon laws—which ordinances have been adopted into the jurisprudence of Scotland, France, Germany and Holland—a contrary result would have followed; but the English marriage-laws do not permit a father to do justice to his ante-nuptial offspring in this matter, and a son born out of wedlock remains *nullius filius* to the end of the chapter. The father made the only reparation in his power by executing a will in favour of his child, who was thus amply provided for.

The newly-wedded pair settled down in one of the most solitary and picturesque regions to be found in the Province. The proceeds of the sale of the English estates were called into requisition. A tract of land was purchased from the local government, and the castellated building called "The Eyrie" arose on the peak of a cliff overhanging the Grand River. And there the strangely-assorted couple whiled away the rosy hours, living for themselves and their little son alone. No other issue came to bless the union, and the father devoted himself, in his retirement, to the education of his wife and child. It was neither politic nor possible entirely to sever all connection with the Indians, but the white settlers in their immediate vicinity were few, and during the early years of his life it was but seldom that the little fellow heard the English language correctly spoken by any lips save his father's.

The bride did not come to her lord empty-handed. She was, as has been said, a chief's daughter. She was, moreover, an *only* daughter, and her son would in process of time succeed to all the dignities of his tawny grandsire. The canons governing the descent of the chieftaincy of the Six Nations recognize, in a somewhat modified form, the doctrine of primogeniture; but the inheritance descends through the female line. The eldest son of the eldest daughter of the line royal is the legitimate successor to the chieftaincy, and is certain to stand in the shoes of his royal ancestor, unless his own conduct is such as to render him unpopular or contemptible in the great councils of the tribes. Provided he gives evidences of prowess, courage, resolution and sagacity, his succession is certain to be approved by the unanimous voice of his people. With the Six Nations, moreover, an admixture of foreign blood is no disqualification, as it is with some of the Red tribes; and no sooner was young Lionel born than a council of wise men was convened, at which he was formally recognized as heir-apparent to the native sovereignty. They bestowed upon him a name which in the English language signifies *The Young Weasel*. An area of land was set apart (from the reserve granted by government to the Indians) for the especial behoof of his mother, and each tribe was pledged to furnish periodical contributions for the support of herself and her little son in a manner befitting their exalted rank. This latter proceeding was of course rendered unnecessary upon the return from England of the child's father, whose fortune was ample for the maintenance of his household, and more than he could possibly spend in a lifetime in such a primitive community. He was wise enough to know, however, that his peace and comfort would be most effectually promoted by preserving amicable

ner did it become known that the proprietor of the Eyrie duly qualified physician and surgeon than the colonists in neighbourhood began to solicit his services whenever there was illness in their families. Their solicitations were responded to having once commenced practice in this manner it would have been easy to discontinue it. His circle of patients grew wider and wider, and ere long it became necessary for him to set a gig and pay his round of visits with as much regularity as his livelihood had depended upon his exertions. He became popular and useful man. The colonists, both far and near, came to him for counsel in all their difficulties, and never without his assistance in vain.

This state of things was not to last. He had not been long in the practice of his profession more than two years when the old Indian woman who had officiated as his housekeeper on his departure to (let us hope) a better world. The Eyrie was deprived of one of the most essential incidents of domestic comfort, and it became necessary for its owner to remedy the defect. He locked up his house, put the key in his pocket, and sent his patients to take care of themselves, and departed, no one knowing whither. At the end of a fortnight he returned, bringing with him a flashily-attired damsel apparently about twenty years of age. So far, all was well. But I regret to say that he did not bring her home with him as his wife.

He resumed the practice of his profession as assiduously as before. A few weeks afterwards, a benevolent old clergyman from the neighbourhood, who had heard of the old squaw's death, but who had not heard of the young person who had been imported as a substitute, called at the Eyrie to procure the situation of housekeeper for an elderly and most respectable matron who attended his church. Imagine the surprise and indignation which the clergyman experienced when his host informed him in no other manner he had supplied the place left vacant by the death of his former housekeeper. The doctor hinted, however, that the matron's protégé might still find employment in the house in a subordinate capacity, inasmuch as a young stranger was commonly looked for at the Eyrie in about eight months from that time when the services of a handy and experienced female would be generally acceptable. The Reverend Mr. Longmyer, scandalized and insulted, shook the dust of the place from his feet, and was never seen there again.

As the district was so settled as was the district, the story that Dr. King had a young woman to whom he was not married living with him began to be noised abroad to the injury of his reputation. A man who evidently had so utter a contempt for the profession could scarcely expect to be regarded as one whose acquaintance was desirable to cultivate, even in such an out-of-the-way place as that was; and the more decorous of the colonists began to withdraw their patronage, and look coldly upon him. It came to be known, too, that he was at times addicted to give indulgence in the contents of the cup that cheers and enebriates; and this knowledge did not tend to raise him in popular estimation. Still, when sober, he was marvellously efficient in both branches of his profession; and as he cared not whether he received any recompense for his services or not, he never wholly without patients.

It proved to be a true prophet, and at the time predicted a son was born to him. It was a fine, healthy boy, but the frail child only survived its birth a few days. No respectable nurse could be found willing to take up her abode in a house with such a reputation, and the infant was consigned to the care of the doctor's labourer at the Ford, with whom it remained until the end of its third year. The doctor's intemperate habits while underwent no change for the better, but he did not violate decency by setting up another housekeeper. He continued in his solitary Eyrie, which he never quitted except on professional business.

When the little son was three years old his father took him to the Eyrie, and for some time afterwards he lived a life of idleness, attending to all the child's wants himself; and certainly the fellow presented the appearance of being well cared for. The doctor seemed to have not the remotest idea that the mere existence of this child's existence was a standing reproach to himself.

He daily showed his disregard for public opinion by taking his son with him in his gig wherever he went, and exhibiting the little fellow to his patients with all the pride of a fond and virtuous father. "Look at my brave boy," he would say: "Isn't he the very image of his father? Won't he play the devil among the girls in a few years?" To be sure, a child of that age could not be left at home to take care of himself, but it was thought that the father might at least have made some arrangement which would have rendered it unnecessary for him to constantly parade the fruits of his misconduct before the public eye. Of the sentiment which gave rise to this feeling Doctor King seemed to be utterly unconscious. He dearly loved his little boy, and almost any day in the week the pair might have been seen riding about the country from house to house: the gigantic father, with his vast expanse of chest, and almost abnormal length of limb, contemplating the pigmy by his side with a complacent satisfaction, as who should say: "Never mind, boy—let the world look askance at us if it will. What care we for the world? Are we not sufficient for each other; and cannot we afford to snap our fingers at the world and everybody in it?"

And thus matters went on for several years, until the doctor's self-sufficiency received a sudden check. His child fell ill, and died. When the little body had been consigned to earth, the occupation of the survivor seemed to have departed. There seemed to be nothing left to him worth living for. He could hardly be said to have reached the prime of life, and had his energies been properly directed he might still have made a career for himself. But he was absolutely devoid of ambition, and could not see that his past life, from first to last, had been a huge mistake. He had a clinging fondness, too, for the wild spot where the happy days of his boyhood had been passed, and could not summon up resolution to leave it. He felt no inclination to form new ties, and saw a solitary, bleak and comfortless old age looming before him in the far distance. A cheerless prospect enough; and for a time he abandoned himself to abject despair. But such a sentiment could not long prevail in the breast of a man with such a tremendous physical organization, and by degrees he resumed, to some extent, his professional avocations. From that time until the period of our arrival in Canada his life was a dull round of eating, drinking, sleeping, prescribing and studying. His *beté noir*, strong drink, occasionally resumed its sway over him, and at such times his custom was to lock himself up in his house, and admit no one upon any pretence whatever. Was it any wonder if his naturally rugged intellect grew stagnant under such a regimen.

It must be understood that up to the period at which the narrative has arrived I had never seen him, and that all my impressions of him were derived from such remarks as had been made about him in my hearing. Those remarks, however, did not in the least resemble angel's visits, inasmuch as they were neither few nor far between. He often formed a topic of conversation in our circle, and scarcely a day elapsed during which his characteristics were not animadverted upon in my presence. He was a thorn in the flesh to Elder Redpath, and indeed to the Jebusitical fraternity generally; and unless their reports did him grievous injustice, he certainly richly merited the character which I had heard bestowed upon him by the Elder—that of "a very wicked man." He was pronounced by the Jebusites, one and all, to be a reckless drunkard, a reviler of religion, and a blasphemous scoffer at everything which godly people are wont to revere. They regarded him not merely as a man to be shunned, but as one to be dreaded—a sort of moral leper. They felt that he had committed the unpardonable sin, and that it would be useless, if not impious, even to pray for him. They literally *quailed* at the mere mention of his name. He was admitted to be the possessor of consummate parts and learning, but it was said that he was a Man of Belial; that he feared not God, neither regarded man; that he prostituted his gifts in the vilest manner, and put forth the whole strength of his intellect to shipwreck the faith and ensnare the souls of all who came within the scope of his influence. And it was undeniable that, notwithstanding his character and antecedents, his influence among a certain portion of the community was considerable—far greater than Elder Redpath could pretend to possess. He was beyond all comparison the best surgeon in

the district, and had moreover effected some miraculous cures in medicine. His wide and various reading had made him a perambulating encyclopædia of multifarious knowledge. Such a man, no matter how pernicious his personal example might be, could not fail to exert an influence either for good or evil; and there was one specific instance wherein Elder Redpath did not hesitate to aver that this Man of Belial had directly brought about the eternal perdition of an immortal soul.

The facts, as stated, were briefly these. A young colonist who had for some months regularly attended the preaching of the Word at Peartree Chapel, became impressed with an overwhelming conviction of his sinfulness and depravity. He sought counsel of the Elder, who strove valiantly for the erring one's salvation, and with apparent success. The young man, after undergoing a severe mental conflict, felt that the curse had been removed from him, and that he had found acceptance at the mercy-seat. He was strictly examined in the articles of his belief, and being found worthy, was admitted as a member of the fraternity. Thenceforward for more than a year, he was every Sunday to be seen in his place at chapel; and he as regularly partook, with his spiritual brethren and sisters, of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. At length he fell ill, of a painful and mortal disease. Doctor King was called in to attend upon him, but professional skill was unavailing; and when the young man found that his days were numbered, he began to be oppressed by great misgivings as to whether his hopes of salvation were built upon a solid foundation. The doctor called upon him daily, and put forth all the powers of his sophistry to still further pervert the wavering faith of his patient. For some time he only succeeded in torturing the unhappy man's mind by harassing doubts; but when the last moment came, the teachings of the doctor prevailed. The sick man died; and almost with his latest breath he cursed Elder Redpath and his creed, declaring that he contemplated the momentous change before him as "a leap in the dark." No sooner was the breath fairly out of his body than Doctor King rubbed his hands with fiendish glee, and rode away from the house with a triumphant smile upon his face.

Young as I was, this fearful story, which I heard recounted by the Elder, sank deep into my mind, and inspired me with a vague terror of the heinous blasphemy. I often found myself thinking about him and his misdeeds. I used to try and picture that godless man as a pure and sinless little child. I wondered if he had ever been accustomed to say his prayers at bedtime, kneeling at his mother's feet. By some occult process of reasoning, I at length brought myself to the conclusion that he hadn't: that he had never been a child at all, but had always been the unsanctified scoffer that I daily heard him proclaimed. I sincerely hoped that I might never see him; and felt that, upon the whole, I would rather prefer to come in contact with the Author of Evil in person.

The reader now knows more of Doctor King than I myself knew for years afterwards. I have been thus particular in my account of him because he was destined to exert a great influence upon my after life, and this seemed the most fitting place to sketch his history. I shall now be able to get on with my narrative somewhat faster than I have hitherto done.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WEIRD SISTERS.

ON a bright and lovely morning All in the month of May, When the air was filled with music, And all was blithe and gay, brother Norman and I obtained permission to indulge ourselves in a ramble over the fields. It was not customary for us to walk abroad except in our father's company, but on that particular morning he had been compelled to start at an early hour for the Ford, and was not expected back until noon. It was washing-day at home, and our mother, on household cares intent, was not unwilling to be rid of us for a while. In granting us permission, she specially enjoined upon us that we should not stray far from the house; and above all things that we should not go near the woods. We readily promised compliance; and no sooner was the morning meal dispatched than away we started.

It was the first real spring day of the season; and, as if to compensate for the rigours of the preceding winter, Nature put on her most smiling aspect. There was not a cloud in sky, and the sun shed its bright cheery warmth upon the landscape. The robins carolled joyously from every bush, and chipmonks and red-squirrels chattered merrily from every tree. A strain of twittering melody was borne across to from the neighbouring forest, which seemed to be literally with the jocund little warblers that sojourned there. The weather exercises a potent influence alike upon the young and upon the of mature age, and our spirits were correspondent to the aspect of the day. We bounded sportively over the new grass in the Crofts until we reached the side of the paddock most remote from the house, when we determined to extend our explorations a little farther. Climbing the fence, we found ourselves in a newly-ploughed field, where we sank ankle-deep every step. We wandered about over the freshly-upturned anon picking up fragments of flint arrowheads, and other of prehistoric Indian warfare. In a few instances we found the heads entire, and in an excellent state of preservation, and in one place, where the ploughshare had cut a deeper furrow than usual, we chanced upon a well-shaped little stone hat. The haft had long since decayed and crumbled to dust, but the weapon itself was without a flaw. We regarded this last most precious acquisition. These relics of the aborigines were not strange to us, as our father had frequently brought in specimens, and we had quite a miniature museum of such curiosities in our play-room, to which this would form a most attractive addition, by reason of its being so well preserved. We went away our treasure-trove in the pockets of our pinafores, and we went from field to field, getting our clothes bedaubed with loamy mud, and our hands and faces shockingly dirty. It must be confessed that we were somewhat unmindful of our position not to go far, for we wandered hither and thither at our sweet wills, scaling fence after fence, until we were a considerable distance from home. At length we emerged upon the road to the Landing, about half a mile west of the gate leading from that road to our house. We had by this time been several hours, and certain inward monitors began to suggest that it was not far from dinner-time, and that it was expedient for us to return. We accordingly concluded to go round the gate, and thence home. We further concluded to lose no time on our homeward progress, as we knew that mother would be anxious about us, and would probably admonish us for our disobedience to her command.

We began to ascend the hill leading to the gate, feeling a little tired, and more than a little doubtful as to the warm reception upon our arrival. We had not gone far when we became aware that we were not the only wayfarers on the road. For two outlandish-looking women were coming down the road in our direction, and must soon meet us. As they approached nearer we perceived that they were squaws. The discovery was somewhat disturbing to my equanimity, as I had heard tales of children who had been kidnapped by these people, and carried away into remote captivity where the little pale-faces were never seen or heard of again by those to whom they belonged. The disturbance was not lessened when I perceived that the women were crossing over from their side of the road to that on which we were, as though they meant to address us.

I proposed to my brother that we should give these creatures a wide berth by climbing back over the fence, and finding our way home as we had come, across the fields. Norman, however, a brave little fellow, and declared that he was not to be frightened by broad daylight by a couple of vagabond squaws. There was no further discussion, for in another moment they met us face to face.

(Continued next week.)

It is now stated that Mr. Rider Haggard's new book will contain some portion of the story of Antony and Cleopatra.

An official report states that 449 persons were killed and 1,686 wounded in road accidents in England during the first six months of the year.



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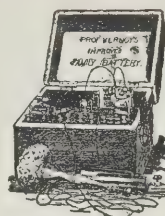
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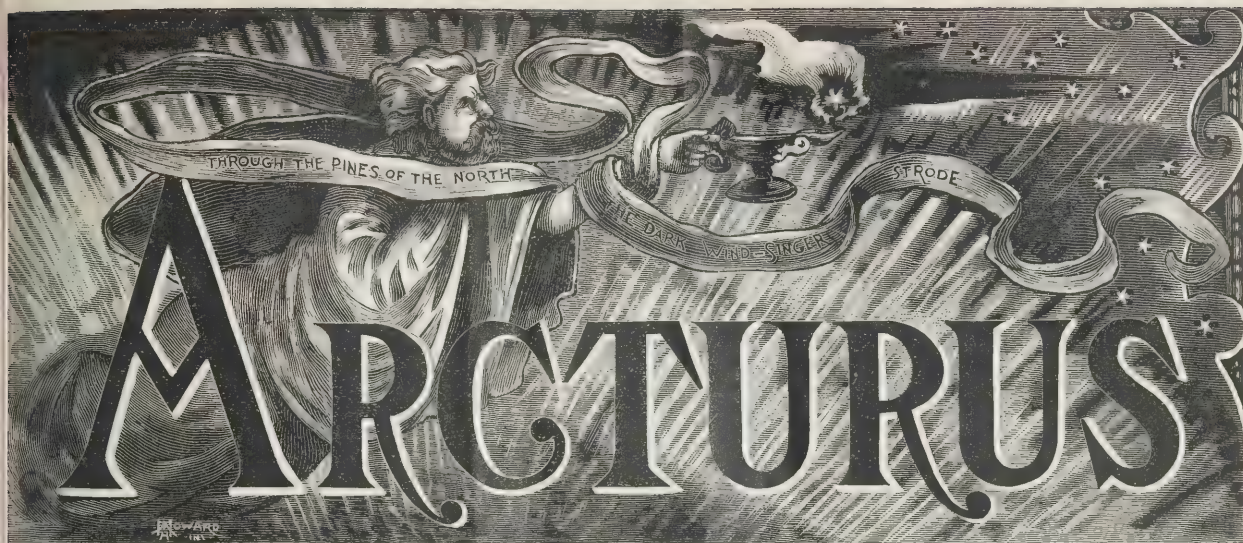
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VOL. 1. }
No. 13. }

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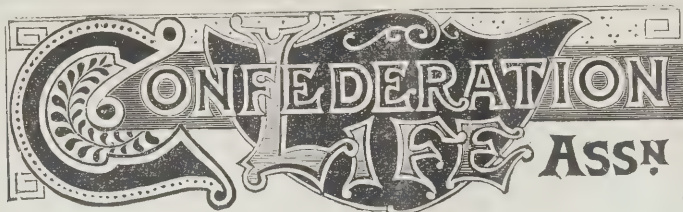
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VOL. I. }
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Editorial Notes.

THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY.

It is none too soon that the Dominion Government have decided to send out a properly organized expedition to determine the proper boundary between British Columbia and Alaska. It is now many years since the British Columbian authorities drew attention to the necessity for such a proceeding, and more than one offer from private sources has been made to undertake the duty. The Dominion Government acted wisely in not acceding to the requests of such persons, whose zeal exceeded their ability to be of material service to Canada. In appointing Dr. George M. Dawson and Mr. William Ogilvie the best interests of the Dominion have been regarded, for no other two men could supply their places. The main element of exploration is thorough accuracy, and this exactness is obtainable only by thorough scientific observation and practical adjustment. The great part played by astronomy in earth measurement is shown by the history of geographical development since the days of Hipparchus and the Almagest to the present fine measurements of base-lines by such methods as Colby and Bessel elaborated, with such instruments as the altazimuth theodolite, micrometer microscope, zenith telescope, etc. No one in Canada is better fitted for practical geodetic observation than Mr. Ogilvie, and much interest will be taken in his reports by those savants who are given to the study of geography and its sister sciences. Regarding the geological features of the Yukon country, as the district is rather improperly called, valuable data regarding the mineral resources and distribution of flora and fauna along the line pursued may confidently be expected from the observing eye and extensive experience of Dr. Dawson, under whose charge the expedition will be placed. Altogether, the work is one of the most important of its kind undertaken for many years, and as valuable interests are at stake, owing to

the absence of any but a conventional boundary, it is a matter of congratulation that the delicate and difficult mission has been placed in such entirely able hands. No doubt the United States government will retaliate by sending out a survey to the same region with a view to gobbling up as large an area of gold-yielding earth as possible; but it will require all the ingenuity possessed by our American cousins to "do up" the gentlemen in charge of our Canadian party on scientific points.

MR. BLAKE AS A BRITISH POLITICIAN.

An esteemed contemporary gives voice to the sentiments of one of its staff regarding the Opposition leader in language more flattering than reasonable. If Mr. Blake had but five years' experience in the British House of Commons, it is asserted, he would be one of the most prominent men in the world. Furthermore, it is said to still be within the range of Mr. Blake's possibilities to become the greatest lawyer, and afterwards the greatest politician, in the empire. Now, it is not to be disputed that Mr. Blake is a pre-eminent lawyer in Canada, nor that he might win a good professional standing in England; but a wholesale imputation of incapacity is unintentionally thrown upon a score or so of British lawyers, quite as able as our great Grit leader in any of his gifts. As a politician, in a European sense, it is probable that Mr. Blake would not be a success; at least nothing he has yet done will warrant any optimistic view of his latent diplomatic ability. His inability to provide his party with a separate and distinct policy does not seem to indicate the kind of politician Englishmen have been accustomed to see at the head of either party in the British Parliament. Mr. Blake has little of that great personal ambition of political patriotism such as animated Disraeli, nor has he a great genius for dealing in a masterly fashion with every subject, such as Gladstone possesses. He does not possess the grand inspiration of oratory which Bright has, though he has a greater flow of smaller arguments; nor has he the happy faculty of making warm friends and keeping them, even among his own political associates. Altogether, the idea of Mr. Blake ever becoming the greatest politician in the British Empire is untenable, even as an historical dream.

ALTER EGO.

WHAT is termed the *disease of duality* is happily rare; but the present high pressure rate of life is not likely to diminish its occurrence. That a man should suddenly become insane is not uncommon; but the fact that a man is liable to actually lose his identity, and live a life thoroughly different from that to which he has been educated, is to say

the least alarmingly peculiar. Several authentic instances of this freak of human action are on record, and the theory of duality has been advanced to account for some of the many mysterious disappearances which annually occur among humanity in large cities. The last known instance of this disease proved that a man left his home and business without reason, wandered to a strange city, engaged for some months in a new pursuit, and finally awoke to the fact that he was not responsible for what he had done. What terrible results might occur if this disease were not extremely rare is a thought too unpleasant to dwell upon. The ludicrous possibilities are entirely overwhelmed by the tragic and the pathetic.

SEA SERPENTS.

PUBLIC attention has once more been drawn to the mystical denizen of the deep known by the convenient but wholly unscientific name of the "Sea Serpent." This time it is not the impoverished reporter who fills up a deficiency of MS. with a highly-coloured romance regarding the marine monster, but no less a scientist than Professor Proctor, who revives the old theory of Gosse and others, and argues with his usual ability in favour of present examples of old Saurian forms of life still inhabiting the waters of the earth. Professor Owen inclined to the belief that the sea-serpent described by the captain of H. M. S. *Dædalus* in 1848 was merely a large seal. Others believed it to be a huge shark or whale. A few referred it to floating wreckage; and a large majority opined it a case of mistaken identity. However, many instances of the appearance of huge marine animals have from time to time been recorded on oath by seafaring men, and, taking one consideration with another, these stories are not all mere yarns to be told to the marines. Professor Wilson inclines to the theory that sea-serpents do exist, but are probably only abnormal and gigantic members of groups of marine animals already known, such as sea-snakes, ribbon-fish, etc. At present, owing to the disinclination of the unknown leviathan to capture and classification, either of the theories advanced may be taken by those who dislike to be in doubt. Perhaps they are all wrong; but time will doubtless reveal the identity of this very old riddle of sea-life, which has caused Olaus Magnus, Pliny, DeMontfort, Pontoppidan and others so much speculation. At present, as the animal is marine, there cannot be any harm in taking its dimensions *cum grano salis*.

THE JESUITS.

It is to be hoped that the Dominion of Canada will not assist in carrying out the probable scheme for settling the old claim of the Jesuits, which no doubt underlies their recent application for incorporation. It is not unlikely that the Quebec Government will be willing enough to submit to the pressure brought upon it by the Society, and to pay whatever compensation may be demanded; but the Dominion should deal firmly with the matter, and decline to refund to Quebec any part of the money that may be awarded. The history of the Jesuits is a history altogether

unique. The most signal failures have ever overtaken their most determined plans for success. They have been suspected and feared, not only by opponents of their doctrines and practices outside the Romish Church, but also by their co-religionists, from the very beginning of their order. The countries, both civilized and savage, which they have sought to dominate, have in every instance cast them out, and however powerful their personal influences may still be, the potency of their policy as a Christianizing and civilizing agency has departed. They have exercised great influence at striking periods of the Old World's history; but the result of their policy has neither been beneficial nor lasting. As missionaries they have attained heroism by personal sacrifices; but when the motives of their religious adventures are analyzed there is little to admire beyond their blind devotion to the will of their superiors. The present age is not suited to the spirit of the Society, and it would be unwise to foster so sinister an influence by undoing that which was necessary three quarters of a century ago.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" ON THE FISHERIES.

DURING the thirty years of its existence the *Saturday Review* has probably done more to embitter public feeling in the United States against Great Britain than all the other trans-Atlantic periodicals combined. Everybody who has reached middle age remembers the bitter, sneering, contemptuous tone it adopted towards the North all through the Great Rebellion. It had one or more articles on some phase of the subject every week. They were all clever and sprightly, but nothing more grossly unfair towards a great nation passing through a supreme hour of trial was ever written. The *Saturday* never had a wide circulation in the States, but its hostile articles were copied by the American press as specimens of English sympathy, and thus became known to pretty nearly the entire reading public. By this means numerous dragon's teeth were sown, and they have regularly yielded more or less of a crop. The tone of the paper has ever since been uniformly hostile to everything American. It has neglected no opportunity of saying unpleasant and uncomplimentary things; of commenting upon the eagle's screech and the flapping of the wings of the bird of freedom. Within the last week it has published a most offensive article on the attitude of the United States in the matter of the Canadian fisheries. It represents the American people as "striving to fasten a quarrel on an unconscious nation." Now, we in Canada are decidedly of opinion that we have the best of the argument with reference to this vexed question of the fisheries, and we are disposed, if need be, to stand by our rights. But we are not of opinion that the leaders who direct the administration of affairs in the neighbouring republic are a gang of bullies and swashbucklers, eager to take advantage of our weakness, and of the unenviable state of Great Britain with regard to Ireland. Nor do we believe that American statesmen have deliberately set up against us a claim which they know to have no equitable foundation. It is incredible that the *Saturday's* article is an honest

pression of the writer's belief. If it is, it merely shows that a man may be able to write clever and flippant English without being possessed of much knowledge or judgment. In any case, it is much to be regretted that currency could be given to such libels. The *Saturday* is always right and readable, but it has never shown any real rescience or perspicacity. One might suppose that its directing mind would see the inadvisability, in this crisis of the affairs of Great Britain, of trying to stir up ill blood between the two nations upon which the future of civilization so largely depends.

JUDICIAL SALARIES.

THERE will be considerable influence brought to bear upon the Government in order to effect an increase of salary for the legal luminaries who sit as judges in our Canadian courts. From a legal point of view no objection can be urged to such proceedings, because a judgeship is not beyond the range of any hard-working young lawyer's future possibility. The salaries at present enjoyed by our judges are as large as the wages earned by leading thinkers and workers in other professions, and, unless it be a trifle extra for the dignity of office, there is no special reason for any additional salary unless an increase of work is also given. In the Quebec district it is well known that many of the judges are in a state of genteel poverty, and live fully up to their means, if not a little beyond. It is probably the same with some of the Ontario magnates of the bench; but that has nothing to do with the argument. A judge, of all men, should be able to regulate his own affairs so as to be a creditable member of society. Yet the history of the legal profession proves that judges are as frail as their fellow-men in many instances. No matter from what cause the new demand for an increase of salary springs, it should certainly not be granted unless it can be conclusively proved that a judge has not enough to keep him in solid comfort during those long and short vacations which make up so large a part of the legal year.

MR. BLAKE'S RESIGNATION.

THE party quidnuncs on both sides are very much exercised just now upon the subject of Mr. Blake's threatened resignation. The Opposition leader's organ pooh-poohed the notion as long as such a course was possible, but when a copy of the actual letter of resignation appeared in the columns of a contemporary, the fact of such a letter having been written could no longer be denied or ignored. It would really seem as though Mr. Blake had taken action in the matter without consulting or even notifying his organ in the first instance. At the present time those best entitled to judge are strongly of opinion that Mr. Blake will remain where he is at the head of the party ranks, and that some henchman must be found who is able and willing to relieve him from some of the mechanical duties incidental to the leadership. Whether the prospective henchman's name is likely to be Cartwright or Mills or Charlton or Patterson is for the present one of those insoluble problems which of old exercised the brain of Lord Dundreary.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

ADVOCATES of the Imperial federation project are labouring with commendable assiduity, but the project itself is making little or no headway. At the Colonial Conference, which opened in London on Monday last, Lord Salisbury himself accorded a hearty welcome to the delegates, but "was free to say" that he regarded the scheme as being "of a hasty and doubtful character"—"one, perhaps, more for future discussion than for the present." From whom ought one to look for enthusiastic support for such a project as Imperial federation if not from the leader of the Tory party and the head of a Tory Government? But Lord Salisbury quietly sits upon the notion of making a constitution for the whole empire, and does not see his way to anything beyond a customs union and a union for defence. It is clear that his Lordship does not regard the scheme of a general federation of the empire as coming within the range of practical politics, or worthy of a statesman's serious consideration—more especially at a time like this, when he has so eminently practical a question on his hands as the settlement of Ireland. His remarks are likely to cast a damper upon the enthusiasm of some of the most active supporters of the scheme of an Imperial federation.

COERCION IN THE COMMONS.

THE Government party in the Imperial Commons seems to be all powerful at the present moment, and determined to make the most of its power. The Conservatives and Liberal Unionists have apparently arrived at a clear understanding, and the pact between them is not likely to be sundered until the accomplishment of the main purposes for which it was entered into. Not only are Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain staunch to the Government, but Lord Randolph Churchill himself—whose resignation was by some regarded as a fatal blow—declares himself a supporter of his late chief's domestic policy. Such being the state of affairs, there is not much room for doubt that the bill for the coercion of Ireland will be carried by a considerable majority. The closure has been exercised with uncompromising vigour. Even Mr. Gladstone's vehement protest appears to have been wholly inoperative so far as the members of the House were concerned, though it unquestionably produced a marked effect throughout the country. At the time of this present writing, the outlook for the friends of Ireland is certainly not a bright one. As a matter of course the Irish-American press is furious, and some of its representatives even go so far as to suggest that the assassination of a few members of the British Ministry would be a step in the right direction. It is this spirit which Ireland and her well-wishers have most cause to fear. Every suggestion of this nature tends to still further widen the hereditary breach between Saxon and Celt, and to perpetuate the struggle which sanguine people had begun to hope was rapidly nearing its end.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT, - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

Terms, in advance, \$2.00 a year, or \$1.00 for six months. Subscribers not paying in advance will be charged 50c. extra. Clubs of three, \$5.00; clubs of five or more, to one address, \$1.60 each. Subscriptions may begin any time. *Advertisements*,—\$4.00 per line per annum; six months, \$2.50; single insertion, 20c. per line. No advertisement charged less than five lines. *Business communications* should be addressed, Business Manager, ARCTURUS, Room U, Arcade (Victoria Street entrance), Toronto. *To Contributors*.—The Editor cannot undertake to return MSS. by post, even when they are accompanied by stamps to pay return postage.

QUEBEC NOTES.

MR. MERCIER'S treasurer found an empty treasury. He says that when he looked into the strong box all he discovered were a few uncurrent coins. This is probably correct, for the Ross-Taillon administration led a pretty lively life of it, and money was a thing about which the late Cabinet troubled itself very little. Debt, of course, was piled up, and this legacy is left to Mr. Mercier's coalition to wipe out. He contemplates raising a loan of at least three millions of dollars, and the Barings, of London, are said to be the fortunate gentlemen who are to be entrusted with the negotiations. After this a raid of some sort is contemplated on the federal preserves, but in both of these plans to fill the depleted coffers the Premier of Quebec is only following the methods of the Chapleaus, the Mousseaus, the Rosses and the Taillons of fragrant if unhappy memory. His contemplated Congress of Premiers is regarded as a statesmanlike movement by his friends. Certainly the reasons which prompt him to call the convention are urgent enough, so far as Quebec is concerned. More money must be had. The present revenue from every source is wholly inadequate to meet the expenses of government. Direct taxation must come in time, and the date may not be so very far off, but the minister dare not resort to it just at present. No one knows better than Mr. Mercier what the effect a direct appeal to the pockets of the *habitant* would mean. The cry of "No tax" would resound from one end of the province to the other, and the mere attempt to impose it would result in the utter annihilation of him and all his forces—Liberals, Rouges and Rielites alike. Poverty will compel him to do many things, and love of power will stimulate him to resort to all sorts of plans to keep the wolf from the door, but he will hesitate long before he asks the frugal and thrifty backwoodsman to surrender a part of his income to keep alive the Liberal government at Quebec. It would be the same if Mr. Chapleau were at the head of the government. He would no more think of direct taxation than he would of paying a visit to the moon on a witch's broomstick. But some day it must be tried, no matter who is in power, and there are political economists to-day who say that the sooner we resort to that system the better it will be for all concerned. Constant appeals to the federal government only serve to show the weakness of the union, though certainly Mr. Mercier strikes a shrewd note when he says that the basis of 1867 ought not to form the basis of 1887. Twenty years ago when the provinces surrendered their chief method of raising a revenue, the customs duties, the amounts realized per annum were small as compared to what they are to-day. The subsidy from the Dominion Government has not materially increased, while the amount of the duties which are annually collected at the various provincial custom houses has increased enormously. Mr. Mercier insists on the point that

we gave up too much for too little, and he desires the re-opening of the whole question again. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which have deficiencies of their own to answer for, will probably second Mr. Mercier's efforts to have the Constitution modified. But will Ontario, which has a fine surplus of its own, feel disposed to join hands with the smaller provinces, and insist on a fresh and energetic raid on the Dominion treasury? Conservatives here do not believe that the question can be re-opened at all, and they pretend to pooh pooh the schemes of Mercier and his friends. But the Quebec Premier is resolved to try his plan, and with that object in view he has invited the Provincial Premiers to a grand Council. Certainly the question is one which may be discussed, but it is not well to keep tinkering at our Constitution continually. If we are ever to become a nation we must have higher aims. The provinces, with the exception of Ontario, are in a bad way financially. Quebec particularly has squandered her patrimony. With care the province might have been in as good a position as Ontario to-day. But extensive railroad building, extravagance and corruption melted the receipts faster almost than they came in. Mr. Mercier promises to pursue the strictest economy. So did his predecessors in office. The fact is they all promise that, but while they are saving the pennies the pounds are being shovelled out from the back door.

The disposition is to give the new government a fair chance. Mercier's majority will be about ten. It looks now as if he had come to stay. The opposition has some new blood, but the same old gang is leading. Taillon was a failure as first minister. One of the best-natured men living, and a vocalist of remarkable power, he is at the same time very quick-tempered. He flies into a passion at a moment's notice, and when angry he sulks. A sulky man is not fit to be a leader, and the succession must fall to some other one if the opposition is to be held together. It will never do to fall back on Mr. Lynch, for he is an Englishman and a Protestant, and it is an unwritten law in this province that Premier and leader of the opposition must be Frenchmen and Catholics. Anyway, Mr. Lynch has no capacity for leadership, though he speaks fluently and has the respect of the House. Mr. Blanche is too heavy to lead. He has neither tact nor magnetism, and his oratory is dull and lacks spontaneity and spirit. Besides he has literally no following. Mr. Robertson is too old, and he is not French. Mr. Flynn is in bad odour with the gentlemen on his side of the House, for he left them in the lurch when Dr. Ross resigned, and it is questionable whether they will ever forgive him for that. Still Flynn is a rising man, and some of these days he will have a place, a recognized place, in this country, but his ground will be at Ottawa. He is politically dead in Quebec, for he has twice thrown his Premier, and deserted him when he needed his services the most. The young Conservatives will not depend on the members of the late ministry for a leader. They will find him among their own ranks if they are wise. Good speakers abound among them, but the abler debaters in the House are on the Liberal side of politics this year. Mercier, Robidoux, David, Gagnon, Lethieux, Shehyn, Murphy, Cameron, Deschenes, Duhamel, Larne and several others are among the most brilliant parliamentarians in this country. On the Conservative side, Cameron, Desjardines, Fancher, St. Maurice, Lynch, Taillon and Flynn can scarcely be regarded as men of equal rank.

The new government is not at all delicate in its treatment of offensive partisans. The spoils system is being introduced in ample form, and many heads are being chopped off daily, from

messengers in the corridors to sheriffs in the country. The daughter of the innocents has been tremendous, and the ministers besieged with office-seekers, and the friends of the dismissed employees, all begging for places. Friends of the new government are beginning to say that the removals have been already too many, and fears are expressed that retaliation at Ottawa may ensue ere long. But Mr. Mercier has been in opposition for many years. He must satisfy many friends, and if they must have offices, the nominees of his predecessors must give way. It is the fortune of politics, but civil service reform goes back all the same.

Montreal, March, 1887.

A CANADIAN.

Poetry.

A RONDEAU.

BREAK, mighty sea, upon thy silvery shore !
Thy voice to me sounds of the evermore.
In foam-edged flatness waste thy giant power.
Thy wrath is but the creature of an hour ;
A calm, a storm, a tempest, all is o'er.

But can the wounded heart forget its sore,
As lightly as the sands the ocean's roar,
Its surf wreaths and its storm-swept shower ?
Break, mighty sea !

Break, mighty sea, and let thy voice adore
The Hand that tempests make and calms restore.
That Hand can heal the wounds that griefs devour,
And guard the soul-like castellated tower.
Forget and rest, Oh heart, forevermore.
Break, mighty sea !

399 King St. West, Toronto.

J. A. CURRIE.

SONNET.—A BACK GLANCE.

MAD, misspent years ! if backward ye might move,
How gladly all your waste I would recall,
The ribald chorus ; the rude tavern brawl ;
The syren-kiss of counterfeited love,
And all the early errors that do prove
How foolish are the fairest days of all,
When reason unto rebel youth doth call
In vain its mask of folly to remove.
Experience is a chronicle most sad,
And chance escapes upon each page are writ
More thickly than the parry-guards of wit
In all the life-told tales that men have had.
To-day is fair ; the future bright ; but yet
The past is ever clouded with regret.

Toronto.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

SECRET KIN.

THERE are a thousand secrets in the wood ;
There are a thousand pricking in the blood ;
There is no passion stirs the human heart
Earth does not tremble with its counterpart.
Nor love nor hate nor birth nor death is ours,
We share with feathered flocks and wanton flowers.
Careless I crush the palpitating grass—
Lingering, there meet and hold me ere I pass
Soft airs, that creep and purr against my cheek,
To hint at mysteries I dare not speak.

—Mrs. D. H. R. Goodale, in the Springfield Republican.

Correspondence.

Editor ARCTURUS :

I AM aware that there are scores of people who imagine that they know all that is worth knowing about running a paper ; who see defects in every issue of every journal they read, and pamper their vanity (all the while fancying that their opinions find favour with all who listen to them) by telling how such a thing might be improved, or in what respect the editor has gone astray, etc. Now, without laying myself open to the charge of belonging to this class, I would like to make a suggestion to you, or rather, to ask a favour of you.

It is this : Could you, in some (near) future issue, give us a sketch of the proper manner in which to prepare MSS. for the publisher ? You will think, now, that I am preferring this request for my own instruction. I am, and I hope you will be able to grant it at an early date. Will you kindly answer through next week's ARCTURUS, and oblige

Yours truly,

READER.

[The editor will have much pleasure in complying with "Reader's" request in an early number.]

THE REAWAKENING.

THESE are the days when Dame Nature begins tapping on our window-panes to whisper to us sweet promises of spring. She tells of melting snow and bursting buds, of willow wands thickly strung with pink-white pussies, and swamp buttercups almost ready to bloom if brought in by the fireside. She bids us listen in the orchards to the tapping of the woodpeckers, the faint squeak of the brown creepers, and, best of all, to the notes of the bluebirds, which are now sounding in every quarter. She tells us that the crossbills and pine grosbeaks have flown away northward, and that the chick-a-dees will forecast no more snow-storms this year. She may even wager half her crown that before the week is gone the whistle of the robin and the harsh cry of the purple grackle will end our morning naps.

Dear Dame Nature, always so full of hope, so lavish with springtime promises, made one day and broken the next ! Yet she is not altogether wrong, for the snows are melting, the buds are coming forward slowly, and bluebirds are here in dozens. Her delusion lies in the belief that, because the snow goes on Monday, the bluebirds come to the orchards on Tuesday, and the robins to the lawns on Wednesday, therefore fresh snow will not fall three inches deep by the next Sunday morning. The birds do not mind the snow for its coldness. The chick-a-dees have been with us all winter ; so have the brown creepers, both kinds of nut-hatches, the downy woodpeckers, the blue-jays, the crows, and a few of the robins. It is because it covers up their breakfast tables that the robins and purple grackles scold so over the last snowfall. The leaf buds suffer from it as little as the birds. But this can hardly be said of men, and they are accordingly wary of Dame Nature's smiles, even when the birds and buds seem most to trust them. We know that snow may surprise us as late as early April ; that mild mornings often herald sharp easterly winds, and that May day is apt to be anything but a pleasant reproduction of its English original.

Windows may fly up when Dame Nature first taps. Eager ears may listen for the first note of the song sparrow, due this week ; but when it is suggested that furs should be packed, furnace fires put out and double sashes taken down, the prudent answer is "By and by."—*Boston Advertiser.*

POLITICS ON THE CANADA LINE.

A TOWN ELECTION IN VERMONT IN 1815.

WE hear much in these days about "wire-pulling," "rings," and political corruption in general, and it may be that it has sometimes seemed to us as though things were getting terribly debased ; and we have been prone to look back with wistful eyes to the good old times when our revered ancestors were on the stage of action, and have longed for the unanimity and honest dealing which are supposed to have then prevailed.

I know by my own experience that it is very pleasant to linger over the history of the past ; but I apprehend that distance lends enchantment, and that we find it more agreeable living in imagination during the administrations of Jefferson or Madison than we should have found in an actual participation in the doings of that period.

In the extreme northern part of Vermont, within a few miles of the Canada line, is situated a town six miles square, known as Westfield. The village of the town is small, and so are the farms, compared with those of the West. In some places the forest

still remains ; yet great changes have been wrought in the town during the last seventy years.

In 1815 there was not a wagon in Westfield, the roads being mere bridle-paths, and so poor that it was hardly safe to ride a horse over them. There were probably not more than twenty-five families in town, and the greater part of these had settled in the eastern half.

Politically, the settlers were about equally divided, one party being known as Federals and the other as Democrats ; and though voters were few, political feeling ran high. Among the Federal leaders were Captain Medad Hitchcock, Esq., his son, Thomas, and a nephew Caleb. Prominent among the Democrats were Thomas Stoughton, Jairus Stebbins, James Brown and Walter Stone. Beside these, each side had its corps of adherents ready to cast their votes in support of their party.

The time for holding the "Freeman's meeting" in 1815 was approaching, and the legal voters of the town were duly warned to meet at the house of Medad Hitchcock on the first Tuesday in September (the 5th), at one o'clock p.m., to vote for State officers and a town representative.

The meetings of the town were usually held at Captain Hitchcock's—that being a convenient place for the settlers from all directions to congregate ; and furthermore the captain, for his own profit as well as for the accommodation of the public, always kept on hand a barrel of whiskey.

The captain's house stood less than a hundred rods south of where Westfield village now stands. It was a one-story log structure fronting the east. But though the town meetings were warned to be held in the captain's house, they were in reality (when the weather was warm enough to permit) held in his barn—which was a grand one for the times, being a frame building thirty-six by forty.

In view of the coming election, the Federals had settled on Captain Hitchcock as their candidate for town representative, while the Democrats had decided to place Thomas Stoughton in the field. Heads had been counted by the leaders on both sides, and estimates made as to the result of a ballot. Each side knew that the contest would be close—that they had not a man to spare, and both wished that in some way the other might lose a vote.

Aaron Frost was a man of the Democratic faith—a basket maker by occupation, at least a part of the time ; and though not of large proportions, either in body or mind, his vote counted the same in the ballot-box as did that of the ablest citizen of the town. The Federals, anxious to further the interests of their party, conceived the idea of having Frost absent on election day. That this might be brought about, Asa Dunham went to Frost and told him that Mr. W——, of Potton, Canada, wished to get some basket timber out of the woods, but that he was a novice at the business ; and Dunham asked Frost to go down and help select some for him.

Frost was persuaded ; and Monday afternoon, September 4, he and Dunham set out for Potton. They reached W——'s just at nightfall, staying there until morning, when Dunham started for home, and Frost and W—— set off on their expedition.

A quantity of timber was selected and marked ; time passed, and at length W—— (who understood Dunham's scheme) said that he was lost, but that he thought there were some marked trees in such a direction, and that if they could find them they could make their way out.

But a suspicion was arising in the mind of Frost that a trick was being practised on him to prevent his getting to Westfield in season to vote. Irritated by this suspicion, he exclaimed, "You and your marked trees go to the d—! I'm going to Westfield!" and at once set out for himself.

The early settlers did without many things that add to the comfort of the present generation. It was necessary that they should be industrious and economical if they would insure prosperity. There was one couple in Westfield careful and saving to the extent of being penurious—Iddo Stebbins and his wife Susan. They were hard-working people, but did not rank very high in intellectual ability. This, perhaps, does not account for his being a Federalist. Another character was Uncle Tom Stoughton, a shrewd old fellow. Wishing to help their party, he and Walter

Stone (both Democrats) early on election morning went to Stebbins's house. Now it happened that Stebbins had at different times smuggled a few things from Canada—though in this particular he was perhaps no worse than some of his neighbours. Their object as to Stebbins was the same as was Dunham's with Frost—to prevent his voting. That this might be accomplished Stebbins was duly reminded of his smuggling, and told that the officers had got wind of it ; but that they (Stoughton and Stone) had found out about it, and, being his friends, had come to tell him. And as friends they advised him to keep himself where he would not be found until the danger should blow over. This communication had the desired effect. Stebbins and his wife were alarmed ; and it was decided that he should secrete himself in a willow tract nearly a mile distant, and, as an additional protection, Rudolphus Reed should go and stay with him.

Reed was a Democrat, and the real purpose of his staying with Stebbins was that he might watch him. Accordingly, Stebbins went to the willows, and there, with Reed as his only companion, he remained until into the afternoon. He had nothing to eat, but he had opportunity for bodily repose, if not too greatly harassed by fears.

But Reed did not intend himself to miss voting for Stoughton, so after the sun had passed its meridian and the afternoon was wearing away, he became anxious to leave Stebbins and go to the town meeting. At length he started off with the remark, "Damn it all, I don't believe any body'll git ye now, Iddo. Guess I'll go down and see what the boys are about."

The great doors of Captain Hitchcock's barn were swung back, the floor had been cleanly swept, and at one end stood a table that had been brought from the house. The legal voters, accompanied by the younger male portion of the town, had congregated in and about Captain Hitchcock's buildings, and were engaged in various ways, some in little groups, talking ; others wrestling ; and still others, in pitching quoits.

At length, about one p.m., Walter Stone and Thomas Hitchcock, the constable and clerk of the town, emerged from the house and went to the barn, where they took their places at the table.

The men and boys soon assembled in the floor, and Stone formally opened the meeting. Then the momentary hush was broken, and the voting began. The ballots of the freemen were soon mostly in the box—only a half dozen or so were lacking ; and the afternoon was before them to while away ere the votes could be inspected and it could be known who was elected—so evenly were the voters divided between the two candidates.

Iddo Stebbins and Aaron Frost were nowhere to be seen. Dunham had told the Federals privately of the supposed success of his mission to Canada, and feeling confident of victory, they were in high spirits. The Democrats also knew something that pleased them greatly, and they also hoped to win the day. And so the two parties laughed in their sleeves at each other without the others knowing it, or once imagining that a trick had been played on one of their own men. Of course the absence of Stebbins and Frost had been noticed ; and as time passed and neither appeared, each party began wondering what detained their men and sent messengers for them.

Stebbins lived only about a mile south of Captain Hitchcock, and the person who went for him soon returned, but alone. The Federals held a secret consultation, and it was decided to send two men (who had already voted) to look up Stebbins.

The messenger who went for Frost returned with the simplest but unwelcome information that he had gone to Canada the day before, and had not returned. The Democrats knew there was no time to send for him.

Dolph Reed made his appearance and voted ; but though he reported to his friends that he had left Stebbins all right, they became uneasy, for they knew the Federals were searching for him.

Matters assumed a more serious aspect ; the faces of those on both parties lengthened perceptibly ; the quoit-players lost interest in their game, the wrestlers tired of their sport, and the assemblage became monotonous. Both parties were deeply anxious, one fearing that Frost, and the other that Stebbins, would appear.

At length Stone, the constable, demanded, "Gentlemen, your votes all in?"

All the citizens present had long since voted, and there being no response, the officer said, "We are about to turn the box. Are there any objections?"

Neither party dared longer to risk the possibility of the wrong man's coming, and consequently no one made any objection. The constable then turned the box, and the votes were counted.

All the men and boys had again assembled on the floor, and as constable Stone rose to his feet to make the declaration, not a sound was heard.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the whole number of votes cast for your representative is twenty-seven. Thomas Stoughton has thirteen and Medad Hitchcock fourteen. Medad Hitchcock is therefore elected by one majority." The Federalists had it!

The barn was soon nearly deserted; but while the men were yet standing before the doors, congratulating each other, or wearing a sombre expression, according to whether they were Federal or Democratic, a man was seen with his coat on his arm, hurrying along the path from the north, very much out of breath. It proved to be Frost, the missing Democrat. Then the Federalist faces grew long, and underjaws fell, while the Democratic faces became expectant.

Scarcely a minute later three men were seen hastening up from the south. They proved to be Stebbins and the men who went for him. And now the Federalist chins came up again, and their mouths broadened into a grin, and a shadow fell upon the visages of the Democrats. The men had gone to Stebbins's house, and, after much talk, persuaded his wife Susan to tell what she knew of the matter. It took some time to do this; for she at first took them to be the officers of whom Stoughton had told them.

Neither Federal nor Democrat could say much. One party had played a trick, and the other party had made it "tit for tat" without knowing it; thus the election would have resulted the same if either party had made their attempts to outwit the other.

Stebbins was half starved, and both he and Frost thought they ought to have some whiskey for their sufferings. The others concluded to have some more with them—the defeated party to cheer their spirits, the victors to honour their victory.

Thus was the purity of the Westfield ballot-box maintained, and the Federal preponderance established on the Canada line.—*U. W. Farman, in the New England Magazine.*

FACTS, FEARS AND IMAGINATION.

THE country on the west of Narragansett Bay has been abundantly favoured with unnatural phenomena, and also to a remarkable degree with the means for investigation of their origin. One amusing incident which came under the writer's observation a few years ago, was the means of arousing an interest which has been kept alive ever since.

A certain house had the reputation of frequently changing tenants. Some of these, upon being asked their reasons for removal, would say the house was haunted, while others, well knowing that to admit such a reason for removal would provoke only jeers and laughter, wisely refrained from such an excuse by pleading other reasons. Enough, however, was known. So it came about that when the last new tenant had vacated the house, that the common remark was, "They have seen the ghost." Becoming myself curious to see it, one day I asked an old woman, who had lived in the neighbourhood a great many years, how long these things had been going on. She was very talkative, and gave a long story about the matter, which was briefly as follows:—

The house had been let for a number of years to tenants whose character was not reputable. About three years previous a man was seen to enter, but was never known to have left the house. The night following his arrival was spent in revelry. The language heard by the passer-by that evening was not as courteous or as chaste as it might have been, and the revel broke up in a fight.

From these circumstances the old woman had formed a theory that the man had been murdered, and that his spirit still hovered around there.

In passing by the house I observed that the two wires of the telegraph ran very close to the end windows, under the roof, and

that the wind had the usual privilege of exercising its genius upon the wires. Stepping beside one of the poles, my companion and I found that it was then doing finely in the way of providing weird music. Learning that the key of the house was kept in the next dwelling, the favour of entering the haunted precincts was solicited. When the custodian learned our reasons for wishing to inspect the house, he laughed, and remarked that we ought to know that it was the news they were sending over the wires that was making the noise, and not the wind. On being asked his reasons for so thinking, he said that a cousin of his had a friend who once worked in a telegraph office, and he had so stated.

"Very well," was the reply. "Wind or news, that is the true ghost. If we can get into that house, we can prove it."

This appeared to interest him. We then inquired if there had been any trouble before the wires had been put up; to which he answered that there had not.

"The trouble, then, has come with the wire, and will continue as long as that wire runs so close to that window," we added.

He brought the key, and together we went over the house. The investigation fully bore out our theory. I then remarked that this music would seem very different in the night to what it did now—that it would not require much imagination to hear fiddling and dancing, and screams and groans, and everything necessary upon which to build a fine ghost story. I then said to the custodian that if he would come there with me that night, we would find every word of my theory to be true, and, besides, we would have a free entertainment.

The result was, we went that night to the house, and had just such an experience as I had anticipated.

Another source from whence many a story of groans and screams have arisen, while not so readily seen at first, is still as easy to understand when once known. Let wind pass through crevices, especially if in those crevices there happens to be splinters, and one not versed in such matters will be surprised to discover what weird and unnatural sounds will be produced. Many persons of good understanding, even, ignorant of the peculiar mechanical conditions which are the cause of the alarming sounds, are sometimes thrown into a great horror by the mysterious manifestations.

It is a notable fact that most of the haunted houses in the country are those which have become more or less uninhabitable, and are consequently more open to the action of the wind than those in good repair. This consideration at once solves the mystery of many haunted houses.

In the Narragansett country there is another source of phenomena that is readily comprehended when the explanation is once brought to the attention of a reasoner. Whether so common in other parts of New England, we know not, but presume it is not; for if it is so common elsewhere, it must have been remarked upon. Electrical storms are and have been of frequent occurrence here. Those who delight in nature's works can nowhere find grander pictures. We will instance a case where one of these storms was turned to advantage, and with it close this paper.

During the winter of 1816-17 a great revival occurred in this region, and hundreds professed religion, and many expressed a wish to be baptized. The weather was cold, and ice covered the surface of the rivers and ponds. Instead of waiting for warm weather, it was proposed to run the risk of taking cold, rather than imperil the soul by delay. The night before the baptism was to take place, some interested parties repaired to the place where the baptizing was to be, and cut the ice, opening a space sufficient for the purpose. In order to keep the opening from freezing over, the water was to be frequently agitated during the night with poles. The next morning those who had taken upon themselves this task had a wonderful story to tell. The water had not shown any inclination to freeze over during the night, although the weather was intensely cold. All that night music was heard in the air, as if troops of angels were hovering overhead, and had come to this place to bestow, in their celestial way, a blessing on the work to be there so soon accomplished.

This story was by many implicitly believed. Old members of the church confirmed the story, and testified that in going home from meeting that evening the heavens seemed to them filled with

divine music, and of such sweetness and beauty that they were satisfied it was made by the angels.

The fact is now known to most well-informed people, that holes cut through the ice will be kept open for days by the natural warmth of the water in the coldest of weather; and that electrical storms will produce sounds in the air that may aptly be termed "Heavenly music."

But to resume: the two facts of open water and aerial music—under the above circumstances—was seized upon by the preacher effectively to stimulate still further the religious fervour of the people; and the result was what is known in local religious history as the "Great Awakening."

THE EAGLE'S NEST;

OR,

THE MARVEL OF SEBASTIAN GEE.

A Canadian Story.

PART FIRST.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK WILFORD.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

I EXPRESS no opinion as to the general truth of the proposition that distance lends enchantment to the view. But I am prepared to maintain against all comers that the two females who then stood before us were by no means pleasing objects to contemplate at close range.

They were old. They were ugly. Like the Fatal Three who stopped the Scottish Thane and his comrade upon the blasted heath, they were withered and wild in their attire, and looked not like inhabitants o' the earth. The Pig-faced Lady would have seemed a comely gentlewoman by the side of either; but one of them was so surpassingly hideous to behold, that, for the moment, I had no eyes for her companion. Never in my life have I encountered anything, human or inhuman, that I would be so unjust as to compare with that frightful old harridan. Charlotte Cushman as Meg Merrilies was a Juliet in comparison. She was bent nearly double with age, but was evidently free from the physical infirmities incidental to declining years, for she bore a large heavily-laden basket strapped to her back, and notwithstanding her burden she seemed as lithe and active as a tiger-cat. A solitary tuft of foul and matted grey hair protruded from beneath the leathern strap which passed round her head and supported the basket. Her dirty parchment visage was wrinkled and distorted out of all semblance to humanity, and her eyes were two flaming red balls of fire, which flashed as she swiftly advanced upon us with an expression of deadly hate.

We kept close together, hand in hand, and edged to the extreme verge of our side of the road, intending to pass by without any salutation. The hag frustrated our design by placing herself directly in front of us. For a single instant she peered furtively round, as though to ascertain whether any one was in sight. Finding that her proceedings were unobserved by any one except her companion and ourselves, she held up her hand menacingly, by way of injunction to us to stand still. Her companion here addressed her in the native jargon of her tribe, which was of course unfamiliar to us; but we perceived from their tones and gestures that the less ill-favoured of the two was remonstrating with the other against interfering with us. They kept up a chattering for a minute or so, and then the hag, unable to restrain herself any longer, sprang upon and seized me roughly by the arm.

I shrank back, and vainly endeavoured to free myself from her grasp. The devilish malice which shot forth from her glittering old eyes terrified me beyond measure, and I screamed aloud at the top of my voice. She held me as though in a vice, and in another second wrenched my hand from my brother's, and drew from some place of concealment about her person a murderous-looking gully. At this, Norman's screams were added to mine, and the valiant little fellow made frantic but ineffectual efforts to seize the hag by the wrist. She glanced quickly from one of us

to the other with an (if possible) intensified expression of diabolical fury, and then—raised the knife high in air.

Whether or not she entertained any design more diabolical than to frighten us within an inch of our lives can never be known with certainty. The presumption is that she did not, for she had an abundance of time to put an end to the earthly career of both of us had she so willed. But while she stood there with her arm poised in mid-air, as though selecting the most vulnerable point of attack, an unlooked-for interruption occurred. Hurried footsteps were heard approaching, and in another moment our ears were stunned by a roar like that of a wounded lion. My assailant instantaneously relinquished her grasp upon my arm, and almost before she had time to let her hand drop to her side, the Bald Eagle vaulted over the opposite fence into the roadway.

Except that his features were somewhat lighted up with angry excitement, and that he had on a pair of moccasins that were almost new, his appearance and garb were precisely the same as we remembered them to have been on that chill November afternoon six months before when we had first beheld him at the door of "The Shooting Star." Hatless and bootless, with flashing eyes and protruding teeth, he presented, in the abstract, anything but an inviting spectacle. But we had no time, even if we had had the inclination, to criticise his aspect. In such emergencies one can hardly be expected to look a gift horse in the mouth. We at once knew that he was there to defend us, and that with such a champion to fight our battles there was no longer any cause for fear.

To seize the beldame by her scraggy throat, wrench the gully from her grasp, and hurl it over the fence and down the bank from whence he had emerged, were the work of a moment. Terrified as I was, I heard the blade strike upon a stone and rebound away down the bank and out of sight. Then, wheeling her round with the rapidity of lightning, he bestowed upon her a kick which I thought must inevitably shatter her old frame to atoms. Had his feet been encased in the heavy cow-hide boots which were in common use in those parts, her existence would possibly have terminated then and there; but his soft buckskin moccasin rendered the propulsion somewhat less formidable as to its results. As it was, however, she shot, as though impelled by a catapult, into the ditch at the opposite side of the road, ten yards distant. Her basket took to itself wings, and flew over her head into the middle of the road, dispersing its contents in every direction. A gallon jug of whiskey, coming in contact with a stone, was shivered into a hundred fragments, and a large cheese shared the same melancholy fate. The owner of these creature comforts, however, arose almost immediately, shook herself together, gave a sickly smile, as though suffering from toothache, and seemed very little the worse for the ungentle treatment she had undergone. The pair would have made off without more ado, but our protector placed himself before them, and launched out into a loud-mouthed tirade, which, being delivered in the Mohawk tongue, I could not understand a word; but that it was of formidable import the cowering and frightened demeanour of the uncanny pair bore ample testimony. They attempted to speak, as if to mollify him; but every time they opened their mouths he hurled his anathemas with redoubled vigour. After berating them as surely no two scoundrel crows were ever berated either before or since, he authoritatively pointed down the road, and (apparently) bade them begone. They hurriedly slunk off, without stopping to pick up such of the former contents of the basket as remained uninjured, and were evidently only too glad to escape from the presence of so redoubtable a foe.

Then he turned upon us, and in no very gentle tones demanded "What you do here alone—eh?"

My brother acted as spokesman, and narrated how we had started from home for a walk across the fields, and had at length found ourselves in the road, where we had been assaulted by the two squaws without any provocation on our part.

"You two little fools to go from home by yourselves. Why you think you would have happened if I hadn't come along? The old witch"—he did not say "witch," but used a word that rhymed thereto—"hates white childer wuss as the debbil, and would have slit your gizzards, like as not. Don't you never do so no more. You come along with me; I will take you to your father."

We thankfully accepted his escort, and ran along by his side to the gate, and thence down the shady lane past Aspleigh Hall, and on to our house; where we found that our father had returned, and had got as far as the porch on his way to search for us.

CHAPTER X.

THE BALD EAGLE ON THE WAR-PATH.

"WHY, Sebastian," began my father, advancing down the garden-walk to meet us, and grasping our companion warmly by the hand—"this is a surprise. How are you, and where have you owed yourself away all winter? In a hollow tree, like any her old bruin—eh?"

"Been down the river," was the reply—"only got back yesterday."

"Down the river. And only got back yesterday. And pray, where did you get back to yesterday?"

"Back home, in course."

"And where do you call 'home'? Ha, ha! That's asking questions, isn't it? None of my business, I suppose. Well, you've been so long away that I thought you must have taken your parture from among us for good, and gone to the happy hunting-grounds you were telling me about one day. Come in and have dinner with us, and then we'll smoke a pipe, and have a chat together. Where did you pick up those two little tramps of mine? I am sorry to say they have been very naughty indeed, and caused their mother no end of anxiety. I was just starting it to look for them when I saw you coming down the lane. But me in and give an account of yourselves, all three of you." And saying, my father led the way into the house.

Our guest shook hands with my mother as though she had been an intimate acquaintance of ten years' standing. She gave him a hearty welcome, and seconded my father's invitation to dinner, which was nearly ready. The Bald Eagle neither accepted the invitation nor declined it, but quietly seated himself on the edge of a chair, as though silence gave assent.

"O, Norman," said my mother, noticing the fact that our stockings and pinafores were bedaubed with mud; "where have you been, to get yourself and Mark into such a shocking state of dirt? Go into the kitchen, directly, and ask Sarah to wash you, and make you fit to sit down to table." She had been seriously alarmed at our long absence, and was too thankful at seeing us look again safe and sound to adopt very stringent measures towards us.

"You'd oughter feel devilish chipper to see 'em back agin at all, clean or dirty—that's about how it is;" remarked Sebastian.

"Why, sir? Has anything happened? Have they been in any mischief?"

"Mischief! Well, I bet old Mog Two-Fish 'ud 'a' played the mischief with 'em, if it hadn't been for me. I come along an' watched her jest about ready to slice 'em up, down there in the miller, in the Landin' road."

"The Landing road!" exclaimed my mother, holding up her hands in astonishment.

"Yes; an' if I'd been two minutes later they'd like enough 'a' been sassaige-meat afore now. Don't ye be too hard on 'em *this* time. They've been pretty considerable skeered, I tell you. An' I reckon they'll think twicet about it afore they go off on the tramp agin, gallivanting around the deestrick all by theirselves, as if they was no better nor vagabones like me.—Now, jest you hold our little jaw," continued he, playfully shaking his huge fist at my brother, who was about to speak—"I'll make everything square with the old folks. You be off an' git slicked up out in the kitchen."

To the kitchen my brother and I accordingly betook ourselves, and then we frightened our sister almost out of her wits by a vivid history of our morning's adventure. A plentiful application of soap and water, and the substitution of some clean clothing for our soiled garments, made us presentable in the dining-room, to which we soon returned. Sebastian had meanwhile electrified our parents by a no less glowing account of our rencontre; and other, with overflowing eyes, clasped us both to her breast.

"O, sir, how can I ever thank you sufficiently for your protec-

tion of my darlings? And Norman—Mark—"turning from one of us to the other—"you'll never disobey me again, will you? What an escape you have had!"

"Well, you see maum," remarked our guest, "the fact o' the matter is, there's no saying for sartain whether they was in any tremenjil danger or not. That darned old scalliwag hates white folks like pison; an' besides she was charged tollably full o' whiskey, an' had the debbil in her as big as a two-headed wood-chuck. Mebbe she only meant to skeer 'em; an' then agin, mebbe she meant to carry 'em off down to the Injun settlement. Howsomever, I gin her a pretty strong piece o' my mind, an' told her I'd make the country too hot to hold her if she ever tried it on any more. She'll be all-fired keerful about interferin' with 'em agin; so don't you worry about it maum.—I guess I'll jest step out into the kitchen an' wash my hands a spell. 'Tain't often as I sets down to dinner with gentry."

While our strange guest was performing his ablutions in the kitchen, we supplemented his account of the adventure by acquainting our parents with our version of the story. Sebastian had already informed them who our assailants were. The old woman who had drawn her knife upon us was the mother of that identical Joe Two-Fish mentioned in a former chapter as having committed a murder at the Landing. She was dreaded throughout the district for her ferocious temper, and for her unconquerable hatred of the pale-faces. She had more than once been in trouble for displaying her savage proclivities, and had served a term in jail at Port Burlington for stabbing a constable at the Ford, and biting his nose off. The other woman was her sister, and was a somewhat modified edition of herself. The Two-Fishes, from the oldest to the youngest, were an ill-conditioned race, and were in bad odour even among their own people. They were irreclaimable barbarians, and clung to their savage usages and traditions with a tenacity against which civilization seemed to be powerless. They were notorious thieves; and the thieving propensity seemed to be a sort of mania with them, for they had frequently been known to steal things which were of no conceivable use or value to them, apparently from the mere pleasure of wrong-doing. As for old Mog herself, the Bald Eagle was wont to declare his belief that she could drink more bad whiskey than any other member of her tribe; that she would steal anything in the world that she could lay her hands on except a red-hot cooking-stove; and that she would like to kill somebody every day of her life were it not for fear of consequences. He probably painted her in colours somewhat too strong; but even after making due allowance for exaggeration, we had abundant reason to congratulate ourselves upon having escaped out of the clutches of such an old vulture with nothing more serious than a terrible fright. We of course promised never to stray from home again; and our mother, rightly judging that we had already been sufficiently punished for our little escapade, forgave us for our disregard of her injunction.

Sebastian emerged from the kitchen with face and hands tolerably clean. Our two hired men made their appearance, and in accordance with the democratic usages of the country we all sat down to dinner together. When my father asked a blessing upon the food of which we were about to partake, our guest inclined his head reverently, and throughout the whole progress of the meal he manifested a propriety and decorum such as could scarcely have been expected from a person of his habits and mode of life. People of more fastidious tastes than we were might perhaps have taken exception to his soiled, greasy sheepskin tunic, as a garb not quite appropriate for the dinner-table; and his bare neck and breast would not have shown to advantage at a fashionable club; but his manner of conducting himself at table was certainly more in keeping with the usages of civilized life than was that of the two Jebusitical chawbacons who dined with us.

When dinner was over, Sebastian and my father lighted their pipes, and sat down in the porch to enjoy a smoke, in the course of which the former recounted his adventures subsequent to the time of his parting from us on the night of our arrival. I at first seated myself beside them, with eyes and ears open; but my father, thinking it not unlikely that some of the details might

be such as it would be unadvisable for me to hear, sent me in to my mother. Our guest did not take his departure until late in the afternoon. After he had gone, my mother heard the narrative at second-hand from my father; but it was not until some months afterwards that the particulars were imparted to me. They were to the following effect:

After alighting from the buggy in which he had ridden with us from "The Shooting Star," the Bald Eagle strode into the interstices of the thicket of underbrush where the two ruffians from the Landing were hiding. Upon reaching the spot where they had ensconced themselves he sternly demanded of them what they did there. They replied that they had been to the Ford, and had stepped aside on their way homeward to rest themselves, and to partake of the contents of a bottle of spirits which they had procured in the village. He told them they lied: that he had overheard their colloquy in the barn; and that unless they left the neighbourhood with all imaginable expedition he would acquaint my father with what he had heard, and have them arrested for the crime they had contemplated. They seemed to be thunder-struck. A guilty conscience is easily imposed upon; it never occurred to them that the evidence was insufficient to convict them of any offence. After deliberating together for a few moments they promised compliance with the demand made upon them; stipulating, however, that before taking their final departure they should be permitted to return to the Landing for certain articles of clothing which constituted the whole of their worldly possessions. They anxiously enquired whether or not he had mentioned to any one what he had overheard, and seemed much relieved when he informed them—untruly, as the reader is aware—that he had not. He ordered them to be off at once, and announced his intention of never losing sight of them until they were fairly out of the district.

The three started to walk to the Landing. When they came to the hollow in the road where Norman and I encountered the squaws, one of them suddenly stooped down, and picking up a huge boulder, hurled it at Sebastian's head with all his might. It struck him just above the left ear with full force, and stretched him senseless in the middle of the road.

When he came to himself, Doctor King was bending over him, and pouring a restorative down his throat. Upon attempting to rise to his feet he found that he was dizzy, and unable to stand alone; so the Doctor carried him home in his gig, dressed his wound, and kept him at the Eyrie all night. The two assailants were no doubt of opinion that the blow had been fatal, as it unquestionably would have been if administered to a skull of ordinary thickness. They would probably have dragged his body down the bank, attached a great stone to it, and sunk it in the river out of sight, had they not been alarmed at hearing the approach of the Doctor's gig. It was quite dark, and the Doctor had seen nothing of them. The latter personage was for going at once to the Landing, and delivering the rascals up to justice; but Sebastian would not assent to such a proceeding, stating that he very much preferred to settle with them himself. He had always been accustomed to redress his own grievances, without invoking the majesty of the law. At the urgent request of his patient, the Doctor promised to keep silence about the affair; and next morning, Sebastian, having apparently quite recovered from the effects of the blow, started for the Landing.

Upon his arrival there, he found that the birds had flown. He learned that they had been drinking at Price's tavern up to a late hour on the previous night, and had not since been seen by any one about the place. By some means known only to himself he contrived to get upon their trail, and tracked them from the Landing to the Ford: from the Ford to Port Burlington; from Port Burlington to Niagara: thence across the river into the interior of the State of New York. At Lockport they for the first time became aware that they were being hunted by the man whom they previously believed they had killed. Knowing the character of him with whom they had to deal, and being no doubt haunted by a vague dread of the consequences of an encounter with him, they adopted all sorts of devices to throw him off the scent. I can readily believe that from thenceforward every hour of their lives, whether sleeping or waking, was passed in mortal fear. I

can imagine how, month after month, they shulked about from town to town, striving to baffle the wily pursuer; and striving vainly for, twist and turn how they would, ever in their wake followed the footsteps of the avenger. It is probable that the Bald Eagle was conscious of the vague terror that his pursuit inspired, and purposely prolonged the chase in order to prolong their anxiety. At all events, he apparently made no very strenuous exertions to come up with them, else he might have overtaken them long before he did. He laughed savagely as he narrated, my father how, no sooner did they fancy that they had thrown him out, and that they were at last in a place of security, than they would receive an intimation that he was only half a dozen miles off, and making straight for them with unflinching tenacity of purpose.

I am unable to give any further details of the prolonged pursuit. Suffice it to say that, if his own word is to be believed, at last overtook them. Where the encounter took place he declined to say. He further declined to give any information as to how he had avenged himself. "Never you mind," said he to my father: "they won't cut up any more o' their shines. They served all they got. That was an awful clip they gin me, an' wasn't goin' to let 'em off. If I'd had to follow 'em to the middle o' the earth, I was bound to have satisfaction. My head ain't never been quite plumb since the cussed stone hit me. If that it has affected my mem'ry. I seem to forgit things I ought to remember. I have small amounts o' money hid around here & there in different places in the woods, an' oftentimes I can't think to mind where to find 'em. I have to keep a written amoroand in my pocket to tell me where they be."

"But you didn't kill the men?" exclaimed my father, interrogatively.

"Not likely. But don't you ask any questions, 'cause it ain't nobody's business but mine. Any man as runs agin Sebastian Gee runs agin a chunk."

It was of no use. No additional information could ever be extracted from him on the subject. This much, however, is certain: the two ruffians were never seen or heard of again in the district, and their fate remains a mystery to this day.

Sebastian laid no injunctions upon my father to keep silence respecting so much of the story as he had thought proper to communicate; but it will easily be understood that my father did not consider the subject an attractive one to talk about, and never mentioned it to any one except my mother. As has already been stated, it was not until some time afterwards that I learned from her lips, the particulars which I have here set down.

CHAPTER XI.

MENTOR AND TELEMACHUS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Bald Eagle's quasi-denial, my father was very much disposed to believe that the two umquihle sojourners at Burtch's Landing had met with foul play at the hands of the man who had so pertinaciously hunted them down. It would have been difficult, indeed, for any one who was cognizant of such facts as were known to my father to arrive at any other conclusion. It was not reasonable to suppose that such a pursuit as that in which the half-breed confessed to having engaged—a pursuit involving long succession of toilsome journeys on foot: a pursuit extending over several months, and followed up to the last with all the unrelentingness of a Corsican's vendetta—it was not reasonable to suppose that such a pursuit had terminated harmlessly. It is by no means probable that he had spent week after week and month after month in tracking his enemies from place to place for mere pastime. He must undoubtedly have had some very definite purpose in view in following up such a trail; and what could that purpose have been unless revenge? He admitted that his labour had not been in vain. He acknowledged that he had overtaken them; and his persistent refusal to give any particulars as to his final encounter with them formed an additional ground for the gravest suspicion against him; more especially when accompanied by his positive assurance that they would trouble

any more. The most obvious deduction seemed to be that he had in some secret manner contrived to make away with them, and to cover up his tracks so effectually that detection would be either very difficult or altogether impossible.

From the moment when my father arrived at that conclusion, his sentiments towards his protégé underwent a marked change, and he was for some days greatly exercised in mind as to what steps, if any, ought to be taken in the matter. The mere fact that the two ruffians were two unmitigated scoundrels of whom the world would be well rid, was an accidental ingredient which he felt that he had no right to take into consideration. If they had been foully dealt with, the offence was legally as great as though they had been the most estimable members of society. And if such a crime had been committed, would not he himself come in some sort a participator therein by keeping silence as to what he knew? On the other hand, of what avail would it be for him to speak out? To whom should he speak? Would it answer any good purpose to lay the circumstances before the local authorities, to be dealt with by them as they might think proper? Were there sufficient grounds for arresting the suspected person, and keeping him in custody until the fate of the missing ones could be enquired into? And even if there were such grounds, as it was my father's imperative duty to set on foot such a proceeding? In the first place, would it not savour of monstrous ingratitude and bad faith on my father's part to subject to criminal prosecution a man whose own admissions furnished the only evidence against him: whom it would probably be impossible to convict: who might even turn out altogether guiltless: and who, whatever his faults might be, had certainly manifested a most friendly spirit towards my father and his family? If the man had been guilty of the crime of murder, had he not been led into committing it by an ever-watchful zeal for my father's welfare? And in the next place, was it probable that the local authorities of the district, with such scanty information as could be furnished to them, would be able to elicit anything which would throw light upon the fate of the absentees.

My parents held many private colloquies between themselves upon the subject, and discussed it in all its bearings. They were actuated by a sincere desire to do their duty, irrespective of consequences; but they were nevertheless anxious to do no more than their duty, and to screen the Bald Eagle in so far as that might be done with a clear conscience. The final conclusion at which they arrived was that the facts, as known to them, were so vague and indefinite to render magisterial interference imperative, and that it was not even morally incumbent upon my father to take any action in the matter. At the same time, they were not entirely free from certain inward misgivings as to whether this conclusion was a just one; and they were at all events averse to continuing any intimacy with a man whom it was possible to suspect of so heinous an offence as wilful murder. As for my mother, she had conceived a distrust of the man from the moment when she had first looked in his face. That distrust had never entirely left her, and when she had been made acquainted with the substance of his narrative to my father, she shuddered at the thought of entertaining such a guest in her house.

Meanwhile, however, the subject of these discussions continued to visit us frequently; and, notwithstanding a perceptible diminution of cordiality in the manner of both host and hostess, seemed to have no suspicion that his visits were otherwise than acceptable. Of course they were not positively rude to him. It could have been repugnant to their natures to be positively rude to any person, more especially to one who was evidently well-disposed towards them, and who had so recently established an additional claim to their favour by rescuing their little ones from the bid fury of old Mog Two-Fish. And the Bald Eagle was not an exacting guest. He was no stickler for ceremonious courtesy. He was sufficient for him that he was permitted to come and go backward and forward as he pleased; and he was apparently unconscious of anything to complain of in the household hospitalities dispensed at the Crofts.

He continued, as I have said, to visit us frequently. My mother and I knew nothing of what was passing in the minds of our parents at this time; and to us, at least, his visits were al-

ways welcome, for he was a most entertaining companion. We were much interested in his strange ways, so different from those of any one else whom we had seen. He seemed to be equally interested in us, and was never tired of listening to our boyish prattle. He was demonstrative in his affection for us, and never came without bringing with him some token of his good will. He made bows and arrows for us, and taught us how to use them. He fashioned beautiful little toy canoes for us from birch bark, and ornamented them gaudily with stained quills. He devoted two afternoons to constructing for our delectation a rude wooden cage with three apartments; and the next day he made his appearance with four living tenants for the aforesaid apartments, in the shape of a black squirrel, two chipmonks, and a hedge-hog. The little creatures seemed to be quite at home in their new quarters, and the miniature menagerie formed a source of amusement for us for many a day. Then, he was not averse to receiving amusement from us. In a former page I have mentioned the fact that he could read. He evinced a decided partiality for the contents of some of our story-books. He could spell his way through a few pages for himself, but he generally preferred to have them read to him, as his eye-sight was not very keen at short range. Norman, who was quite a scholar for his years, could read an easy book like "The Seven Champions" without difficulty; and nothing pleased our guest more than to sit and listen to those immortal legends by the hour together. I was at this time about three years of age, and had just begun to learn my letters. Sebastian took great interest in my scholastic advancement, and seldom left us for the day until he had devoted a few minutes to my instruction. I may say, indeed, that he taught me the rudiments of the English language. I learned my alphabet out of the volume of "Parliamentary Debates," which contained a goodly array of capital letters, and the type whereof was large and distinct. It soon came to be a regular thing, every day when he visited us, for this ponderous tome to be brought out from the drawer in which it was kept. He took great pride in his office of Mentor, and seemed to swell with importance when the book was placed in his hands for the purpose of hearing me say a lesson. I was not inapt, and when I acquitted myself creditably he would pat me approvingly on the head, while his eyes glistened with supreme delight. Before summer was over I had made considerable progress under his tuition, and not only knew all my letters perfectly, but could pick out most of the words of one syllable, and spell and define them to his entire satisfaction.

These various manifestations of his affection for my brother and me could not fail to produce an effect upon the sentiments of my parents towards him. They were almost daily witnesses of the harmless, inoffensive life which he led, and as the months rolled by, the rigour of their feelings towards him began insensibly to abate. It did not seem possible to them that a man who took such evident delight in catering to the amusement and instruction of their little ones could ever have been guilty of so grave an offence as a breach of the sixth commandment. They tried to persuade themselves that he had appeased his revenge by merely giving the ruffians a tremendous thrashing, and then letting them go their ways. I am not prepared to say that they ever quite succeeded in convincing themselves that such had been the case; for was there not his own express declaration that the two men would never trouble any one again? They determined, however, to think the best of him, and to hope that he had at any rate stopped short of actual murder. He did not again voluntarily allude to the matter himself. My father made repeated attempts, when the two were alone together, to induce him to give a more explicit account of the transaction; but he was less susceptible than the unjust judge mentioned in the Scriptures: he was not to be overcome, even by continual importunity, and would never be wheedled into saying anything beyond what he had previously stated. And there the matter was allowed to rest.

When the harvest season came round again he became, for a time, almost domesticated with us. He could do a formidable day's work in the harvest-field, and would accept of no recompense for his services beyond his daily food. There was little intercourse and no familiarity between him and the other labourers, with whom he never exchanged an unnecessary word.

When the day's work was done, he would sit down to table and eat his supper with the rest, but when the meal was at an end he would quietly withdraw to a corner of the yard and smoke his pipe in solitude until he felt inclined for slumber. No amount of persuasion could induce him to lie in a bed; a bed being an article which he regarded as a useless and enervating luxury. He declared that he had never slept in one since he was a boy, and that he did not intend to resume the practice at that late time of day. When his pipe was finished, he would betake himself to the kitchen, stretch his limbs out upon the floor with his arm for a pillow, and in less than two minutes his prodigious snores would proclaim that he was sleeping the sleep of the just. He seemed to require but little sleep, and was always astir long before any one else in the house. It was nothing unusual for him to get through as much work before his breakfast as would have taken an ordinary man half a day to accomplish.

When the last sheaf had been gathered in, he went away with the other hands who had been specially employed for the harvest. In a few days, however, he again made his appearance as he had been accustomed to do. My lessons were resumed, and he took good care that I should make up by increased assiduity for the time I had lost by his temporary absence. My progress was such that before many more weeks had elapsed I could read as well as he could, and he was at length reluctantly compelled to resign his tutorial functions into my mother's hands. Throughout the ensuing autumn and winter his visits were somewhat irregular, as he was frequently absent from the neighbourhood on hunting excursions. Sometimes we would see nothing of him for several weeks, and then he would suddenly drop in upon us with a fine haunch of venison on his shoulders—or perhaps a bag of wild rabbits or hares—as a present to my mother.

Nothing of sufficient importance to be recorded occurred during that winter, which had little to distinguish it from the preceding one except that there was much less snow, and that the weather was not nearly so cold. It was quite cold enough, however, and there were several days when the mercury went down ever so far below zero. We were all very happy at the Crofts, and no one was happier than I. Again were the logs piled high in the great fireplace, and the landscapes among the hickory coals were as resplendently gorgeous as ever. Happy, happy days of childhood! What joys does adolescence bring with it to compensate us for those it takes away?

Spring came in early. The bleak winds of March soon blew themselves out, and the first of April found the ground bare. In that month of April an event happened which changed the whole course of my future life. But for that event I would not have had much of a story to tell, and it would not have devolved upon me at this distance of time to take up my pen to recount the weird mystery of Sebastian Gee.

Thus ends the last completed page of this singularly realistic but withal romantic story. The remaining MS. consists merely of headings for chapters, which prove, however, that the author had a clear conception in his mind as to the subsequent course of the narrative. The headings are as follows:—

CHAPTER XII.
THE MAN OF BELIAL.

CHAPTER XIII.
THE HOUSE THAT JAKE BUILT.

CHAPTER XIV.
THE NOBLE SAVAGE.

CHAPTER XV.
ALL IN THE WILD MARCH MORNING.

CHAPTER XVI.
THE CROWNER HATH SET ON HIM.

CHAPTER XVII.

SHE IS A WOMAN; THEREFORE MAY BE WOODED.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SHE IS A WOMAN; THEREFORE MAY BE WON.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BATTLE OF BURTON'S LANDING.

CHAPTER XX.

LIFE AT THE EYRIE.

CHAPTER XXI.

SURFACE INDICATIONS.

CHAPTER XXII.

LIFE IN THE CLEARINGS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BOUNDING BILLOWS.

END OF PART FIRST.

PART SECOND.

COMPILED from the narrative of Wheaton Scovill, an Incurable by Septimus Dwelley, one of the Surgeons in Ordinary to the Royal Free Hospital, Elmhampston, England.

[Introductory note by Dr. Dwelley.]

This is the "trifling exception" referred to in Part I., Chapter I.

PART THIRD.—MARK WILFORD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.
A LETTER.

CHAPTER II.
STEERAGE.

CHAPTER III.
THE CRYPTOGRAM.

CHAPTER IV.
DECIPHERED.

CHAPTER V.
EXPLORATIONS AT THE EAGLE'S NEST.

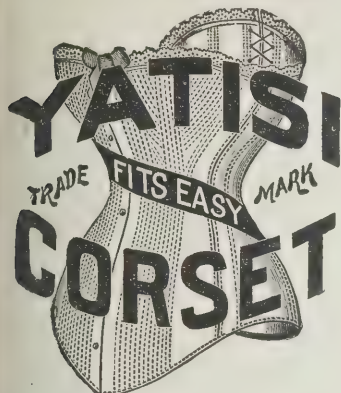
CHAPTER VI.
DISCOVERY.

CHAPTER VII.
SO FOUL A SKY CLEARS NOT WITHOUT A STORM.

CHAPTER VIII.
THIS LOOKS NOT LIKE A NUPTIAL.

CHAPTER IX.
THE STORM BURSTS.

CHAPTER X.
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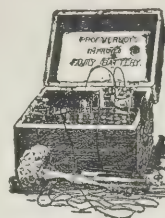
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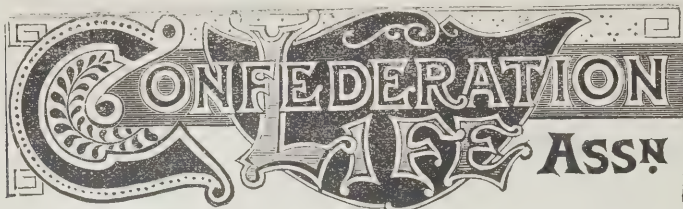
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ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

VOL. I. }
No. 14. }

Saturday, April 16th, 1887.

{ \$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

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Editorial Notes.

A "SCANDALOUS CHRONICLE."

"SOME books are lies frae end to end," sang glorious Robert Burns. Such would certainly appear to be the character of a book which has recently been published in the German capital, and which is just now receiving a good deal of attention at the hands of the Parisian and London journals. Its title, translated into English, is *The Courts of Europe*. The author, who wisely prefers to remain anonymous, entertains not slight reverence for that divinity which doth hedge a king. He—or more probably she—professes to know a good many royal secrets, or rather, a good many stories—mostly of an unsavoury character—which, upon the assumption of their truth, the illustrious personages chiefly concerned might well be excused for wishing to keep secret for all time. The book affects to penetrate beneath the surface of much of the current scandal relating to crowned heads, and to tell the unvarnished truth about the domestic quarrels and conjugal infelicities of some of the great ones of the earth.

THE MARQUIS AND THE PRINCESS.

THE pages relating to the English Court are naturally those wherein Canadian readers are likely to take the keenest interest, and there is one chapter which we in this Dominion may be expected to read with a good deal of amused curiosity. It deals with the personal relations existing between our late Governor-General the Marquis of Lorne and his royal spouse, the clever and accomplished Princess Louise. All the world knows—or professes to know—that the marriage between the future head of the house of Argyll and the fairest of our Queen's daughters has not turned out happily. The most preposterous stories have from time to time been set afloat as to the cause, and the persons who have been most busy in circulating the stories are precisely those who know the least about the matter in hand. Gossip

from the back kitchen and from the lips of discharged tirewomen is not generally entitled to much credit, nor does it receive much from sensible people. But gossip, whether true or false, about those who sit in high places has always possessed great attractions for a certain order of minds, and during the sojourn of Her Highness and His Excellency in Canada we were ever and anon regaled with stories, some of which at least possessed the merit of being highly ingenious. The Saga of Clan Campbell was sung to a wide variety of new tunes, and if there is sooth in by-words, the ears appertaining to Canon Duckworth and Lord Rosebery must have been in a state of chronic irritation. Of course nothing came of all this senseless slander. The Marquis preserved his stolid coldness of demeanour through it all. He did not win his way to our hearts as did his more brilliant predecessor in office; but he discharged his functions to the satisfaction of those best entitled to pass judgment upon his conduct, and when the time came for him to leave us we managed to reconcile ourselves to his departure. He has busied himself more or less about Canadian affairs ever since, and has apparently done his best to carry out his limited mission in life. Her Royal Highness, as was her wont before her appearance in the Canadian horizon, has occupied herself with art, literature and amateur philanthropy, seeing little of her liege-lord, and apparently giving herself very little concern about him. Out of sight, out of mind, and most of us in this country have ceased to think about her, except when Mr. Labouchere temporarily brings her to our recollections for a passing moment by one of his incisive little paragraphs in the columns of his much-misnamed newspaper.

THE GREAT MYSTERY UNRAVELLED.

BUT there has always been a limit to Mr. Labouchere's revelations. Even he is not omniscient, and he has never professed to unravel the whole mystery surrounding the relations of the Princess and her frigid spouse. It has been reserved for the foreign author of *The Courts of Europe* to make clear the whole sensational story. He—or she—has gone to the bottom of the deep well, and if he—or she—has failed to find truth there, it has not been for want of indefatigable searching. It does not appear that he—or she—has, like the late George Count Johannes, been taken into confidence by both parties; but there is more than one pretty plain intimation that the writer is, to use an expressive Americanism, "solid" with the whole family connection, and could reveal still more tremendous secrets if so minded. We are gravely informed by this veracious chronicler that Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise is tortured by a ceaseless jealousy of her lord, and that her

life is rendered miserable by her suspicions of him. Whether this jealousy is morbid and groundless on her part, or whether the Marquis really indulges, as Byron sings, in the recreation of "plucking various fruit without her leave," is a matter as to which even this sagacious personage is compelled to leave us in doubt. Her Highness is represented as saying one day to the Duchess of Albany: "Oh! if I only knew of some place where I could conceal my husband, so as to be sure of him. I am so unfortunate." Miserable, and much-to-be-pitied woman! She cannot emulate the rôle of Mrs. General Giffory, and lock up her husband's wooden leg in the closet while she goes out to amuse herself. That exquisite satisfaction is denied her, because the Marquis has no wooden leg, and because there is no amusement for her where he is not present to share it.

PRESS COMMENTS OF THE PARISIAN JOURNALS.

SUCH is the marvellous story which some prurient-minded penny-a-liner seeks to impose upon the sated scandal-mongers of the continent. That it should obtain credence among those who have any knowledge of certain ascertained facts relating to the persons immediately concerned is of course out of the question, but some of the Parisian paragraphers either pin their faith to the canard or at least affect to do so. The comments of some of the *feuilletonistes* are supremely amusing. One of them hints at the probability of Her Highness's finding an early refuge from her manifold sorrows within the walls of a religious house. Another suggests that the Prince of Wales ought to interfere. A third maunders over the possibility of judicial interference by the House of Lords!! It is difficult to comment seriously upon such a tissue of absurdities, but one may surely be pardoned for enquiring: Why this sudden access of moral indignation on the part of the most licentious press the world has ever seen? As matter of fact, the pretended revelation is so singularly the reverse of truth that one is constrained to marvel at the unblushing mendacity of the person responsible for it. It is fairly to be inferred that the marriage of the Marquis and his Princess was a mistake; in which respect it does not greatly differ from many other marriages. With regard to the cause, it concerns the pair themselves, and to a less extent their respective families. So far as the rest of the world are concerned, it is simply none of their business, and the writer who panders to a vitiated curiosity on the subject by disseminating impudent falsehoods deserves to be rigidly suppressed.

MEETING OF THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

MOST of the members have by this time found their way to Ottawa, and ere these lines meet the public eye the Parliamentary session will have fairly begun. If the Government feel much anxiety as to the future they have hitherto been able to suppress all outward manifestations thereof. Ministers, one and all, are taking things as they come, and are apparently under no solicitude as to their places. Nor, so far as can be judged, is there any ground for such solicitude. All doubts as to the stability of the Government have been pretty effectually dispelled, and Sir John is safe in

power, at any rate for the present session. Of course nobody can say what the future may have in store, but there is nothing in the political horizon to foreshadow any reaction of public opinion in favour of the Opposition. The tendency, indeed, is rather the other way.

LAWYERS IN THE LOCAL CABINET.

A CORRESPONDENT in a city contemporary takes exception to the preponderance of lawyers in the Local Cabinet. He argues with much plausibility that in an agricultural province like Ontario there ought to be at least three ministers devoted to the service of agriculture. "Common sense," he remarks, "would dictate for the farm three, to commerce one, to the professions one and to labour one." This sounds reasonable enough, but appeals to common sense in matters political are seldom of much avail. If there are too many lawyers and too few farmers in the Government, surely the electors have the remedy in their own hands. It cannot be that the correspondent means to advocate the apportionment by law of the occupations of members of the ministry. Lawyers have always had a large numerical representation in public bodies; and the reason is obvious. Their education and professional occupation are supposed to have especially fitted them for the public service, and they come prominently before the electors in connection with foreign affairs. There are probably quite as many of them in the legislature as the public welfare requires, but nobody, so far as we are aware, has ever mooted their exclusion by law. If you don't want them there, don't vote for them.

THE WOMAN'S MEDICAL SCHOOL.

TRINITY COLLEGE has thrown down the barriers erected against the admission of women to the medical profession, and at Convocation on Tuesday two Toronto ladies, Miss Pickering and Miss Alice McLaughlin, received the double degree of Doctor of Medicine and Master of Surgery. The ladies are the first graduates of the Woman's Medical College of Toronto, an institution which for the last four years has been doing its work in a quiet but effective way, in spite of some opposition and not a few disadvantages. It has been uphill work for the little college, the scarcity of funds being the chief obstacle to its success; but the Faculty have laboriously and conscientiously toiled, without reward, and thus far have no cause to complain of the results of their teachings. Six students in all have been sent up to the examinations—primary or final—of the Medical Council and the University of Trinity College, and not one of these has failed. This looks like efficient teaching, and a glance at the school examination papers, appended to the Annual Announcement, goes further to show that the Faculty insist upon thoroughness in their students' work. In addition to the routine instruction required by the Medical Council and the Universities it has been decided to establish next session a special course of lectures on Physical Diagnosis, and another on the Diseases of Children, the latter to be undertaken by a member of the medical staff of the Children's Hospital. In no other medical school in the Province are special courses on these subjects delivered.

the lady students will be placed in possession of exceptional advantages which will tell heavily in their favour in their professional work. During the first session 100 students attended the College; during that just closed 150—the fourth—fifteen. As the College is greatly in need of scholarships, apparatus, etc., an opportunity offers for advocates of the professional education of women to give practical proof of their interest in the work. It may be added that of the three Universities to which application was made by the Woman's Medical College for affiliation, Trinity—generally regarded as the incarnation of conservatism—was the only one to respond, and it responded liberally, cordially, and at once.

SCOTT ACT RIOTS.

It is not creditable to our land that magistrates in counties where the Scott Act is in force should be unable or unwilling to enforce the law. A few weeks ago there was an ineffectual attempt to uphold the dignity of the law at Woodstock. Certain whisky informers were mobbed and the whole town was in an uproar. There was a consequent disturbance of ordinary business, and of the friendly personal relations which ought to be maintained between persons dwelling side by side in the same community. On Monday night there was an equally unseemly display of lawlessness at Strathroy. Now, the business of a whisky informer is not a high or ennobling one, but it is recognized by the law of the land, and it must be borne in mind that none but transgressors of that law have any reason to fear him, or inclined to in any manner concern themselves about him. There are wide differences of opinion as to the merits of the Scott Act, but so long as it remains upon the statute-book it should be obeyed in those constituencies where it has been adopted by the popular voice, and any member of the community lending his countenance to violations of it, or to attacks upon those who seek to enforce it, should be regarded in the same light as any other law-breaker.

THE FISHERIES QUESTION.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S letter on the fisheries question is not only an evidence of right feeling and a due sense of responsibility on his part, but it is indicative of no slight degree of moral courage. Assuming him to be really looking forward to a second term, he must know that by this letter he has alienated not a few prospective votes, and tried them deeper than Pharaoh's hosts were buried in the Red Sea. He however also recognizes the fact that England's indorsement of Canada's claim is no mere bubble of foam to be brushed away at a touch, and that the time has now arrived for discussing this whole question in a grave and statesmanlike spirit. For the present, the business of the tail-twister is not likely to meet with much encouragement in the States from sensible men.

THE CHAPLEAU DINNER.

THE banquet given at Montreal on Monday night in honour of Mr. Chapleau appears to have been all that its promoters could reasonably have hoped for. The attendance was large, and included most of the leading Liberal

Conservatives of the Dominion. The oratorical features were of an altogether exceptional character, Mr. Chapleau's own effort, though couched in a language not native to him, being especially notable for its eloquence and vigour. The presence at the banquet of Sir Hector Langevin would seem to confirm the current belief that he and Mr. Chapleau have adjusted their differences, and are now prepared to enact the part of "twin stars in one sphere" with perfect propriety and decorum, and with due regard to ministerial exigencies. Sir Charles Tupper was present in great force, and, in a speech which had evidently been more carefully prepared beforehand than most of that gentleman's public utterances are, drew a remarkably bright and alluring word-picture of Canada's future. We should be glad to believe in all the roseate images thus eloquently conjured up, but in view of the large public expenditure and the unsatisfactory state of the public revenue, we find it hard to persuade ourselves that there is much beyond words in the perfervid oratory of the ex-Lord High Commissioner. It is however gratifying to know that he has taken hold of the national finances with an evident determination to bring about a more propitious state of affairs, and that he has already lopped off a formidable list of unnecessary expenses. Sir Charles can doubtless find profitable employment in this line in his department for some time to come.

THE MUSICAL JOURNAL, a monthly periodical published in Toronto by Messrs. Timms, Moor & Co., has been regularly laid on our table for some time past, and we must apologize to the directors for not sooner calling attention to its merits. It is a sixteen page quarto, about half of which is devoted to letterpress, while the other half is taken up by music, the greater part of which appears to be original. The literary portion of it is exceptionally well done, being written in good and readable English, and embodying critical comments on matters pertaining to "the art of sweet sounds." Concerning the music proper we speak with diffidence, but so far as a non-professional musical critic may venture to express an opinion, the *Journal* is in all respects a highly meritorious publication, well deserving the hearty support of all who take an interest in musical matters—a large and increasing class in this country, and more especially in this city. The April number contains a sprightly little ballad entitled "I Kissed Her in the Rain," the music and words of which are by Mr. Frederick Sims, who is already favourably known as the composer of an *Ave Maria* published in Toronto during last year. The "swing" of this little ballad is remarkably bright and cheerful, and the refrain comes in with happy effect. The music is in strict keeping with the sentiment, being sweet, pleasant and exhilarating. A word of praise is certainly due to the printers, who have here turned out one of the clearest and cleanest sheets in the whole round of Canadian periodicals. We shall henceforth look forward to its appearance with interest and expectation.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

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LORD LANSDOWNE'S IRISH POLICY.

SO much unfavourable criticism has been cabled across the Atlantic regarding the evictions which occurred on the Luggacurren estate of our Governor-General, and such utterly ridiculous comments have been made in certain American papers concerning them, that a fair statement of the facts and events is desirable. We propose to give a brief summary of the case, which has excited such sensational interest in many Irish American and Canadian quarters. The estate contains about 9,000 acres, and is parcelled out among about 100 tenants. The yearly rental is a little over £7,334. In 1862 the rental was about £7,000, and it is shown that since then no less than £10,000 have been spent on farm lands and houses, and another £10,000 on labourers' houses, roads, drainage and other improvements. So that for an outlay of capital amounting roughly to £20,000, an increase of only £300 rental has been made. Against this, however, it must be remembered that about forty rentals were reduced by the Land Court during the last three years, amounting in all to £200 annually. Furthermore, Lord Lansdowne has offered all tenants whose rents were not judicially abated reductions varying from 10 to 25 per cent. These offers have been refused. The tenants ask for reductions of 20 per cent. on judicial rent, and 35 per cent. on other rents. This is the basis of the fight which Mr. William O'Brien proposes to finish in Canada against the Queen's representative, instead of settling it in Ireland with the landlord. In order to show more clearly the exact state of affairs, let us look at the case of the evicted tenant Kilbride, who is a vigorous supporter of the Plan of Campaign, and a prominent Nationalist. He holds two contiguous farms of 768 acres, the rental of which is £760. During the last twenty-five years Lord Lansdowne has spent about £130 yearly on improvements, for which the tenant is charged 4 per cent. Mr. Kilbride, in a speech after his eviction, ridiculed the idea of accepting 20 per cent. reduction on judicial rents, and spoke of 40, 50 and 60 per cent. as a more fair scale. Lord Lansdowne did not think the Plan of Campaign would be to his interest, and evicted Kilbride. In the face of these facts we find Mr. W. O'Brien asking whether it was consistent that a man whose hands were red with the guilt of unjust evictions should occupy the post of Governor-General of Canada? To his question Canada will probably give for answer a smile, as the management of Lord Lansdowne's Irish estates is really no Canadian's business, and Canadian landlords, it may be safely assumed, are not yet educated up to the Hibernian standard of *reductio ad absurdum* rent. Nor do we imagine it likely that Canadian enthusiasm would reach the necessary temperature should the following threats be carried out:—"We will meet him at his palace gates, and we will make the air ring with his fame as an evictor and an exterminator. We will track him

night and day the wide world over, and from one end of the Dominion of Canada to another. I promise him, on the part of the Irish in Canada, that wherever he goes he will find Irish hearts and Irish throats that will hoot him and boycott him and hunt him with execrations out of that great and free land." In the heat of his proletarian eloquence, the orator failed to reflect that owing to the very fact of this Dominion being a "great and free land," the hooting, hunting and boycotting of one's fellow creatures would not be tolerated. Canadians are sorry that Lord Lansdowne and his Irish tenants are not on amicable terms; but with the exception of a trifling minority of hot-headed and misguided men, the inhabitants of this "great and free land" are not anxious to express any opinion in a matter of private business which does not in the least concern them. In sending Mr. W. O'Brien to Canada as a stump speaker on behalf of the Plan of Campaign, the National League would be simply squandering money that would be far better spent in really assisting the poor and needy in Ireland.

Toronto.

F. L. W.

DELIGHTFUL OLD MAIDS.

THE ladies named in the heading of this article are, like the undelightful sisters, of many types. Who has not seen the varieties of each sort? But I shall only speak at present of those who are dear to their fellow-mortals.

One admirable specimen of lonely women—for, let outward circumstances be what they may, loneliness is their essential characteristic—is she who consciously accepts that fate, with its pains and penalties as real as its compensations. She makes no struggle to avert her manifest destiny. Too proud and brave to complain even to herself, of the natural pangs which are undeniable, as far too wise to patch up old sorrows or tamper with the peace and dignity of a life not unreconciled to its conditions, although the hazardous consolations of new and strange regard may sometimes tempt and assail her.

This sort of woman may have her fond recollections, but she will not carry them in her eyes, nor let them filter through her speech. She is not over-sensitive, nor profoundly tender; but she is loving to her own, and never disappoints those who look to her for strength and comfort. If needful, she can put down her own heart when it is troublesome with an unflinching will. She is intensely conservative, and thinks, for example, in these latter days of the nineteenth century, that Cromwell was an uncouth monster merely, and Robert Burns "well enough for a plough boy." She is herself sunny and gracious to all, though at the same time quite sure that the world has reason to be much obliged to her for inhabiting it. In short she is a "Grande Dame" who acknowledges her mistakes and defeats to none, who will accept no pity when she most needs it, and who meets death with the serene courage which has never forsaken her.

Some of us can remember one or two such stately figures in their rich silk gowns and charming lace caps, and admit that they were emphatically what the old ballad calls "most gallant ladies."

Among the confirmed maidens there is another true and devoted one who has left youth behind. Intelligent and keenly appreciative of larger intellects than her own, she is undazzled by brilliant gifts and accomplishments if the possessor is wanting in simple worth. Shy and reticent, she is never showy, is easily thrust into a corner by more pretentious people, yet has a way of emerging when a little self-assertion is necessary, which compels the respect

even the vulgar and frivolous mind. She is one of the peculiar men who look back through the vanished years without actual distinct regrets; one of those who believe that they have missed that which would have made them happy, and who still cherish the illusions, not delusions, which veil the hardness of life. The golden haze of Indian Summer throws a glamour over the rugged landscape.

A woman of this type is neither impulsive nor passionate in feeling. She is slow to make intimacies, but faithful through presence and absence to the friends who satisfy her scrupulous mind, kind and tolerant to those of whom she cannot always approve. Strict and unswerving in principle, devout in faith, she is content about by no contrary and uncertain winds of doctrine, and finds in the sustaining hopes of religion a balm for the smarting wounds of her earthly battle. Gentle, cheerful and a little sad-sarted withal, she walks steadily on in the straight and narrow road, sharing and sympathizing in innocent mirth and benevolent endeavour; always welcome, trusted and beloved, yet never losing a secret sense of pain at the lot which has left her, to whom the protection and companionship of love would have been dear, standing alone.

Then, there is the active, useful, practical woman, with sound heart, sagacious head, and skilful fingers. In that fortunate household which possesses her, she is the capable manager, the judicious counsellor, the kindly authoritative nurse. It is she who is strong-minded in the best sense of that misused term, who neither expects slights nor receives any, whom nobody presumes to snub or make light of, whose unimpaired physique saves her from the irritability of weariness, who is ready to travel with her friends, or willing to stay at home and administer their affairs while they roam abroad. Energetic and unromantic, generally prosperous and well-dressed, this woman is good-natured and compassionate to all palpable misery, but incredulous of what she has not experienced in sentiment or feeling, and perhaps a trifle hard and unsympathetic towards what she considers fanciful griefs and delusions. She is unimaginative, but not the less a thoroughly pleasant woman, who never utters a foolish or superfluous word, who is respected by all men and liked by most women, because in her they never contemplate a possible rival. Yet she lives and dies an Old Maid.

But there is a variety rarer than any of these. As we go on our own pilgrimage we meet now and then a woman who seems to be the consummate flower of human purity and grace, though youth may be gone. Sometimes she is a wife, happy or unhappy as the case may be, but usually her state is that of maidenhood. This is the woman who retains the lovely eyes of youth when time has paled the rose upon her cheek and turned her shining locks to silver. Her heart has been satisfied. She has known the delight of tender and faithful affection, and has been bereaved of that priceless solace by one of the many chances or fatalities of our existence. Too fastidious and high-minded to marry for any reason than the fulfilment of that ideal love which she knows to be possible and real, she will shun and resist the honest admiration and homage of good men in a sweet fidelity to the past. With her it is "Cæsar or nobody." Her gentleness is not weakness, and she is able to adhere to that resolve. The sparkle of her spirit once so soft and gay may be chastened by a tinge of pensiveness, but these women never grow dull nor tame. Men of the best sort are charmed with their society, and little children put confiding hands into their soft palms upon short acquaintance.

Their beauty is of that highest kind which is not dependent upon the glow and vivacity of youth, and what was said of one so different is true of these solitary doves: "Age cannot whither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

It may be said that I have magnified the attractiveness of such women, but I am not writing of imaginary beings. They are as real as roses or diamonds, or any other rare and lovely creation—pearls among women. And I think many will agree with me and be able to recall some—I know they are few—tender, graceful, spiritual, whose wings are already growing while they dwell among us.

Montreal.

MILETA.

Book Review.

THE SERVICE OF MAN. An Essay towards the Religion of the Future. By James Cotter Morison. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. Toronto: R. W. Douglas & Co.

"Some books," says Bacon, in an oft-quoted essay, "are to be tasted; others to be swallowed; and some few to be chewed and digested." The number of those entitled to come under the last named classification is comparatively small. Out of every hundred books poured forth from the press year by year in an incessant stream, probably ninety-five deserve no better fate than to be tasted and thrown aside. Of the remaining five, it is well if four will bear swallowing, and better still if a solitary one of them will bear to be chewed and digested.

This volume on *The Service of Man*, however, is of an altogether exceptional kind. It is no slight sketch carelessly dashed off in the intervals between more important labours, merely to fill up time, and to afford a reasonable pretext for literary dawdling. It is entitled to a place among those works which are to be carefully chewed and "inwardly digested." The author, it seems to us, has realized Godwin's ideal, and has produced a book which nobody can read through and still remain precisely the same man that he was before. It is full of thoughtful, earnest matter, and nothing is more certain than that much travail has gone to the making of it. It must have caused the author not a few "days of labour and nights devoid of ease." Though the volume is by no means a large one, and though it may be read through by a diligent reader in the course of a single day, it presents the results of a lifetime's reading and a lifetime's reflection and thought. It presents them, too, in a shape far from dry or uninteresting, and with a vigour of language which makes the sentences tell for all they contain. No one who is accustomed to read speculative books at all, and who once makes a fair start into these pages, will put down the volume without reluctance until he has followed the argument to the end.

The author belongs to that rather numerous—and we fear steadily increasing—class which folk of a past generation were wont to stigmatize by the somewhat vague and nondescript term of infidels. He has no faith in the doctrines which we have all learned at our mothers' knees, and which many of us—alas!—have since been constrained either to modify for ourselves or to relinquish altogether. His book is pronounced by the leading organ of literary opinion in Great Britain to be "the most powerful attack on Christianity that has been produced in England during this generation." When it is remembered that the works of Charles Darwin, Thomas Henry Huxley, John Tyndall, Leslie Stephen, and the still anonymous author of *Supernatural Religion*

have been ushered into the world during the present generation, it will be admitted that this is a sweeping characterization. Yet few persons who read *The Service of Man* in a judicial spirit will be disposed to question the doctrine of the reviewer. It certainly seems to us that no book in the English language calls more imperatively for an effective answer from those who believe that the welfare of humanity depends upon the maintenance of existing creeds.

The author's lines of argument are thus laid down by himself in his eighth chapter:—1. That a widespread tendency exists in this, and still more in other countries, to give up a belief in Christianity; and that the scepticism of the present day is very far more serious and scientific than was the deism of the last century. 2. That the supposed consolations of Christianity have been much exaggerated; and that it may be questioned whether that religion does not often produce as much anxiety and mental distress as it does of joy, gladness and content. 3. That by the great doctrine of forgiveness of sins consequent on repentance, even in the last moment of life, Christianity often favours spirituality and salvation at the expense of morals. 4. That the morality of the Ages of Faith was very low; and that the further we go back into times when belief was strongest, the worse it is found to be. 5. That Christianity has a very limited influence on the world at large; but a most powerful effect on certain high-toned natures, who, by becoming true saints, produce an immense impression on public opinion, and give that religion much of the honour which it enjoys. 6. That although the self-devotion of saints is not only beyond question, but supremely beautiful and attractive; yet, as a means of relieving human suffering and serving man in the widest sense, it is not to be compared for efficiency with science.

Here we have a broad, and certainly an essentially destructive platform. Assuming the author to have proved his thesis, it will at once be seen that the religion of the future, if it is to keep pace with the progressive spirit of the age, must ere long assume a form widely at variance with the religion of the past. To speak with perfect candour, we are bound to express an opinion that he has not made good all the counts of his sweeping and most formidable indictment. In spite of all the learning and all the critical acumen that he has brought to bear, it cannot be said that he has enunciated his argument with such overwhelming force of conviction as to have put an end to all controversy. Such an achievement was not to be expected. The faith of eighteen centuries is not likely to crumble into dust at the touch of any man. There is an element deep down in the spiritual nature of almost every human being which still remains unsatisfied, and which is impervious to the historical method of argument, no matter how skilfully it may be presented, and no matter how convincing it may be when viewed in the light of pure reason. Of this element the author takes small account. To him, man's intellect is everything, while his spiritual nature goes for little or nothing. This is the weak spot in his armour, and it of course goes to the root of the whole question. It is of little avail to attempt to convince a hungry man that he is not hungry, merely because he has just partaken of a bounteous repast. We recall a striking case in point. A debtor who had been unjustly placed in durance sent for a lawyer, and stated his case. "Why," vociferated the man of law, "you cannot be imprisoned on such flimsy pretexts as these!" "But," replied the prisoner, "you can see for yourself that here I am in limbo." This was the *argumentum ad hominem*,

in which it was simply puerile to seek for purely technical flaws. A man's deepest convictions, says George Eliot, are often dependent on subtle impressions for which words are quite too coarse a medium.

But one thing—a thing of no slight importance—Mr. Morison may fairly claim to have established. Either Christianity, as originally propounded, must have been something very different from the Christianity which has come down to us in these latter days, or else there has been a woful failure of the divine mission. If we accept the former alternative, it is clear that we have a right to demand who is responsible for the change. And if the latter hypothesis be accepted as the true one, what becomes of the alleged supernatural origin of the Christian faith? The author has made it abundantly clear that in all ages man's religious belief has had very little effect upon his human conduct. In other words: "Salvation is of the psychologists," and "we must know the facts of human nature before we attempt to save men, if indeed men need to be saved." This reasoning may be sound or unsound, but it at least presents a very plausible face, and if it be false, its falsity ought to be susceptible of demonstration. It is the imperative duty of those whose special province it is to guard our spiritual welfare to furnish us with the means of detecting the fallacy, if fallacy there be, which lies hidden under these tremendous assumptions. Orthodoxy numbers among its upholders many able, high-minded and conscientious men, and it is reasonable to assume that something of the kind will be done for us. A book like this, thrown broadcast upon the world for everybody to read, cannot be ignored or thrust into a corner. Many tried souls, seeking for light, will anxiously await the further elucidation of these knotty problems, and if no such elucidation is forthcoming, they will have a right to conclude that they have been beguiled with a counterfeit. That they may not have such a conclusion forced upon them is the earnest prayer of at least one searcher at whose heart Pilate's query has long knocked without receiving any adequate response.

Of the author's perfect sincerity of purpose in writing as he has done, there can, we think, be no difference of opinion. His depth of conviction is ground into every phase of his argument, and appeals for sympathy to every reader who honestly desires to get at the truth. If his reasoning has the effect of teaching our spiritual pastors and masters some much-needed lessons: if, for instance, it impels them to attach more importance to the spirit, and less to the letter; if it teaches them that a change of man's belief is not necessarily accompanied by any change of man's moral nature, and that in any case a man's outward conduct is of more account than his inner belief; that a man may entertain doubts as to the doctrines of eternal punishment and plenary inspiration—nay, that he may even feel some misgivings as to the very existence of God himself—yet be as acceptable in his Maker's eyes as though he devoutly accepted every clause of the Westminster Confession or the Thirty-Nine Articles; if it disposes them to accept the universal brotherhood of man rather than a narrow restricted fraternity of common belief—if it does any or all of these things, it will not have been written in vain. And if it fails to teach them any of these great truths it must be because they are unwilling to learn lessons which, as it seems to us, are here made very plain.

The least satisfactory part of the book is unquestionably that which relates to "the Service of Man"—the part which is supposed to be constructive rather than destructive, and which seeks

set up the service of man for the service of God. It must be confessed that the treatment of this important branch of the author's text is fragmentary and defective. The "service" which the author proposes to substitute for Christianity is of the most study and indefinite character—so indefinite that it presents very little of a tangible kind for the imagination to fix its grasp upon. This is doubtless due in some measure to the nature of the theme itself, which does not, perhaps, admit of clear and pellucid treatment; but it is also in no slight degree attributable to the state of the author's health. Mr. Morison is understood to be ill of a mortal disease which may circumscribe his life at any moment, and which, even under the most favourable conditions, will prevent him from ever again doing any work requiring serious effort. His malady appears to have come upon him when the negative and destructive portion of his book had been fully worked out, and before anything beyond a hazy outline of the concluding argument had been attempted. It is perhaps to be regretted that the book should under such circumstances have been given to the world at all. But there is so much in it with which every candid and must perforce sympathize—so much that could only have been written by a conscientious and elevated thinker—that few of the laity will be disposed to give loud expression to such a regret. The state of the author's health, too, is the obvious explanation of his pessimistic and most disheartening preface, which contains some of the saddest and dreariest paragraphs that ever were let fall. Cheerful writing is hardly to be expected from one who knows himself to be on the verge of dissolution, but some of these pages are almost too sad for human perusal. Of a surety, however, they express the writer's mature convictions; in which respect he is doubtless fully reconciled to the idea of bidding farewell to a world which is rapidly moving onward to disorganization and chaos.

Poetry.

THE OLD SUGAR CAMP.

THE old sugar camp.

There is but little in the name;
It almost harshly falls upon the ear,
And yields so much the hopeless note of toil—
The strife and struggle of the weary years—
That wealth and plenty from their vantage-ground
Of brighter days, and calm luxurious ease,
May gaze in wonder at the simple shrine,
Where poor devotion pays the vows of age.
And yet, around it cling such memories,
As in their acting mould the lives of men,
And give a colour to their after-thoughts,
Tinged with the hazy radiance of that past
To which each dusty wayworn pilgrim turns,
When he is sated chasing life's mirage,
And, disenchanted, turns him to the east,
To trace the threads in memory's tangled skein,
Along the strangely checker'd path which time
Has led his footsteps towards—life's western goal.

Here, facing round again, upon youth's morn,
He counts the stages where the nights were spent;—
Where Hope sat pining, waiting for the dawn;
But learned, through cycles of the changing years,
That youth had dipped his pictures in the sun
Where time retains the drab,—but dims the gold.
Yet seeks he here some centre for his thoughts,
That wander backward, held at every stage
By some poor fragment in life's broken glass,
Which lifting sadly up to memory's gaze,
He finds a lens that fixes to one spot
More of the past in stereoscopic guise
Than all the others in that broken whole.

Thus gathers round a few decaying logs
That once sustained a rudely-fitting roof,

The same sad longing o'er the vanished past
That lifts the hands up to the yews and elms;
Where age sits thinking, but where childhood play'd.

For man still, ever shrinking from the gloom,
And clouds, and darkness, round the setting sun,
Turns to the latest golden glimmer thrown,
Back from the turrets of his air-built fane,
Which in the happy years of long ago,
In that fair Eden whence we all have come,
Rose 'neath the magic wand of youth and hope.
Alas! Time's noiseless finger, changing all,
Weaves round those shrines the drapery of decay,
Till wheresoe'er an altar we have raised,
We turn in silence from the crumbling stones,
And learn where'er a human foot has trod,
We never find the place again the same.

In that old camp, 'tis many many years,
And checker'd years, since the last embers died
Of the last fire that ever shall be lit
By hands now mould'ring in the dust of death.
Back o'er the intervening gulf of time,
I stand once more where, forty years ago,
Dry rustling leaves conceal'd the virgin soil,
And artless wild flowers raised their modest heads
To taste the sweetness of approaching spring.
These are no more; a verdant web of grass
Extends thick-matted where the flowers had been.
The underwood is gone, and forest trees
Encumbering the soil are long since burned.
All but a few 'twere sacrilege to touch:
They were the shelter from the rude North Wind
Of those who, safe from all earth's bitter blasts,
Rest in the silent city of the dead.

Around this lonely pile of wasting logs,
In the strange stillness of the Autumn night,
A few old maples here and there keep watch,
Like silent sentinels that guard a tomb;
Their fellows, fallen many years ago,
Sank from the wounds that ended in decay,
And left them helpless in the northern blast.
Of those now left, kind nature's healing hand
Has cover'd o'er the scars the axe had made;
But still, as from the poison'd taint of sin,
Their hearts are rotten, and some ruthless gust
Must shortly lay them with their brothers low.
A single butternut, where many stood,
Still stands unnoticed by the passer-by.
It had its day of interest and pride,
For children watch'd it through the summer months,
As older children watch for autumn stores
In fields and orchards, which that day were not.

'Mid these surroundings other forms arise,
Cold in the moonlight, flitting to and fro—
A shadowy hand, no longer all of earth—
Pass and repass among the spectral trees,
As in the busy scenes of long ago,
The waking Spring returns with sunny morn:
The sap goes coursing through the maple trees,
And ready even with her willing hands
To swell the scanty revenue of toil,
A careful mother, with her happy band,
Goes forth to gather up the liquid stores.
Year after year the old camp-fires are lit;
Year after year the same unbroken band
Prepare the liquid treasure to secure.
And when, upon the first exciting morn,
The axe awoke the echoes of the wood,
The red deer, startled, stood a while to gaze
On the intruder and the curling smoke;
Then hasten'd to a covert more secure.

And now began a round of busy weeks.
The nightly frosts, south winds, and vernal sun
Brought forth the forest nectar from the trees,
To lighten labour with a promised gain.
But oft there came a day of sleety snow,
When frost, succeeding, sealed the dripping founts,
And the bleak grimness of a raw March day
Gave to the toilers a much-needed rest.
Soon follow'd clearing out of icy piles
And frozen troughs, to wait a brighter time
That only served the labours to renew.

Rockwood, Ont.

(Concluded next week.)

D. McCaig.

LOST IN A HEMLOCK SWAMP.

I.

GREAT expanses of tamarack and hemlock swamp no longer exist in Canada. The settler and the woodman have swept them out of existence, leaving little to mark where they once stood but isolated clumps of ragged and stunted trees in marshy hollows, in place of the vast and primeval swamps which once stretched with scarcely a break over a great part of the western peninsula. A few years—merely a generation or two—have sufficed to effect this remarkable transformation, altering Western Canada from a dark and desolate wilderness, haunted by wild beasts and savages, to a rich farming country, dotted with comfortable homesteads and thriving villages, all manifesting signs of their recent origin, but furnishing substantial evidence of the mysterious workings of the great law of change which affects all things terrestrial. I suppose it would now be next to impossible to convince a stranger to the country that the present green meadows, smiling cornfields, and vigorous fruit orchards have so very recently replaced the interminable and gloomy forests. Looking at the thrifty aspect now presented, it would almost be too much to ask him to believe that thirty years ago there were whole tracts of country still covered by the primeval forests, into whose almost inaccessible recesses the pioneer had never even set foot; whole tracts where there were no regular roads, not even the peculiar species designated "corduroy"—nothing to point out the way through the swamps but blazed marks upon the trees, or devious Indian trails winding hither and thither through the sombre and desolate wilds. Yet, however inadequately such a fact can now be realized, its truth would be attested by hundreds of Canadian pioneers still living, whose strength and endurance have wrought the wondrous change.

Those early pioneers, in hewing their way through the grim wilderness, must indeed have passed lives of cruel suffering and hardship for years before they achieved victory and gathered around them the comforts of life. Many of them, however, naturally enough, love to relate the thrilling experiences of the earlier time to their grandchildren, and thus, by cosy firesides, during long winter evenings, live anew the early, rugged, dangerous life of former times.

I have selected for this story one of the events of the earlier days which has obtained already some currency as a fireside narrative, by reason of one or two unusual circumstances connected with it, but which has taken no more permanent shape than mere tradition. It seems to me to merit being crystallized into more exact and enduring form, and may prove interesting to a wider circle than if it had been allowed to exist only in the memories of the persons who took part in the little domestic drama.

On the morning of the fifth of February, 1845, Roddy Bartlett, a youth of twenty-two years or thereabouts, set off to ride fifty miles across country to his home in the little village of New Durham, which is situated near the dividing line between the counties of Brant and Oxford. He had been engaged in teaching a small backwoods school on the northern borders of that immense tract of forest then known as the "Hemlock Swamp." For twelve weary months he had been immured in one of the dreariest and loneliest localities in all Canada. He had performed his duties faithfully and well, although they had been at times irksome and unpleasant; so the young teacher was not displeased when an offer came to him from the trustees of the New Durham School, asking him to consider an addition of fifty dollars per annum to his salary—a large sum in those days—if he would fill the vacancy existing there since the New Year. He at once joyfully accepted the offered position. There were several reasons why the change would be desirable to him. His father was dead, and his mother and only sister lived, when he was absent, an isolated and lonely life. Then, he was under an engagement of marriage to pretty Bessie Martin, whose family were neighbours of his mother's, and the wedding was arranged to take place on the first of March, only three weeks distant. The additional salary would, on account of the extra expenses entailed upon him by this event, prove exceedingly welcome to him. And lastly where

now he was among strangers, and pretty rough ones at that, he would after the change be at home and among friends he had known nearly all his life. All these considerations had weight with Roddy, so, as soon as his present position could be filled, he was ready and eager to return.

The winter prior to the date of his departure had been unusually cold and stormy, and the forests were piled deep with snow, but the Indian trails were constantly used by the settlers, and apprehended no tremendous difficulty in getting through. The morning fixed upon for his departure, however, again threatened storm, and as no one in the settlement could accompany him just then, it would have been prudent if he had deferred his journey until the weather cleared. But Roddy was impatient, as nearly all young men are, particularly if they desire to see their sweet hearts; so he gazed awhile at the rolling and turbulent clouds, listening the while to the earnest expostulation of old Ben Nixon, the hunter, who told him he must be crazy if he started on such a morning as that. But crazy or not, Roddy thought of the expected friends he had not seen for so long, and determined to take his chances in the forest rather than endure longer the "hope deferred" which "maketh the heart sick." So bidding the settlers, who sought to detain him, a firm goodbye he rode fearlessly off into the jaws of the wilderness, for weal or woe.

II.

An early winter's evening had darkened over widow Bartlett's unpretentious dwelling in the little village of wooden dwellings, yept New Durham. All day long there had been cheerful faces bustling forms and willing hands within, scrubbing, scouring, baking, tidying, and making with scrupulous and loving care the final preparations for an expected guest. And now everything was done, and Mrs. Bartlett, as she seated herself to await her son's arrival, gave a little sigh of contentment as she glanced over the orderly apartment. She was a woman with an expressive, gentle face which was now lighted up with pleasant expectation, and which bore on every lineament the record of a blameless life. In education she was undoubtedly the superior of every other woman in the village, and her refined manners had won her much good will, and the title from the rough villagers of "the English lady." She had two companions now with her. One was her daughter, a girl of eighteen, and Bessie Martin, who had run over from her own home, partly to assist the widow, and partly to welcome Roddy when he should arrive. It is scarcely necessary to remark that all three of the ladies regarded Roddy as the paragon of young manhood, and if he could have heard all the kind things that had been uttered about him during the day, he would have become too conceited for a young fellow who had his spurs still to win. The hour of his expected arrival at last drew near. The whole house had an air of expectation about it very unusual and noticeable. The dining-room, the apartment in which they had decided he was to be first ushered, presented a very pleasing and fanciful appearance. It was decked with evergreens, trailing moss and clusters of bright red berries. The were lighted candles placed here and there, including a prodigious one in the window to beckon the traveller to his haven of safety. The table was already laid, and its snowy linen, cut glass dish and old china, brought by the family from their former English home—an outfit, strange to say, very often to be met with in Canada—looked indescribably inviting. A great fire burning in an immense open fire-place sent forth volumes of glowing heat which reached into every nook of the cosy room. On a cold and stormy winter's night a homeless wanderer might be pardoned for seeking to exchange his birthright, like Esau, for leave to take his benumbed limbs and frosty fingers within the precincts of Widow Bartlett's dining-room. Mrs. Bartlett possessed the knack of making her little home attractive, and while she lived there was no other house in New Durham which could compete with her in this respect. Humble though it was, Roddy had sense enough to be proud of it, and proud too of the love which inspired the careful solicitude without which any home is desolate indeed. That unpurchasable commodity was Roddy's in full measure.

he well knew, and the harsh, unrelenting wilderness through which he was riding that night no doubt presented a contrast which made him all the more wistful and eager to get beyond its influence.

Of the three persons waiting for the young teacher's advent, his mother was more anxious, if anything, than either his sister or his affianced, to greet him home. Washington Irving is right in saying, "There is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart." But all three could do little else than listen for the expected footsteps. Ever and again they would glance at the expansive face of the old-fashioned clock standing in one corner of the room. Surely never before had clock ticked so solemnly and slow. For the twentieth time Mrs. Bartlett referred to her son's letter which he had received some weeks before.

"I'm sure," she began, as she adjusted her spectacles, "he said seven o'clock. Yes. Seven it is, as plain as plain can be. Roddy is always so punctual too," she murmured, as she folded the letter up and replaced it in her pocket, taking time as she did so to glance again towards the imperturbable clock.

"Oh, he'll be home presently, mamma, never fear," answered Roddy's sister, affecting cheerfulness. "It's only a quarter past five hour yet, and you must remember the distance."

"Besides, the snow must be very deep in the swamps," chimed Bessie Martin; "he can't come as quickly now, you know, as in summer."

"Yes, yes, I suppose that is true," assented Mrs. Bartlett, with a half sigh. Though she wouldn't confess it even to herself, the state of the weather was a cause of considerable anxiety to her. It had been snowing more or less during the afternoon, though only fitfully; but towards evening a violent storm had set in, which continued to grow worse and worse as the darkness settled down. Half-past seven, three-quarters past, then eight o'clock. Still the women sat waiting, gradually becoming more and more impatient as the moments crawled along. The storm meanwhile had increased until it had become a howling blizzard of the wildest description. The wind shrieked through the trees, rattled and banged among the houses of the little settlement as if it sought to uproot them and scatter the fragments into the vastnesses of the forest. The snow, in small particles like flour, whirled and swirled hither and thither in a blinding storm that darkened the atmosphere, obscured the paths, and made even the shortest journey a dangerous enterprise. Mrs. Bartlett, not slow to observe the gradual change for the worse in the storm, was soon racked by an awful dread on Roddy's account. After a prolonged and tremendous blast from without, which shook the house to its foundations, she suddenly lost her self-control, and startled the two girls by bursting into convulsive sobs which she vainly endeavoured for their sakes to stifle. But it was of no use. "I'm sure trouble is near. Some accident must have happened. Oh, hear the storm. What shall I do?" she wailed, her mother's heart rebelling against its bitter disappointment.

"Don't let us think of trouble yet, dear Mrs. Bartlett," Bessie answered soothingly, but with a paler cheek than she was wont to wear. "Roddy is of course delayed by the storm, and he has taken shelter somewhere until the worst of it is over." This indeed was plausible enough, but the awful doubt remained to overshadow all consolatory words, and almost make mockery of them. Four after hour, during the dark and lonely watches of the night, did the three forlorn women sit waiting, hoping against hope for the beloved footsteps which never came; the two young girls bravely but vainly striving to assuage the poor mother's grief. Never before had they seen Mrs. Bartlett give way thus, and awful as it seemed, they fought against despair with admirable persistency. Hope indeed had sunk low in the valley of the shadows with them, but they nevertheless did not permit the elder lady to suspect that. No words of theirs should add, if they could help it, to her intense distress, which was already more than she could well bear.

Sometime before the cold, pale gleams of morning dawned, the candles burned themselves out, and the glowing fire died down to a few smouldering embers. The apartment, erstwhile so bright and smiling, put on a gloomy and pathetic look, as if in sympathy

with the trouble of its human occupants. Mrs. Bartlett could not be induced even to think of going to bed, and of course the two girls would not leave her alone with her trouble, so the three, huddled closely together, sat out the weary and trying night. None of them could gather heart enough even to attend to the fire, which gradually went out, and the cold crept about them with its benumbing influence. Once Bessie crossed the room, and, opening the outer door, peered out into the storm for a moment to see if she could detect any signs of its cessation. But the wind shrieked as wildly as before, and the snow fell ceaselessly. Far away in the wilds she heard for an instant the blood-curdling howls of a pack of wolves, and with a shrinking heart she at once closed the door and resumed her place with her companions.

Just before daylight a remarkable and impressive thing happened. Mrs. Bartlett, either startled by some momentary but fearful dream, or becoming overwrought by the poignancy of her emotions, suddenly started up and almost shrieked: "I see Roddy! I see him out yonder. There! he's fallen in the snow. Help—help! My poor boy! He's freezing. Didn't I tell you trouble would come? Oh poor Roddy!" With this last despairing cry Mrs. Bartlett threw up her hands, and then sank to the floor insensible.

Inexpressibly shocked by what they regarded as merely a manifestation of hysteria, the two girls immediately set to work to revive her, which they, after a considerable time, happily succeeded in doing. But she would listen to no more words of hope regarding Roddy, and refused all offers of comfort, insisting with pitiful iteration: "My poor boy is gone—gone—ah, he's gone!"

III.

MEANWHILE, what befell Roddy, and prevented him from reaching his mother's habitation at the hour he had mentioned in his letter to her? For some miles after entering the swamp the young teacher pursued his course easily, and without any incident worthy of remark. The sky, which had been since early morning, unusually dark and lowering, still withheld the threatened storm. The forest path, though narrow, was plainly perceptible, notwithstanding the depth of snow on the ground. His way at first lay through a part of the forest where the trees, although tall, tapered to a point, allowing plenty of space for daylight to reach the earth, and here the wilderness was consequently not dark. It was through this part of the swamp that the solitary horseman made unusually rapid progress. He found his horse sure-footed and enduring, although it belonged to a breed not especially noteworthy for good looks. In fact there were few horses in Canada in those days except those owned by the English officers of the garrisons which were in any way remarkable.

Towards midday, Roddy came to a part of the swamp more gloomy and forbidding than any portion he had yet seen. Here, in all their pristine grandeur, were the primeval giants of the forest. Their vast trunks rose heavenward for nearly two hundred feet, and their tops, instead of tapering, branched out expansively, interlacing one with another, effectually shutting out the light from the world beneath. Here and there, however, some of these great monarchs had come to grief, and now lay prone upon the earth. The gaps caused by their downfall had never been filled up, and now these were so many windows to admit daylight to the sombre depths below. The whole locality was pervaded by a strange, oppressive death-like silence, if anything emphasized by the mournful cadence of the wind sighing in heavy monotonous through the thick branches far overhead. It presented a boundless immensity of gloom and mystery infinitely grand, but not inviting to our young traveller, whose thoughts were far in advance of his surroundings, revelling in visions of home. Otherwise, perhaps, the gloomy scene, the weird aspect of the desolate darkened aisles which opened their shadowy vistas on every hand, must have awakened in his mind the most dismaying feeling of awe and indefinite fear, very difficult to shake off. Onward into the depths of the gruesome darkness he rode, however, with all the speed compatible with the rough and uncertain nature of the path, which was now very difficult to follow, and which was broken by hills and hollows, fallen trees, uprearing roots, with tons of

black earth adhering in a compact mass to their network, snow-drifts and jagged thickets. Over these various hindrances his horse could make at best but slow progress, yet it never was brought to a standstill, or wandered from the faintly discerned path. Consequently, Roddy began to entertain strong hopes of leaving the dense swamp behind, and entering before dark the more open maple woods which fringed the clearings around New Durham.

In these desolate lonesome solitudes there was very little manifestation of life to distract the traveller's attention. The birds were nearly all gone south to a warmer clime. Deer were plentiful enough near the clearings, but were rarely to be found in the depths of these ancient and mouldering silent swamps. Roddy detected bear tracks here and there, but Bruin kept himself well out of sight. There were also savage and snarling packs of wolves buried somewhere in the deep shadows, but he had as yet come upon no traces of any. He knew and appreciated the danger he incurred from these ferocious brutes in midwinter, as in that season they are brought to a state of semi-starvation, and are consequently more fearless and savage than at any other time. They will stop for weeks within a few miles of the verge of the clearings, and woe be to the traveller they can catch. Roddy had frequently heard terrible stories of settlers chased by packs of these formidable denizens of the wilds; and night after night during that winter the echoes of the forest had been awakened by their dismal and prolonged howlings. But that day, so far, there were no indications that he had approached the vicinity of any of the nomadic packs.

As he passed farther into the heart of the swamp, deeper and darker grew the shadows, and higher and higher the mighty trunks uplifted themselves into the sombre canopy of interlacing boughs. As he rode through the denser aisles, and came about the middle of the afternoon to a region of very broken ground where high acclivities were speedily succeeded by deep hollows, the forest upspringing equally over the hills and the dales, he came for the first time face to face with the unpleasant fact that he had deviated from the direct trail, which led to a public road, and which had been cut through the forest several years before to serve as a highway between the towns of Hamilton and London. And now he was on some unknown by-path, leading he had not the remotest idea whither. Then, for the first time, he experienced a feeling of dismay. He at once halted, and, after reflecting for a moment, resolved to retrace his steps, and regain, if possible, the lost path. After riding four or five miles on the backward track, still there was no sign where the deviation had begun, and he grew seriously alarmed. The aspect of the swamp along the whole route was new and strange to him. Ranks behind ranks of bulky trunks stretched away into the gloom on every hand; ravines dark and weird opened their yawning mouths, and singular twisted creepers, looking like snakes in the twilight, ran along the surface of the snow in many places. After a time he came to a queer sugar-loaf shaped hill, not very high, but thickly covered over its entire surface with tangled thickets and fallen trees. Gaunt blackened forms of half-burnt tree trunks studded the slopes. Roddy had never before seen, or even heard of this peculiar "hog's back," as such elevations are termed in backwoods phraseology. Therefore he had not the remotest idea where he had got to, or what route to pursue in order to regain the lost path. He alighted from his horse, and carefully examined the trail he had been following now for some hours. His surprise and horror were not slight when he discovered that the trail had evidently not been made by him, or by a horse at all, and that he had been following the tracks of some wild animal. When this became apparent it was already late in the afternoon, and unless he speedily regained the path he had lost, he knew he would be caught by night while still in the depths of the swamp, with the prospect of perishing under the combined influence of cold and fatigue, before another day should dawn. He cursed his folly and carelessness in not inspecting more closely the path he had followed hours before, and saved all that valuable time. There was nothing to do now but to walk back along the line of the horse's footsteps, and scan every inch of the way; and, no doubt, if daylight remained, he would strike the trail again. But on that

day, fate, so often unkind to us all, was not in Roddy's favour. He had only gone back about a mile when the long-threatening storm burst upon the forest, and the snow came down in blinding eddies. Roddy realized now the desperate position he was in. He knew that in fifteen minutes, unless the storm ceased as quickly as it had begun, of which there was little hope, every track would be completely obliterated, and he would be stranded without a compass, without a guiding star of any kind, in a trackless waste. Death stared him in the face, and its aspect appalled him.

The forest soon darkened, until Roddy could scarcely make out the ghostly tree-trunks ten paces in front of him. The atmosphere filled with fleecy particles, which settling down, soon hid the faintly-defined tracks completely from view. Soon the wind-rose to a fierce gale, and howled dismally through the canopies overhead, driving the snowflakes hither and thither with bewildering blasts. As the moments sped along the storm steadily increased its fury. The giant trees groaned and wailed in mighty travail as they swayed majestically to and fro; and ever and anon sharp cracks denoted where dead branches had snapped from parent stems, to fall headlong to the earth beneath. Presently, Roddy, in floundering over a prostrate tree, sunk deeply through the snow into a wet marsh. All around stretched a uniform carpet of white, and the marsh was in no way distinguishable from the firmer ground. Roddy knew now that he was simply wandering aimlessly about the swamp, getting more bewildered every moment. The cold perspiration stood on his brow, and an awful fear crept into his heart, as the hopeless nature of his position became more and more apparent to his mind. Turning back from the marsh, a desperate resolve shaped itself in his brain. He would try no more for the path, but would endeavour to reach again the "hog's back," and find some hollow tree, or other shelter, and await the morrow's light. Perhaps with the new day the storm would cease, the clouds roll away, and then the sun would indicate in what direction lay his home. With this determination came a new impulse which sent him rapidly backward through the forest. Faster and faster he hurried, leaping nimbly over obstructions which beset the way, dragging his unwilling horse after him. An hour passed, and it grew quite dark, and no sign of the "hog's back." As his hope of reaching his destination dwindled and grew faint, the agony of his mind caused him to set at naught all feeling of fatigue, and drove him forward faster and faster. But no opening could be discerned anywhere in the intense darkness. Every part of the dreary forest seemed the twin sister of every other part, and the horrible uniform labyrinth seemed endless. Finally he came to a dead halt. Reflection, however, brought no comfort, but the contrary. He began to picture the anxiety of his friends at home at his non-arrival. The tempest and darkness, coupled with his absence would also have their effect upon them. What agonies of mind his mother would suffer? She would, of course, surmise that some accident had befallen, and the thought would inflict its torture. He remembered now with a pang that in his letter, despatched by an Indian messenger a week or so before, he had jestingly used the words that he would be home either in the flesh or in the spirit by seven o'clock. Now the latter was the only possible manner of fulfilling his promise. And Bessie? What would she suffer? Thus his dear home beckoned to him across the dreary miles of wilderness, but he, with sad forboding, began to fear he would never more behold it with living eyes. He, of course, had not the faintest idea of the distance he was from his destination, and there was not the slightest indication that the storm was abating. Every step he had taken for hours might have been carrying him farther and farther away from the clearings, yet he knew enough to know that to sit down in despair was to invite the embrace of the grisly phantom. He half suspected that he was wandering around in a vast circle that would never bring him one inch nearer home, but he had sufficient perseverance not to give up, even when hope was dead. So while he had strength to keep upright he would continue moving, until his weary limbs would carry him no farther.

This resolution started him off again. Hour after hour the brave youth, followed by the faithful horse, with desperate en-

lurance staggered blindly on. What did anything matter now? Inward and still onward. In the thick darkness crashing against trees, stumbling over stumps and logs, caught in thickets, buffeted hither and thither, the only marvel was that human endurance could last so long. It was perhaps sometime after midnight when Roddy scrambled slowly and painfully over an unusually large prostrate tree-trunk which impeded his way. Once on the farther side he attempted to induce his horse to leap the obstruction. After some persuasion it suddenly consented—too suddenly for Roddy. Before he could drag himself out of the way, the animal had cleared the log, striking the young teacher a heavy blow with its chest, hurling him violently some distance against a tree. When he strove to rise he found it was impossible, and although in a half-stunned condition, he realized that the blow had broken his leg. The effort to move put this beyond a doubt, for he felt the grinding together of the sundered bones, which caused him unspeakable agony. Now “unmerciful disaster” had indeed laid its heavy hand upon him. If a single gleam of hope had lingered in his mind until now, this fresh accident utterly extinguished it. Look which way he might the prospect was unrelieved; his sun had undoubtedly gone down. Every chance apparently was lost and wallowed up in despair. With the realization of his forlorn circumstances came an unnatural calmness, almost akin to resignation, which enabled him to gather strength to meet the inevitable. He had fought a good fight, and had done his best, but failed at last, like a great number of us. If a life’s happiness was to elude his grasp at the moment he fancied it lay nearest, the truest philosophy after all was to submit with fortitude. But the wild turmoil of the elements unnerved him, and chilled his heart. The storm had lost none of its ferocity. Far overhead the roaring of the wind sounded like the continued reverberations of a heavy surf breaking upon a rocky reef at sea. Down in the dark depths of the forest there was a deathly stillness amidst which the powdery impalpable snow eddied and whirled in fitful but noiseless gusts, heaping the deep drifts still deeper and deeper. Hark! Heavens and earth, what’s that? Borne through the desolate wastes from some far-off fastness, came echoing faintly the melancholy and long-drawn howl of wolves. The moment the sound struck upon Roddy’s ear he awoke completely from the dull apathy, or stupor, into which he had fallen after the accident. To be torn to pieces by wolves was a manner of dying that stirred him through every fibre, and pervaded his entire being. Roddy’s sensations, when this possibility dawned upon him, were wholly beyond the power of words to adequately express. Lost, helpless, numb, chilled by cold, miles from human assistance and sympathy, in the midst of a desolate swamp, and now menaced by a death more terrifying than freezing, it was little wonder that he gave way at last, and burst into a passionate fit of sobbing. Was this weakness? Let any human being imagine himself in Roddy’s position, and all his bravery and fortitude will rapidly ooze out at his finger ends. Let us remember, too, that he was in the early dawn of manhood, with possibly a bright future before him; happy in his home relations, happy beyond measure in his love. All things seem to be putting on their rosiest colours, when at one bound the whole outlook is transformed. The expanded and roseate future is almost instantly shrivelled up and bounded by the horror of one awful night. His home, his love, his bright hopes gilded by many happy day-dream—all are vanished; swallowed up by pitiless fate.

It is a singular fact that if one’s ears be kept at great tension for any considerable length of time they become filled with sounds of all kinds, and one has no power of discriminating a sound at a distance from one scarcely audible close by. Roddy, once awakened to his danger from the wolves, was tortured by this hallucination. Soon intense listening brought their wild howls and cries from all sides. He believed they were rapidly approaching nearer and nearer. He felt sure he was doomed to be torn limb from limb and devoured by these savage scavengers of the swamp. Nearer and nearer. With a last convulsive effort, he sought to escape their fangs by dragging his maimed body towards his horse, which he knew had stopped close by. He thought if he could only reach the animal he would clasp both arms about

its neck and strive to force it to carry him out of immediate danger. But the effort was too much, and he sank back on the snow with a hopeless groan. The intense pain, augmented by the effort to move, soon became too great to bear, and he sank gradually into insensibility, which mercifully relieved him from further suffering. A moment before consciousness faded into oblivion other sounds than the howls of wolves came stealing into his ears. Strange to say, they were the sweet voices of silvery wedding bells, pealing joyfully over the black swamp; and for a single instant a vision arose amid the whirling snows, of a bright sunshiny spring morning, a happy wedding party just issuing from the doorway of the little white frame church he knew so well, led by the bride and groom in whom he recognized sweet Bessie Martin and himself. But alas! it was only a momentary vision, and vanished into the night. Another succeeded. Now came the sounds of singing—sweet, clear, childish voices they were—and he was at once transported by some singular effort of the brain to early childhood days, to the peaceful English hamlet where he was born, and where he had once been a chorister among other village children. These, too, slowly faded away. Then the awful voice of the Storm King resumed sway, but even this gradually died in the distance, and the kindly mantle of oblivion, like the garment of cool night upon a sultry day, descended upon the poor stranded boy. Now the wolves may howl, the storm rave, the forest groan, but their noises affright him not. The snows may fall and cover out of sight the inanimate figure, but he stirs not. Mother Nature, not so cruel after all as we sometimes think, has held out her arms and taken him to herself, and wrapped him where pain and fear shall not pursue. Meantime the night drew towards its close.

IV.

THE morning of the sixth of February dawned clear and bright upon Widow Bartlett’s dwelling. The three inmates were astir with the first gleams of light, and were cheered by perceiving that the snow had ceased to fall, and that the storm-clouds were rapidly rolling away. The sun soon uprose resplendant. White, sparkling and beautiful in the brilliant light, lay the great drifts in the hollows and valleys of the clearing, white, still, but dead, they slept in the sombre depths of the forest. Curves and mounds and beautiful rounded hillocks replaced the harsh outlines of rock and stump and fallen tree. All the country was transformed as by the wand of some powerful magician.

Widow Bartlett’s neighbours soon learned that Roddy had not reached home overnight, and much conjecture was wasted upon the reason of his absence. The majority seemed inclined to believe that the young teacher, in the face of the threatening storm, must have held back until it had passed. They scarcely believed he would brave the terrible danger of being caught by the blizzard in the swamp. Mrs. Bartlett, however, quietly put their opinions aside by saying that she knew Roddy had tried to get home and had failed, and she herself was going at once to search for him. “I believe I saw him sink into a snow-drift in the night,” she said. Strong men experienced in woodcraft heard the strange words, and marvelled thereat, but they noticed that the mother was evidently determined to be as good as her word. Of course they could not allow that, and they put an end to it by offering to go themselves and scour the swamp. Wild as they thought the quest, it was not long ere a dozen well-equipped men had started into the forest to commence the search for the lost youth. They had a well-nigh hopeless task before them, and they knew it. The swamp was so vast in extent that a man might easily wander for weeks without coming within miles of a settlement. However, such was the respect entertained for Mrs. Bartlett that they would gladly do far more than spend a day in the swamp to save her from distress.

From an early hour in the morning friends and neighbours congregated at Mrs. Bartlett’s dwelling, and tried in every way they possibly could to afford her comfort. The hours crawled slowly along until midday, and none of the searchers had returned to report tidings of the absent one, which indeed under the circumstances, could hardly be expected so soon. The afternoon passed

like the morning, the great old-fashioned clock in Mrs. Bartlett's little parlour loudly and monotonously ticking off the moments until the daylight was almost gone. It was close upon six o'clock, and still no sign from the forest. Surely the searchers would soon return now, as of course they could see nothing in the darkness. Shortly Mrs. Bartlett raised her grief-stricken face from her hands, in which attitude she had passed the greater part of the day, and appeared more sensible of what was going on around her than she had been for hours past. After a few moments she rose and walked to the window, out of which a view of the great forest could be obtained. Suddenly she uttered an exclamation, and without another word she pointed eagerly out of the window. Every one in the room hurried to her side, expecting to find some of the searchers returning, perhaps with Roddy. But to their surprise they could perceive nothing; no one was stirring to the very verge of the forest. What could she mean? Her excitement was very obvious. Her eyes seemed to be bulging out of her head, and every nerve in her body was quivering. Her countenance assumed a rapt expression. Every one was watching her with startled curiosity. They evidently thought the strain and distress had overbalanced her mind. What new phase would her mood take? A moment passed in dead silence; then deliberately the old clock broke upon their ears with a whirring sound of turning wheel-work, and then lazily began striking. One—two—three—four—five—six; and stopped. Before the sound of the last stroke died away, Mrs. Bartlett had turned, and clasp- ing Bessie Martin closely in her arms, burst into a tempest of sobs. "They've found him," she brokenly murmured, "I saw them lifting him out of the snow, and placing him on a horse. But too late," she sobbed. "Too late." The neighbours stood and stared at one another with bewildered faces. What did it all mean? Nothing had occurred within their sight that could justify her words. Had she better eyes than they? Or was her mind unhinged? It was now with strangely mingled feelings of awe and curiosity that most of the party awaited the return of the rescuers.

* * * * *

By whatever explanation the curious student may seek to account for the fact, at precisely six o'clock the rescuing party were raising Roddy's inanimate and half-frozen form from the snow where they had found it by accident on their way back to the settlement, after they had relinquished the search for the day. They first perceived the young teacher's riderless horse complacently cropping the tender shoots of some thickets, close by the trail. Judging that Roddy himself would be close by, they at once commenced a close search, which resulted in a few moments in disclosing a peculiar looking mound entirely covered with snow, not far from a large prostrate tree, under which, and protected from the extreme cold by the fleecy covering, they found the insensible figure of the widow's son. He was to all appearance dead; but of course every effort was made to resuscitate him. Restoratives were poured down his throat; a rude stretcher was hastily improvised upon which Roddy was placed, and between two horses he was quickly conveyed to the settlement which was only four or five miles distant. The hot spirits poured into his stomach, and the rapid jolting of the horses over the rough track, together, tended to restore the almost congealed blood in his veins into languid circulation, and so when they laid his body on a bed in his mother's house, to their joy and surprise, they discovered some signs of animation. It was only, however, after the most incessant and prolonged efforts on the part of the doctor that he was coaxed back to life. He lay long on the brink of the dark abyss, given up indeed by everybody except his mother. Finally his strong constitution prevailed, and he revived.

The part Mrs. Bartlett had taken in the whole affair naturally excited much wonder and conjecture in the village. The story spread much farther than the village. She was known afterwards with, or without, reason, as "the woman of the second sight." She never tried to explain the occurrence, nor would she allow herself to be questioned on the subject; her mind evidently shrinking from any reflection upon the painful ordeal it had passed through.

Several months after Roddy's recovery, which was considerably

protracted, on a beautiful autumn morning a happy wedding party emerged from the little village church, just as Roddy imagined he saw it a few moments before he sank insensible on that wild night in the hemlock swamp. In these later years Roddy and his wife sometimes tell the story to their descendants. They regard the episode as the darkest hour of their lives—the hour which precedes the dawn of golden day.

R. W. DOUGLAS

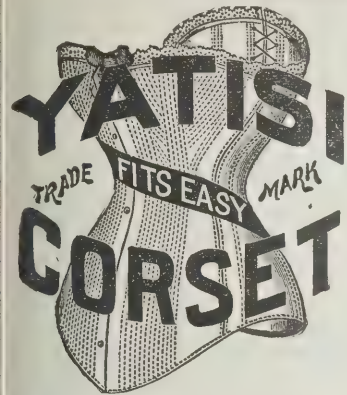
AN ARAB CAMP BY NIGHT.

THE outlines of the hills had vanished, the path had led us up from the bed of the torrent, so we no longer had that to guide us. To attempt to descend it would have been madness as we might have fallen over a precipice in the darkness; indeed, we were afraid to move except with extreme caution in any direction. We had a compass and watches and knew that by keeping due south we might if no accident befell us and the rocks permitted a passage, ultimately reach the plateau, but we also knew that the direction of our night quarters was due east, but here we ran the greater risk of tumbling into unknown traverse gorges with precipitous cliffs. We cautiously worked south but our progress soon became barred by thorny brushwood and we had to face the alternative of a night out of doors without water or anything to drink and a very limited supply of food.

We were just bracing ourselves to this unpleasant prospect when in a southwesterly direction we suddenly saw a gleam of light; it lasted for a moment then seemed to go out. But that one ray was one of hope and we steered cautiously for it. We had been scrambling by compass in the dark for about half an hour, and were just beginning to despair when the bark of a distant dog put new energy into us, and not long after around the shoulder of a hill we came upon an encampment and were greeted by the furious yells of a mob of noisy curs which infest the tents of the Bedouins. It was a startling apparition to burst upon these nomads in their remote retreat—horsemen of a type they had never seen before, and an armed soldier. Such children as were awake set up a dismal squalling, the women cowered tremblingly over their camp-fires under the pent roof of black camel's hair. Meanwhile the men had gathered round us, half timidly, half threateningly. The presence of the soldier suggested fear and suspicion while the smallness of our party encouraged the bolder ones to look defiant. As far as I could make out in the darkness there were about a dozen tents here in all—apparently the flag end of an insignificant tribe whose name I forget. It was at first impossible to induce any one at that late hour to act as guide. Even abundant offers of backshish failed to shake their suspicion, which was to the effect that we wished to decoy one into durance to act as a hostage until some arrears of taxes which they owed the government should be paid up.

The other alternative was that we should take up our quarters in the sheik's tent, whether he liked it or not, which with a piercing wind blowing, accompanied by sleet was not a very pleasant prospect. He seemed to relish it as little as we did and finally consented to be our guide as we made some silver gleam in the firelight. As he seized his eighteen-foot lance and mounted his ragged steed he looked like some Arab Don Quixote, and as the camp-fire threw its ruddy glow upon a group of wild-looking women, with dishevelled hair and tattooed chins crooning over a pot like the witches in "Macbeth," and upon barelegged men as they flitted to and fro between the black tents I thought I had seldom gazed upon a more weird and unreal-looking scene.

How our guide could find his way up the rocky hillside and across the prairie remained a mystery during the long two hours that we followed him. Of this I feel sure, that we scrambled up places in the dark that we never should have thought of facing by daylight. The very horses seemed to have become desperate and to have abandoned themselves to their fate. At last we dismounted and scaled the rocks like goats, everyone, man or beast doing the best he could for himself on his own account, and so at last, wearied and half starved, for we had fasted for about ten hours, we reached the goal of our endeavour, too tired to see what an utterly miserable hole it was.—*Lawrence Oliphant, in Haifa*



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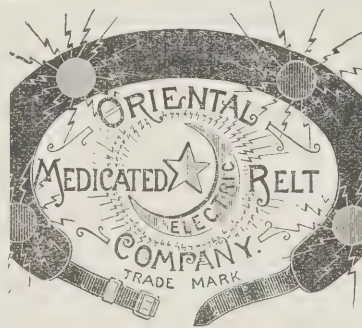
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The Rev. G. M. Milligan, pastor of Jarvis Street Presbyterian Church, writes,

384 Sherbourne St., Toronto,
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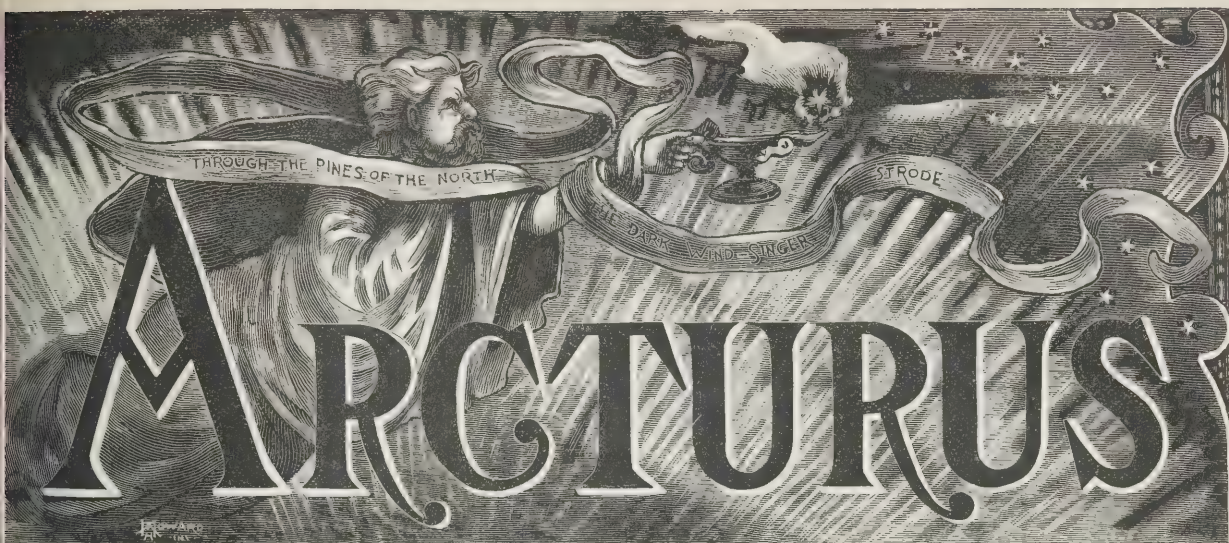
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VOL. 1.
No. 15.

Saturday, April 23rd, 1887.

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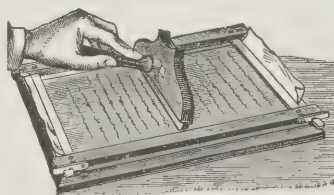
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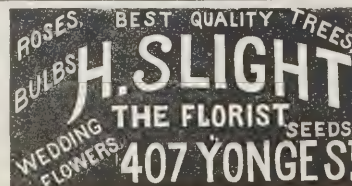
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Editorial Notes.

THE QUEBEC BUDGET.

QUEBEC financiers should take to heart the sublime yet actical maxims of Wilkins Micawber. Income £20; expenditure, £19 19s. 6d.; result happiness. Income £20, and expenditure £20 0s. 6d.; result misery. Yet the nearest approach to economy that the new finance minister can promise is a deficit of a million and three-quarters for the first year, another deficit of a million and a quarter for the next, and a probable balance between income and expenditure for the third. We fear that before three years have passed we will say with the late champion wit and stutterer of New York, "I've been b-b-burning the candle so long at both ends that I'm p-p-precious near the middle."

THE TONIC OF SUCCESS.

THE remarks made at such times as these on the health of our leading statesmen seem to point to the conclusion that their nerves and constitutions are strained by the responsibilities and toils of leadership to a point incompatible with robust health, and that only the stimulus of hope or the elation of success can keep them always strung up to concert pitch. They are overtrained, as a jockey would say. Sir John Lubbock meets the House in great force and high spirits, but Mr. Lake has been complaining of ill-health ever since the elections left him with only a more respectable minority than before. Every one remembers how Sandfield Macdonald's defeat hastened his death, and how Mr. Mackenzie's health was entirely shattered by the disastrous general election of 1878 and the events which followed thereafter. In spite of the disease that was fated to be the death of Sandfield Macdonald, and the overwork that had already told so heavily on Mr. Mackenzie's iron constitution, there is no doubt that either would have been physically benefited by the tonic of success that braces the nerves of jaded ambition like a draught of the elixir of life.

THE DUTY ON BOOKS.

THE publishers and the booksellers are at issue on the question of the proposed increase in the duty on imported stationery and cheap literature. The booksellers are not free-traders, but they plainly see that an increased duty means a reduction in the volume of their business. It would do little to increase the sale of books of Canadian publication, and would cut off a large supply of cheap literature of the purest and most wholesome kind. The public, who are buying largely of the stores of English classics now placed at their disposal, think that the present price, which is about 50 per cent. above that paid in England, is quite high enough, and the result of an increased duty will simply mean a curtailment of expenditure in that direction, not an increased demand for literature published here. English books are now sold so largely that it would not pay to publish in Canada. The taste which the reading of such works cultivates is distinctly in favour of the better class of books published here, and destroys all fondness for flashy and debasing fiction. We hope the Government may take the side of the booksellers, and do nothing that may encourage the sale of the worst class of Canadian publications.

THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S REPORTS.

SOME of our contemporaries are giving selections from the recently-issued volume of the Registrar-General. We are always grateful for valuable information, whencesoever it may be obtained; but are we really expected to accept seriously any remarks founded on these returns as if they were matters of fact? While a fact completely stated is valuable in proportion to its rarity, a selection of half-facts is as uncertain, and of about as much practical use, as a chameleon. Our vital statistics are half or even three-quarter facts, published with the pomp and circumstance of official authority to mislead unwary theorizers. The ancient Larnspex who could pass another of the craft without a smile must find a parallel in the Deputy Registrar who can without a wink present to his official chief the statements that Canada's birth-rate is 22 in 1,000, and that of England 50 per cent. greater! Even poor Ireland, with her load of pauperism, landlordism, and the emigration that drains off the young and vigorous, has a better showing than Canada—24 in 1,000. The number of centenarians, 23 of whom died within the year, would be a most remarkable fact but for the significant limitation that only one was a native-born Canadian, and hence the other 22 were probably the only witnesses to the event of their own birth. Can any one suggest a means for bringing these (in more

than one sense) imposing collections of figures within at least a measurable distance of completeness?

THE SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.

THE tongue-valiant politicians of the United States have been quieter since the passage of the Retaliation Bill, and the beard of the British lion has been hanging peacefully from his chin. President Cleveland's intimation that the subject will be treated in a manner consistent with the dignity of two great nations will tend to dampen still further the ardour of vote-hunting patriots, and the Canadian Parliament may be trusted to maintain the dignity of our own position as conservators of our undoubted rights. Blustering patriots on this side may make the most of the Government proposal to build a Canadian canal at the Sault Ste. Marie, as a means of rendering our lake navigation quite independent of any Retaliation Bill, but the Ministry will no doubt claim that it is also a sound commercial speculation, for the American canal is often overcrowded, and the growth of lake traffic will in a few years provide work for another great artery of trade. Only those who have seen the American locks in operation during the busy season can form any idea of the magnitude of the business between Superior and her sister lakes.

THE BOOM IN REAL ESTATE.

THE idea is gaining ground among certain staid and prudent people in our fair city that the real estate business in Toronto is being a little overdone. So far as the thickly-settled districts are concerned, it is difficult to believe that this idea has any solid foundation. The highest prices realized are indicative of a brisk, healthy demand, but there is no sign of inflation, and indeed there are few parts of the city where real property can be said to have reached a high level. In some of the remoter suburbs, perhaps, land is bringing its full value—probably more—but everything tends to prove that Toronto is destined to be a great city, and that at no distant date. There may now and then be a temporary lull in her prosperity, but, so far as human foresight extends, her future is assured, and her expansion will be rapid and far. It is certainly well that Torontonians should bear in mind the past history of Winnipeg and Portage la Prairie, but it is far from desirable that they should become imbued with want of confidence in the prospect ahead. What would they think if a state of things prevailed here correspondent to that in Kansas City? K. C. is of much more recent date than Toronto. Its history extends over less than four decades. It has an enterprising and rapidly-growing population, but its future can by no means be regarded as a matter of certainty. In hardly any material respect will it bear comparison with Toronto. Yet, marvellous to relate, land on the principal business street has within the last few days been sold at \$6,000 per foot—nearly three times the price of the costliest business sites in St. Louis and San Francisco. This certainly looks like inflation, and that of the wildest and most amazing kind. But we shall have abundant time for reflection before we reach any such conditions in Toronto.

AN IMPROVED METHOD OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

THERE are disadvantages attending the separate legislative powers of the American States and the Canadian Provinces but there is at any rate one large and patent advantage—a wide range of experiment in domestic legislation. The relative values of prohibition, local option and high license will soon be tested with a completeness that can leave little to desire. The abolition of capital punishment has had at least a partial probation, and now comes the State of Pennsylvania with the first attempt to substitute death by electricity for modes of despatch more or less bloody or barbarous. Such a new mode of “shuffling off this mortal coil” will be quicker than even the guillotine, and unlike the other Happy Despatch, will be altogether painless. When Professor Tyndall received accidentally a dangerously powerful charge, he knew nothing, he tells us, till he recovered from its effects, and it required some little reflection to tell him what kind of experience he had gone through.

MR. PARNELL ON THE RAGGED EDGE.

SHOULD the horrible charge brought by the *London Times* against Mr. Parnell turn out to be well founded, the cause of Home Rule for Ireland—indeed the cause of Ireland generally—will have been thrown back for at least half a century. The English radicals have hitherto stood by their Irish allies through good and evil report, and have been held up to contumely among their own countrymen on the score of their association with traitors and murderers. But even the most advanced phase of English radicalism will stand aghast at this stupendous revelation—assuming it to be a genuine revelation—and will wash its hands of Irish patriotism for a generation to come. During the last year or two Mr. Gladstone has proved that he can swallow a good deal of the chance of regaining political power, but even the G.O.M. will be compelled to draw the line somewhere. His reputation, great as it is, would be irretrievably shattered were he to continue to maintain an alliance with a leader who deliberately and in writing sanctioned the programme of assassination and the resultant murder of Burke and Cavendish. All this, of course, runs upon the assumption of Mr. Parnell's guilt—an assumption which, in the present incomplete state of our knowledge on the subject, would be unjustifiable. Mr. Parnell himself denies the charge in the most explicit terms, seemingly with all the righteous indignation of a true man. It appears inconceivable, too, that one notoriously cautious and discreet by nature, and whose surroundings during the past ten years have been of a kind to develop those qualities to the fullest extent, should have been so foolhardy—to use no harsher term—as to put such diabolical sentiments in plain black and white. On the other hand, circumstances have an ugly look. The *Times* is not a paper given to working up fictitious sensations. It is on all hands acknowledged to be the leading journal of the world, and its reputation is of a kind which it cannot afford to imperil. Financially speaking, it represents millions and such a charge as the one it has brought, if unfounded, would subject it to consequences hardly less formidable.

in the charge itself. The charge, moreover, has been made in clear and explicit terms, and has been coupled with a series of other charges almost as grave. It cannot be pretended that there has been any mistake or misunderstanding. A fac simile of the letter itself has been given to the world, with Mr Parnell's signature appended thereto. If Mr Parnell is innocent he has no option. He must indict himself, and bring to bear upon it the utmost rigour of the criminal law. If he is guilty, it is high time for the world to know him for what he really is.

THE BEST KIND OF LIBERALISM.

THE munificent liberality of Sir Donald Smith and Sir George Stephen, in devoting half a million dollars each to the founding of an hospital for the sick in Montreal, is a matter deserving of hearty recognition on the part of the entire newspaper press of Canada. There are few citizens of our young Dominion who are financially in a position to emulate such a princely example as this, but the endowment can hardly fail to stir up some of our wealthy men to acts of charity and benevolence on a scale more commensurate with their means. It cannot truthfully be said that such an example was wholly unneeded. Most readers will remember the case of a very rich man who died in Toronto many years since. He probably left behind him more wealth than either Sir Donald Smith or Sir George Stephen could call their own. Yet he was never known to do a really good or generous deed. Nobody, not even himself, was the better for his great possessions, and hundreds were considerably the worse. He died and was buried, leaving dry bones behind him. A grey granite mausoleum was erected over his remains, and there was an end to him. Nobody cares him in tearful remembrance. The widow, the orphan and the incurable invalid do not rise up and bless his name. Such an incarnation of utter greed and selfishness is not often met with, but he turns up sometimes, and when he does he makes us all the more ready to do justice to such princely benevolence as has been displayed by the two magnates of Montreal.

THE IRISH COERCION BILL.

It may pretty well be taken for granted that the Coercion Bill will be carried through the Imperial House of Commons, and that its provisions will be strictly enforced in Ireland for some time to come. It has already passed its second reading, and the black charges brought by the *Times* against Parnell and his coadjutors are not likely to decrease the majority by which it will be supported when it comes to final consideration. For the present it would seem that Home Rule is doomed, and that Mr Gladstone is not likely to re-ascend to power upon the shoulders of his Irish colleagues. All things, it is said, come to those who can afford to wait. Mr Gladstone is old, and cannot afford to wait indefinitely; but Home Rule is a strong plant, and English Toryism may be sure that the world has not heard the last of it.

THE SHRIEVALTY OF YORK.

By the death of Sheriff Jarvis, Toronto has been deprived of one of her best known citizens, and the County of York has lost one of its most highly respected officials. The place thus left vacant is one of the most lucrative and in every way desirable of all the choice things at the disposal of the Ontario Government. The emoluments are large—being anywhere from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year—and the duties, in so far as the sheriff is personally concerned, are not very onerous, being for the most part performed by deputy. It is therefore not strange that there should be a good many persons desirous of being installed in such an office, and if common rumour is to be trusted, the number of applicants is very large. The list, as currently discussed on the street, includes the names of at least half a score of people who have not commonly been regarded in the light of office-seekers. The fact is that the office is such a fat and easy one that it has attracted persons who are not in the ordinary sense of the term waiters upon Providence. The position, however, is about to be shorn of some of its pecuniary attractions. The shrievalty of York is to be separated from that of Toronto, and there will henceforth be a separate and distinct sheriff for the county and city respectively. The emoluments of each, however, will still be large, and the Government will simply have two fat offices at its disposal instead of one. This is better than leaving the matter as it stands, inasmuch as it tends towards equalization; but it does not strike at the root. There is no reason on earth why one man, with his subordinates, should not properly discharge the duties incidental to the position of Sheriff of York and Toronto. Nor is there any reason why he should be paid more than \$2,500 a year for so doing. There are scores of honourable and thoroughly competent men in Canada who would gladly undertake the duties for that sum, and who would discharge them at least as efficiently as a political appointee who will really do little or nothing himself, but leave all the real work to be done by his deputies. Mr. Mowat might do worse in his own interests, and in the interests of the province, than take this view of the matter; but we have no idea that he will do so.

DR. McCAUL.

DR. McCAUL has also been summoned to his rest. For some time past the doctor's figure has not been a familiar one on our streets, as, independently of his advanced years, he has been a confirmed invalid, and not in a condition to take his walks abroad, as he was so fond of doing in the days of his vigorous manhood. But he has not been forgotten during his seclusion, and his death will be regarded in the light of a bereavement by many persons unconnected with him by ties of blood. He will be held in remembrance by hundreds of somewhat university students to whom he was once a guide, philosopher and friend. His life's work may be said to have ended about ten or twelve years since, but he has left an abiding mark behind him, and his name is not likely to sink into oblivion for many a generation to come.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 23RD, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE WAR-CLOUD IN EUROPE.

THE aspect of affairs in Europe changes from week to week, and almost from day to day. Whether the status quo is to be preserved, or whether we are to have a disastrous and desolating war before the advent of summer is a question which is just now exercising many minds, and which nobody on this continent is capable of satisfactorily answering. In western Europe the disturbing element is the untoward state of public feeling in Alsace and Lorraine. The discontent there is commonly attributed to the machinations of French sympathizers, though of course there are those who attribute it to the iron hand of Bismarck. The great Chancellor's methods of repression are beyond all doubt aggravating enough, but the element to be repressed is not one to be governed after the kid-glove fashion. The expulsion of a deputy who had been elected to the Reichstag was in itself a thing well calculated to arouse popular antagonism, and this expulsion has been followed by a rigid hunting out of alleged French agents and sympathizers. As a matter of course all France is indignant, and a considerable part of it is hysterical and clamorous for war. The rulers, however, are very far from desiring war, and this may probably be said of Germany as well as of France.

So much for the state of affairs in the west. In eastern Europe the pressing question is: Does Russia propose to descend upon Bulgaria at an early date? There are certain indications of an affirmative. For instance, there are some very significant utterances of the imperialist press, which will not admit of any other construction. Then there is the fact that the Russian war office has recently issued a call for tenders for large supplies of medical stores and munitions of war. Again, there has been an interview between M. Flourens and the correspondent of a prominent Russian journal in which there is a clear intimation of a prospective alliance between Russia and France.

In Bulgaria itself affairs are in a condition of great disorder, and the outlook is regarded as ominous. There is a constant succession of local conspiracies against the regents. These have all been quietly nipped in the bud, but the Bulgarians have not fixed upon any eligible candidate for the throne, and seem afraid to do so while Russia maintains her present aspect of menace. "On the whole," says the *London Times*, "it must be acknowledged that the aspect of affairs in Bulgaria is full of anxiety. The regents hold their own, and have so far been able to cope with the plots against

their authority. But the recurrence of these plots is a very disquieting symptom, whether we regard them as due to a foreign or to an indigenous origin. Even if they are all fomented by Russian agency, they point to the existence of a disaffected party in Bulgaria, since Russian intrigue would not be able to foment them unless the seed were sown in fertile soil."

The question of war or no war still waits for an answer.

ARTISTS AND CRITICS.

JUST as it is not often the gift of an art critic to be able to use pencil and brush successfully, so it is not always Nature's intention to fit a painter with the reasoning qualities necessary for accurate art criticism. Reynolds, Hogarth, Walpole, Vasari and a host of writers, some of whom were also painters of the highest ability, have endeavoured to justify their personal impressions concerning the fine art of painting; but many of their speculations are utterly wrong and absurd, opposed to facts and inapplicable to practice. The greatest art critic of this day, and the most broadly seeing and deeply truthful of all art critics, has on more than one occasion proclaimed loudly against any formal set of critical rules. While the principles of art are as fundamental as the laws of nature, their application becomes a matter of constant mutation. Ruskin was denounced as an æsthetic lunatic by the majority of men, artists and others, when he started his crusade against all depravity in fine art. He has lived to witness the triumphs of the truths he enunciated. Not long ago he incurred the wrath of Mr. Whistler, one of the most original of living artists, who, with ten o'clock vigour and impulse, showed clearly that some artists, when aroused, can lay aside the palette and lash their most able assailants smartly in modest black and white. Mr. Whistler also clearly proved that mere cleverness of diction is not always convincing, and that close association with the practicalities of art does not of itself warrant the authority of a painter to pose as a capable and correct exponent of art-truth. In this regard, therefore, it may be possible that Mr. J. W. Forster, desirous of contributing to art-knowledge in papers of "Portrait-Painting," may not prove as capable a theorist as a colourist; nor may his deductions be as rightly drawn as his pictures. In differing from him on certain matters of abstract art, however, we take much pleasure in according our most cheerful tribute of praise to the good work he has done and is doing with hopeful confidence that he has much greater and better work yet to do. In ranking portrait-painting next to the highest ideal painting, we think Mr. Forster has erred. With his preliminary canter over safe ground we cannot find much fault. The classification of painting into still-life, landscape, marine, animal and figure will be generally admitted. No argument is necessary to prove the degrees of art in producing the counterfeits of a clothes basket, a prairie scene, a sea storm, lions at bay, or a group of children. These are self-evident to even the uneducated spectator, and most persons would naturally place them in correct order. But when we reach the higher forms of the art which Mr. Forster chooses to call portrait, historical and allegorical, the matter becomes more difficult, and more than a mere glance is required to find the true order.

Is Mr. Forster's placing of portraiture next to the heavenly allegory correct? Does it surpass the historic and dramatic schools? Let us first understand rightly what is portrait-painting.

g, as now practised, and in comparison with what has been hieved. Is the portrait of a successful dry-goods merchant of pronto done in the best (or worst) possible style for the best (or worst) possible price to be mentioned in the same breath as (ian's portrait of Lavinia, or admitted to the company of Rembrandt's portrait of himself? If this is the latest idea of portraiture, then we yield the argument at once, and advise that it be made a fine art of itself, and that portraits of all lunatics, criminals, sots and fools be recognized equally as specimens of human character, good and bad. Why are portraits required, and what class of men should they represent? Firstly, a portrait may be required by the family, by the nation, or by the world. The family portrait is of no value beyond the family circle and its visitors. Some of the most celebrated portraits painted by Vandyke, Reynolds and Gainsborough were painted for family requirements, and, if of value now, did not gain that value from any virtue of the original who sat for them, but from the virtue of the genius who painted them. However excellent they may be, mere family portraits are of the lowest order. Higher than these are portraits of great men, statesmen, warriors, lawyers, etc., which (or should be) required for national remembrance, so that after they are dead and gone men who enjoy the fruit of their labours may look with love upon their faces. In such cases, portraiture is of a high order of painting, and should be done by the best possible artists, in the interests of the future. Thus the "scars of Cromwell" and the wart of Wolsey are of consummate interest, because of the men they adorned. They become marks of honourable distinction on such faces, whereas they would be marks of ridicule on others; for the red and pimpled nose of a boosing and nodding alderman would be so unlikely to excite our admiration as an index of character that no artist would faithfully reproduce the blush of liquor on the outraged flesh.

HERE then we must draw the line. There are portraits and portraits—Vandykes and Vanduffers. Portraits of great and good men should be painted and preserved for the world; but the mere "likenesses" of persons whose only claim upon an artist's time and talent is their ability to pay for their "pictures," ought never to be drawn. Of the former, the world cannot have too many; of the latter it already has more than enough. It is disgusting to any true lover of art, who believes in the relation of art and soul in life, to see so many portraits of contemporary nobodies on the walls of our exhibitions and on the easels of our studios, and so little that is illustrative of Canadian somebodies. The history of Canada is full of noble and heroic subjects, waiting for the right soul to grasp and the strong hand to paint for our people. It is to be feared that it will wait long, since family pride and personal vanity cause so many portraits to be painted by our few artists annually that they, who could best devote time and energy to the commencement of a great historical school, cannot find time to labour in the higher direction. One thing, however, is certain—these mere portraits of contemporary nobodies will not live much longer than the originals, and will probably be sold by auction—not as works of art, but as pieces of wall furniture.

ALL who believe in simplicity, truth, goodness and spirituality must respect the Pre-Raphaelites of both ages. If the truth were thoroughly recognized it is unlikely such a sentence as the following would be penned:—

"Higher than action we esteem the actor."

Perhaps we do so; but it is nevertheless wrong; hence so many church-building swindlers, pot-boiling artists, rhyme-prating fools and bazaar beauties. The good Samaritan act is to be rejoiced in—we are not asked to admire the individual. "Greater than the actor is the action," rather let it be said. Hero-worship is often overdone, and virtues are forgotten in admiration of their possessor. In an act of charity is the giver to be esteemed above the deed? Men *are* the agents of divinity, or in other words, the creatures of circumstances. Let Mr. Forster prove the contrary, instead of pooh-poohing it away. Men as capable as Napoleon, Shakspeare or Michael Angelo have doubtless existed; and we esteem these only as types or representative creatures carrying out the Divine will. Do we esteem the sculpture, painting or literature which has lived down the ages less than the authors, who are not known? The origin of the Homeric works is not traceable; are the Homeric works of less value? Are the Grecian sculptures or the temples less admirable because we are ignorant of their designers? Men should be regarded as temporary agents, not as enduring heroes. Acts, rather than actors, should be esteemed. If we listen to a play—say "King Lear"—we are moved by the fleeting moods and passions of the human machine, and no portrait of Garrick, Kean or Irving can summon our emotion in like manner. What matters it if Shelley had a woman's beauty, so long as we can read his spirit in his verse? What if Savonarola looked sweetly sad and determinedly strong so long as his influence was stirring Italy for good? Does the "Transfiguration" improve on our souls after seeing Raphael's portrait of his own youthfulness? Mere portraiture, even of the greatest mortals, is not the first necessity. If history is to be illustrated, portraiture should be an accessory and not a prime factor. Let us have pictures by all means of as many great men as possible; but let them not be mere human photographs of flesh seen from the top of the clothes to the top of the forehead. Let them be brought to us in their most striking characters—in the great and signal accomplishments they have performed in the world's history—Cromwell turning out the Parliament, Cranmer at the stake, Milton in his blindness at work, Czar Peter knouting his nobles, Joan of Arc leading her troops, and others. Let them be true and faithful likenesses always, and in action; then the highest form of painting—the human-dramatic school—will be in its exalted place. If there is a good woman or a good man who has achieved some noble end in life, no matter how lowly, there is an excuse for the portraiture of that individual; but who can tell the character from the face alone? Recalling men and women we have known, how little reliance could be placed on their portraits as indices of their true natures. How many beauties on canvas are beautiful beyond the mere physical grace and skin-deep beauty? There is a woman, painted by a clever artist, wearing her most winning expression; amiable looking enough, but whose heart is filled with vanity and love of worldly things. Who can tell her by her portrait? Men of action should be painted in action, and in their greatest action. Women of beauty should be portrayed in their most beautiful undertakings. Mere facial portraits should be confined to mantelpieces and mausoleums, if artists will paint them. Great and good portraits should alone be recognized as fine art, and should be bought and paid for by the nation, when the true artist is found to paint them as a work of love and not of wages.

T. H. H.

Toronto.

Poetry.

THE OLD SUGAR CAMP.

(Concluded.)

THESE were the days of anxious toil and care,
When fashions changed not, and the same old coat
Came forth to honour many a gala day ;
And one stern bonnet, brown with sun and rain,
And years of service, still was counted new,
And safely guarded under lock and key
Till Sabbath morn, when forth at duty's call
The faithful wearer trudged o'er many a mile,
To join the songs that are in Zion sung,
And gather up the promises of rest
That faith had treasured in a better clime.

All this the passing years brought to an end.
The days of man and womanhood at length
O'ertook the toilers ; and, with new-born hopes,
New scenes were sought for, and new homes were found.
Caught in the world's wild busy feverish strife,
Beneath one roof-tree now they seldom met.
All but the youngest of the band had gone—
She still remained to grace the dear old home,
And through the calm of uneventful years,
Peace and content appear'd the destined lot.

The calls of want were now no longer known ;
For honest toil had to fruition turned,
And brought its simple harvest of repose.
Yet, as the seasons, in their stately round,
Brought back the flowing to the maple trees,
The old camp-fires rekindled once again—
Glowed with a milder and more chasten'd light.
The old keen busy bustle all was gone,
The feverish care to make the most of time ;
The noisy glee of happy girls and boys,
That toy'd with youth, and health, and laugh'd at toil.
All these were o'er. Yet with each waking year,
As caged swallows, feeling Autumn nigh,
Their wings beat wildly 'gainst their prison bars,
And struggle with their fellows to be free ;
So a strange longing to that household came,
To catch the spirit of the vanish'd years,
And catch the woodnotes of the dawning Spring
From songsters turning from their distant climes.
This, and a pride upon the festal board,
To place the treasure gather'd by her hand,
Brought forth the mother and the daughter, still
Beneath the shelter of her childhood's home,
That once again, when happy Christmas time
Brought all together to that dear old home,
And children's children sat upon her knee,
She might bring forth the harvest of her toil.

Thus, the old camp for ten successive springs
Became the miniature of former scenes,
Where just a little for that little's sake,
And for the sake of happy vanish'd hours,
And for the sake of Christmas yet to be,
Was gather'd in a thoughtful, thankful mood,
'Mid chasten'd mem'ries of departed years.
But dark with sorrow rose the gathering gloom
That soon must o'er this calm contentment fall.
With poison'd breath, the scourge of Western homes,
Dread dire Consumption, with its certain close,
Had found a victim. Of that happy pair
The youngest soon had found a lasting rest.
A single year of painful hope and fear,
And hectic cheek, and bright enkindled eye,
Had left the fatal work of Death complete.
And in that month, and just on such a day
As both had often in the past repair'd
To the old camp, where half in work and play,
Their yearly happy holiday was spent,
Brothers and sisters to the loved old home—
Loved for the sake of one no longer there—
Had gather'd for that duty saddest, last,
To bear a sister to her narrow bed.

Sad and bereft, an aged mother stood,
Worn with the struggle of her three-score years,
The light and joy all vanished from her life,
And all the zeal in time's hard battle o'er.
The hands fell down that long were used to toil ;
The mind, elastic still at sixty years,
Turned from the present wholly to the past,
Amid the images beyond recall,

To live in mem'ry life's wild dream again.
One more decade still bound her to the earth—
Not of it, though remaining in the world—
To fill the destined measure of her days,
And ripen for the harvest of the tomb.

Oh what to her, to us, to any soul
In that great crisis which has no escape,
Is all the wealth of gold, of fame, of power,
Which life's long struggle gathers to our feet ?
When, standing out on time's extremest verge,
We gaze across the stream with longing eyes,
To catch one gleam of light break through the veil
That hides that ocean whose cold silent wave
No wreckage ever cast on shore of time ?
Here she must stand and wait ten weary years,
Her thoughts alone the bread on which she fed ;
Her zest in earth's enjoyments, hopes and cares,
Forever vanish'd from her stricken heart
That longed to reach the haven of its rest,
And hunger'd for a city that abides.
But time, that gathers in our Autumn stores,
And gathers in the fruitage of our lives,
Brought her at last the end that comes to all.
The worn-out heart stood still, to beat no more ;
The hands were folded o'er the silent breast ;
The eyes forever closed on things of time,
And all earth's glory vanish'd like a breath.

Out from our sight we bear our best lov'd ;
We may not linger by their house of clay ;
The bier fast follows on the fleeting breath.
She whom we loved was ready for the tomb.
Around stood pioneers with hardened hands,
And eyes but little used to shedding tears ;
Yet here with bared heads they stood and wept,
For she who slept that silent dreamless sleep
Could not be number'd with the common herd ;
And they had loved her in that checker'd past
Which now the haze of time must soon obscure.
So reverently they bore her to her rest,
And turned in silence, leaving her to sleep.

What is there more to tell ? The story ends.
The old camp fires have slept for twenty years,
And, like their builders, never shall awake.
The curtain falls o'er one more lowly life,
And there is left but memory of the deeds
Of love and worth that filled three score and ten
Of busy years, along the humble walks
Where only hope was left to sweeten toil,
And only faith was left by buried hope,
To light the pilgrim to the rest of God.

Rockwood, Ont.

D. McCaig.

THE TRACK ON THE TABUSINTAC.

BREAKING with outstretched arms through the last tangle of underbrush, I came out upon the edge of a little sandy marsh which soon transformed itself into a cranberry-bog and spread out for miles to the eastward to a low, dreary rim of grey-blue uplands. To my left the marsh was bounded by a wide, shallow stream, whose further shore was a dense forest of fir, and tamarac and cedar. Through the black tree-tops poured a warm glow from the sunset, which flushed the lonely levels of the bog, and brought out into sharp relief the sparse tufts of marsh-grass on the reddened sand. Here and there the sand was much trampled as if by some heavy animal ; but in one smooth spot, a few inches aside, so clear and definite that it startled me like a sudden voice out of the stillness, I saw the print of a small and shapely foot. My heart beating thickly, I crouched down on my knees to scrutinize the lonely footmark. Then I raised both hands to my mouth, and sent a long halloo vibrating through the forest.

It was answered from far up the stream. Not long afterward a bittren appeared, flapping heavily to some remoter haunt. Then a bark canoe stole into sight, and my comrade H—, beaching his craft on a narrow spit of sand, rushed eagerly up to where I stood beside the solitary foot-print. I pointed to the ground. No explanations were needed. Presently H— too, a worn little slipper from his pocket and applied it to the print in the sand. "On the right track at last !" he exclaimed, arising and our hands met by a silent impulse

Though, as I said above, no explanations were needed by my companion, it is time for me to remember that my hearers are differently situated. The circumstances which I am about to relate are such that I might pain certain estimable families should suffer myself to be too explicit. I shall refrain, therefore, from name and date, contenting myself with the statement that the events to be described are still very fresh in the minds of those dwelling in the neighbourhood of the Tabusintac, which is an unimportant river on the Gulf shore of the Province of New Brunswick. In this region there are several small towns, separated from each other by leagues of wilderness; and one of these, about two weeks before my story commences, had been thrown into a wild excitement by the disappearance of a refined young girl who had been something of a leader in the little society of the district. She had been showing of late some symptoms of mental trouble, and it soon became evident that she had fled to the woods in a sudden fit of insanity. It was the latter part of autumn, with boisterous weather, and few wild berries to be found. The life of this delicate girl, wont to be surrounded by every devotion, wandering alone through the pitchy darkness or the more appallingly lonely moonlight of those ragged forests, starving slowly on such scant food as she could pick up, and in the midst of perpetual peril from bears and panthers, turned every man of us into a woodsman and a trail-seeker. The town divided itself into small hunting parties, which struck out in every direction, seeking a clue. And the neighbour settlements joined in the search. I—and myself, who happened at the time to be visiting some friends in the town, had all our sympathies excited by the occurrence. Profiting by our experience in woodcraft and canoeing, we had come many miles in pursuit of an almost impalpable clue; and now, at last, our guesses were become a certainty.

As we traced up the small foot-prints there was elation in our hearts, at thought of the rescue we were bringing for the unfortunate girl; but at the same time crept over us a half-confessed chill of weird terror, lest we should find her in some way dreadfully changed, or dying pitifully in that unspeakably desolate place. But these dim fears were speedily changed to a real and immediate apprehension, as we observed that the foot-prints which we were pursuing were followed also by the track of a huge bear. That the trappings in the sand, before spoken of, had been made by a bear, we had of course seen from the first. Bear-tracks were in this region too numerous to excite any comment. But when we noticed that, inexorably as the wake follows the boat, the girl's feet were tracked by those of the beast, we were filled with horror. Wherever she had swerved aimlessly to this side or to that, thither went the bear's feet also, often obliterating for yards at a time the delicate traces which were our guide. Deviously the girl's steps wandered among the cranberry tangles, where she seemed to have been eating of the fruit abundantly; and at last they led back into the woods whence I had just emerged. Here we might easily have lost them, but for the dreadful footmarks of their pursuer, which made a clear trail through underbrush andicket. Wheresoever this trail crossed a bit of naked soil or boggy sward, there were we sure to detect the little print.

Breathless, and with beating hearts, our guns ready for action, we hastened on, over fallen trees, through swamp and covert, till suddenly we were brought to an amazed standstill by the sound of a woman's voice singing near at hand. As we listened the singing stopped; and we heard her, as we fancied, talking to herself in a caressing tone. Then the clear voice was raised again, in a familiar old song that rang sweetly and strangely through that wild place. Evidently, she was still safe; and curiosity, not mixed with a sort of awe, led us to approach as noiselessly as possible. A light evening breeze had arisen, which set the branches swaying gently, and prevented the occasional snapping of a twig beneath our feet from being markedly noticeable. Presently, through a screen of small spruce which kept us concealed, we looked out upon a little glade, and on the further edge it beheld a sight which for a moment held us speechless. A huge tree had been blown down, and lay with its mass of roots and soil high in the air. In the hollow beneath was a sort of den; and beside it, on a stone, sat the object of our search. In the lap of her torn and muddled gown she had cranberries, and

every now and then she would stop to eat a few, daintily; at the same time stretching out an idle hand to caress a great black bear, which lay at her feet and watched her like a spaniel. At first view of the strange scene H—— had instinctively raised his gun to the shoulder, but had lowered it again even before I could grasp his arm. Here was a state of affairs which put to rout all our calculations.

Mutely we gazed at each other, and our eyes asked what was to be done. To have shot the animal in cold blood would have seemed to me almost like murder, or at least heartless treachery and ingratitude. But it was growing dusk, and something had to be done at once. Just then H——, in pushing aside some boughs for a better view of the prodigy, made a movement which caught the girl's attention. She gave a startled cry and sprang to her feet; and straightway, with a roar of anger, the bear came plunging across the glade to our insufficient hiding-place. There was no time for deliberation. H—— raised his gun and fired. The shot plainly took effect—it was a heavy charge of buckshot—and the brute staggered; but he came on again instantly, so I lifted my own weapon. As I did so there was a cry of terror from the girl, and the bear stopped in uncertainty. Then he ran back to see what new peril was threatening his mistress. H—— seized me by the arm, and said "I haven't the heart to kill that creature! Let us clear out before he comes at us again!" This agreed well with my own feelings, from which the hunter's instinct had been effectually banished at sight of the monster's devotion to his unhappy charge. We ran back a few rods, whither we felt that the animal would not leave his mistress to pursue us. And then we paused to review the situation.

The more we reviewed it, the more unsatisfactory did it appear. It was evident that we could not recover the girl that night, if indeed we could do so at any time, without first destroying the animal which had befriended her. And that she was to be recovered that same night was our fixed resolve. At last we planned that we should encourage the brute to pursue us, and should thus avoid giving her the shock of seeing him killed under her eyes. Considering also that H——'s shot had taken effect in the animal's body, we reflected that in all probability that one wound would in the end prove fatal; in which case to finish the work at once would be no more than an act of compassion. Nevertheless, it was with most unpleasant feelings that we returned to the charge.

As we again drew near we heard a sound of sobbing. The girl, kneeling on the moss, was tearing her skirt into fragments, and trying to staunch a wound in the animal's neck. As we reappeared he struggled half onto his feet with a menacing growl, but immediately fell over again, and lay on his side, bleeding profusely. The girl came towards us, wringing her hands, and prayed us piteously that we would not kill her dog. We led her back to the creature's side, and humoured her by trying to stop the bleeding. Then we put her hand upon his heart, and showed her that he was already dead. At first she refused to leave him, but obeyed when we spoke firmly, and came with us, weeping and frightened. It was moonlight when we regained our canoe. The sight of this seemed to make her more rational, and her fears vanished. But she continued to talk about her poor dog, which had taken care of her when such terrible things were howling about the dark woods. Even as she spoke, the strange cry of our northern panther, or "Indian Devil," came trembling towards us from a cedar swamp far off under the moonlight; and her eyes dilated with terror. Wrapping her up warmly in coats and blankets, we fixed her a snug place amidst the bows of the canoe; and soon she fell asleep, quieted by the soft motion, as we glided down the current toward the settlement at the river's mouth.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

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A WOMAN was seated in a buggy in front of a store on Yonge Street the other day when the horse began to kick, and a pedestrian caught him by the bridle and observed, "Seems as if he was frightened at something." "Perhaps he is," replied the woman as she tumbled out, "but I always thought the front of a horse got scared first."

THE STORM-LIGHTS OF ANZASCA.

THE main road from the Lago Maggiore to the western parts of Switzerland at one time ran through the valley of Anzasca; and it was once my fortune to be detained all night at a cottage in one of its wildest defiles, by a storm which rendered my horses ungovernable. While leaning upon a bench, and looking with drowsy curiosity towards the window—for there was no bed except my host's, of which I did not choose to deprive him—I saw a small, faint light among the rocks in the distance. I at first conceived that it might proceed from a cottage-window; but remembering that that part of the mountain was wholly uninhabited, and indeed uninhabitable, I roused myself, and calling one of the family, inquired what it meant. While I spoke the light suddenly vanished; but in about a minute re-appeared in another place, as if the bearer had gone round some intervening rock. The storm at that time raged with a fury which threatened to blow our hut, with its men and horses, over the mountains; and the night was so intensely dark that the edges of the horizon were wholly undistinguishable from the sky.

"There it is again!" said I. "What is that, in the name of God?"

"It is Lelia's lamp!" cried the young man eagerly, who was a son of our host. "Awake, father! Ho, Batista!—Vittorio! Lelia is on the mountains!" At these cries the whole family sprung up from their lair at once, and, crowding round the window, fixed their eyes upon the light, which continued to appear, although at long intervals, for a considerable part of the night. When interrogated as to the nature of this mystic lamp, the cottagers made no scruple of telling me all they knew, on the sole condition that I should be silent when it appeared, and leave them to mark uninterruptedly the spot where it rested.

To render my story intelligible, it is necessary to say that the *minerali* and farmers form two distinct classes in the valley of Anzasca. The occupation of the former, when pursued as a profession, is reckoned disreputable by the other inhabitants, who obtain their living by regular industry; and indeed the manners of the *minerali* offer some excuse for what might otherwise be reckoned an illiberal prejudice. They are addicted to drinking, quarrelsome, overbearing—at one moment rich and at another starving; and in short they are subject to all the calamities, both moral and physical, which beset men who can have no dependence on the product of their labour; ranking in this respect with gamblers, authors, and other vagabonds.

They are, notwithstanding, a fine race of men—brave, hardy, and often handsome. They spend freely what they win lightly; and if one day they sleep off their hunger, lying like wild animals basking in the sun, the next, if fortune has been propitious, they swagger about, gallant and gay, the lords of the valley. Like the sons of God, the *minerali* sometimes make love to the daughters of men; and, although they seldom possess the hand, they occasionally touch the heart, of the gentle maidens of Anzasca. If their wooing is unsuccessful, there are comrades still wilder than their own, whose arms are always open to receive the desperate and the brave. They change the scene, and betake themselves to the highways when nights are dark and travellers unwary; or they enlist under the banners of those regular banditti who rob in thousands, and whose booty is a province or a kingdom.

Francesco Martelli was the handsomest gold-seeker in the valley. He was wild, it is true, but that was the badge of his tribe; and he made up for this by so many good qualities, that the farmers themselves—at least such of them as had not marriageable daughters—delighted in his company. Francesco could sing ballads so sweetly and mournfully, that the old dames leaned back in the chimney-corner to weep while he sung. He had that deep and melancholy voice which, when once heard, lingers in the ear, and when heard again, however unexpectedly, seems like a longing realized.

There was only one young lass in the valley who had never heard the songs of Francesco. All the others, seen or unseen, on some pretext or other, had gratified their curiosity. The exception was Lelia, the daughter of one of the richest farmers in

Anzasca. Lelia was very young, being scarcely sixteen; but in her quality of an only daughter, with a dowry in expectation equal to more than one thousand Austrian liras, she attracted considerable observation. Her face, on minute inspection, was beautiful to absolute perfection; but her figure, although symmetrical, was so *petite*, and her manner so shy and girlish, that she was thought of more as a child than a young woman. The "heirress of old Niccoli" was the designation made use of by her parents would endeavour to awaken the ambition of their sons, as they looked forward to what *might* be some years hence; but Lelia, in her own person, was a nonentity.

Her mother had died in giving her birth; and for many a year the life of the child had been preserved, or rather her death prevented by what seemed a miracle. Even after the disease, whatever it might have been, had yielded to the sleepless care of her father, she remained in that state which is described in the expression "not unwell" rather than in perfect health; although the most troublesome memento that remained of her illness was nothing more than a nervous timidity, which in a more civilized part of the country might have passed for delicacy of feeling.

Besides being in some degree shut out from the society of her equals by this peculiarity of her situation, she was prevented from enjoying it by another. While her body languished, the cultivation of her mind had advanced. Music, to which she was passionately attached, paved the way for poetry; and poetry, in spite of the doctrines of a certain school you have in England unfitted her for association with the ignorant and unrefined. That Lelia, therefore, had never sought to hear the ballads of Francesco was occasioned, it may readily be believed, by nothing more than an instinctive terror, mingled with the dislike with which the name of one of the ruffian *minerali* inspired her, and in truth, she listened to the tales that from time to time reached her ear of the young gold-seeker, with somewhat of the vague and distant interest with which we attend to descriptions of beautiful but wild and cruel animal of another hemisphere.

There came one at last, however, to whom poor Lelia listened. She was sitting alone, according to her usual custom, at the bottom of her father's garden, singing, while she plied her knitting-needle, in the soft, low tone peculiar to her voice, and beyond which it had no compass. The only fence of the garden at that place was a belt of shrubs, which enriched the border of the deep ravine it overlooked. At the bottom of this ravine flowed the river, rapid and yet sullen: and beyond, scarcely distant two hundred yards, a range of precipitous cliffs shut in the horizon. The wild and desolate aspect of the scene was overshadowed and controlled, as it were, by the stern grandeur of these ramparts of nature; and the whole contributed to form such a picture that artists travel a thousand miles to contemplate. Lelia, however, had looked upon it from childhood. It had never been forced upon her imagination by contrast, for she had never travelled five miles from her father's house, and she continued to knit, and sing, and dream, without even raising her eyes.

Her voice was rarely loud enough to be caught by the echoes of the opposite rocks; although sometimes it did happen that, carried away by enthusiasm, she produced a tone which was repeated by the fairy minstrels of the glen. On the present occasion she listened with surprise to a similar effect, for her voice had died almost in a whisper. She sang another stanza in a louder key. The challenge was accepted; and a rich sweet voice took up the strain of her favourite ballad where she had dropped it. Lelia's first impulse was to flee; her second, to sit still and watch for renewal of the music; and her third, which she obeyed, to steal on tiptoe to the edge of the ravine, and look down into the aby from whence the voice seemed to proceed. The echo, she discovered, was a young man, engaged in navigating a raft down the river—such as is used by the peasantry of the Alps to float themselves and their wares to market, and which at this moment was stranded on the shore, at the foot of the garden. He leaned upon an oar, as if in the act of pushing off his clumsy boat; but his face was upturned, like one watching for the appearance of a star, and Lelia felt a sudden conviction, she knew not why, that he had seen her through the trees while she sat singing, and had adopted this method of attracting her attention without alarming her.

rich had been his purpose, he seemed to have no ulterior view; or, after gazing for an instant, he withdrew his eyes in confusion, and, pushing off the raft, dropped rapidly down the river, and was gone out of sight.

Lelia's life was as calm as a sleeping lake, which a cloud will darken and the wing of an insect disturb. Even this little incident was matter for thought, and entered into the soft reveries of sixteen. She felt her cheeks tingle as she wondered *how* long the young man had gazed at her through the trees, and *why* he had floated away without speaking, when he had succeeded in attracting her attention. There was *delicacy* in his little contrivance, to save her the surprise, perhaps the terror, of seeing a stranger in such a situation; there was *modesty* in the confusion with which he turned away his head; and what perhaps was as valuable as either even to the gentle Lelia, there was *admiration*, deep and devout, in those brilliant eyes that had quailed beneath hers. The youth was as beautiful as a dream; and his voice!—it was so clear, and yet so soft—so powerful, yet so melodious! It aunted her ear like a prediction.

It was a week before she again saw this Apollo of her girlish imagination. It seemed as if in the interval they had had time to get acquainted! They exchanged salutations—the next time they spoke—and the next time they conversed. There was nothing mysterious in their communications. He was probably a farmer's son of the upper valley, who had been attracted, like others, by the fame of the heiress of old Niccoli. He, indeed, knew nothing of books, and he loved poetry more for the sake of music than its own; but what of that?—the writings of God were around and within them; and these, if they did not understand, they at least felt. He was bold and vigorous of mind; and this is beauty to the fair and timid. He skimmed along the edge of the precipice, and sprung from rock to rock in the torrent, as fearless as the chamois. He was beautiful, and brave, and proud; and this glorious creature, with radiant eyes and glowing cheeks, laid himself down at her feet, to gaze upon her face, as poets worship the moon!

The world, before so monotonous, so blank, so drear, was now heaven to poor Lelia. One thing only perplexed her: they were sufficiently long—according to the calculations of sixteen—and sufficiently well acquainted; their sentiments had been avowed without disguise; their faith plighted beyond recall; and yet her lover had never mentioned his name! Lelia, reflecting in this circumstance, condemned, for the moment, her precipitation; but there was now no help for it, and she could only resolve to extort the secret—if secret it was—at the next meeting. "My name!" said the lover, in reply to her frank and sudden question; "you will know it soon enough." "But I will not be said nay. You must tell me now—or at all events to-morrow night."

"Why to-morrow night?" "Because a young rich suitor, on whom my father's heart is set, is then to propose, in proper form, for this poor hand; and, let the confession cost what it may, I will not overthrow the dearest plans of my only parent without giving a reason which will satisfy even him. Oh, you do not know him! Wealth weighs as nothing in the scale against his laughter's happiness. You may be poor for aught I know; but you are good, and honourable, and therefore, in his eyes, no unfitting match for Lelia." It was almost dark; but Lelia thought she perceived a smile on her lover's face while she spoke, and a gay suspicion flashed through her mind, which made her heart beat and her cheeks tingle. He did not answer for many minutes; a struggle of some kind seemed to agitate him; but at length, in a suppressed voice, he said—"To-morrow night, then." "Here?" "No, in your father's house; in the presence of—my rival."

The morrow night arrived; and, with a ceremonious formality practised on such occasions in the valley, the lover of whom Lelia had spoken was presented to his mistress, to ask permission to pay his addresses; or, in other words—for there is but short shrift for an Anzascan maid—to demand her hand in marriage. [This was indeed a match on which old Niccoli had set his heart; or the offer was by far the best that could have been found from the Val d'Ossola to Monte Rosa. The youth was rich, well-looking, and prudent even to coldness;—what more could a father desire?

Lelia had put off the minute of appearing in the porch, where the elders of both families had assembled, as long as possible. While mechanically arranging her dress, she continued to gaze out of the lattice, which commanded a view of the road and of the parties below, in expectation that increased to agony. Bitter were her reflections during that interval! She was almost tempted to believe that what had passed was nothing more than a dream—a figment of her imagination, disordered by poetry and solitude, and perhaps in some measure warped by disease. Had she been made the sport of an idle moment?—and was the smile she had observed on her lover's face only the herald of the laugh which perhaps at this moment testified his enjoyment of her perplexity and disappointment! His conduct presented itself in the double light of folly and ingratitude; and at length, in obedience to the repeated summons of her father, she descended to the porch with a trembling step and a fevered cheek.

The sight of the company that awaited her awed and depressed her. She shrunk from them with more than morbid timidity; while their stony eyes, fixed upon her in all the rigidity of form and transmitted custom, seemed to freeze her very heart. There was one there, however, whose ideas of "propriety," strict as they were, could never prevent his eyes from glistening, and his arms from extending, at the approach of Lelia. Her father, after holding her for a moment at arm's-length, as with a doating look his eyes wandered over the bravery of her new white dress, drew her close to his bosom, and blessed her. "My child," said he, smiling gaily through a gathering tear, "it is hard for an old man to think of parting with all he loves in the world: but the laws of nature must be respected. Young men will love, and young ladies will like, to the end of time; and new families will spring up out of their union. It is the way, girl—it is the fate of maids, and there's an end. For sixteen years have I watched over you, even like a miser watching his gold; and now, treasure of my life, I give you away! All I ask, on your part, is obedience—aye, and cheerful obedience—after the manner of our ancestors, and according to the laws of God. After this is over, let the old man stand aside, or pass away, when it pleases Heaven; he has left his child happy, and his child's children will bless his memory. He has drunk of the cup of life—sweet and bitter—bitter and sweet—even to the bottom; but with honey, Lelia—thanks to his blessed darling!—with honey in the dregs!"

Lelia fell on her father's neck, and sobbed aloud. So long and bitter was her sobbing that the formality of the party was broken, and the circle narrowed anxiously around her. When at last she raised her head, it was seen that her cheeks were dry, and her face as white as the marble of Cordaglia.

A murmur of compassion ran through the by-standers; and the words "poor thing!—still so delicate!—old hysterics!" were whisperingly repeated from one to the other. The father was alarmed, and hastened to cut short a ceremony which seemed so appalling to the nervous timidity of his daughter. "It is enough," said he, "all will be over in a moment. Lelia, do you accept of this young man for your suitor?—come, one little word, and it is done." Lelia tried in vain to speak, and she bowed her acquiescence. "Sirs," continued Niccoli, "my daughter accepts of the suitor you offer. It is enough; salute your mistress, my son, and let us go in, and pass round the cup of alliance." "The maiden hath not answered," observed a cold, cautious voice among the relations of the suitor. "Speak, then," said Niccoli, casting an angry and disdainful look at the formalist,—"it is but a word—a sound. Speak!" Lelia's dry, white lips had unclosed to obey, when the gate of the little court was wrenched open by one who was apparently too much in haste to find the latch, and a man rushed into the midst of the circle. "Speak *not*!" he shouted, "I forbid!" Lelia sprung towards him with a stifled cry, and would have thrown herself into his arms, had she not been suddenly caught midway by her father. "What is this?" demanded he sternly, but in rising alarm; "ruffian—drunkard—madman!—what would you here?" "You *cannot* provoke me, Niccoli," said the intruder, "were you to spit upon me! I come to demand your daughter in marriage." "You!" shouted the enraged father. "You!" repeated the relations, in tones of wonder, scorn, rage or ridicule, according to the temperament of the individual. "There

needeth no more of this," said the same cold, cautious voice that had spoken before; "a wedding begun in a brawl will never end in a bedding. To demand a girl in legitimate marriage is neither sin nor shame; let the young man be answered even by the maiden herself, and then depart in peace." "He hath spoken well," said the more cautious among the old men; "speak, daughter; answer, and let the man be gone!" Lelia grew pale, and then red. She made a step forward—hesitated—looked at her father timidly—and then stood as still as a statue, pressing her clasped hands upon her bosom, as if to silence the throbbings that disturbed her reason. "Girl," said old Niccoli, in a voice of suppressed passion, as he seized her by the arm, "do you know that man?—did you ever see him before? Answer, can you tell me his name?" "No!" "No!—the insolent ruffian! Go, girl, present your cheek to your future husband, that the customs of our ancestors may be fulfilled, and leave me to clear my doorway of vagabonds!" She stepped forward mechanically; but when the legitimate suitor, extending his arms, ran forward to meet her, she eluded him with a sudden shriek, and staggered towards the intruder. "Hold—hold!" cried the relations, "you are mad—you know not what you do—it is Francesco, the mineralo!" She had reached the stranger, who did not move from where he stood; and, as the ill-omened name met her ear, she fainted in his arms.

The confusion that ensued was indescribable. Lelia was carried senseless into the house; and it required the efforts of half the party to hold back her father, who would have grappled with the mineralo upon the spot. Francesco stood for some time with folded arms, in mournful and moody silence; but when at length the voice of cursing, which Niccoli continued to pour forth against him, had sunk in exhaustion, he advanced and confronted him. "I can bear those names," said he, "from *you*. Some of them, you know well, are undeserved; and if others fit, it is more my misfortune than my fault. If to chastise insults, and render back scorn for scorn, is to be a ruffian, I am one; but no man can be called a vagabond who resides in the habitation and follows the trade of his ancestors. These things, however, are trifles—at best they are only words. Your real objection to me is that I am poor. It is a strong one. If I chose to take your daughter without a dowry, I would take her in spite of you all; but I will leave her—even to that thing without a soul—rather than subject so gentle and fragile a being to the privations and vicissitudes of a life like mine. I demand, therefore, not simply your daughter, but a dowry, if only a small one; and you have the right to require that on my part I shall not be empty-handed. She is young, and there can be, and ought to be, no hurry with her marriage: but give me only a year—a single year; name a reasonable sum; and if by the appointed time I cannot tell the money into your hand, I hereby engage to relinquish every claim, which her generous preference has given me, upon your daughter's hand." "It is well put," replied the cold and cautious voice in the assembly. "A year, at any rate, would have elapsed between the present betrothing and the damsel's marriage. If the young man before the bells of twelve, on this night twelvemonth, layeth down upon the table, either in coined money, or in gold, or golden ore, the same sum which we were here ready to guarantee on the part of my grandson, why I, for one, shall not object to the maiden's whim—*provided it continues so long*—being consulted, in the disposal of her hand, in preference to her father's judgment and desires. The sum is only three thousand *livras*!" A laugh of scorn and derision arose among the relations. "Yes, yes," said they, "it is but just. Let the mineralo produce three thousand *livras*, and he shall have his bride. Neighbour Niccoli, it is a fair proposal; allow us to intercede for Francesco, and beg your assent!" "Sirs," said Francesco, in perplexity mingled with anger, "the sum of three thousand *livras*!"—He was interrupted by another forced laugh of derision. "It is a fair proposal," repeated the relations; "agree, neighbour Niccoli, agree!" "I agree," said Niccoli, disdainfully. "It is agreed!" replied Francesco, in a burst of haughty indignation; and with a swelling heart he withdrew.

A very remarkable change appeared to take place from that moment in the character and habits of the mineralo. He not only deserted the company of his riotous associates, but even that

of the few respectable persons to whose houses he had obtained admission, either by his talents for singing, or the comparative propriety of his conduct. Day after day he laboured in his precarious avocation. The changes of the seasons were not now admitted as excuses. The storm did not drive him to the wine-shed, and the rain did not confine him to his hut. Day after day, and often night after night, he was to be found in the field—on the mountains—by the sides of the rain-courses—on the shores of the torrent.

He rarely indulged himself even in the recreation of meeting his mistress, for whom all this labour was submitted to. Gold, not as a means but as an end, seemed to be his thought by day and his dream by night, the object and end of his existence. When they did meet in darkness, and loneliness, and mystery, it was but to exchange a few hurried sentences of hope and comfort, and affected reliance upon fortune. On these occasions tears, and tremblings, and hysterical sobbings, sometimes told, on her part at once the hollowness of her words and the weakness of her constitution; but on his all was, or seemed to be, enthusiasm and steadfast expectation.

Days and weeks, however, passed by—moons rolled away—the year was drawing to its wane, and a great part of the enormous sum was still in the womb of the mountains. Day by day, week by week, and month by month, the hopes of the mineralo became fainter. He could no longer bestow the comfort which did not cheer even his dreams. Gloomy and sad, he could only strain his mistress in his arms, without uttering a word when she ventured an inquiry respecting his progress, and then hurry away to resume, mechanically, his hopeless task.

It is a strange, sometimes an awful thing, to look into the mystery of the female mind. Lelia's health had received a shock from circumstances we have recorded, which left her cheek pale and her limbs weak, for many months; and to this physical infirmity was now added the effect of those dumb, but too eloquent interviews with her lover. The lower he sunk in despondency, however, and the more desperate grew their affairs, the higher his spirits rose, as if to quell and control their fortune. Her hope seemed to grow in proportion with his fears, and the strength which deserted him went over as an ally and supporter to her weakness. Even her bodily health received its direction from her mind. Her nerves seemed to recover their tone, her cheeks its hue, and her eye its brilliancy. The cold and sluggish imagination of a man is unacquainted with half the resources of a woman in such circumstances. Disappointed in her dependence on fortune and casualty, Lelia betook herself to the altars and gods of her people! Saints and martyrs were by turns invoked; vows were offered up, and pilgrimages and religious watchings performed. Then came dreams and prodigies into play, and omens and auguries. *Sortes* were wrested from the pages of Dante, and warnings and commands translated from the mystic writings of the sky—

"The stars which are the poetry of heaven."

The year touched upon its close; and the sum which the gold-seeker had amassed, although great almost to a miracle, was still far—very far, from sufficient. The last day of the year arrived ushered in by storm, and thunderings, and lightnings; and the evening fell cold and dark upon the despairing labours of Francesco. He was on the side of the mountain opposite Niccoli's house; and, as daylight died in the valley, he saw, with inexpressible bitterness of soul, by the number of lights in the windows, that the fete was not forgotten. Some trifling success, however, induced him, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, to continue his search. He was on the spot indicated by a dream of his enthusiastic mistress; and she had conjured him not to abandon the attempt till the bell of the distant church should silence their hopes for ever.

His success continued. He was working with the pickaxe, and had discovered a very small perpendicular vein; and it was just possible that this, although altogether inadequate in itself, might be crossed at a greater depth by a horizontal one, and thus form one of the *gruppi* or nests, in which the ore is plentiful and easily extracted. To work, however, was difficult, and to work long impossible. His strength was almost exhausted; the storm beat

reely in his face; and the darkness increased every moment. His heart wholly failed him; his limbs trembled; a cold perspiration bedewed his brow; and as the last rays of daylight departed from the mountain-side he fell senseless upon the ground.

How long he remained in this state he did not know; but he was recalled to life by a sound resembling, as he imagined, a human cry. The storm howled more wildly than ever along the side of the mountain, and it was now pitch-dark; but on turning round his head he saw, at a little distance above where he lay, a small, steady light. Francesco's heart began to quake. The light advanced towards him, and he perceived that it was borne by a figure arrayed in white from head to foot. "Lelia!" cried he in amazement, mingled with superstitious terror, as he recognized the features of his young fair mistress. "Waste not time in words," said she, "much may yet be done, and I have the most perfect assurance that now at least I am not deceived. Up, and be of good heart! Work, for here is light. I will sit down in a shelter, bleak though it be, of the cliff, and aid you with my prayers, since I cannot with my hands." Francesco seized the rock, and stirred, half with shame, half with admiration, by the courage of the generous girl, resumed his labour with new vigour. "Be of good heart," continued Lelia, "and all will yet be well. Bravely—bravely done—be sure the saints have heard us!" Only once she uttered anything resembling a complaint—"It is so cold!" said she, "make haste, dearest, for I cannot find my way home, if I would, without the light." By-and-by she repeated more frequently the injunction to "make haste." Francesco's heart bled while he thought of the sufferings of the sick and delicate girl on such a night, in such a place; and his blows fell desperately on the stubborn rock. He was now at a little distance from the spot where she sat, and was just about to beg her to bring the light nearer, when she spoke again. "Make haste—make haste!" she said, "the time is almost come—I shall be wanted—I *am* wanted—I can stay no longer—farewell!" Francesco looked up, but the light was already gone.

It was so strange, this sudden desertion! If determined to go, why did she go alone?—aware, as she must have been, that *his* remaining in the dark could be of no use. Could it be that her heart had changed, the moment her hopes had vanished? It was bitter and ungenerous thought; nevertheless it served to bridle the speed with which Francesco at first sprung forward to overtake his mistress. He had not gone far, however, when a sudden rill arrested his progress. His heart ceased to beat, he grew faint, and would have fallen to the ground, but for the support of the rock against which he staggered. When he recovered he repeated his steps as accurately as it was possible to do in utter darkness. He knew not whether he found the exact spot on which Lelia had sat, but he was sure of the surrounding localities; and, if she was still there, her white dress would no doubt gleam even through the thick night which surrounded her.

With a lightened heart—for, compared with the phantom of a mind which had presented itself, all things seemed endurable—he began again to descend the mountain. In a place so singularly wild, where the rocks were piled around in combinations of the most fantastic and sublime, it was not wonderful that the light carried by his mistress should be wholly invisible to him, even if it been much nearer than was by this time probable. Far as it was surprising that the shouts which ever and anon he uttered should not reach her ear; for he was on the lee-side of the storm, which raved among the cliffs with a fury that might have drowned the thunder.

Even to the practised feet of Francesco the route, without the smallest light to guide his steps, was dangerous in the extreme; and to the occupation thus afforded to his thoughts it was perhaps owing that he reached Niccoli's house in a state of mind to enable him to acquit himself in a manner not derogatory to the dignity of manhood. "Niccoli," said he, on entering the room, "I have come to return you thanks for the trial you have allowed me. I have failed, and, in terms of the engagement between us, I relinquish my claims to your daughter's hand." He would then have retired as suddenly as he had entered; but old Niccoli caught hold of his arm:—"Bid us farewell," said he, in a tremulous voice; "go not in anger. Forgive me for the harsh words I

used when we last met. I have watched you, Francesco, from that day—and—" He wiped away a tear as he looked upon the soiled and neglected apparel, and the haggard and ghastly face, of the young man—"No matter—my word is plighted—farewell.—Now call my daughter," added he, "and I pray God that the business of this night end in no ill!"

Francesco lingered at the door. He would fain have seen but the skirt of Lelia's mantle before departing! "She is not in her room!" cried a voice of alarm. Francesco's heart quaked. Presently the whole house was astir. The sound of feet running here and there was heard, and agitated voices called out her name. The next moment the old man rushed out of the room, and, laying both his hands upon Francesco's shoulders, looked wildly in his face. "Know you aught of my daughter?" said he: "Speak, I conjure you, in the name of the blessed Saviour! Tell me that you have married her, and I will forgive and bless you! Speak!—will you not speak? A single word! Where is my daughter? Where is my Lelia?—my life—my light—my hope—my child—my child!" The mineralo started, as if from a dream, and looked round, apparently without comprehending what had passed. A strong shudder then shook his frame for an instant. "Lights!" said he, "torches!—every one of you! Follow me!" and he rushed out into the night. He was speedily overtaken by the whole of the company, amounting to more than twelve men, with lighted torches, that flared like meteors in the storm. As for the leader himself, he seemed scarcely able to drag one limb after the other, and he staggered to and fro, like one who is drunken with wine.

They at length reached the place he sought; and, by the light of the torches, something white was seen at the base of the cliff. It was Lelia. She leaned her back against the rock; one hand was pressed upon her heart, like a person who shrinks with cold; and in the other she held the lamp, the flame of which had expired in the socket. Francesco threw himself on his knees at one side, and the old man at the other, while a light, as strong as day, was shed by the torches upon the spot. She was dead—dead—stone dead!

After a time the childless old man went to seek out the object of his daughter's love; but Francesco was never seen from that fatal night. A wailing sound is sometimes heard to this day upon the hills, and the peasants say that it is the voice of the mineralo seeking his mistress among the rocks; and every dark and stormy night the lamp of Lelia is still seen upon the mountain, as she lights her phantom-lover in his search for gold.

"TALKING about druggists' mistakes," said a druggist, "I'll tell you a funny mistake I made about three years ago. A young German came into the store one morning and said he wanted fifty cents worth of arsenic to feed some rats. I sold him what I supposed was the poison, and would have thought no more of the sale if the fellow had not come round the next day and berated me for selling him quinine for arsenic. I learned later that the German, who had become despondent over some money matters, bought the 'arsenic' with the intention of committing suicide. He took the quinine to his lodgings, put on his grave clothes, shaved himself with a dull razor, and then lay down upon the bed with a teaspoonful of the alkaloid in his stomach. When he woke up the next morning and found himself alive he came to the store and relieved himself of his bile. Three weeks later he got a good job in a down-town clothing house, and is now earning a good salary. He comes around about once a month to tell me that some of the mistakes druggists make are not so bad, after all."

GRIEF OF A MONKEY.—Very striking examples of conjugal love are found among certain monogamous monkeys. It has been observed, especially in the American marmoset, which, on the other hand, shows in the case of the females a weakness of maternal feeling. The female of this species, having become tired of holding her offspring, has been seen to call the male to take care of it in his turn. One of the marmosets of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris having died, the husband was inconsolable. He caressed for a long time the corpse of his companion, and when he was convinced of her death he put his hand over his eyes and remained motionless, without taking food, until he succumbed himself.

A Pleasing Anecdote Spoiled.

HERE is a time-honoured story which we find going the rounds of the press. It has a new application and new names, but the tale is more ancient than might be supposed on a superficial examination :

John Quincy Adams and John Hancock, "the Signer," married two sisters, the daughters of a noted Methodist divine in Connecticut. John Quincy was a favourite with the old people, and Mary's choice was approved by them. So, when the banns were published, the parent said, "Mary, if you will furnish me the text, I will preach you a wedding sermon." She was equal to the task, and gave the text, "Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken from her." Needless to say that justice was done to the occasion and the text.

Not so with Margaret, who in the meanwhile was receiving the attentions of her John in a very inexpensive way, so far as her parents were concerned : for it is said that "he never crossed his legs under their festive board." So, when the banns were published, she said to her father : "Father, you preached a wedding sermon for Mary. Cannot you preach one for me?" He at first demurred ; but at last he consented, and called for the text, when Margaret, who was equal to the occasion, said, "And John came, neither eating nor drinking, and ye say he hath a devil."

This is a pleasant anecdote, and may be true about somebody ; but as to John Hancock and John Quincy Adams it can't be true.

John Hancock died four years before John Quincy Adams got married. Hancock's wife was a Miss Quincy, of Massachusetts ; Adams's wife was a Miss Johnson, of Maryland.

If this ingenious inventor had substituted the elder John Adams for John Quincy, the anecdote might have appeared more credible, for both John Adams and John Hancock married Quincys. But if the father of either bride was a preacher, he could not have been a Methodist, because Methodism was not then established in America.

A Pretty Good Bad Boy.

A GOOD many years ago now a small, bare-legged boy set out from his home in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for an afternoon's sport with a gun. He rambled along, as boys will, with his eyes wide open for everything that came under them, as well as for the game that was the special object of his expedition, and he had not gone far when he saw a chaise approaching, driven by the Governor of the State.

The Governor was a very popular and distinguished man, who was being talked of for the Presidency, and we should not have liked the small boy if he had not been a little overawed by finding himself alone in the presence of so august a personage. He was equal to the occasion, however, and as the chaise reached him he stood aside to let it pass, and gravely presented arms. The Governor at once pulled

up his horse and looked with amusement at the little fellow standing there as serious as a sentry, with his gun held rigidly before him.

"What is your name?" said the Governor.

"Thomas Bailey Aldrich," replied the boy, with a military salute.

He was invited into the chaise, and though he lost his shooting, what was that in comparison with the distinction of riding into Portsmouth Town with Governor Woodbury.

This was forty years ago, and since then Thomas Bailey Aldrich has earned a place among the foremost of American authors by a series of books, some in prose and some in verse, which are distinguished by the purity of their tone, the refinement of their style, and the picturesqueness of their invention. One of them is called "The Story of a Bad Boy," and except that some of the names of persons and places are changed, it is so faithful a picture of the author's boyhood that it might be called an autobiography.

Beautiful Spring.

THE glorious spring weather which has descended upon us during the last few days makes those of us who dwell in cities long for the bird-voices, buds and bright flowers of the open country. Most of us are unable to give effect to our longings, being compelled to do our daily dole on the business treadmill during six days out of the seven. In Toronto, however, we are not left altogether without the means of gratifying our fondness for Nature's beauties. The parks and open places are less numerous than they might be, but there are various spots where brief glimpses of *rus in urbe* may be obtained at a nominal cost, or at no cost at all. The florists' shops, for instance, present an ever-changing panorama of beauties, and a visit to them costs nothing. I have long been in the habit of availing myself of the privilege thus afforded, at this season of the year, and I have always found that it does much to gratify the desire for rural delights that steals over one with the departure of snow and the appearance of green grass.

On the east side of Yonge street, a short distance above Gerrard, is Slight's Temple of Flora. I often spend a pleasant half hour or so here, rambling in and out among the pots and baskets in which the numerous floral beauties are displayed. My last visit to the establishment was paid yesterday afternoon, and it was the next most pleasant thing to a day in the country. As I entered the place from Yonge street my olfactories were greeted with all the perfumes of Araby. The conservatory is not large, but the variety of beautiful roses, lilies, carnations and what not is remarkably fine. The establishment is in three stories. Ascending the first flight of stairs one lands in what is called the show-room. Here there is an almost endless display of rare flowers and plants, such as are not commonly met with in the greenhouses of this country. Some of them are surpass-

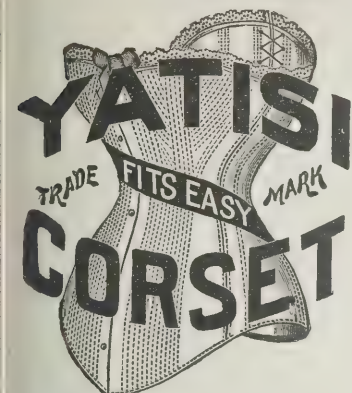
ingly beautiful, and it is noticeable that many of the least attractive to the eye are sweetest to the smell. Ascending to the third story, one finds it divided off into five compartments, each being devoted to some special and particular purpose. In No. 5 I saw the most beautiful crimson-purple Duke of Connaught rose my eye ever looked upon, inasmuch that, if the truth must be told, I felt strongly tempted to steal it.

I have no time to dilate upon the many sights I saw here. I passed on my way homeward along Carlton street, dropping into the Horticultural Gardens *en route*. All Torontonians are familiar with this pleasant spot, and I am not going to take up space by describing it. But I had not proceeded far upon my homeward journey ere I came upon another florist's establishment well worthy of a visit. Turning northward from Carlton up the western side of Ontario street, I reached the grounds of Mr. S. L. Beckett, who here has a plot of about 5,000 feet. Upon entering the greenhouses I was again struck with the innumerable varieties of beautiful flowers which meet one at every hand, and which each and all addresses the beholder in an unspoken language. Easter lilies, roses, carnations, hyacinths, calceolarias, japonicas and what not are here in hundreds. Upon entering into conversation with the proprietor, I learn that he makes a specialty of growing and establishing young, hardy plants. If so disposed you may count several thousand of these from the spot where you stand. But the attractions of the place are such that you can spend your time much more agreeably by gazing about you at the countless bright flowers that stare you in the face on every hand. A considerable portion of the ground is not yet taken up, but the proprietor is about to convert a the vacant space to horticultural purposes, so that the attractions of this spot are likely to be materially increased before the summer is over. Having spent all the time I could spare in viewing the contents of the greenhouses, I betook myself homeward. Ere long I shall probably visit some of the other "pleasant spots to while away an hour," and if agreeable to your readers, should like to call attention to them in my future number. Meantime, such of you readers as "love the sunshine and the meadow" cannot do better, when they have a spare hour, than follow in my footsteps.

SUSAN.

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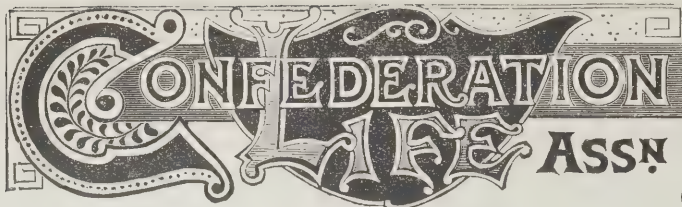
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VOL. I. }
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Editorial Notes.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the lurid developments about Parnell's letter, this Irish business is becoming just a little tiresome. There are thousands of us in Canada who believe that a measure of Home Rule should be conceded to Ireland, but a good many of us are of opinion that these Legislative resolutions are an impertinence, not to say a nuisance. As for Mr. O'Brien, we think he has been well advised in abandoning his intention of coming over here to apply a Coercion Act of his own to Lord Lansdowne. It would be a simple outrage upon all decency were he to come here to raise private animosity against a nobleman who has won golden opinions in his official capacity, and who is an exceptionally good Irish landlord—far more liberal in fact than many resident English landlords. Whatever our private opinions on the government of Ireland may be, Canada as a nation has no interests at stake, and even if we admit the claims of the universal brotherhood of man, our sympathy could not be expended on less worthy objects than the Governor-General's evicted tenants. They are not the miserable victims of rack-renting tyranny, turned out naked and penniless to beg on the road-side, but gentlemen of good position and ample means, who might own farms of their own if they did not find it more profitable to rent from others and sub-let. They are fair representatives of the class of rack-renting middlemen, the detested "squireens" of Irish story, who have been hated for their presence more than the English landlords by reason of their absence. They joined the popular movement because it was too strong for them, and thought by a bold stroke to obtain a reduction of rent that would make their own interest in the land greater than their landlord's. Their plan did not succeed, and now they ask the sympathy of the civilized world because a dishonest business speculation failed.

LEGISLATIVE INTERFERENCE.

THE action of the Dominion and Local Houses in wasting on outside matters the time that should be strictly devoted to the interests and business of Canada is to be severely deprecated. Of what consequence to this Dominion is the legislative action of the British Houses of Parliament respecting their English, Irish, or Scotch business? Is it at all likely that sentimental resolutions passed either in Toronto or Ottawa regarding Home Rule or Coercion will in any way influence statesmen in London who have to deal with practical matters of urgent importance? It is questionable whether any one but Mr. Gladstone would treat the gratuitous advice of Canada on the Irish Question with even the semblance of seriousness. The Home Rule resolutions are on a par with the perfected O'Brien Crusade. Both are ill-advised movements of insolent interference, and their results will be precisely similar in their harmless transparency.

OUR FISHERIES.

LORD SALISBURY'S proposal to the United States Government foreshadows a tardy but permanent settlement of a matter which has long vexed Canadian and American politicians. That it is strictly just will hardly be admitted by Canadian fishermen, but abstract justice is unfortunately a rare commodity. In gaining an American market our fishermen get the greatest boon diplomacy can confer on them, and if they are wise they will imitate the selfishness of their American brothers of the craft, who seem to think that their Government is bound to further their interests at no matter what cost, provided the said cost does not fall on them. For ourselves, while anxious to protect the rights of our fishers, we would rather not spend a large annual subsidy in watching poachers, and should like at any rate to see free-trade in a case where all the advantage is on our side. But let us have no more taxing fish-cans, a piece of smartness as morally despicable as the sale of wooden nutmegs.

THE PROVINCIAL GAME OF GRAB.

How the shade of Oliver Twist haunts the lobbies at Ottawa! Every session comes some impecunious Province, always asking for "more." This year two will probably appear, Quebec and Nova Scotia; and yet it has been shown again and again that either of these Provinces already draws more from the general treasury than it pays in. If Ontario drew out of the public chest all that her people contribute in the shape of indirect taxation, and returned a per capita grant for the expenses of the Federal Government, how would these Provinces fare? Very badly; yet such a plan would be eminently just, though we fear that as long as

indirect taxation lasts it will be found quite impracticable. It is yet too soon to assume that Confederation is a failure, but high time to enquire if the constitution cannot be revised in the direction of fairness. It would be a very decided improvement to increase the grant to the Provinces and make them do more for themselves. As matters now stand, with caucuses in No. 8 and No. 5 to be reckoned with, it is not reasonable to expect even-handed justice from the Government. By the way, in what room is it that the Ontario members meet to consult on the weal of this Province?

THE PROJECTED BAPTIST UNIVERSITY.

A CORRESPONDENT "has his say out" in another column on the subject of the proposed "Tinpot University," concerning which there has been so much discussion of late. The bill has passed the legislature, and we presume is likely to be carried out, but from all we can learn, a large proportion of the Baptist body are unfavourable to the project, and some of them are actually up in arms against it. Their account of the matter is that one or two professors who are very desirous of obtaining the power to confer degrees have resorted to a regular system of "bulldozing," and have prematurely forced the scheme on the Baptist body before the latter have had time to give the question due consideration. Whether the Baptists want the university or not, the scheme is one which, in the interests of higher education in Ontario, ought to be severely discouraged. We have been wont to pique ourselves on the value of our Canadian university degrees. We shall be able to do so no longer if this degree-conferring power is conceded to all sorts of minor educational academies. The latter have an abundance of useful and legitimate work to do. Let them stick to it, and not arrogate to themselves work for which they are unfitted, and which nobody desires to see them perform.

MONTREAL FLOODS.

"Of moving accidents by flood and"—folly, the Montreal dispatches again inform us. One of the surest signs of permanent spring is the annual recurrence of the Montreal floods. They return as faithfully as the redbreast or the hepatica, but are not so enthusiastically welcomed. The real City Fathers of Montreal not long since ordered prayers to be said in all the churches to avert the expected calamity; but the devastation along the river-shore once more proves that "faith without works is dead," and that "God helpeth those who help themselves." In the ordinary course of natural operations, it may be annually assumed that the Lord will provide spring floods in the vicinity of the city of Montreal, and that it will require a great amount of ingenuity and labour on the part of the citizens to prevent those floods from overwhelming a large portion of their centre. A great annual expenditure of scientific and sympathetic talking and writing occurs, but the wind thus created is of no avail against the tide of water. It is surely time for some practical steps to be taken, if only in the direction of experiment. In an endeavour to effect some lasting solution of the difficulty, convict labour might be used to advantage. The Montreal floods are a disgrace to Canada.

THE CRUCIFIX BILL.

THE Crucifix Bill has been wisely withdrawn. The fact that a large majority of the inhabitants of the Province of Quebec regard the Crucifix as a sacred emblem does not warrant its use in the Law Courts, where others who do not recognize its sanctified power will be compelled to swear by it. The Bible may be used by both Roman Catholics and Protestants without any difference of belief or opinion as to the sacred character of the oath; but to Protestants the act of lifting the hand before a crucifix would be both meaningless and repugnant. In many Roman Catholic communities oaths have been made upon the relics of saints or the Bishop's crozier; but the peculiar halidome of England is a copy of the New Testament, and there seems to be no reason adduced why this should not continue to be used in all British Courts of law by British subjects who believe in the Christian religion. Suppose a native should agitate for a form of oath in Indian law courts, such as swearing on the head of a tiger, or by the holy water of the Ganges, is it likely such an innovation would be forced on Protestant witnesses? Yet there would be as much reason in its favour. There must be some limit placed to the spread of French Canadian intolerance.

CHRISTIAN CONSISTENCY.

It is not possible for persons in Toronto who desire to attend a church at some distance from home to obtain conveyance on Sundays. They must either give up their particular place of worship or tire themselves out with long walks backward and forward. On the other hand a number of idle loafers and pleasure-seeking parties may cross and recross the water to and from the Island on Sunday. Is this consistent? Is it more wicked to travel on land than on water? Is driving a street-car a more sacrilegious action than propelling a steam-boat? There seems to be some wide error of judgment somewhere in the present system of Sunday travelling.

WAR OR PEACE.

STILL rumours of war. War scents every breeze in Europe and whole provinces are turned into camping grounds. Italy, as poor as Ireland, and not so populous as England, boasts two millions of men ready to take up arms. All are trying to hide the tremors of fear with an over-loud assumption of valour, for none knows how soon a mine may be sprung that will shatter the whole political system of Europe. England alone looks quietly on, strengthens her fleet, and celebrates her Jubilee. We ought to be happy here, where the tax-gatherer sometimes goes to bed and the conscription is unknown. Yet there are signs that seem hopeful to the lovers of peace even now. The nations are more ready to arm and make ready for war than to declare it. The load of taxation is almost intolerable in France and her free institutions will before long allow the voice of the over-burdened taxpayer to be heard. If France disarm Germany and Italy will follow the example, and the chief danger to the peace of Europe will be the attitude of Russia and Austria. Then, the peace of Europe will depend on the will of one man, reported to be partly insane and liable at any moment to lose his power and his crown along with his life.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

Terms, in advance, \$2.00 a year, or \$1.00 for six months. Subscribers not paying in advance will be charged 50c. extra. Clubs of three, \$5.00; clubs of five or more, to one address, \$1.60 each. Subscriptions may begin any time. Advertisements.—\$4.00 per line per annum; six months, \$2.50; single insertion, 20c. per line. No advertisement charged less than five lines. Business communications should be addressed, Business Manager, ARCTURUS, Room U, Arcade (Victoria Street entrance), Toronto.
Contributors.—The Editor cannot undertake to return MSS. by post, even when they are accompanied by stamps to pay return postage.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

TO those who remember the violent language, unfounded accusations and severe recriminations hurled hither and thither during the last Provincial election contest, it must be a pleasure to read the moderate tone of the debates last week on the proposed amendments to the Education Act affecting the status of Separate School supporters. Mr. Fraser very caustically remarked that Mr. Meredith roared "as gently as any sucking dove," but it must be remembered that Mr. Meredith's election address only committed to the safe and moderate principle of equal rights for all, and that it was the speeches of his followers and not his own that overstepped the bounds of prudence. No one seriously believes that Mr. Mowat has entered into a compact with Archbishop Lynch to sell the Protestant horse for the Roman Catholic vote, but the question is still debated whether he has given any undue advantage to the Separate Schools. That question appears to us to lie within very narrow limits. Before 1878 every ratepayer, Protestant or Catholic, was set down as a Public School supporter, and it was at his option to remain so or to give due notice that he was a supporter of a Separate School. The amendment passed in 1878, and to which neither Mr. Meredith nor his followers objected, allows the assessor to put down every Roman Catholic as a Separate School supporter until he chooses to exercise his option by giving notice that he wishes to pay his taxes into the Public School exchequer. This gives the Separate Schools an advantage they did not before possess, and the question under debate is whether this is an act of wise toleration or of injudicious encouragement. We do not think it can be judicious to encourage a rival to our excellent school system—a rival confessedly inferior, for it will never admit comparisons which might be odious by placing itself under one uniform system of inspection. To weaken the Public Schools is to lower the standard of education, for no Protestant community would tolerate for a year the Public School system of Quebec. Toleration is essentially a Protestant principle, but toleration is not approval. It is essentially concession, prompted by justice or generosity, made to something of which we do not entirely approve. Now, we do not approve of Separate Schools. They appear to us in the light of a necessary evil, and as such should be tolerated in the name of justice, for conscience sake, and with only that generosity which their weakness can claim. The other question, that of the pay-

ment of taxes, is so much simpler that little has been said about it since election time. We then held that the law on that point was perfectly clear, in spite of the frantic protests of newspaper correspondents and clergymen who professed to know as much about law as about divinity. Perhaps they did, but in that case we sympathize with their congregations. The law says distinctly that the tenant shall pay the taxes and determine by which school they shall be appropriated, and that no agreement between landlord and tenant can evade that rational and just rule. That is as it should be, for the tenant has children to send to school, and they need education and the freedom of choice as much as the children of the landlord. H.

Book Notice.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CANADIAN PEOPLE. By George Bryce, M.A., LL.D. London, Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. Toronto, W. J. Gage & Co. 1887.

UPON this volume Professor Bryce has evidently bestowed much hard and conscientious labour. In its pages he has brought together a great deal of valuable information not to be found in any other of the so-called histories of Canada, and by issuing it at a moderate price he has performed an essential service on behalf of the youth of this country. We should be glad to think that he is likely to reap a substantial pecuniary recompense for his labours, for he has produced a book which, in spite of its defects, is decidedly the best "short history" which has yet appeared. This latter clause, however, be it understood, involves no extravagant eulogy. It involves, indeed, but a very limited modicum of praise, for the previous attempts in the same direction have for the most part been altogether beneath criticism. Nothing but a regard for the feelings of still-living writers—writers towards whom we personally entertain nothing but good-will—prevents us from telling the plain, unvarnished truth about certain so-called "histories" which have been foisted upon the Canadian public, and which, not to mince the matter, are a crying disgrace to everybody concerned in their production. Professor Bryce speaks his own mind on this subject with tolerable plainness. He refers to writers who have made Canadian history "a mere means of gaining a livelihood without rendering value to unsuspecting book-buyers." "Some partisan purpose to serve," he writes—"the *cacoethes scribendi*, or the unworthy motive of receiving government patronage, have [has] induced a somewhat prolific crop of political biographies, local 'histories,'—mere uninteresting and unsympathetic collections of facts [the writer might here have added 'collections of fictions'], dry and raw manuals known as 'school histories,' all dishonouring to the name historian, and producing on the public a nauseating effect on the mention of the name of history." A Toronto contemporary, in commenting on these perfectly true and just remarks of Professor Bryce, characterizes them as being "not in the best taste, nor in the most Christian spirit." Taste, forsooth,—and Christian spirit! When one hears such remarks

from such a source one is perforce reminded of the youth who, when convicted on the clearest evidence of having made away with his father and mother, appealed to the judge not to hang a poor orphan.

But this by the way. Our present concern is with this latest "Short History" by Professor Bryce. The author has long been known as a diligent student, and as an industrious worker in connection with an important educational institution. His book on Manitoba was a valuable contribution to the history of that Province, and prepared us to look forward with some expectation to the appearance of the present work, which was announced some time since. We have read it with care and attention, and if we cannot speak of it with unstinted praise, we can at any rate vouchsafe to it a cordial welcome as a vast improvement on its predecessors. It is at least a book which its author's posterity need not feel ashamed of his having turned out, which is more than could truthfully be said of those alluded to in the foregoing paragraph.

The first half of the book is beyond all comparison the best, and it is on this portion that the author has evidently bestowed the most pains. The accounts of prehistoric and early America and the ancient inhabitants of Canada are, generally speaking, full and accurate. The author's archaeological researches have here stood him in good stead, and he has laid bare a store of material not readily accessible to general readers. It may perhaps be said that this part of the work is somewhat out of proportion to the sequel, but the just balancing of the various sections of a previously unwritten history is no easy task, and is indeed one of the greatest difficulties which an author has to encounter in dealing with more or less recondite materials. In no book intended for popular use has this part of our history been treated with anything like the same amplitude of detail. The publications of learned societies are practically unavailable to the common run of readers, and Professor Bryce has here rendered a valuable service with much care and judgment. He has presented all the most essential results of modern historical research, and has tabulated his authorities for the use of those who may wish to prosecute further enquiries. To have accomplished so much is to have done a good deal of useful work.

With respect to the more modern portions of our history, the author has not been equally successful. His summary is often bald and even crude. His treatment of many important events of the last half century is altogether inadequate to the subject-matter. On some of these events he has bestowed but little study, and there are not a few which it seems to us that he has wholly failed to understand. It is clear, for instance, that he has failed to grasp the main features of the rebellion of 1837, and that his examination of the authorities which he quotes has been of the most desultory and perfunctory kind. The same may be said of his treatment of the events immediately following the union of the Provinces in 1841 and the struggle for Responsible Government. It would appear as though he had grown weary of his task, and anxious to get it off his hands. This is to be regretted, because those events form the key to

much of our current politics, and without an adequate comprehension of them no one can be said to have a just understanding of the present attitude of Canada before the world.

One other remark we feel constrained to make. It has already been hinted at, but it needs to be emphasized; and it is this. The author is not master of an attractive style. "To make history picturesque," he says, in his preface, "must be the aim of the modern historian." This is true, but the Professor has not realized his ideal. Some of the most stirring events are set down in language as dry as the multiplication table. This is a serious defect, for it will prevent the facts from being readily taken in and assimilated by the memory. We notice, too, a good many minor errors, some of which may charitably be attributed to slips of the pen and of the press, but it is well to call attention to them with a view to their elimination from subsequent editions. On p. 9, we are told, apropos of the boundary question, that "in 1833 President Jefferson made a proposition to Lord Palmerston," etc. President Jefferson had ceased to be President Jefferson about a quarter of a century before the date indicated, and for seven years had slept his last sleep beneath the mausoleum of Monticello. It was of course President Jackson who made the proposition to Lord Palmerston. Again: the names of Sir William Johnson and his son are everywhere mis-spelled, and the spelling is not even uniform, being sometimes Johnston and at other times Johnstone. The name of Lord Durham's successor is also mis-spelled, as is likewise that of Sir Allan MacNair. The inhabitants of Castile are spoken of as "Castillians" (p. 2), and on p. 5 we are informed that in 1881 the Dominion contained no less than 3,715,492 native born Canadians. The author doubtless knows that "less" is an adjective of size and not of number. The author of *The Scot in Canada* is mentioned on p. 281 as "A. Rattray." The late Mr. Huntington is thrice referred to (p. 251) as Mr. Huntingdon. We have marked several score of such mistakes as these—none of them perhaps of very great importance, but their aggregate is large, and in such a work accuracy in such matters is desirable.

We shall probably find time to say something more about this book in a future number.

Correspondence.

McMaster University.

Editor ARCTURUS:

THE Bill creating the above university has passed its third reading, and will doubtless become law; but whether it will ever be an accomplished fact is matter of grave doubt. There are many reasons why it should not, and I propose to point out a few grounds on which the founding of such a useless and superfluous institution should be strenuously resisted. In stating my objections as a Baptist to the scheme, I wish to avoid the abuse and personalities to which some opponents of the measure have resorted, and yet frankly and fearlessly to express my views (and the views also of the vast majority I believe of Canadian Baptists) on this question.

1. No demand has ever been made by the Baptists for such a bill or such a university.
2. The matter has never been honestly or openly brought before the denomination and considered by them. Excepting the

promoters and a few of their friends, it was not even known that a measure was proposed, or if it has been mentioned, its full import has not been understood.

3. The only channel of communication for those who wished to oppose the measure, viz., the columns of the *Canadian Baptist*, is (notwithstanding all that may be stated to the contrary) been practically closed against them and discussion discouraged or virtually stifled.

4. That the vote of the Paris Convention, where we are assured the measure was "solidly" carried, was in no sense the vote of the denomination, and the reason for this is not far to seek, viz., at when delegates were appointed for that convention no instructions were given them as to how they should vote, and if they voted they could not voice the will of the denomination, because they did not know it—many of them not even being aware that such a measure would be introduced.

5. The majority of that Convention consisted of ministers who were such, and not as representatives of the churches, and I contend that many of them were unable on hearing such a hasty and one-sided view of the matter as took place at the Paris Convention to pass a sound judgment on a question involving such delicate and intricate issues as this, and were doubtless largely influenced by the eloquent and learned promoters of the measure.

6. That the promoters of this scheme are not representative Canadian Baptists, and do not understand, and are not in true sympathy with Baptist work in Canada. Their training is foreign, their inclinations alien, and some of them, I believe, not even Canadian subjects; and to say the least, it comes with a very bad grace that excepting the professional advocate the measure should have to be supported by those whom rumour says are to be the future grantors of these much coveted degrees.

7. There are only about 20,000 Baptists in Ontario, and the majority of these are women, and the idea of a Baptist university for say 5,000 male Baptists is too absurd to be seriously considered and even for 20,000 Baptists it is scarcely less absurd.

8. That the mere money guarantee of \$700,000 is no assurance, as to the status of the proposed university. There may be the greatest abuses notwithstanding. Nor is the extra restriction that the curriculum shall be equal to that of the Provincial University any extra protection, as Baptist examiners will be dealing with Baptist students.

9. No dissatisfaction or even a whisper of such has ever been heard against the Provincial University by Baptists. Many of our best men have graduated there, and look on this "Yankee" innovation with distrust and disfavour.

10. Canadian Baptists do not wish to be ecclesiastically annexed to the United States, and least of all do they wish to copy the worst features of American education, and they are beginning to ask why should our young men be saddled with a degree which will bring a blush of shame to their cheeks in the presence of an enlightened and liberal-minded community.

11. The idea is mainly a "one man" idea, and, instead of being prompted by the glittering endowment, Canadian Baptists will be the gainers in self-respect and effective Christian work if they refuse the shekels that are promised them on such conditions.

12. We have in McMaster Hall and our own Provincial University all that can be desired by honest and upright students who wish to compete fairly in the race with the students of other denominations, and to call such a scheme as is involved in this ill "higher education" is a delusion and a snare.

It is utterly folly to say we are diverting Christian liberality if we oppose this scheme. We shall be poorer if we accept beneficence when hampered and handicapped by a so-called "University," and reply that the men who are diverting Christian liberality are those who are supporting this measure at a time when our Home and Foreign Missionary Finances are in such a deplorable condition, and almost frantic appeals have to be made (and even these fail) to provide our missionaries with the necessities of life and the hungry and perishing thousands with the true bread from Heaven."

Baptists, take warning by Laval University. Let history speak. Is the folly and mistake of Victoria to be repeated by us? Take a lesson from our Methodist friends; learn from their ex-

perience and enter the Federation scheme, and Baptists will then have all the "University" they need.

Yours truly,

BAPTIST.

Poetry.

TWO SONNETS.—DEAD LOVE.

My heart is a volcano, cold and dead,
From which in years before its final sleep
Fierce flames of jealousy did laugh and leap
And cast around its hue of hellish red;
Hot lava streams of love, profusely fed
From the abysmal fires of life's deep,
O'er all my soul enveloping did creep
Whilst cruel ashes poured around my head.
Doubts were the tremors that did shake my faith
In subtle premonition of the fire,
That signal of the slow-consuming pyre,
From which arose an ever-present wraith.
The Pompeii of Passion, buried 'neath love's pain,
Can ne'er from rack and ruin rise and rule again.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

The morrow's tempest which the night denied
A silver circle round the moon denoted;
The ling'ring hours to love were all devoted
With her, now soon to be my life-long bride.
The lily marvelled in its maiden pride
And o'er the air a subtle perfume floated,
The moon-gleams on its blossom glanced and gloated
As I gazed at her beauty by my side.
"Tell me, my love," she said, the silence breaking,
"Which is more fair—the lily or the moon?"
Her passion pallid slept; but waking soon
Flushed with the crimson of her love's own making
The moon retired. Anon, upon her beating breast
Beauty's own sacrifice; the lily lay at rest.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

WHY ENGLISH TRADE IS DECLINING.

THE latest English "Blue-Book" exposes the fact that English trade is falling behind in most countries, while German commercial interests are gaining the ascendancy. The reasons for the change are somewhat complicated, but the principal ones may be summed up in the assertion that English merchants have lapsed into a kind of indifference about pleasing and accommodating their customers, while the Germans are taking great pains to ascertain and meet their wants. The reasons assigned for the superior vigour of German trade in Italy are a "higher standard of technical education, greater activity in the employment of commercial travellers speaking Italian, greater attention paid to the wants of the Italian market, and greater facilities for delivery and for payment." In Bulgaria, "some Jew from Vienna comes every week offering something wanted." The remark applies to several countries. "Ask an English manufacturer to alter the shape of an article to meet the requirements of foreign markets, and he generally refuses. The German manufacturer, on the other hand, has no prejudices; if he find that an article of a certain shape commands a ready sale in any particular country, he makes it, however foreign it may be to his own tastes and wants." So it is in Greece, Roumania, Servia, Turkey, Spain, and South America. The lesson is drawn from these facts by the *Spectator* that the English manufacturer must display more intelligence, more adaptiveness, more energy, more sympathy, if he is to hold his own against the increasing rivalry of the highly educated, active and expanding German. His commercial education must be improved. Boys must be taught the modern languages, and be given a speaking as well as a grammatical acquaintance with the tongues of the peoples with whom they are to stand in commercial relations. But these and other branches of commercial importance still hold only a subordinate place in English secondary schools, while men of commerce and manufacture are trained almost entirely in subjects rather suitable for the professions.

NARRATIVE OF OCCURRENCES

IN

TORONTO, UPPER CANADA, IN DEC., 1837.

[THE following valuable and interesting narrative was written by Col. James Fitz Gibbon, the hero of Beaver Dams, within a few days after the occurrence of the events recorded therein, and while they were still fresh in the writer's memory. Some years afterwards the gallant Colonel prepared and published a small pamphlet, giving a more extended account of those events, but the pamphlet has long been out of print, and is very rarely met with. The earlier narrative, moreover, enters into certain little minute details which are not included in the subsequent one, and has therefore a value of its own. Through the courtesy of surviving members of Col. Fitz Gibbon's family, the editor of this paper was enabled to make several extracts from the following narrative when preparing his *Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion* last year, but the narrative has never before been published *in extenso*, and will doubtless be read with vivid interest by those who still remember the stirring days of '37.]

WHEN Sir Francis Head was asked by His Excellency Sir John Colborne how many Troops he could spare from Upper Canada, he answered, *All*.

All were accordingly sent in October, except the Detachment from Penetanguishene. On its approach to Toronto, I ventured to advise His Excellency to detain it here*—but he said he would not keep a Soldier in the Province: that he would throw the entire care of the Province upon the Loyalists, and if they were not able and willing to defend themselves, the sooner the Province was given up the better.

Before the last Division left Toronto for Lower Canada, the Rebels assembled for training in many parts of the Home District, and no notice was taken of them by the Government. I thought they made these displays to prevent all the Troops from being sent below, that the Rebels there might be so far relieved from the pressure of so many as should be kept here. I did not then think that any considerable portion of the disaffected in Upper Canada would peril their all on the risk of Rebellion. But as November advanced I became day by day more impressed with an apprehension that the peace of the Province would be disturbed. Six thousand stand of Arms were ordered from Kingston, and His Excellency delivered them to the safe keeping of the Civil authorities of the City, and they were deposited in the Market Buildings. His Excellency told

* To account for my offering advice to His Excellency, I beg leave to state that he usually walked for exercise every morning after 8 o'clock to the Government wharf. Over part of this route lay my way to my own office, and I frequently met him. On these occasions he often entered into conversation with me on the state of the Province, and finding my opinions as to approaching danger so very different from his own, so earnestly entertained, and expressed with constantly increasing apprehension, I did think that he argued as if determined to convert me to his opinions. But from day to day I had closely observed the management of the affairs of this Province since the return of Lieut.-Gov. Gore to it in 1815, and he laid the foundation of our troubles. So early as the year 1824 there was reason to apprehend a rebellion. Having then one daughter and four sons, infants, I often mentally prayed to the Almighty that it may not break out until my youngest son became 16 years of age, so that my boys may stand by me in the field with arms in their hands. On the 7th December, 1837, the two youngest were with me on horseback, the youngest 16 years and 8 months old, and the other 18 years.

me that he preferred putting them into the care of the Civil authorities rather than the Militia, that the disaffected should not have cause to say that he intended them to be used in the work of coercion. Volunteers mounted Guard over them every night for three or four nights, when His Excellency directed that no further guard should be kept, as he apprehended no danger whatever—and said to me that he was much inclined to have them brought to the Government House and placed under the charge of his own domestics, and would do so but that he did not like to alter the arrangement he had made, so confident was he that no attempt would be made to disturb the peace of the Province. The Volunteer Guard was, in consequence, dismissed from the City Hall. The Order to this effect I received from His Excellency and delivered to the Volunteers.

During the week ending with November and beginning with December I took the liberty of urging His Excellency to have some preparation made for resistance should an insurrection break out, for that the facts day by day made known to me impressed me strongly with the necessity of being on our guard—but he uniformly resisted every suggestion for openly preparing ourselves.

Unwilling to leave myself and my neighbours entirely at the mercy of contingent dangers I made a list of the persons and their sons living West of Yonge Street, in the City, upon whose loyalty I thought I could depend, and proposed to His Excellency to let me warn them to be ready every night before retiring to bed, by having their arms loaded, and their clothes ready to dress quickly and run to the Parliament House on the ringing of the College Bell: and also to permit me to Counsel the Mayor and corporation with their neighbours to be in a like state of preparation in the City East of Yonge Street, and on alarm to assemble at the City Hall. The College Bell and City Bell to be used to give the alarm; I undertaking to have the College Bell rung to give the first alarm. His Excellency permitted me to do this, and it was in part performed by me West of Yonge Street, before the outbreak; but the Mayor neither gave warning nor had any one to ring the church Bells, and I lost half an hour of the most valuable time of the night of the outbreak before I could have those Bells set a ringing.

On Saturday the 2nd December I received such information from Markham and places to the North as to convince me that not a moment should be lost in taking measures of defence, and I went instantly to the Government House. While on my way I met the President of the Bank of Upper Canada and I urged him to take immediate steps for the defence of the Bank. On arriving at the Government House, I found assembled with His Excellency, the Chief Justice, Messrs. Allan and Sullivan of the Executive Council, the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General, Mr. Justice Jones and the Speaker of the Assembly.

I reported the information I had received and the names of the principal persons, a Magistrate, from whom I had received part of the information. Little weight was attached to it, and the gentleman in question was sent for, and in an adjoining room examined by His Excellency and the Attorney-General, who soon returned, and the Attorney-General declared that what they heard did not at all amount to what I had stated. Mr. Allan of those present alone concurred in my opinions, and he strongly supported them, as for example:—When the Attorney-General returned he said, "Why, the information brought by this Magistrate is at third or fourth hand, and does not at all make the same impression as what Col. Fitz Gibbon said. I answered, "Not at fourth hand, Sir, but what impression has it made on Mr. L's own mind?" Mr. Allan said

Gentlemen, do you expect the Rebels will come and give you information of their doings at first hand? I am as long in the Country and as well acquainted with the people as most of you here present, and I tell you that I concur in every word Col. Fitz Gibbon has said, and think that not a moment should be lost in making preparations to meet the approaching danger."

After three or four hours' conference His Excellency said, "I hold the same opinions I always held—that there is no danger whatever—but if, as I am told, the Magistrates and principal Inhabitants of the City are apprehensive of danger let them address me to that effect, and I will tell them that my opinions remain unchanged, and that I enter in no fears for the public peace; but to allay theirs, and compliance with their solicitations, I will order measures of precaution to be taken."

It was agreed that the Magistrates should address His Excellency. In fact they had, it was said, already intended to do so, and that the Mayor was then in an adjoining apartment waiting to see His Excellency.

During this discussion I earnestly urged the putting into the garrison, that very day, all the Half Pay Officers and discharged Soldiers who could be found in and around the City, to which His Excellency said, "What will the people of England say if they hear that we are thus arming?" "I said, "It will offend the Militia to pass them by and employ the Military." I could not help expressing emphatically a contrary opinion, and that they would be glad to have the Military assembled as a nucleus to rally round. From the whole tenor of His Excellency's observations it was plain to me that he had it entirely at heart to prove to the Government and People of Britain that he could preserve Upper Canada in tranquillity during the Winter by his own management, without a single Soldier, or a step being taken to guard against or to prevent disturbance. Even the ordinary promotions in the City Regiment which he commanded, His Excellency would not make, although I had only two subalterns in the Regiment, and he held in his hand my list of recommendations, which he examined and approved of, but he said he would not then confirm them, having determined to leave all things as they were during the Winter.

On returning to my House in the evening Mr. Hawke, a gentleman employed in the Government, called on me to converse on the state of Public Affairs, and I told him that I feared we should lose the Province through the course His Excellency was taking. I mention this fact believing that Mr. Hawke will most probably recollect the conversation because of the emphasis with which I spoke, and because being a near neighbour he was intimately informed of my opinions on the state of the Province.

On Monday, December the 4th, further information reached me, and again I called to urge His Excellency to take measures of defence, when I found him with an Order in his hand appointing me to act as Adjutant General of the Militia—and also a Militia General Order appealing to the Militia and directing the Colonels to make arrangements to enable their Regiments to act with effect should any emergency render their services necessary.

Late in the afternoon, upon my again pressingly urging upon him the importance of organizing the Half Pay Officers and discharged Soldiers in the garrison, he permitted me to do so, but it was then too late to take one step that day in furtherance of this measure.

I determined to sleep in the Parliament House that night and I invited several persons to join me there with such arms as they possessed, and about twenty gentlemen came in consequence.

About eleven at night I was told that the Rebels were assembling at Montgomery's Tavern four miles north of the City, and that they intended coming in and attacking the City that night. In consequence I immediately borrowed and mounted a horse to go out and reconnoitre, and Messrs. Brock and Bellingham, two young students at law, mounted their horses and accompanied me. But before we started I galloped to the Houses of the principal gentlemen in the City West of Yonge Street, and called them up to repair at once to the City Hall and Parliament House to defend them. I also called on His Excellency, who had retired to rest, and told him what I had heard and what I had done, and assured him that if any further event occurred I would quickly make it known to him, that he might act upon it without delay; and he again retired to rest.

I then rode out two miles out of Town, and meeting no one I became doubtful of the truth of the assemblage at Montgomery's, and expressed my regret that I had not brought a few more mounted gentlemen to go out and reconnoitre as far as Montgomery's, as my own time would be best employed in organizing the people then arming in Town. Mr. Brock in an animated tone said, "I will go," but he being the son of a valued friend, and a youth I loved, I would not at first permit him to go. But young Bellingham offering to accompany him, and both pressing me, I consented, and returned towards Town to proceed with the arrangements there already directed by me.

Immediately after, while returning, I met Messrs. Powell and McDonell, mounted, and I requested of them to follow and support Messrs. Brock and Bellingham. They did so; but before they could overtake those young men the latter were taken prisoners by the Rebels; and so also were Messrs. Powell and McDonell. But Mr. Powell, watching a favourable opportunity, shot the man who guarded him and made his escape and returned to Town, and made known these facts to His Excellency, and I also called at the same time and met Mr. Powell in the Government House. At this moment, too, I ordered the College Bell to be rung; but I lost nearly half an hour before I could set the City Bells a ringing.

His Excellency immediately quitted the Government House and repaired to the City Hall, whither I escorted him, and I spent the remainder of the night visiting and connecting our several Posts and Piquets. Mr. Justice Jones formed the first Piquet and marched it as far as the Toll-gate on Yonge Street, and there remained with it until daylight.

After daylight I rode within a quarter of a mile of Montgomery's tavern, accompanied by His Excellency's Aide-de-Camp, Lieut.-Col. Halkett, and four others, and from the view I had of the Rebels and their position I felt confident that with the force we had then formed in Town I could disperse them. I galloped into Town and pressed His Excellency to let me take the force with me for an immediate attack, but he said "No, no,—they must fight me on my ground, I will not go to them."

All day Tuesday, December 5th, was continued in arming and preparing men as they assembled, and in the evening His Excellency desired me to confine all the men to the Posts occupied in Town—namely, the Parliament House—Government House—City Hall—and the Two Banks—And forbade me positively to quit the City Hall—"For," he said, "if you go abroad as you have done you will be taken prisoner, and if we lose you what shall we do." This he said holding one of my arms with both his hands. I begged of His Excellency not to lay such imperative commands upon me, as it was most important that I should be in

many places, and be permitted to use discretionary power under unforeseen circumstances, and when His Excellency could not be near to issue Orders to me. I then used the following expressions, "I assure Your Excellency I am a cautious man, I will take especial care that I be not taken, but I cannot bear to have those Ruffian Men beard us in Town without due notice of their approach." His Excellency said "We cannot save the Town; we have not men enough—let us defend our Posts."

Notwithstanding this, I soon after posted a piquet under the command of the Sheriff (Mr. Jarvis) half a mile from the City, on Yonge Street, and gave such instructions, on the spot, as I thought would suffice to guide him during his stay there. On returning to the City Hall and stating this fact to His Excellency, he expressed his disapprobation of my having done so, after the injunction he had laid upon me. A short time after, being then talking with His Excellency, it was reported to me in his presence that the Sheriff and his piquet were taken prisoners, which naturally made His Excellency repeat his disapprobation of my having posted this piquet. It ultimately turned out that the whole rebel force approached, fired on the piquet, and was fired upon in return, so effectually as to drive them back with some loss. It is now universally admitted that but for this Piquet the Rebels would have then entered the Town and set it on Fire, and yet although this Piquet was posted contrary to His Excellency's express order, he stated in his Despatch written twelve days after that he sent it out, and thereby prevented the Incendiary Mackenzie setting fire to the City.

From all that has been said it is now believed by many and I think it most probable that the capture of Messrs. Brock and Bellingham, the killing of the Rebel Anderson by Mr. Powell, and the ringing of the Bells on Monday Night, and the fire from the Sheriff's Piquet on Tuesday night, saved the City on each occasion from being set on fire.

About ten o'clock on Tuesday night His Excellency received an anonymous letter assuring him that the Rebels had determined to set fire to the City in several places before next morning, and he in consequence gave me orders to have the arms and ammunition then remaining in the City Hall removed thence to the Parliament House during the night—the Men laying aside their own arms and each carrying four or five muskets through the Streets to the Parliament House, and having delivered them there to return and take another load, and so continue until the whole should be carried up—and after the arms were carried then to carry the ammunition. It appeared to me that thus to transport them during the night was almost impossible—that the disorder and confusion incident to such a movement in the night must be great, and would probably be irreparable; for should the Rebels attack at any time during the operation, and they must have been well and constantly informed of what we were doing, we should be prevented from reuniting, and must be ruined. The men were tired, cold, and most eager to go to their several homes for rest and refreshment—and had they been so employed during that night great numbers would not again have returned. I entreated of His Excellency not to give the Order, but he firmly insisted upon it. I begged of him to give me some time to consider how it could best be done and I continued for some time to show His Excellency the extreme difficulty of so transporting the arms and the ruin that I thought must certainly follow our attempting to remove them in the night.

As my arguments were nearly, and as I thought fruitlessly exhausted, the arrival of Col. MacNab with a reinforcement of Men from the District of Gore was announced,

and I gladly availed myself of their arrival to assure His Excellency that now there was no need to make the effort, and it was not made.

I should have stated that His Excellency's reason for so hastily removing from the Market House was, that should the Town be set Fire to, the Market House, as he thought, could not be saved in the midst of the surrounding Houses, so combustible and so near as many of them were—whereas the Parliament House and the Two adjacent houses were far removed from all danger from other houses.

The next morning, before day, I occupied the Court House with men to protect the block of buildings surrounding the market square, so that the Rebels could not come near that quarter.

During Wednesday, December 6th, the arms and ammunition were removed in waggons and carts, and a portion of the force was sent also—and His Excellency removed with them to the Parliament House. In the afternoon reinforcements arrived in the Traveller Steam Boat from Niagara and more from the District of Gore in the Burlington, and the Town was crowded with men.

Our numbers now seriously embarrassed us. It became imperatively necessary to attack the Rebels the following day, and to do so required an immediate order that some sort of organization for that purpose might be commenced.

I enquired for His Excellency at the Government House after sunset, and at the Parliament House, and was told at each place that he was soon expected from the Archdeacon's. I waited till near nine—and at length determined to go to him there, and I requested of Mr. Allan and the Solicitor General to accompany me to urge the necessity of the attack on the next day. We called and found His Excellency with the Archdeacon, Mr. Sullivan of the Executive Council, and the Attorney General, and after a very long discussion His Excellency consented that the attack should be made—but with an apparent reluctance which I could not then understand. Just as we were about to rise to depart Mr. Allan said he saw that there was a misunderstanding existing as to who should command—for that from my conversation now it was plain I expected to command—and Col. MacNab had told him during the afternoon that His Excellency had promised him that he should command. I then imputed His Excellency's reserve during the conversation to his consciousness of the injustice he was about to do me in giving the command to the Speaker. For here, let it be observed that I was a Colonel of Militia before Mr. MacNab had any rank in that Force and he was almost wholly without military knowledge. A long discussion grew out of this statement of Mr. Allan, and from the part borne by the Attorney General I was convinced he had had much to do in bringing about the appointment of Col. MacNab, who, as Mr. Allan stated, proposed to attack the Rebels at three o'clock in the morning—a time which I declare to be such as to render any successful attack impossible—because it was utterly impossible to organize the confused mass of human beings then congregated in the City during night-time, for then it must be done, to be ready to march from the City after one o'clock so as to reach Montgomery's at three. But I declared it to be impossible to induce unorganized men to make a night attack in great numbers, under any circumstances. Such an attempt would have ruined us, for there were many Rebels then in the City waiting only the turning of the scale to declare themselves. A reverse must therefore have been most injurious to us, if not disastrous.

Too much was said at the Archdeacon's to be stated here, but I could not help feeling the strongest indignation at the idea of any man then in the City being appointed to

command other than myself. For most assuredly I of
 se then present was best qualified to plan, arrange and
 cessfully make that attack. In me, above all others, was
 confidence placed by all. For three days and two
 hts was I incessantly employed in putting all in a state
 preparation in the City. I was best known in the
 vince as a disciplinarian, and in me all had most confi-
 ce—and to me would their obedience be more readily
 en than to any other man in Upper Canada. It is pain-
 to be obliged to make this statement of myself. But not
 ing a shadow of doubt of its truth, and Sir Francis
 id having wronged me as he has, I feel myself con-
 fined to so defend myself.

The meeting at length broke up, the Lieutenant-Governor
 ing decided on having the attack made during the next
 —but he did not then decide who should have the
 mand.

I rode round the Piquets and in the advance until one
 ock, when I returned to my office in the Parliament
 use and slept till four—being three hours' sleep—I had
 one hour's sleep the preceding night, but I had not
 st at all on Monday night. Never before, even in my
 th, did I undergo so much hardship and privation in so
 rt a time, nor previously thereto did I think myself
 able of it. At four in the morning of Thursday Decem-
 the 7th I arose and sketched in writing a short plan of
 attack, arranging the divisions, their commanders, &c.,
 and at half-past four, being yet uncertain who should
 mand, I requested Mr. Justice Macaulay and the Hon.
 in Macaulay, Surveyor General, to wait upon His Excel-
 lency and obtain his decision. They went to his room in
 Parliament House, and soon Col. MacNab and I were
 moned, and we attended. His Excellency then, at great
 gth, gave his reasons for having promised Col. MacNab
 command, and from the tendency of his observations I
 ed he would confirm the appointment. I interrupted
 His Excellency and requested he would hear me before he
 nounced finally on the question—and he did hear me—
 id that at my time of life, with my rank in the Militia,
 such long standing, being then the Senior Colonel in the
 y, and my character in the Province, I could not have
 ected that any Militia Officer in Upper Canada would
 up to compete with me. I spoke strongly and vehe-
 ntly, and His Excellency requested us all to withdraw—
 ept Col. MacNab—and after the loss of about another
 f-hour of the most valuable time we were again called
 when his Excellency took many minutes more to explain
 tenor of his conversation with Col. MacNab, and at
 gth decided that I should command, Col. MacNab having
 ased him from his promise.

It was now broad daylight, and I had to commence an
 organization of the most difficult nature I had ever known.
 ad to ride to the Town Hall—to the Garrison and back
 in, repeatedly. I found few of the officers present who
 e wanted for the attack. Vast numbers of Volunteers
 e constantly coming in from the country without arms
 appointments of any kind, who were crowding in all
 ctions in my way. My mind was burning with indig-
 ion at the idea of Col. MacNab or any other Militia
 cer being thought of by His Excellency for the com-
 and, after all I had hitherto done for him. My difficulties
 iplied upon me—time, of all things the most precious,
 s wasting for want of ammunition—for want of officers
 or the want of most of my men from the Town Hall—
 ose Commander was yet absent—till at length the or-
 ization appeared impossible. I became overwhelmed
 h the intensity and contrariety of my feelings: I walked
 and fro without object until I observed the eyes of many

fixed upon me, when I fled to my room and locked my door,
 exclaiming audibly that the Province was lost—that I was
 ruined—fallen. For let it not be forgotten, that it was ad-
 mitted at the conference at the Archdeacon's the evening
 before that if the attack of the next day should fail that
 the Province would be lost. This, however, then was not
 my opinion, but I thought of my present failure after the
 efforts I had made to obtain the command, and the evil
 consequences likely to flow from that failure, and I did
 then despair.

In this extremity I fell upon my knees and earnestly and
 vehemently prayed to the Almighty for strength to sustain
 me through the trial before me. I arose and hurried to the
 multitude, and finding one Company formed, as I then
 thought providentially, I ordered it to be marched to the
 road in front of the Archdeacon's House, where I had
 previously intended to arrange the force to be employed—
 and having once begun I sent Company after Company
 and gun after gun until the whole stood in order.

Then for the first time I learned that His Excellency in-
 tended to place himself at the head of the Militia, which he
 did, and gave the word "March." This was the only com-
 mand he gave till the action was over. I led the column to
 the attack; directed every movement personally, and so were
 they combined that the Rebels, finding their flanks unex-
 pectedly attacked, soon after they were all warmly engaged
 in front, they became panic struck and fled from the field.
 The Militia then surrounding Montgomery's House broke
 the doors and windows and some time after set it on fire.

I then led on from point to point in the hope of finding
 the Rebels reassemble, drawing my men after me by sound-
 ing the "Advance." I had recourse to this expedient rather
 than lose time in reforming the Companies, which under the
 excited state of the men would have been extremely diffi-
 cult, and I doubted not that by riding onwards with my
 Bugler, occasionally sounding the "Advance," I should soon
 draw them after me, and the Rebels being dispersed I was
 confident the show of any Force, however irregular, would
 make them continue their flight. At length, hearing that
 the Rebel Mackenzie was a short way from me, Lieut.-Col.
 Halkett, Lieutenant and Captain in the Coldstream Guards,
 Captain Mathias late of the Royal Artillery, a very gallant
 young man named Maitland, a son of the Chief Justice, a
 son of mine, both lads of eighteen, and two mounted Militia-
 men—pursued, full speed, for upwards of three miles, until
 he took shelter in the woods beyond Shepherd's Tavern
 and in rear of the other Shepherd's Farm House.

On returning to the main road I met a detachment
 marching outwards, and asking why they were not going
 back to Town, was answered that they were going to burn
 Gibson's house (Gibson was a Member of Parliament and a
 leading Rebel). I let them pass and proceeded homewards
 —but soon met a messenger from His Excellency with an
 Order that Gibson's house should not be burned, whereupon
 I sent Captain Strachan to recall the party—and he did
 recall them.

Another messenger from His Excellency now met me
 desiring to see me immediately. I rode after His Excellency
 whom I soon saw at a considerable distance returning rap-
 idly towards Town, and I had to ride above a mile before I
 could overtake him—when he ordered me to see that Gib-
 son's house was burned and then return to Town. I was
 about to pray of His Excellency not to have Gibson's House
 burned, but he would not hear me, and repeated the order
 to burn it.

It was now late in the afternoon, and the house was
 nearly four miles distant. I then directed Lieut.-Colonel
 Duggan to take command of a party, which I wheeled out

of the Column and countermarched, and see the house burned—when he entreated of me not to insist on his doing so—for that he had to pass Yonge Street almost daily, and he probably would on some future day be shot from behind a fence. I said “If you will not obey orders you ‘‘had better go home Sir.” Again he spoke, and I then ordered him to go home—but he continued to express his reasons for objecting, and I said “Well, I will see the duty done myself,” and I did so: for I had no other officer of high rank near me to whom I could safely entrust the performance of that duty, and with the party I advanced and had the house and barns burned at sunset, and then returned to Town, nine miles.

I arrived at my house about seven o'clock, reduced to the last degree of exhaustion by fatigue—cold and want of food and rest: but suffering most from deeply wounded feelings from the treatment of His Excellency, whose conduct had so nearly brought ruin and disgrace upon me—I mean the disgrace that would have fallen upon me had I failed that morning to organize the Militia for the attack after the efforts I made to obtain the command. For my belief was that His Excellency did not care one straw for me more than as an instrument to be used to forward his own objects—and that as Col. MacNab had Parliamentary influence he would sacrifice me to conciliate him.

On awaking the following morning and reviewing the events of the previous days, my mind became exasperated at the wrongs which had been intended for me, after my having made efforts almost superhuman in defence of the City and the Province—and recollecting, too, that on former occasions, during the late war, and subsequently, repeated attempts had been made to take from me the fruits of my Military knowledge and personal energy and exertions, I resolved to retire from the Militia staff of His Excellency, from a conviction that no cordiality or good will could exist between us—and I did retire.

And here I may state that seeing the Government of this Province for many years assailed by unprincipled men I spared no pains, and too often expended money to strengthen and support it, but I did so without regard to Party. I trusted to the force of my own personal efforts to earn for me, at last, the means of redeeming myself from debt, under which I had suffered since I borrowed £150, to equip myself as an Adjutant on my promotion from Sergeant Major in 1806. And now when the extraordinary and unexpected events of December had occurred, and I had fairly and honorably earned the approbation of this Government, and when, in all human probability, His Excellency himself would have been immolated but for my personal exertions, then, under such circumstances, to find myself not only not likely to be rewarded, but placed by that very Governor, who was so deeply indebted to me in a state of hostility with him which might probably bring utter ruin upon me, was most grievous to me, and nearly destroyed the tone of my mind. I have, however, survived it and will still continue my efforts in the public service and again hope that my just claims will be admitted and myself rewarded.

13th December, 1837.

7th April, 1838.—Having this day read Sir Francis Head's Despatch of the 19th December last, just received from London, I now add the following: When I met the party going out, and was told that they were going to burn Gibson's house I asked “Have you orders to do so?” and was answered “Yes” and again “Are you sure you have Orders?” “Yes we have” was the answer.

When Sir Francis ordered me to burn Gibson's house I was about to speak, meaning to pray of His Excellency not

to have the house burned, but he quickly said “Stop, hear me,” at the same moment laying his right hand on my bridle arm “Let Gibson's house be burned forthwith, and keep the Troops (Militia) here until it be done,” and then checking his rein he rode on towards the City. Let this statement be compared with his despatch.

I thought it cruel to keep the men standing still in the cold, probably for more than two hours, for Gibson's house was distant upwards of three miles, and part of the road was so deep that a horse could only walk over it. I therefore did not halt the column, but wheeled out one company under Captain Raymond Baby, and all the rest returned to the City.

JAMES FITZ GIBBON.

SLIP-SHOD IN LITERATURE.

THERE is the vice of the Slip-shod or Slovenly. In popular language it may be described as the vice of bad workmanship. Its forms are various. The lowest is that of bad syntax, of lax concatenation of clauses and sentences. It would be easy to point out faults of this kind which reappear in shoals in each day's supply of printed matter—from the verbs misnominative, and the clumsy “whiches” looking back ruefully for submerged antecedents, so common in the columns of our hasty writers, up to the unnecessarily repeated “that” after a conditional clause which some writers insert with an infatuated punctuality, and even the best insert occasionally. Should the notice of a matter so merely mechanical seem too trivial, there is, next, that form of the slip-shod which consists in stuffing out sentences with certain tags and shreds of phraseology lying vague about society, as bits of undistributed type may lie about a printing-room. “We are free to confess,” “we candidly acknowledge,” “will well repay perusal,” “we should heartily rejoice,” “did space permit,” “cause beyond our control,” “if we may be allowed the expression,” “commence hostilities,”—what are these and a hundred other such phrases but undistributed bits of old speech, like the “electric fluid” and the “launched into eternity” of the penny-a-liner which all of us are glad to clutch, to fill a gap, or to save the trouble of composing equivalents from the letters? To change the figure (see, I am at it myself!), what are such phrases but kind of rhetorical putty with which cracks in the sense are stopped, and prolongations formed where the sense has broken short? Of this kind of slip-shod in writing no writers are more guilty than those who have formed their style chiefly by public speaking; and it is in them also that the kindred faults of synonyms strung together and of redundant expletives are most commonly seen. Perhaps, indeed, the choicest specimens of continuous slip-shod in the language are furnished by the writings of celebrated orators. How dilute the tincture, what bagginess of phraseology round what slender shanks of meaning, what absence of trained muscle, how seldom the nail is hit on the head! It is not every day that a Burke presents himself, where every sentence is charged with an exact thought proportioned to it, whether he stands on the floor and speaks, or takes his pen in hand. And then, not only in the writings of men rendered diffuse by much speaking after a low standard, but in the tide of current writing besides, who shall take account of the daily abundance of that more startling form of slip-shod which rhetoricians call Confusion of Metaphor? Lord Castlereagh's famous “I will not now enter upon the fundamental feature upon which this question hinges,” is as nothing compared with much that passes daily under our eyes in the pages of popular books and periodicals—tissues of words in which shreds from nature's four quarters are jumbled together as in heraldry; in which the writer begins with a lion, but finds it in the next clause to be a water-spout; in which icebergs swim in seas of lava, comets collect taxes, pigs sing, peacocks wear silks, and teapots climb trees.

Pshaw! technicalities all! the mere minutiae of the grammar and the critic of expression! Nothing of the kind, good readers! Words are made up of letters, sentences of words, all that is written or spoken of sentences succeeding each other or interfacing; and at no time, from Homer's till this, has anything passed

good literature which has not satisfied men as tolerably tight and close-grained in these particulars, or become classic and permanent which has not, in respect of them, stood the test of the microscope. We distinguish, indeed, usefully enough, between *style* and *expression*, between *thought* and *style*; but no one has ever attended to the subject analytically without becoming aware that the distinction is not ultimate—that what is called *style* resolves itself, after all, into manner of thinking; nay, perhaps (though to show this would take some time) into the cessive particles of the matter thought. If a writer is said to be fond of epithets, it is because he has a habit of always making a quality very prominently along with an object; if his *style* is said to be figurative, it is because he thinks by means of comparisons; if his syntax abounds in inversions, it is because he thinks the cart before he thinks the horse.

And so, by extension, all the forms of slipshod in expression, in reality, forms of slipshod in thought. If the syntax is, it is because the thread of the thought has snapped or become entangled. If the phraseology of a writer is diffuse; if his language does not lie close round his real meaning, but widens in flat expanses, with here and there a tremor as the meaning rises to take breath; if in every sentence we recognize shreds and tags of common social verbiage—in such a case it is because the mind of the writer is not doing its duty, is not consecutively alive, maintains no continued hold of its object, hardly knows its own drift. In like manner, mixed or incoherent metaphors, arising from incoherent conception, inability to see vividly what is really looked at. All forms of slipshod, in short, are to be referred to deficiency of precision in the conduct of thought. Every writer it ought to be required at least that he pass every word and title of what he sets down *through* his mind, to receive the guarantee of having been really there, and that he arrange and connect his thoughts in a workmanlike manner. Anything short of this is—allowance being made for circumstances which may prevent a conscientious man from always doing his best—an insult to the public. Accordingly, in all good literature, not excepting the subtlest and most exuberant poetry, one perceives a tight logic linking thought with thought. The velocity with which the mind can perform this service of giving adequate arrangement to its thoughts, differs much in different cases. With some writers it is done almost unconsciously—as if by the operation of a logical instinct so powerful that whatever teams up in their minds is marshalled and made exact as it comes, and there is perfection in the swiftest expression. So it was with the all-time Shakspeare, whose inventions, boundless and multitudinous, were yet ruled by a logic so resistless, that they came exquisite at the pen's point, and in studying whose intellectual gait are reminded of the description of the Athenians in Euripides: "those sons of Erechtheus always moving with graceful step through a glittering violet ether, where the nine Pierian muses said to have brought up yellow-haired Harmony as their comely child." With others of our great writers, it has been notably different—rejection of first thoughts and expressions, the slow sifting of a fit percentage, and the concatenation of these with care and care.

As prevalent as slipshod is, it is not so prevalent as it was. There is more careful writing, in proportion, now than there was thirty, forty, or a hundred years ago. This may be seen on comparing specimens of our present literature with corresponding specimens in the older newspapers and periodicals. The precept and the example of Wordsworth and those who helped him to initiate that new era of our literature which dates from the French Revolution, gradually introduced, among other things, habits of mechanical exactness, both in prose and in verse. Among poets, Scott and Byron—safe in their greatness otherwise—were the most conspicuous sinners against the Wordsworthian ordinances in this respect after they had been promulgated. If one were willing to be stoned for speaking truth, one might call these two poets the last of the great slipshods. The *great* slipshods, be it observed; and, if there were the prospect that, by keeping silence about slipshod, we should see any other such massive figure heaving among us in his slippers, who is there that would object to company on account of them, or that would not gladly assist

to fell a score of the delicates with polished boot-tips in order to make room for him? At the least, it may be said that there are many passages in the poems of Scott and Byron which fall far short of the standard of carefulness already fixed when they wrote. Subsequent writers, with nothing of their genius, have been much more careful. There is, however, one form of the slipshod in verse which, probably because it has not been recognized as slipshod, still holds ground among us. It consists in that particular relic of the "poetic diction" of the last century which allows merely mechanical inversions of syntax for the sake of metre and rhyme. For example, in a poem recently published, understood to be the work of a celebrated writer, and altogether as finished a specimen of metrical rhetoric and ringing epigram as has appeared for many a day, there occur such passages as these:—

"Harley's gilt coach the equal pair attends."

"What earlier school this grand comedian rear'd?
His first essays no crowds less courtly cheer'd.
From learned closets came a sauntering sage,
Yawn'd, smiled, and spoke, and took by storm the age."

"All their lore
Illumes one end for which strives all their will;
Before their age they march invincible."

"That talk which art as eloquence admits
Must be the talk of thinkers and of wits."

"Let Bright responsible for England be,
And straight in Bright a Chatham we should see."

"All most brave
In his mix'd nature seem'd to life to start,
When English honour roused his English heart."

That such instances of syntax inverted to the mechanical order of the verse should occur in such a quarter proves that they are still considered legitimate. But I believe—and this notwithstanding that ample precedent may be shown, not only from poets of the last century, but from all preceding poets—that they are *not* legitimate. Verse does not cancel any of the conditions of good prose, but only superadds new and more exquisite conditions; and that is the best verse where the words follow each other punctually in the most exact prose order, and yet the exquisite difference by which verse does distinguish itself from prose is fully felt. As, within prose itself, there are natural inversions according as the thought moves on from the calm and straightforward to the complex and impassioned—as what would be in one mood "Diana of the Ephesians is great," becomes in another, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians"—so, it may be, there is a *farther* amount of inversion proper within verse as such. Any such amount of inversion, however, must be able to plead itself natural—that is, belonging inevitably to what is new in the movement of the *thought* under the law of verse; which plea would not extend to cases like those specified, where versifiers, that they may keep their metre or hit a rhyme, tug words arbitrarily out of their prose connection. If it should be asked how, under so hard a restriction, a poet could write verse at all, the answer is, "That is *his* difficulty." But that this canon of taste in verse is not so oppressive as it looks, and that it will more and more come to be recognized and obeyed, seems augured in the fact that the greatest British poet of our time has himself intuitively attended to it, and furnished an almost continuous example of it in his poetry. Repeat any even of Tennyson's lyrics, where, from the nature of the case, obedience to the canon would seem most difficult—his "Tears, idle tears," or "The splendour falls,"—and see if, under all that peculiarity which makes the effect of these pieces, if of any in our language, something more than the effect of prose, every word does not fall into its place, like fitted jasper, exactly in the prose order. So! and what do you say to Mr. Tennyson's last volume, with its repetition of the phrase "The Table Round?" Why, I say that, when difficulty mounts to impossibility, then even the gods relent, even Rhadamanthus yields. Here it is as if the British nation had passed a special enactment to this effect:—"Whereas Mr. Tennyson has written a set of poems on the Round Table of Arthur and his Knights, and whereas he has represented to us that the phrase 'The Round Table,' specifying the central object about which these poems revolve, is a phrase which no force of art can work pleasingly into iambic verse, we, the British nation,

considering the peculiarity of the case, and the public benefits likely to accrue from a steady contemplation of the said object, do enact and decree that we will in this instance depart from our usual practice of thinking the species first and then the genus, and will, in accordance with the practice of other times and nations, say, 'The Table Round' instead of 'The Round Table' as heretofore." But this is altogether a special enactment.—*David Masson.*

A Visit to Tennyson.

I SAW the poet to the best advantage, under his own trees and walking over his own domain. He took delight in pointing out to me the finest and the rarest of his trees—and there were many beauties among them. I recalled my morning's visit to Whittier at Oak Knell, in Danvers, a little more than a year ago, when he led me to one of his favourites, an aspiring evergreen which shot up like a flame. I thought of the graceful American elms in front of Longfellow's house, and the sturdy English elms that stand in front of Lowell's. In this garden of England, the Isle of Wight, where everything grows with such a lavish extravagance of greenness that it seems as if it must bankrupt the soil before autumn, I felt as if weary eyes and over-tasked brains might reach their happiest heaven of rest. We all remember Shenstone's epigram on the pane of a tavern window. If we find our "warmest welcome at an Inn," we find our most soothing companionship in the trees among which we have lived, some of which we may ourselves have planted. We lean against them, and they never betray our trust; they shield us from the sun and from the rain; their spring welcome is a new birth, which never loses its freshness; they lay their beautiful robes at our feet in autumn; in winter they "stand and wait," emblems of patience and of truth, for they hide nothing, not even the little leaf-buds which hint to us of hope, the last element in their triple symbolism.

This digression, suggested by the remembrance of the poet under his trees, breaks my narrative, but gives me the opportunity of paying a debt of gratitude. For I have owned many beautiful trees, and loved many more outside of my own leafy harem. Those who write verses have no special claim to be lovers of trees, but so far as one is of the poetical temperament he is like to be a tree-lover. Poets have, as a rule, more than the average nervous sensibility and irritability. Trees have no nerves. They live and die without suffering, without self-questioning or self-reproach. They have the divine gift of silence. They cannot obtrude upon the solitary moments when one is to himself the most agreeable of companions. The whole vegetable world, even "the meanest flower that blows," is lovely to contemplate. What if creation had passed there, and you or I had been called upon to decide whether self-conscious life should be added in the form of the existing animal creation, and the hitherto peaceful universe

should come under the rule of Nature as we now know her,

"red in tooth and claw?"

Are we not glad that the responsibility of the decision did not rest on us?

I am sorry that I did not ask Tennyson to read or repeat some of his own lines to me. Hardly any one perfectly understands a poem but the poet himself. One naturally loves his own poem as no one else can. It fits the mental mould in which it was cast, and it will not exactly fit any other. For this reason I had rather listen to a poet reading his own verses than hear the best elocutionist that ever spouted recite them. He may not have a good voice or enunciation, but he puts his heart and his interpenetrative intelligence into every line, word and syllable. I should have liked to hear Tennyson read such lines as

"Laborious orient ivory, sphere in sphere;" and in spite of my good friend Matthew Arnold's *in terrorem*, I should have liked to hear Macaulay read,

"And Aulus the Dictator
Smoothed Anster's raven mane,"

and other mouthable lines, from the "Lays of Ancient Rome." Not less should I like to hear Mr. Arnold himself read the passage beginning,—

"In his cool hall with haggard eyes
The Roman noble law."

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the Atlantic.*

George Saintsbury on Wm. Hazlitt.

THE only exception to be taken to the well-known panegyric of Ella is that it bestows this eulogy on Hazlitt "in his natural and healthy state." Unluckily, it would seem, by a concurrence of all testimony, even the most partial, that the unhealthy state was quite as natural as the healthy one. Lamb himself plaintively wishes that "he would not quarrel with the world at the rate he does"; and De Quincey, in his short, but very interesting, biographical notice of Hazlitt (a notice entirely free from the malignity with which De Quincey has been sometimes charged), declares, with quite as much truth as point, that Hazlitt's guiding principle was, "Whatever is, is wrong." He was the very ideal of a literary Ishmael; and, after the fullest admission of the almost incredible virulence and unfairness of his foes, it has to be admitted likewise, that he was quite as ready to quarrel with his friends. He succeeded at least once in forcing a quarrel even upon Lamb. His relations with Leigh Hunt (who, whatever his faults were, was not unamiable) were constantly strained, and at least once actually broken by his infernal temper. Nor were his relations with women more fortunate or more creditable than those with men. That the fault was entirely on his side in the rupture with his first wife is, no doubt, not the case; for Mrs. Hazlitt's, or Miss Stoddart's, own friends admit that she was of a peculiar and rather trying disposition. It is indeed evident that she was the sort of person (most trying of all others to a man of Hazlitt's temperament) who would put her

head back as he was kissing her to ask if he would like another cup of tea, or interrupt a declaration to suggest shutting the window. As for the famous and almost legendary episode of Sarah Walker, the lodgin-house keeper's daughter, and the *Libe Amoris*, the obvious and irresistible attack of something like erotic madness which implies absolves Hazlitt partly—but only partly; for there is a kind of shabbiness about the affair which shuts it out from a reasonable claim to be regarded as a new act of the endless drama of "All for Love or The World Well Lost!" Of his second marriage, the only persons who might be expected to give us some information either can or will say next to nothing. But when a man with such antecedents marries a woman of whom no one has anything but to say, lives with her for a year chiefly on her money, and is then quitted by her with the information that she will have nothing more to do with him, it is not, I think, uncharitable to conjecture that most of the fault is his.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

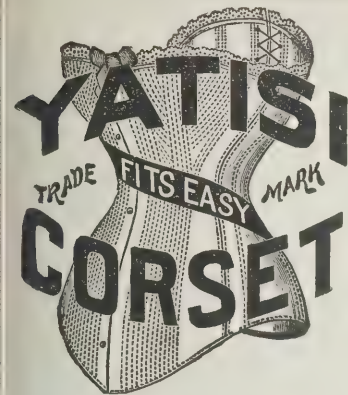
SOME years ago a quondam brigand chief was raised to the presidency of Bolivia. He was noted for his long shaggy hair and beard, on which he never bestowed the slightest pains. On the day of his election he had to attend mass in obedience to the usual custom, and a barber was called in to comb and dress the matted hair and beard of his excellency. When the tedious and painful operation was over, an official came in to inform his excellency that there was a criminal sentenced to death and awaiting execution, but that it was customary for newly-elected president to commute the sentence into a lighter one. "What and what other punishment am I to give him?" inquired the president, still smug from the recent operation. "Why ever your excellency may please." "Then let him have his hair combed, and he is done with it!" was the reply.

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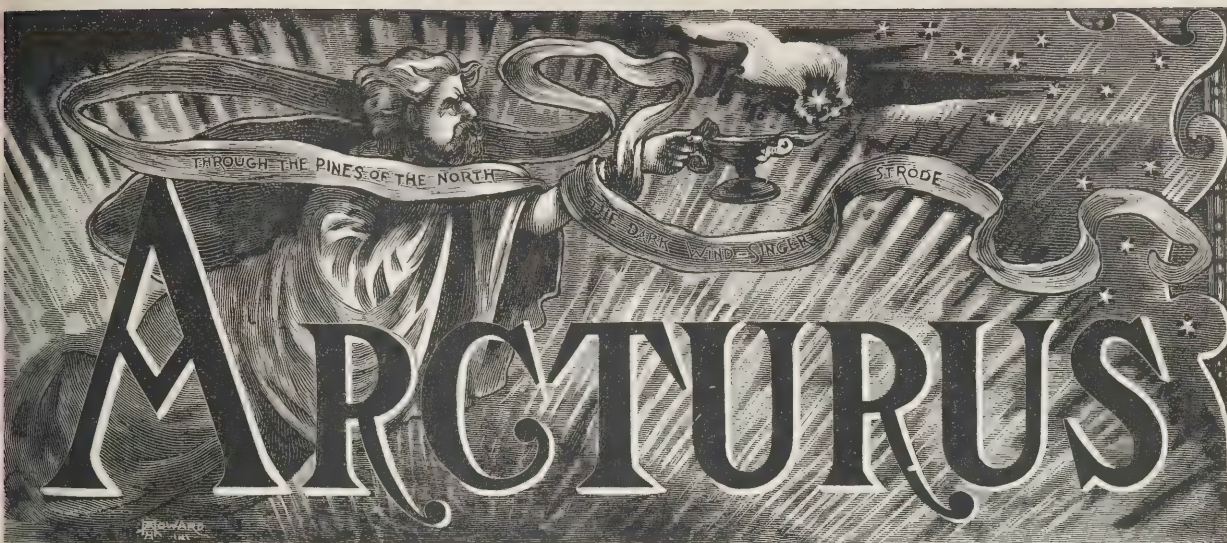
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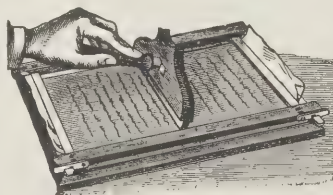
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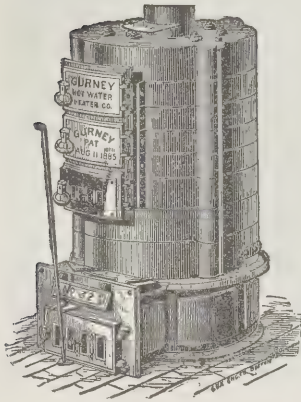
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ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

VOL. I. }
No. 17. }

Saturday, May 7th, 1887.

{ \$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
{ SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

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Editorial Notes.

O'BRIEN AND HIS MISSION.

THE editor of *United Ireland* is on his way to America on the fastest of all fast steamers, and, unless he loses time in New York, we may confidently look for him in Canada in the course of next week. We have already expressed our opinion of Mr. O'Brien's mission, but, in the face of his impending visit, that opinion cannot be too often repeated, and then emphasized. In attempting to drag Canada into a quarrel which in no wise concerns her he is a mischievous agitator, and should not only meet with no encouragement in the hands of the Canadian people, but should, if necessary, be most unmistakably sat upon. The resolutions recently passed by the Dominion and Local Legislatures are a direct encouragement to Irish "patriots," but we are decidedly of opinion that those resolutions did not voice the prevailing sentiment of the people, and that they in fact favoured largely of impertinent interference. But again: this mission of O'Brien's has special reference to our Governor-General, who is to be "bearded and denounced at his palace gate." Why? Because he is an absentee landlord? No, but because he has refused to yield to pressure on the part of selfish, grasping rack-renters who have grown rich by despoiling their Irish sub-tenants. This is altogether a private matter between Lord Lansdowne and his tenants, with which, under ordinary circumstances, we should have neither the right nor the inclination to interfere; but as O'Brien and his coadjutors are seeking to rouse our feelings on the subject, we make so bold as to say that his Lordship has acted with exceptional moderation under very trying circumstances, and that his conduct deserves commendation rather than denunciation. His tenants have much to thank him for, and, so far as we have been able to learn, nothing merewith to reproach him. We want no firebrands coming

among us to create a spurious sympathy for spurious wrongs, and if Mr. O'Brien is well advised he will not attempt to carry out his threat of denouncing Canada's Governor-General from the platform in every important city of the Dominion. Should he do so he will probably be forced to the conclusion that he has made a mistake. The best course for sensible people to pursue with reference to him would be to leave him severely out in the cold, and this course, we hear, not a few respectable Irish Canadians have resolved to follow.

THE PARNELL LETTER.

UP to the present hour Mr. Parnell has taken no action whereby he may prove the innocence which he protests in regard to the letter published by *The Times*. He has simply denied the authorship of it. His denial has been vigorously endorsed by all his supporters in and out of Parliament, and has moreover received the opinion of Mr. Gladstone in support of his bare assertion. There was a time when Mr. Gladstone's opinion carried great weight with even his most bitter opponents. To the world at large who are outside the unsavoury atmosphere of Irish politics, one of two conclusions will be drawn regarding this famous—or infamous—letter. Either Mr. Parnell did really write the document, or he is afraid to face the searching enquiry that would be made in a British court of justice. Except with those who blindly follow Mr. Parnell's leadership from motives of interest or sympathy, the cause of Home Rule for Ireland will suffer a severe blow from the bolt that fell in a clear sky from the responsible hands of "The Thunderer."

CANADA'S ADVICE TO BRITAIN.

As we anticipated, the resolutions passed by our Legislatures in connection with the Coercion Bill have been nearly unanimously condemned by the English Press as gratuitous and insolent interferences in matters entirely outside of Canadian concern. No attention was attracted by them, and they will not carry the slightest influence with anyone except extreme partisans and members of the National League. We believe in redressing, so far as possible, all the wrongs from which Ireland has suffered. We believe that much has been done of late years to this end. But we also believe that the present system of organized opposition to British law and order must be effectually stopped before any radical benefit can accrue to suffering Ireland. The present Government and the Liberal Unionists are both ready to take up the question of Home legislation for Ireland; but not before that country is in a fit condition to adopt changes in her constitution. A man would scarcely

be liberated even from false imprisonment who continually swore to shoot someone when he left gaol.

THE C.P.R. MAIL SERVICE.

IN spite of the ridicule cast upon the British House of Lords, in that they do "nothing in particular, and do it very well," the unanimous manner in which the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's tender for the Western mail service was supported by the upper crust of British statesmen shows that those gentlemen are not indifferent to the interests of either the Mother Country or the colonies. The Earl of Harrowby made an exhaustive statement of the claims presented by the C.P.R. in their tender, and showed from all grounds of Imperial, military and business policy that the Canadian offer was far preferable to that of Mr. Holt. Half a dozen noble speakers followed in similar terms, and the Earl of Onslow, replying for the Government, gave hope that a realization of this great compact between England and Canada would be ratified. The London press is united in voice and sentiment on the matter, the *Times* being especially strong in its support. From a Canadian point of view the advantages would be numerous should such an arrangement be effected, and the only question is that of obtaining the best possible terms.

SHOP AND TAVERN LICENSES.

THE Toronto License Commissioners—two of them, at least—have "built themselves an everlasting name," but of a kind altogether different from that erected for herself by Lady Godiva. If they had been bribed by the liquor interest to bring reproach upon the temperance cause, they could not have more effectually carried out their instructions than by acting as they have. The true interest of the public was evidently the very last thing taken into consideration; or it would probably be more correct to say that the public interest was the one thing which was not considered at all. One of the Commissioners could see nothing in his appointment but a means of favouring his co-religionists. The other—but we refrain from peering too curiously into the motives by which the other was actuated. It must of course be understood that Mr. Rose stands acquitted of all complicity in the shameless conduct of his colleagues. His position was an unenviable one, and must have been a sore trial to his nerves and temper, but, notwithstanding the result, we have good reason to be thankful that he was on the commission. If they do these things in the green tree, what would they have done in the dry? If, in spite of Mr. Rose's presence, they could manage things thus, what would have been the result if the third Commissioner had been one like unto themselves? A public meeting is to be held to protest against this most culpable abuse of petty power. Let every honest man in the community attend, and show by his presence and his voice what he thinks of the judicial methods of Messieurs Thwaite and Cassidy.

THE SHRIEVALTY OF YORK.

THE appointment of young Mr. Mowat to the shrievalty of York can only be characterized in one way. It was an act of gross favouritism and injustice: favouritism, inas-

much as it made large and life-long provision for a man who has never done anything to deserve such a windfall of good fortune; and injustice, inasmuch as it nullified the claims of deserving men who have strong claims upon Mr. Mowat and his government. This single act will do more to smirch the high reputation of Ontario's premier than any or which he has committed during his many years of office. With what face can he or his government henceforth ensure Sir John Macdonald or Sir Charles Tupper? Neither of those gentlemen has hitherto done anything quite so indecent as this. At any rate they have not done it openly and as though it were not a matter to be ashamed of and apologized for.

OUR CHRISTIAN EXEMPLARS.

PROBABLY the greatest cause of the spread of so-called infidelity in these times is the gross inconsistency apparent between the teachings of Christianity and the lives and conduct of some of its duly-authorized expounders. A tree is known by its fruits. We do not expect to gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles, and when we see a tree bringing forth nothing but sour crabs year after year, it is not to be wondered at if we refuse to believe that the original graft was a *Dulce Pomum*. In like manner, when we see persons who claim the right to be addressed as "Reverend" holding up the life of Christ as an example to mankind, and whose own lives are nevertheless such as no honest or decent man can contemplate without disgust, it is not strange that we should pause and reflect upon such a wide divergence between profession and practice, or that we should find ourselves beset by harassing doubts as to the quality of the tree which brings forth such fruit. It is perhaps illogical that such doubts should intrude themselves. We shall be told that a tree should be judged, if not by its choicest products, at least by their average quality, and not by the blasted and abortive specimens of a partly-decayed and worm-eaten branch. All of which is perfectly true; but the taste of one acrid crab into which we have inadvertently set our teeth will for the time obliterate all memory of the rich-flavoured golden pippins which graced the desert-table last winter. So, likewise, when we find the professed minister of Christ going about inculcating indifference to worldly things, carelessness of place and pelf, truthfulness and straightforwardness in word and deed, honour and integrity in all the relations of life, charity in judging the acts of his fellow-men, and forgiveness towards those who have used him spitefully—when we behold all these things, and when we see the self-same personage living a life much nearer akin to that of Judas than to that of Jesus: when we see him greedy, self-seeking and mean almost beyond conception: when we discover that he can lie as glibly as Ananias, and that no one who knows him has any confidence in his truthfulness or integrity: when we find him going about secretly maligning and lying about his betters: when we learn that he is possessed by a filthy imagination which revels in the contemplation of salacious stories—stories which he relates under the hypocritical pretence of being inexpressibly shocked thereby: when we find

at his heart is filled with rancour and hatred against those who have detected and exposed his rascalities: when he finds that he has a ferocious temper, over which he has no more control than a wild beast: that he rushes into fits with shrieks of hysteria whenever he finds himself laid up to the scorn which he knows himself to richly merit—then, is it any wonder that we are led to ask if such miserable creatures as this really have any faith in the religion which they profess?

CLERICAL SCOUNDRELS.

WE have been led into this train of reflection by an examination of the columns of the newspapers which have reached this office by a single day's post. In the ordinary course of things, one can hardly take up a newspaper without coming upon some more or less serious delinquency committed by a minister of religion; but of late the crop of clerical shortcomings has been of exceptional quality and abundance. Within the last few days three pastors have been brought to account in the city of New York alone for conduct which, if proved, ought forever to exclude them from the society of decent men and women. Other cases of like nature have simultaneously come to light in *fourteen different localities* in the United States. Well, it may be said, all these things happen across the lines, where a looser state of things prevails than is to be found among us. There is certainly more clerical misconduct in the States than there is in Canada, inasmuch as the population of the former is about fifty millions, whereas our own population is not more than one-tenth as large. But one need not go outside Canada, or even outside the godly city of Toronto, to find ministers of religion and ecclesiastical officials who are guilty of acts unbecoming to Christian men. A single day's issue of the Toronto papers last week contained two cases in point. One was the case of an elder of a church, who appeared at the Police Court charged with obstructing his minister from entering the sacred edifice for the purpose of conducting divine service. The same elder was further charged with using insulting language towards a member of the congregation. The case has not yet been heard, and it may be that the accused will be found innocent of the offence laid to his charge. But the newspapers which recorded the foregoing circumstances also contained a letter from another clerical personage—the Rev. William Inglis, of Toronto—which, assuming the writer to be in possession of his senses, would seem to demand the attention of the Presidency. The subject of the letter is an epistle written by another minister, the Rev. Mr. Macleod, of the Central Presbyterian Church. Mr. Macleod's letter we have not seen, but it appears that he therein characterized Inglis as a "party-writer, pre-eminently distinguished for truthfulness." This was more than the reverend journalist could stand. Was it because he resented the imputation of being truthful? Or was it consciousness of his own shortcomings that led him to assume that Mr. Macleod had written ironically, and meant to charge him, by implication, with being *untruthful*? But the manner of the letter in reply is as objectionable as the matter. It is one sustained shriek of impotent rage

from first to last. The writer winds up by denouncing his clerical brother as a "conscious calumniator"—an expression which, translated into good English, is neither more nor less than "wilful liar." How a man of mature years, and the most ordinary discretion or common sense, should have been betrayed into pouring forth such a windy, incoherent half-column of hysteria, passes comprehension. His only excuse must be that he was for the time consumed by such a howling tempest of malicious rage as not to be fully responsible for what he was doing. A bad excuse is proverbially said to be better than none at all, but it must be admitted that such an excuse as this comes with singular gracelessness from a professed follower of Him who taught the doctrine of forgiveness in all its plenitude. Is it not a pity, in the interest of himself and his family, that this sweet-tempered cleric had no wise counsellor to stay his hand.

BLACK SHEEP.

BUT let us be just. There are ministers and ministers. A very small proportion of them, we believe, would bring reproach upon themselves in the stupid and senseless manner above indicated. There are black sheep in every flock and if some of them are also scabby, the majority, we honestly believe, are white and wholesome. The Christian ministry contains many grand and noble men in its ranks—many men who are spending their lives in doing such good as comes to their hand, and in trying to leave the world better than they found it. The clerical calling, to anyone who entertains a just idea of its grave duties and responsibilities, is perhaps the most trying and arduous of all professions. But it is only to such conscientious and high-minded persons that the calling is a specially trying one: whereas, to those who merely see in it a medium for getting through the world without doing any hard or useful work, it offers strong temptations. The wonder perhaps is, not that there are so many scabby sheep in the flock, but that healthy ones are not as rare as were righteous men of old in the Cities of the Plain.

A NATIONAL LIBRARY.

IF Canadian literature is to take its place in future history among the literatures of the world, it is of the highest importance that such works as have already been produced by our own writers should be preserved. It is the rule in many European countries that copies of all new books be sent to some central national library, such as the British Museum or Bibliothèque Nationale. As to the aid which such collections of national literature must be to authors and students, no discussion is necessary. There is so much excellent general literature produced all over the world at the present day that cosmopolitanism in reading is apt to crush out the desire of maintaining a national independence in this respect. Would it not be well that compulsory care be taken of the Canadian books published from year to year? They may now be regarded as ephemeral, but in years to come, when this great Dominion shall have accomplished her destiny by becoming a great nation, such a collection of literature would be of inestimable value.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, MAY 7TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT, - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

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To Contributors.—The Editor cannot undertake to return MSS. by post, even when they are accompanied by stamps to pay return postage.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

AN opinion is becoming widely prevalent that the secret society business is considerably overdone, and there are well-informed persons in this city who do not hesitate to say that the influence of those societies is becoming decidedly pernicious, if not absolutely dangerous to the public weal.

Such remarks as these are made, not by cranks, or by those claiming to be suffering from chronic grievances, but by liberal-minded persons of the highest intelligence, who are not given to talking at random or making extraordinary charges without having facts to support them.

Direct testimony is of course very difficult, if not impossible, to obtain in such cases, but there is a large accumulation of circumstantial evidence which cannot be ignored, and which is being quietly collected with a view to ultimate publication.

We have recently had an opportunity of examining a considerable portion of this evidence, and we frankly confess that we have been more than a little surprised at some of the revelations which the examination has forced upon us. Very little of the testimony is of such a character as to be available before a legal tribunal, even if there were any means of bringing it to such a test. But much of it is of a kind to carry conviction to the mind of anyone who gives it serious and dispassionate consideration, and who has no object but to get at the plain truth. And if a tithe of what is alleged is susceptible of verification, it is high time for the community to awaken to the danger by which it is threatened.

It is said that persons who belong to secret societies exercise an altogether unjust discrimination as against outsiders in dealing with the business and social affairs of every-day life.

Some of the facts brought forward in support of this assertion are such that the conclusion forced upon the mind is simply irresistible. Specific instances are given, with names and dates, and a good deal of light is thrown upon certain contracts and public events which have hitherto been enveloped in an air of mystery.

It is even beginning to be whispered pretty loudly that, in the lodges of some of the higher degrees, political and other appointments are discussed and determined upon, and that, when necessary, pressure is brought to bear in various quarters to force the hands of those having the power of appointment.

Some of the appointments in connection with the School Board and the Public Library are thus for the first time made intelligible.

We are informed, moreover, that this is no new thing, but that it has of late assumed dimensions which it never before attained, at any rate in this country.

It is possible that the Church of Rome, in setting her face against secret societies, may have been acting not merely in her own interests, but in the interests of society at large.

We shall return to this subject at an early day.

AN HOUR AT THE EDUCATIONAL MUSEUM.

HAVING been unwillingly absent for a long period from all artistic associations, save a few books and the great canvas of nature, I was glad to refresh my memory of some of the greatest Old World pictures the other morning by viewing the copies at the Museum of the Educational Department. I procured a catalogue and started at once for the Italian schools. Among my first discoveries were the facts of many pictures being unnumbered or wrongly numbered, and of others being hung either in dark spaces between windows or in corridors where a gloomy colour, light and plenty of darkness prevented one from seeing them at all. In the relations between spectator and picture chiaroscuro is all very well, if the latter be in the light and the former in the shade. When the case is otherwise, every thing—soul, sense and object—is entirely in the dark. In Normal buildings one is tempted to expect normal methods. However, the majority of the copies are as fairly placed as possible, although the necessity for economy of space has so crowded them together as to destroy the possibility of any chronological arrangement. Nor can a scholarly grouping be expected. Where there is little art one must make great allowance, and in a city of incongruous architecture and inconsistent morality, too much taste cannot be expected. Which remark is not intended as a sneer.

It seems a little strange that Angelico's art—so important as being the earliest effort of the pre-Raphaelites and the most spiritual product of the pietist painters—should only be represented by a small reliquary, stuck away at the top of a dark corner, where nothing is distinguishable but the blaze of gold groundwork on which the Virgin is seen *in masse*, with surrounding figures. It may have been placed there by accident, or because it is small and not very distinct, on which latter account it should certainly occupy a light and discernible position. Of this purest of religious painters, perhaps the best example would be a copy of one of his Annunciations or Crucifixions, which should be placed in the best possible position in veneration of the holy man who made it, and of the earliest and purest devotion paintings. The example at present in the room is completely useless as a type of Fra Angelico's power and purity, even if one could see it.

The one copy of him nicknamed Ghirlandajo—a "Holy Family"—is an excellent example of his style. The figure of the Child Jesus is especially fine, though not comparable with Carlo Dolci's beautiful infant figures, and still less with

ose of Raffaele. The landscape on the left is worth
 yding, being extremely peculiar and crude in treatment.
 he catalogue gives the date of this artist's death as 1498.
 id it not occur in 1494? Ministers of Education should
 least be accurate in dates. Of the works of Baccio della
 orta, better known as Fra Bartolommeo, three good copies
 e hung. The portrait of Savonarola, his spiritual master,
 striking and strongly handled. The peculiarly dull green
 ound gives a gloomy character to the portrait of the great
 onk, in whose heavy jaws and full lips love and deter-
 mination are firmly blended. Il Fratre's colouring is pecu-
 ar. He loved gloomy greens and light sickly reds, as
 own in both the St. Catharine and Mary. The drapery
 very finely managed; but this was an especial object of
 is patient study. Both these figures belong to the same
 eriod, and the faces are not altogether pleasing. The left
 and of the Virgin at first seems strange; but is due to the
 olds of the overlapping drapery.

The Medusa's Head, attributed to Leonardo Da Vinci, and
 opied from the alleged original in the Uffizi Palace at Flor-
 ace, is so unlike anything of this artist's work as to be
 nsidered by most critics spurious, and the work of a later
 and. A note of this should have been made in the cata-
 gue. The statement, too, that Verrocchio relinquished
 ainting on account of his pupil's (Leonardo) superiority is
 lso known to be incorrect. The story affixed to "The
 edusa's Head" seems to refer to another lost picture, in
 hich a dragonic beast was compounded of horrible shapes.
 Whether the Medusa be genuine or not, it is a remarkably
 orrid painting. The livid blue and red tints and the
 hastily stare of the half closed eyes are certainly of power-
 ul and weird effect, and the intense gloom over it all, un-
 roken except for the little light glittering on the almost
 etallic coils of the hair-snakes, adds to its horrible fascina-
 ion. It is a relief to turn and admire the tones in the copy
 f "Vertumnus and Pomona," which are wonderful. The
 esh is especially fine in modesty, and the hands are most
 eautifully drawn. The great variety of colouring in this
 icture is so perfectly harmonious that one looks around in
 ain for anything approaching its delicate handling. It is
 ot brilliant; neither is it subdued; but the harmony is
 most perfect and the effect most pleasing. This is one of
 he best copies in the room, and worthy of all possible study.
 he drapery is beautifully finished and well reproduced.
 ndoubtedly this is one of the gems of the collection, and
 ecalls the great power of that many-sided genius who has
 een aptly termed the Faust of Italian Renaissance, and
 whose influence was felt long after he ceased to produce
 uch masterpieces of colour as the one reproduced here.

SAREPTA.

THE book about Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, by his
 chaplain, Dr. Koch, which was announced some time ago,
 will be published shortly in London. It will contain the
 Prince's own explanation of the submissive telegram he sent
 to the Czar after his return to Sofia, showing that he thus
 personally humbled himself in order, if possible, to save
 Bulgaria from the further consequences of the Czar's anger.

Poetry.

HOW THE BABY CAME.

THE Lady Moon came down last night—
 She did, you needn't doubt it—
 A lovely lady dressed in white :
 I'll tell you all about it.
 They hurried Len and me to bed,
 And Auntie said, "Now, maybe
 That pretty moon up overhead
 Will bring us down a baby.

"You lie as quiet as can be :
 Perhaps you'll catch her peeping
 Between the window-bars, to see
 If all the folks are sleeping.
 And then, if both of you are still,
 And all the room is shady,
 She'll float across the window-sill,
 A pretty white moon-lady.

"Across the sill, along the floor,
 You'll see her shining brightly,
 Until she comes to mother's door,
 And then she'll vanish lightly.
 But in the morning you will find,
 If nothing happens, maybe,
 She's left us something nice behind—
 A beautiful star-baby."

We didn't just believe her then,
 For Auntie's always chaffing ;
 The tales she tells to me and Len
 Would make you die a-laughing ;
 And when she went out pretty soon,
 Len said : "That's Auntie's humming ;
 There ain't a bit of Lady Moon,
 Nor any baby coming."

I thought myself it was a fib,
 And yet I wasn't certain ;
 So I kept quiet in the crib,
 And peeped behind the curtain.
 I didn't mean to sleep a wink,
 But all without a warning,
 I dropt right off—and, don't you think,
 I never waked till morning !

Then there was Auntie by my bed,
 And when I climbed and kissed her,
 She laughed and said, "You sleepy head,
 You've got a little sister !
 What made you shut your eyes so soon ?
 I've half a mind to scold you—
 For down she came, that Lady Moon,
 Exactly as I told you !"

And truly it was not a joke,
 In spite of Len's denying ;
 For just the very time she spoke
 We heard the baby crying.
 The way we jumped, and made a rush
 For mother's room that minute !
 But Auntie stopped us, crying, "Hush !
 Or else you shan't go in it."

And so we had to tiptoe in,
 And keep as awful quiet
 As if it was a mighty sin
 To make a bit of riot.
 But there was baby, anyhow—
 The funniest little midget !
 I just wish you could peep in now,
 And see her squirm and fidget.

Len says he don't believe its true
 (He isn't such a gaby),
 The moon had anything to do
 With bringing us that baby.
 But seems to me it's very clear,
 As clear as running water—
 Last night there was no baby here,
 So something must have brought her.

THE latest acquisition to a dime museum is a man who has a
 spiral neck, shaped something like a corkscrew. It is supposed
 that he sat in a theatre behind a high hat, and twisted his neck
 out of shape in trying to get a glimpse of the stage.

Literary Notes.

THE recent biography of Charles Reade by his brother and his nephew is a wretched piece of literary work, contemptibly inadequate to the subject, and altogether lacking in those qualities which made Charles Reade himself so effective whenever he had a pen in his hand and a congenial theme to work upon. To begin with, it is clear that the writers are the rawest kind of entered apprentices at the literary craft. The subject before them was one of surpassing interest. Charles Reade had a strong individuality, and what Dr. Johnson would have called the "anfractuosities" of his intellect made him a tempting subject for biography. Then, there was more variety in his life than falls to the share of most writers in these nineteenth century times, and a skilful pen could have made a book about him which would not have fallen far short of Boswell himself in point of interest. In spite of the incompetence of the authors, indeed, the book is interesting, but it is so amateurish and so grossly inadequate to its theme that one's appreciation is disturbed on almost every page. For the sake of the dead author's fame, it is much to be regretted that the preparation of the work was not entrusted to competent hands—to the hands, for instance, of Walter Besant, who knew and loved Charles Reade; who is a wise and just critic, and who is master of a pleasing and withal scholarly style. He would have done full justice to his subject, and have given us a book which would have taken rank among the great biographies of English literature; whereas the actual production is enough to make the author of *The Cloister and the Hearth* turn over in his grave.

PROFESSOR BRYCE had a vigorous letter in last Saturday's *Globe* on the *Week's* so-called criticism of his *Short History of the Canadian People*. He disclaims, and with perfect justice, the imputation of being unpatriotic in his references to Canadian literature. "As a Canadian born and bred," he writes, "I desire—yes, intensely desire—to see a representative Canadian literature, but I maintain that the way to obtain this is not to call base metal pure gold. To gain this the standard of literary criticism must be raised high, the bustling penny-a-liners and mere literary hacks must be scourged out of the temple of truth, and the devotees of dulness given their due reward. . . I for one refuse to put Don Quixotes and Sancho Panzas into the lists, and call them Geraints or Galahads." This reproof from Professor Bryce is well-timed. The miserable little clique of half-educated scribblers who for several years back have been trying to puff one another into notoriety must be severely repressed before the literary calling can hope to win respect in Ontario. Persons who have no educational or other fitness for literary pursuits, and who would find their proper vocation in some much less ambitious sphere, have contrived to push themselves into notice, and now have the assurance to pose among those who know no better as "literary men." Some of these have already found their true level, and have sunk utterly out of sight. The rest will follow in due course, and the sooner the better. Meanwhile, Professor Bryce's much-needed rebuke may perhaps have the effect of stopping the mouths of some of the most noisy and blatant of the whole batch.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN has in the press an original series of prose and verse compositions issued under the general title of *Latter Day Leaves*. Each portion will be complete in itself, and published at a low price, with illustrations. The first "leaf" is called *Thro' the Dark City*, and is illustrated by Mr. Peter Macnab.

THE Society of Authors, says the *Athenæum*, have certainly succeeded in making themselves talked about, and they have at any rate, interested the public in their case. One charge, however, has been made by them which is hardly fair to their hereditary foes. We believe no publisher of standing refuses to show his books to an author who has a joint interest in any work he has published. Of course, it would be rash to make a general statement when the contrary has been confidently asserted; there may be firms of high reputation who decline to permit an inspection of their accounts; but we can positively say that Mr. Murray, Messrs. Macmillan, and some others who might be named, have never made any difficulty in opening their books.

THE Americans are not to be outdone in evidence of their admiration for Thackeray, in spite of the recent criticism on his art by Howells, James and some others of their own writers. They are preparing a little volume of unpublished sketches and drawings, mostly contributed by Thackeray to the albums of friends during his stay in America. The volume will however include reproductions of some early drawings prepared for, but not published in, *Fraser's Magazine*. These have recently been discovered in the late Mr. James Fraser's own copy of the magazine, and comprise an interesting drawing in pen-and-ink of the immortal Charles Yellowplush, signed "Y^r obeajnt Servnt, Cha^s Yellowplush," and an engraving intended for *Catherine*, called "The Interview of Mr. Billings with his Father," which, so far as is known, though actually engraved, was not issued in the magazine. This volume will be published by Messrs. Benjamin & Bell, of New York, under the title of *Thackeray as an Artist*.

THE first number of a new two-dollar magazine entitled *Home Knowledge* has reached us from the office of publication in New York. The letterpress consists of sixty-four well-printed pages of excellent general matter. Two of the articles have commended themselves to us for early reproduction in these columns. We notice a timely article on Henry George, contributed by F. T. Jones, a former resident of Toronto, where he was for some time editor of the *Canadian Monthly Magazine*. There are also papers by Julian Hawthorne, Don Piatt, A. W. Gundry, and other well-known writers. A word of commendation is due to the cover, which is a model of neat and tasteful design.

A NEW author named John Beattie Crozier has just published a book which he calls *A Study of English Democracy*. The writer is greatly scandalized that such a man as he deems Lord Randolph Churchill to be should have risen to his present commanding position in the political world; and to make it "difficult or impossible" for another having only like qualities to achieve the same success he has written these pages. What Mr. Crozier thinks of his subject may be gathered from the fact that he holds Lord Randolph to have used "cheap expedients," and "a licentious and unbridled tongue," to attain to his present position. As an orator he is not equal in ability to a "third-rate coger," and as a statesman he is famous for his "tricks" of personation, abuse and exaggeration. In the published speeches of Lord Randolph Mr. Crozier is unable to discover any evidences of originality, comprehensiveness, initiativeness, or "centric observations on human life generally." If the reader asks how came it then that such a man has risen to power? the answer is ready. It is the Press, the wicked, deluded Press that has done it. If the sentences in which this book was written were not so long—many of them occupy a whole page—it would be spicy reading.

THE STORY OF A GAME LEG.

MAJOR GRANT, of Massachusetts was returning home from Moosehead Lake, where he had been to look after one of his newly-purchased townships, and to sell stumpage to the loggers for the ensuing winter, when he stopped for the night at a snug tavern in one of the back towns in Maine, and having been to the stable, and seen with his own eyes that his horse was well provided with hay and grain, he returned to the bar-room, laid aside his cloak, and took a seat by the box stove, which was waging a war with the cold and raw atmosphere of November.

The major was a large, portly man, well-to-do in the world, and red his comfort. Having called for a mug of hot flip, he loaded his long pipe, and prepared for a long and comfortable smoke. He was also a very social man, and there being but one person in the room with him, he invited him to join him in a tumbler of punch. This gentleman was Doctor Snow, an active member of a temperance society, and therefore he politely begged to be excused; but having a good share of the volubility natural to his profession, he readily entered into conversation with the major, answered many of his inquiries about the townships in that section of the State, described minutely the process of lumbering, explained how it might be made profitable, and showed why it was often attended with great loss. A half hour thus passed imperceptibly away, and the doctor rose, drew his wrapper close about him, and placed his cap on his head. The major looked around the room with an air of uneasiness.

"What, going so soon, Doctor? No more company here to-night, ain't it? Dull business, Doctor, to sit alone one of these long tedious evenings. Always want somebody to talk with; man wasn't made to be alone, you know."

"True," said the doctor, "and I should be happy to spend the evening with you; but I have to go three miles to see a patient at to-night, and it's high time I was off. But luckily, Major, you won't be left alone after all, for there comes Jack Robinson, driving his horse and wagon into the yard now; and I presume he'll not only spend the evening with you, but stop all night."

"Well, that's good news," said the Major, "if he'll only talk. Will he talk, Doctor?"

"Talk? yes! till all is blue. He's the greatest talker you ever met. I'll tell you what 'tis, Major, I'll bet the price of your reckoning here to-night, that you may ask him the most direct simple question you please, and you shan't get an answer from him under half an hour, and he shall keep talking a steady stream the whole time, too."

"Done," said the Major; "'tis a bet. Let us understand it clearly, now. You say I may ask him any simple, plain question I please, and he shall be half an hour answering it, and talk all the time too; and you will bet my night's reckoning of it."

"That's the bet exactly," said the doctor.

Here the parties shook hands upon it, just as the door opened, and Mr. Jack Robinson came limping into the room, supported by a crutch, and with something of a bustling, care-for-nothing air, hobbled along toward the fire. The doctor introduced Mr. Jack Robinson to Major Grant, and after the usual salutations and shaking of hands, Mr. Robinson took his seat upon the other side of the stove, opposite the Major.

Mr. Jack Robinson was a small, brisk man, with a grey twinkling eye, and a knowing expression of countenance. As he carefully settled himself into his chair, resting his lame limb against the edge of the stove-hearth, he threw his hat carelessly upon the floor, laid his crutch across his knee, and looked round with a satisfied air, that seemed to say, "Now, gentlemen, if you want to know the time of day, here's the boy that can tell ye."

"Allow me, Mr. Robinson, to help you to a tumbler of hot flip," said the major, raising the mug from the stove.

"With all my heart, and thank ye too," said Robinson, taking a sip from the tumbler. "I believe there's nothing better for a cold day than a hot flip. I've known it to cure many a one who was thought to be in a consumption. There's something so—"

"And I have known it," said the doctor, shrugging his shoulders, "to kill many a one that was thought to have an excellent constitution and sound health."

"There's something so warming," continued Mr. Robinson, following up his own thoughts so earnestly that he seemed not to have heard the remark of the doctor "there's something so warming and so nourishing in hot flip, it seems to give new life to the blood, and puts the insides all in good trim. And as for cold weather, it will keep that out better than any double-milled kersey or fearnot great coat that I ever see."

"I could drive twenty miles in a cold day with a good mug of hot flip easier than I could ten miles without it. And this is a cold day, gentlemen, a real cold day, there's no mistake about it. This norwester cuts like a razor. But tain't nothing near so cold as 'twas a year ago; the twenty-second day of this month. That day, it seemed as if your breath would freeze stiff before it got an inch from your mouth. I drove my little Canada grey in a sleigh that day twelve miles in forty-five minutes, and froze two of my toes on my lame leg as stiff as maggots. Them toes chill a great deal quicker than they do on t'other foot. In my well days I never froze the coldest day that ever blew. But that cold snap, the twenty-second day of last November, if my little grey hadn't gone like a bird, would have done the job for my poor lame foot. When I got home I found two of my sheep dead, and they were under a good shed, too. And one of my neighbours, poor fellow, went into the woods after a load of wood, and we found him next day froze to death, leaning up against a beech tree as stiff as a stake. But his oxen was alive and well. It's very wonderful how much longer a brute critter will stan' the cold than a man will. Them oxen didn't even shiver."

"Perhaps," said the doctor, standing with his back towards Mr. Robinson, "perhaps the oxen had taken a mug of hot flip before they went into the woods."

By this time Major Grant began to feel a little suspicious that he might lose his bet, and was setting all his wits to work to fix on a question so direct and limited in its nature, that it could not fail to draw from Mr. Robinson a pretty direct answer. He had thought at first of making some simple inquiry about the weather; but he now felt convinced that, with Mr. Robinson, the weather was a very copious subject. He had also several times thought of asking some question in relation to the beverage they were drinking; such as, whether Mr. Robinson preferred flip to hot sling. And at first he could hardly perceive, if the question were put direct, how it could fail to bring out a direct yes or no. But the discursive nature of Mr. Robinson's eloquence on flip had already induced him to turn his thoughts in another direction for a safe and suitable question. At last he thought he would make his inquiry in reference to Mr. Robinson's lameness. He would have asked the cause of his lameness, but the thought occurred to him that the cause might not be clearly known, or his lameness might have been produced by a complication of causes, that would allow too much latitude for a reply. He resolved, therefore, simply to ask him whether his lameness was in the leg or in the foot. That was a question which it appeared to him required a short answer. For if it were in the leg, Mr. Robinson would say it was in his leg; and if it were in his foot, he would at once reply, in his foot; and if it were in both, what could be more natural than that he should say, in both? and that would seem to be the end of the story.

Having at length fully made up his mind as to the point of attack, he prepared for the charge, and taking a careless look at his watch, he gave the doctor a sly wink. Doctor Snow, without turning or scarce appearing to move, drew his watch from beneath his wrapper so far as to see the hour, and returned it again to his pocket.

"Mr. Robinson," said the major, "if I may presume to make the inquiry, is your lameness in the leg or in the foot?"

"Well, that reminds me," said Mr. Robinson, taking a sip from the tumbler, which he still held in his hand, "that reminds me of what my old father said to me once when I was a boy. Says he, 'Jack, you blockhead, don't you never tell where anything is, unless you can first tell how it come there.' The reason of his saying it was this: Father and I was coming in the steamboat from New York to Providence; and they was all strangers on board—we didn't know one of 'em from Adam; and on the way, one of the passengers missed his pocket-book, and begun to make a great

outcry about it. He called the captain, and said there must be a search. The boat must be searched, and all the passengers and all on board must be searched. Well, the captain he agreed to it; and at it they went, and overhauled everything from one end of the boat to t'other; but they couldn't find hide nor hair of it. And they searched all the passengers and all the hands, but they couldn't get no track on't. And the man that lost the pocket-book took on and made a great fuss. He said it wasn't so much on account of the money, for there wasn't a great deal in it; but the papers in it were of great consequence to him, and he offered to give ten dollars to any body that would find it. Pretty soon after that, I was fixin' up father's berth a little, where he was going to sleep, and I found the pocket-book under the clothes at the head of the berth, where the thief had tucked it away while the search was going on. So I took it, tickled enough, and run to the man, and told him I had found his pocket-book. He caught it out of my hands, and says he, 'Where did you find it?' Says I, 'Under the clothes in the head of my father's berth.'

"In your father's berth, did you?" says he, and he gave me a look and spoke so sharp, I jumped as if I was going out of my skin. "Says he, 'Show me the place.'

"So I run and showed him the place.

"Call your father here," says he. So I run and called father.

"Now Mister," says he to father, 'I should like to know how my pocket-book come in your berth.'

"I don't know nothin' about it," says father.

"Then he turned to me and says he, 'Young man, how came this pocket-book in your father's berth?'

"Says I, 'I can't tell. I found it there, and that's all I know about it.'

"Then he called the captain and asked him if he knew us. The captain said he didn't. The man looked at us mighty sharp, first to father, and then to me, and eyed us from top to toe. We wasn't neither of us dressed very slick, and we could tell by his looks pretty well what he was thinking. At last he said he would leave it to the passengers whether, under all the circumstances, he should pay the boy the ten dollars or not. I looked at father, and his face was as red as a blaze, and I see his dander begun to rise. He didn't wait for any of the passengers to give their opinion about it, but says he to the man, 'Dod-rot your money! if you've got any more than you want, you may throw it into the sea for what I care; but if you offer any of it to my boy, I'll send you where a streak of lightning wouldn't reach you in six months.'

"That seemed to settle the business; the man didn't say no more to father, and most of the passengers begun to look as if they didn't believe father was guilty. But a number of times after that, on the passage, I see the man that lost the pocket-book whisper to some of the passengers, and then turn and look at father. And then father would look gritty enough to bite a board-nail off. When we got ashore, as soon as we got a little out of sight of folks, father caught hold of my arm and gave it a most awful jerk, and says he, 'Jack, you blockhead, don't you never tell where anything is again, unless you can first tell how it come there.'

"Now it would be about as difficult," continued Mr. Robinson after a slight pause, which he employed in taking a sip from his tumbler, "for me to tell to a certainty how I come by this lameness, as it was to tell how the pocket-book come in father's berth. There was a hundred folks aboard, and we knew some of 'em must a put it in; but which one 'twas, it would have puzzled a Philadelphia lawyer to tell. Well, it's pretty much so with my lameness. This poor leg of mine has gone through some most awful sieges, and it's a wonder there's an inch of it left. But it's a pretty good leg yet; I can almost bear my weight upon it; and with the help of a crutch you'd be surprised to see how fast I can get over the ground."

"Then your lameness is in the leg rather than in the foot?" said Major Grant, taking advantage of a short pause in Mr. Robinson's speech.

"Well, I was going on to tell you all the particulars," said Mr. Robinson. "You've no idea what terrible narrow chances I've gone through with this leg."

"Then the difficulty is in the leg, is it not?" said Major Grant. "Well, after I tell you the particulars," said Mr. Robinson, "you can judge for yourself. The way it first got hurt was going in a swimming, when I was about twelve years old. I could swim like a duck, and used to be in Uncle John's mill-pond along with his Stephen half the time. Uncle John, he always used to keep scolding at us and telling of us we should get sucked into the floome bime-by, and break our plaguy necks under the water-wheel. But we knew better. We'd tried it so much we could tell jest how near we could go to the gate and get away again without being drawn through. But one day Steeve, jest to plague me, threw my straw hat into the pond between me and the gate. I was swimming about two rods from the gate, and the hat was almost as near as we dared to go, and the stream was sucking it down pretty fast, so I sprung with all my might to catch the hat before it should go through and get smashed under the water-wheel. When I got within about half my length of it, I found I was as near the gate as we ever dared to go. But I hated to lose the hat, and I thought I might venture to go a little nearer, so I fetched a spring with all my might, and grabbed the hat and put it on my head, and turned back and pulled for my life. At first I thought I gained a little, and I made my hands and feet fly as tight as I could spring. In about a minute I found I didn't gain a bit one way nor t'other; and then I sprang as if I would a tore my arms off; and it seemed as if I could feel the sweat start all over me right there in the water. I begun to feel all at once as if death had me by the heels, and I screamed for help. Stephen was on the shore watching me, but he couldn't get near enough to help me. When he see I couldn't gain any and heard me scream, he was about as scared as I was, and turned and run towards the mill, and screamed for uncle as loud as he could bawl. In a minute uncle come running to the mill-pond and got there jest time enough to see me going through the gate feet foremost. Uncle said, if he should live to be as old as Methuselah, he should never forget what a beseeching look my eyes had as I lifted up my hands towards him and then sunk going into the floome. He knew I should be smashed all to pieces under the great water-wheel: but he run round as fast as he could to the tail of the mill to be ready to pick up my mangled body when it got through, so I might be carried home and buried. Presently he see me drifting along in the white foam that came out from under the mill, and he got a pole with a hook to it and drew me to the shore. He found I was not jammed all to pieces as he expected, though he couldn't see any signs of life. But having considerable doctor skill, he went to work upon me and rolled me over, and rubbed me, and worked upon me, till bime-by I began to groan and breathe. And at last I come to so I could speak. They carried me home and sent for a doctor to examine me. My left foot and leg was terribly bruised, and one of the bones broke, and that was all the hurt there was on me. I must have gone lengthways right in between two buckets of the water-wheel, and that saved my life. But this poor leg and foot got such a bruising I wasn't able to go a step on it for three months, and never got entirely over it to this day."

"Then your lameness is in the leg and foot both, is it not?" said Major Grant, hoping at this favourable point to get an answer to this question.

"Oh, it wasn't that bruising under the mill-wheel," said Mr. Jack Robinson, "that caused this lameness, though I've no doubt it caused a part of it and helps to make it worse; but it wasn't the principal cause. I've had tougher scrapes than that in my day, and I was going on to tell you what I s'pose hurt my leg more than anything else ever happened to it. When I was about eighteen years old I was the greatest hunter there was within twenty miles round. I had a first-rate little fowling-piece; she would carry as true as a hair. I could hit a squirrel fifty yards twenty times running. And at all the thanksgiving shooting matches I used to pop off the geese and turkeys so fast, it spoiled all their fun; and they got so at last they wouldn't let me fire till all the rest had fired round three times apiece. And when a lot of 'em had fired at a turkey three times and couldn't hit it, they would say, 'Well, that turkey belongs to Jack Robinson.' So I would up and fire and pop it over. Well, I used to be almo-

erlastingly a gunning; and father would fret and scold, because whenever there was any work to do, Jack was always off in the woods. One day I started to go over Bear Mountain, about twelve miles from home, to see if I couldn't kill some raccoons; and I took my brother Ned, who was three years younger than myself, with me to help bring home the game. We took some bread and cheese and doughnuts in our pockets, for we calculated to be gone all day, and I shouldered my little fowling-piece, and took a plenty of powder and shot and small bullets, and off we started through the woods. When we got round the other side of Bear Mountain, here I had always had the best luck in hunting, it was about noon. On the way I had killed a couple of grey squirrels, a large raccoon, and a hedge-hog. We sat down under a large beech tree to eat our bread and cheese. As we sat eating, we looked up to the tree, and it was very full of beechnuts. They were about ripe, but there had not been frost enough to make them drop much from the tree. So says I to Ned, 'Let us take some sticks and climb this tree and beat off some nuts to carry home.' So we cut some sticks, and up we went. We hadn't but just got clever—up into the body of the tree, before we heard something crackling among the bushes a few rods off. We looked and listened, and heard it again, louder and nearer. In a minute we see the bushes moving, not three rods off from the tree, and something black stirring about among them. Then out come an awful great black bear, the ugliest looking feller that ever I laid my eyes on. He looked up towards the tree we was on, and turned up his nose as though he was snuffing something. I begun to feel pretty freaked; I knew bears was terrible climbers, and I'd a gin all the world if I'd only had my gun in my hand, well loaded. But there was no time to go down after it now, and I thought the only way was to keep as still as possible, and perhaps he might go off again about his business. So we didn't stir nor hardly breathe. Whether the old feller smelt us, or whether he was looking for beechnuts, I don't know; but he reared right up on his hind legs and walked as straight to the tree as a man could walk. He walked round the tree twice, and turned his great black nose up, and looked more like Old Nick than anything I ever see before. Then he stuck his sharp nails into the sides of the tree, and begun to hitch himself up. I felt as if we had got to a bad scrape, and wished we was out of it. Ned begun to yell. But, says I to Ned, 'It's no use to take on about it; if he's coming up we must fight him off the best way we can.' We climbed up higher into the tree, and the old bear come hitching along up after us. I made Ned go up above me, and, as I had a pretty good club in my hand, I thought I might be able to keep the old feller down. He didn't seem to stop for the beechnuts, it kept climbing right up towards us. When he got up pretty far I poked my club at him, and he showed his teeth and growled. Says I, 'Ned, scramble up a little higher.' We climb up two or three limbs higher, and the old bear followed close after. When he got up so he could almost touch my feet, I thought it was time to begin to fight. So I up with my club and tried to fetch him a pelt over the nose. And the very first blow he knocked the club right out of my hand, with his great nigger paw, as easy as I could knock it out of the hand of a baby a year old. I begun to think then it was gone goose with us. However, I took Ned's club, and thought I'd try once more; but he knocked it out of my hand like a feather, and made another hitch and abbed at my feet. We scrambled up the tree, and he after us, till we got almost to the top of the tree. At last I had to stop a little for Ned, and the old bear clinched my feet. First he stuck his claw into 'em and then he stuck his teeth into 'em, and begun to naw. I felt as if 'twas a gone case, but I kicked and fit, and told Ned to get up higher; and he did get up a little higher, and I got up a little higher too, and the old bear made another hitch and come up higher, and begun to naw my heels again. And then the top of the tree begun to bend, for we had got up high we was all on a single limb as 'twere; and it bent a little more, and cracked and broke, and down we went, bear and all, about thirty feet, to the ground. At first I didn't know whether I was dead or alive. I guess we all lay still as much as a minute before we could make out to breathe. When I come to my feeling a little, I found the bear had fell on my lame leg, and give it

another most awful crushing. Ned wasn't hurt much. He fell on top of the bear, and the bear fell partly on me. Ned sprung off and got out of the way of the bear; and in about a minute more the bear crawled up slowly on to his feet, and began to walk off, without taking any notice of us, and I was glad enough to see that he went rather lame. When I come to try my legs I found one of 'em was terribly smashed, and I couldn't walk a step on it. So I told Ned to hand me my gun, and to go home as fast as he could go, and get the horse and father, and come and carry me home.

"Ned went off upon the quick trot, as if he was after the doctor. But the blundering critter—Ned always was a great blunderer—lost his way and wandered about in the woods all night, and didn't get home till sunrise next morning. The way I spent the night wasn't very comfortable, I can tell ye. Jest before dark it begun to rain, and I looked round to try to find some kind of a shelter. At last I see a great tree, lying on the ground a little ways off, that seemed to be holler. I crawled along to it, and found there was a holler in one end large enough for me to creep into. So in I went, and in order to get entirely out of the way of the spattering of the rain, and keep myself dry, I crept in as much as ten feet. I laid there and rested myself as well as I could, though my leg pained me too much to sleep. Some time in the night, all at once, I heard a sort of rustling noise at the end of the log where I come in. My hair stood right on end. It was dark as Egypt; I couldn't see the least thing, but I could hear the rustling noise again, and it sounded as if it was coming into the log. I held my breath, but I could hear something breathing heavily, and there seemed to be a sort of scratching against the sides of the log, and it kept working along in towards me. I clinched my fowling-piece and held on to it. 'Twas well loaded with a brace of balls and some shot besides. But whether to fire, or what to do, I couldn't tell. I was sure there was some terrible critter in the log, and the rustling noise kept coming nearer and nearer to me. At last I heard a low kind of a growl. I thought if I was only dead and decently buried somewhere I should be glad; for to be eat up alive there by bears, or wolves, or catamounts, I couldn't bear the idea of it. In a minute more something made a horrible grab at my feet, and begun to naw 'em. At first I crawled a little further into the tree. But the critter was hold of my feet again in a minute, and I found it was no use for me to go in any farther. I didn't hardly dare to fire; for I thought if I didn't kill the critter, it would only be likely to make him fight the harder. And then again I thought if I should kill him and he should be as large as I fancied him to be, I should never be able to shove him out of the log, nor to get out by him. While I was having these thoughts the old feller was nawing and tearing my feet so bad, I found he would soon kill me if I laid still. So I took my gun and pointed down by my feet, as near the centre of the holler log as I could, and let drive. The report almost stunned me. But when I came to my hearing again, I laid still and listened. Everything round me was still as death; I couldn't hear the least sound. I crawled back a few inches towards the mouth of the log, and was stopt by something against my feet. I pushed it. 'Twould give a little, but I couldn't move it. I got my hand down far enough to reach, and felt the fur and hair and ears of some terrible animal.

"That was an awful long night. And when the morning did come, the critter filled the holler up so much, there was but very little light come in where I was. I tried again to shove the animal towards the mouth of the log, but I found 'twas no use—I couldn't move him. At last the light come in so much that I felt pretty sure it was a monstrous great bear that I had killed. But I begun to feel as if I was buried alive; for I was afraid our folks wouldn't find me, and I was sure I never could get out myself. But about two hours after sunrise, all at once I thought I heard somebody holler 'Jack.' I listened and I heard it again, and I knew 'twas father's voice. I answered as loud as I could holler. They kept hollering, and I kept hollering. Sometimes they would go further off and sometimes come nearer. My voice sounded so queer they couldn't tell where it come from, nor what to make of it. At last, by going round considerable, they found my voice seemed to be some where round the holler tree, and binne-by father

come along and put his head into the holler of the tree, and called out, 'Jack, are you here?' 'Yes I be,' says I, 'and I wish you would pull this bear out, so I can get out myself.' When they got us out I was about as much dead as alive; but they got me on to the horse, and led me home and nursed me up, and had a doctor to set my leg again; and it's a pretty good leg yet."

Here, while Mr. Robinson was taking another sip from his tumbler, Major Grant glanced at his watch, and, looking up to Doctor Snow, said, with a grave, quiet air, "Doctor, I give it up; the bet is yours."

HATS AS A CAUSE OF BALDNESS.

OF late, frequent reference to baldness has been made in medical and other journals, but none of the articles I have read have given the cause, it seems to me, nor suggested the proper means of prevention. The reasons given are mainly: Wearing a close, warm head-covering, thus rendering the natural one superfluous; the custom of cutting the hair close, living and working indoors, ill-ventilated hats, uncleanness, and heredity. So many explanations indicate an uncertainty as to the real origin. Is it probable that such a uniform result can be due to so many and diverse causes, some of which must operate in one case and not at all in another?

The habit of wearing warm coverings on the head is not of recent date; the armies of Europe, for instance, no inconsiderable number of men, with heads close cropped, have worn for a long period warmer and heavier head-gear than the modern dwellers in cities, without the same tendency to baldness. Nor are the heavy fur coverings of northern races incompatible with luxuriant hair. It is also difficult to understand what injury can result from close cutting, *per se*. The growth is in the hair-follicle, and in it alone; there is no vital connection between the hair outside the scalp and within; it is usually cut closest at the back of the head and neck, where baldness never occurs. Would not close cutting rather stimulate the growth by exposure of the scalp? Such at least is the popular belief. So, too, with indoor life: women, who ought to show it most, whether in the home or in the factory, are never bald as men are; on the contrary, it is most common with men in good circumstances, as Mr. Eaton's statistics show, men who spend a larger proportion of their day time in the open air than the indoor worker.

I believe the common form of baldness is due entirely to the kind of hat that is worn, principally to the high hat and the hard felt hat, but also to any other head-covering that constricts the blood-vessels which nourish the hair-bulbs. To have a clearer understanding of this, we must remember that the scalp is supplied with blood by arteries at the back, sides, and front of, and lying close to, the skull, which diminish in size by frequent branching as they converge toward the top of the head. They are in a most favourable position to be compressed, lying on unyielding bone and covered by thin tissue. Consider what effect must be produced by a close-fitting, heavy, and rigid hat: its pressure must lessen to a certain extent the flow of arterial blood, and obstruct to a greater extent the return of the venous; the result being a sluggish circulation in the capillaries around the hair follicles and bulbs, a consequent impairment of nutrition, and final atrophy. This pressure is not trivial or imaginary, as any one will admit who has noticed the red band of congestion on the forehead when a hard hat is removed after moderate exercise. If the man is bald, the red pressure-mark can be seen all around the head.

It may be asked, Can the wearing of a tight band around the head for a few hours a day have any perceptible effect on the growth of the hair? That the hair-bulbs are susceptible to disturbances of nutrition is evident from the effect of a continued fever, or any wasting disease, where nutrition is seriously impaired. They (the hair bulbs) suffer with the general system; the hair has been starved to death, so to speak, and comes out in large quantities, sometimes amounting to temporary alopecia. If the hair-crop can be thus destroyed by three or four weeks of constant lessened nutrition, it is reasonable to suppose that the same cause, though slight and intermittent, will in time produce the same result.

The course of an ordinary case of baldness corresponds with this view. We observe usually a thinning out of the hair at the

poll of the head, or part corresponding to the posterior fontanelle of infancy; a patch appears two or three inches in diameter like the tonsure of a priest. Or, instead, the thinness may begin above the forehead, but in every case, the hair disappears first where the circulation is weakest—that is, along the top of the head, the region most remote from arterial force. The sparseness at first slight, becomes year by year more apparent, and, finally, bare and polished surface is presented which gradually descends to the hat-band and there stops. Mark this point, it never goes below the rim of the hat. I admit that the line of denudation does not in some cases correspond exactly with the hat-band; it will be noticed that the coincidence is accurate enough at the back of the head from a point opposite the top of the ear on one side to the corresponding point on the other, but in front of this on either side is often a tuft above the horizontal line that still maintains its growth. The explanation is, that the temporal muscle occupying the hollow space in the temporal bone, acts as a cushion thus relieving the pressure on the blood-vessels. In men with rounded heads, full in this region, a continuous line will be observed.

Before leaving this part of the subject I would direct attention to the complete change effected in the scalp after the disappearance of the hair. Unlike the thick, stiff, glandular structure formerly was, it is now soft, thin, and flexible, like that of the forehead or other portions of smooth integument. It has lost its distinct anatomical structure; the hair-bulbs and accessories have withered away. Baldness from disease has no choice of location; it occurs irregularly on any part of the head, or effects the whole surface, quite distinct in this respect from the perfectly regular course of hair-baldness. The latter should not be regarded as disease at all, but rather as an accident of habit.

It does not follow that all persons wearing these objectionable hats must lose their hair. The outline of the head may be irregular, or the blood-vessels may be protected by a thick growth of hair. Close cutting, from this point of view, is injurious, as it allows close contact with the skin. But, few will escape the evil effects of twenty or thirty years of rigid tight-fitting hats, the destructive process being delayed only by the length and frequency of respites from this tourniquet of fashion. I have never seen a person whose habitual head-covering was soft and yielding suffer from baldness. The agriculturist, whose habit it is to wear the loosest head-coverings during the greater part of his life, has usually more hair than is conducive to comfort; but his son who has taken to city life may be bald at thirty. I think it will be noticed that the most rapid cases are among city men with close cut hair who wear the high hat. It must fit closer, as from its height it is more liable to displacement.

The accuracy with which the hatter plies his trade is skill and energy in the wrong direction. The little instrument, the "cutter," that marks on paper the outline of one's head, which the band is moulded to press more uniformly all around, is more destructive of the natural head-covering than ever were the scalping-knives of the North American Indians. It is not uncommon to see an old negro, who has taken to high hats, with a bald and shiny pate above and an abundant crop of hair below the hat-rim. I have long been convinced, although history is silent on this point, that old Uncle Ned—

"Who had no hair on the top of his head,
In the place where the wool ought to grow"—

was the favoured recipient of his master's old silk hats.

Baldness is not confined to race or occupation, but it is so common. While forty or fifty per cent. of middle-aged and elderly city men show some stage of it, women are entirely exempt. They are subject to the same laws of heredity, have the same habits and occupations as men, and yet have as much hair to-day as at any previous time in the world's history. This can only be explained by the essential difference in the head-coverings of the two sexes, and yet the head-gear of women has been condemned and ridiculed in various styles of literature, principally by the highest of the sex. It may not often commend itself to one's sense of utility; it may be at one time a mere nucleus for brilliant and varied decoration, and at another an expansive and imposing structure; but it has usually the charm of novelty, sometimes of beauty, and it never destroys the growth of hair.

Man's high hat for many generations has varied within very narrow limits, and has always been ugly and unnatural. Why it could so long have held its sway it is hard to understand. An artist can not make it interesting in his work. It will not come with the Oriental turban, the Scotch bonnet, or even the such hat, for comfort or graceful capabilities; but the average man will wear it long after his faith in hair tonics and restorers and seductive promises has been shattered. Still, let him remember, as he takes his after-dinner repose, that his favourite will certainly and inevitably extend the pasture-lands of the aesthetic fly.—*W. C. Gouinlock, in Popular Science Monthly.*

THE MICROBE OF MALARIA.

DR. GEORGE M. STERNBERG has communicated to the Scientific Association of Johns Hopkins University an account of the conation, by his own observation, of Laveran's discovery of the m, or micro-organism, of malaria. Laveran found this microbe the shape of an amoeboid parasite, in the blood of patients suffering in fever; and also observed that the germs disappeared from the blood when quinine was administered in effective doses. His observations were confirmed by Richard, in 1882, and by Marchiafava and Celli from their researches in the Santo Spirito Hospital, Rome. During a recent visit to Rome, Dr. Sternberg accompanied these gentlemen to the Santo Spirito Hospital, where a most satisfactory demonstration was made to him of the presence of amoeboid movements of the parasite, in blood drawn from the finger of a patient in the first stage of a malarial paroxysm. Marchiafava and Celli have induced types of intermittent fever, previously healthy persons, by injecting into the circulation a small quantity of blood drawn from a malarial patient during his paroxysm. The presence of the parasite in the injected blood was demonstrated, and it was found again in the blood of the persons injected to the experiment during the induced intermittent paroxysms. These paroxysms were arrested, and the parasite disappeared from the blood when quinine was administered.

SYSTEMATIC OBSERVATIONS OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Our country is more favourably situated for the systematic observation of the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism and the aurora borealis than Norway. Extending from the fifty-eighth to the sixty-first degree of latitude, it reaches farther north than any inhabited land, and lies nearer to the centre of magnetic disturbances than any other state of Europe. The maximum zone of the northern lights hangs over the northern and northwestern part of our land. The northern and southern districts are connected by numerous telegraph lines and through the telephone exchanges of Drontheim and Bergen. Sophus Tromholt began to organize a system of investigations in 1878, and from September of that year to April, 1879, he recorded 839 observations of 154 northern lights. His idea met with favour, and the method of concerted observations has spread since that time to Sweden, Denmark, and Iceland, England, Greenland, and Iceland. The observations of the winter of 1879-80 were much more extensive than those of the previous winter, being 1,600 in number of 249 auroras at 357 stations. In the winter of 1880-81, 5,200 observations were made of about 300 auroras, at 675 stations; and in the winter of 1881-82, 1,500 persons in the North European countries participated in the work. Notices are now regularly transmitted from Swedish and Norwegian telegraphic stations of all electrical disturbances, with exact minutes of time, direction, etc.; observations that are of the more importance, because not a day passes without something of the kind does not occur somewhere in Norway. Tromholt intends to publish the year's results of these observations cartographically, with notices of associated meteorological phenomena. For the complete registration of the telegraphic disturbances, he has constructed an apparatus which graphically represents the time of their happening, their strength, and direction, which is connected during the night with a north and south telegraph line 1,400 kilometres long, while during the day telephones are used. This enterprise is assuming an extent which gives it its effective control beyond the power of one man. Mr. Tromholt therefore proposes that the Government establish an in-

stitute at Drontheim to become the central station of the world, to which all observers on land and sea shall transmit their reports.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

IMPORTANCE OF THE PLUMBER'S ART.

A PLEA for a higher recognition of the plumber has been made by Mr. William Halley in an address before the Ohio State Sanitary Association. Of the various craftsmen who assist in constructing dwellings, there is not one, perhaps, whose position in the light of sanitary science is more important and responsible than his. In days gone by he was considered a mere worker in lead to supply the simple wants of his employer, as ignorant as himself of the physical laws of his occupation; but now his work assumes the dignity of a sanitarian's. Yet there are few vocations in which skilful work is so little appreciated as that of plumbing. People are not interested in the work because it has no reference to ornamentation, and is almost wholly out of sight. A great deal depends on the plumbing. If it is perfect, the house is healthy; if imperfect, an unhealthy habitation is the result. It is easy to see that it is the most important feature of a house, to which may be added all the convenience, beauty, and polish of a palace. But first of all, stamp it with the character of health by sanitary plumbing. Even with the best devices it is impossible to prevent sewer-gas at times. There are many accidents by which plumbing-work will become crippled and allow gas to escape. Hence it is advisable to exercise extreme care about its location and quantity. Unfortunately, for the plumber and for sanitary effect, the architect is too apt to ignore plumbing and give undue attention to other matters which serve better to display his aesthetic conception. House-drainage is made secondary and subservient to convenience and display. At the last moment it is remembered that the house must be drained, and plumbing specifications are made to fill in the cubby holes. That is why so much plumbing is worse than useless.

THE SISTERS OF AGNES STRICKLAND.

MISS JANE STRICKLAND's memoir of her sister Agnes, author of *The Queens of England*, has just appeared from the press of the Blackwoods. The work had long been in manuscript, but its appearance was delayed owing to the ill health of the writer, who is now eighty-seven years of age. Before the publication of the book, a paragraph appeared in some of the papers of this country, stating that the author was the last survivor of the family. But this is not so. Mrs. Trail, well known to English and Canadian readers, is still living in the picturesque village of Lakefield, Ontario. The family stood thus in order of birth. Elizabeth, Agnes, Sara, Jane, Catherine Parr, Susanna, Eleanor, who died in infancy, and two brothers, Samuel and Thomas. Catherine Parr (Mrs. Trail) and Susanna (Mrs. Moodie) went to Canada in 1832, and settled first in Peterboro, on the banks of the rapid Otonabee, from whence they moved to Lakefield. Mrs. Trail was the first of the sisters who appeared in print. In the summer of 1818, when only sixteen years old, she wrote a little series of stories for children. The manuscript was seen by a friend, and unknown to the author was sent to Harris, of St. Paul's Churchyard, London, who accepted it at once and sent her a check. Before she left England she wrote many juvenile books, and since her arrival in Canada her pen has not been idle. Among the best known of her works are *Letters from the Backwoods, by an Officer's Wife*; *Afar in the West*, and *The Canadian Crusoes*. The last is still a very popular book among young readers. It was reprinted by Francis, of New York, and by Crosby, of Boston. Mrs. Trail's latest work is *Studies of Plant Life; or Gleanings by Forest, Lake and Plain*. It was published in Ottawa in 1884. It is entirely original in style, and deals with the native productions, not as a manual of botany, but as the natural history of the forest—in other words it is a readable floral biography. The illustrations are from the hand of Mrs. (Col.) Chamberlain, a daughter of Mrs. Moodie. Mrs. Moodie, who died a few years ago, was the author of many popular stories and sketches. For the past two years Mrs. Trail has been engaged in writing *A Family Record*, which is still in manuscript. Though in her eighty-sixth year, she is full of energy, and of vigorous intellect.—*N. Y. Critic.*

The Dance of the Gypsies.

THE "flamenco," the dance of the gypsies, is of Oriental origin. It has the impassive quality, the suppressed, tantalized sensuousness belonging to the Eastern performances in the saltatory line. It forms a popular entertainment in cafés of the lower order throughout the southern provinces of Spain. If the reader were one of a visiting party he would be conducted toward midnight to a roomy, rambling dingy apartment in the crook of an obscure and dirty street, where there would be found a number of sailors, peasants and "chulos," with here and there a well-dressed citizen. The order would be to sit at the small tables and drink. In one corner is a stage rising to about the level of the face when seated. On this about a dozen men and women congregate, the latter quite as much Spanish as gypsy, and some dressed in tights. The star danseuse, the chief mistress of the art "flamenco," dresses in a voluminous calico skirt that does all it can to conceal the amazing skill of muscular movement involved.

At last the moment for the "flamenco" arrives. The leader begins to beat monotonously on the boards, just as Indians do with their tomahawks to set the shytan, the guitar striking into the strain. Two or three women chant a weird song, and all clap their hands in a peculiar measure, now louder, now fainter, and with pauses of varying length between the emphatic passages. The dancer still retains her seat, seeming to demand encouragement. The others call out "Olle" (a gypsy word for bravo), and smile with nods of the head to draw her out. All this excites a lively curiosity in the spectator, who wonders what is coming next. Finally she arises, smiling scornfully, her eyes light up, she throws her head back, and her face is suffused with an expression of daring and energy. Her arms are thrown out and up, and she snaps her fingers and makes easy passes with her hands before her face. Her body is also in gentle motion, there being a sort of vibration, while the feet beneath the flowing skirt take up a repressed rhythmic figure.

Slowly the dancer advances, then circles, without appearing to step. The music goes on steadily, the cries of the other performers becoming more and more animated, while she continues the gestures with the arms and snapping of the fingers. Her feet go a little faster, and can be heard tapping on the floor as they weave out the measure, but there is not the slightest approach to a spring. The progress is sinuous, gliding, shuffling.

Forward again! The dancer gazes intently in front as she advances, looking triumphant, and perhaps with a spark of mischief in her eyes. She stamps harder on the floor, the others clap their hands more enthusiastically, and cry out with increased zest:

"Olle! olle!"

"Bravo, my gracious one!"

"Muy bien! muy bien!"

The dancer becomes more impassioned, but in no way more violent. Her body does not move above the hips. It is only her eyes that twist and turn and bend. The crowning achievement is when the hips begin to sway, too, and while she, advancing and receding, executes what appears to be a rotary movement. All at once the stamping and clapping and twanging strings are stopped, the dancer ceases her gyrations, and the whole thing is over.

Stones Laid in Blood.

HERE is a ghastly story given by Thiele in his "Danish Folk Tales." Many years ago, when the ramparts were being raised around Copenhagen, the wall always sank, so that it was not possible to get it to stand. They therefore took an innocent little girl, placed her in a chair by a table, and gave her playthings and sweet-meats. While she sat thus enjoying herself, twelve masons built an arch over her, which, when completed, they covered with earth, to the sound of drums and trumpets. By this process the walls were made solid. When, a few years ago, the bridge-gate of the Bremen city walls was demolished, the skeleton of a child was found imbedded in the foundations. Heinrich Heine says on this subject:

"In the middle ages the opinion prevailed that when any building was to be erected something living must be killed, in the blood of which the foundation had to be laid, by which process the building would be secured from falling; and in ballads and traditions the remembrance is still preserved how children and animals were slaughtered for the purpose of strengthening large buildings with their blood."

The story of the walls of Copenhagen comes to us only as a tradition, but the horrible truth must be told that in all probability it is no invention of the fancy, but a fact. We have an allusion to this custom in the "British History" of Geoffrey of Monmouth, who relates how Vortigern was building a castle, when the foundation sank. Then he consulted wise men, and they told him that he must lay a fatherless boy under them, and so only could they be made to stand.

Throughout Norway, Sweden, Denmark and North Germany tradition associates some animal with every church, and it goes by the name of kirkgrim. These are the goblin apparitions of the beasts that were buried under the foundation stones of the churches. It is the same in Devonshire—the writer will not say at the present day, but certainly forty or fifty years ago. Indeed, when he was a boy he drew up a list of the kirkgrims that haunted all the neighbouring parishes. To the church of the parish in which he lived belonged two white sows yoked together with a silver chain; to another a black dog; to a third a ghostly calf; to a fourth a white lamb.

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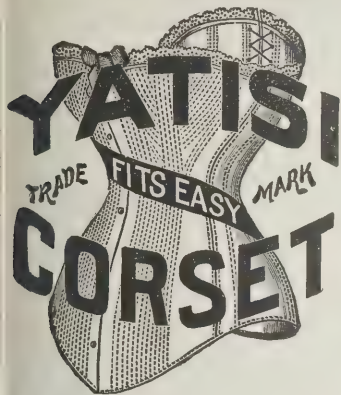
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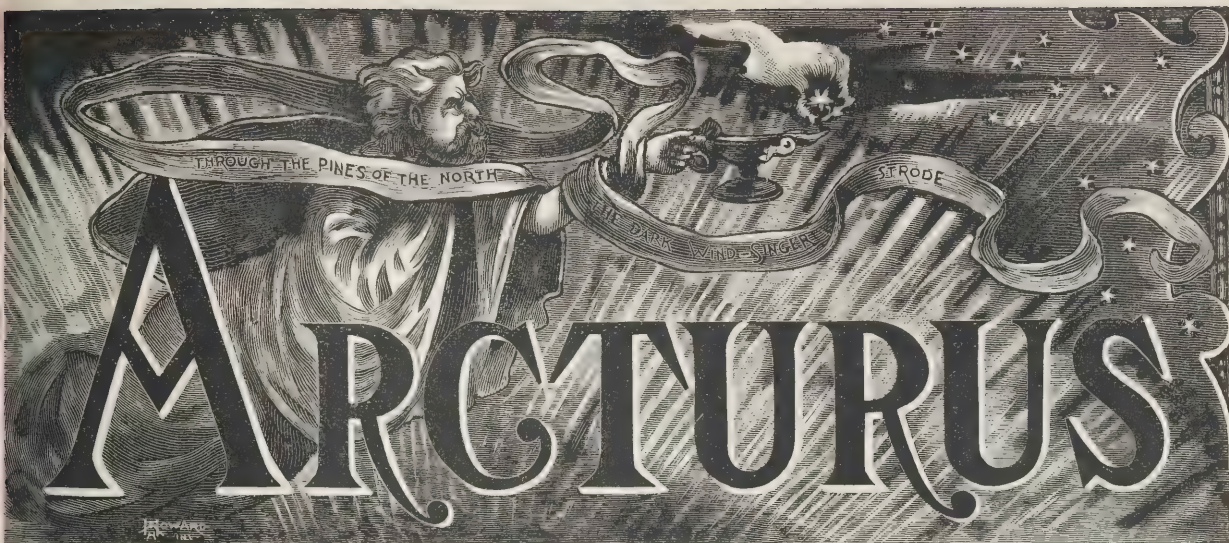
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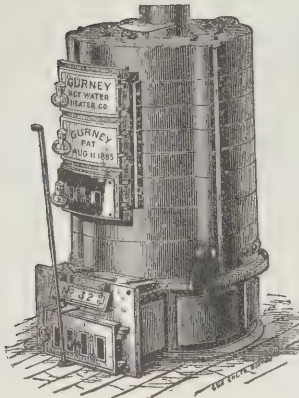
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Editorial Notes.

THE SHRIEVALTY QUESTION.

MR. MOWAT lost a glorious opportunity to perpetuate his name and fame as a great exemplar to the people of this country when, beguiled by a deputation of party henchmen, succumbed to the influence of their highly-glossed and apparently well-meant representations. Had he acted the part of the noble Roman, we can suppose him to have replied to the specious arguments of his flatterers somewhat like this: "Gentlemen, I thank you for the great interest you take in my welfare, but none of you has advanced a single proposition which would justify me in falsifying my record as a public man. I have always regarded it as my duty to rebuke mercenary politicians, whether as direct participants in public emoluments, or as sharers through some medium of relationship. I have invariably claimed that when a man devotes himself to the service of his country, he ought, at all hazards, to maintain a character above the reach of suspicion as a self-seeker. For this reason I have various times criticized unmercifully the actions of our political opponents as land-grabbers, as holders of blind trusts, and as the bestowers of public offices upon relatives. I am proud to occupy this ground. I am proud that no man can say of me: 'He appointed this cousin, or that other-in-law to certain lucrative positions.' Although I have been sneeringly referred to as a Christian politician, I am not ashamed to be so designated, and it is my earnest purpose to so conduct myself as a servant of the people as to bring no discredit on the name. Were I to adopt the advice you give me, how should I reply to the flouting attacks of our opponents? No man enjoying such an income as I receive has a right to plead poverty. If I am not now as wealthy as I might have been, the public service is no fault to blame. Your nominee has no special qualification for the office; or at all events his relationship to me is none,

and I am determined that when in due course I shall be removed from my place among the living, the Canadian of the future will not be able to say of me 'He promised well, but when the time of trial and temptation arrived, alas! he fell.' " To the everlasting loss of our country, Mr. Mowat said nothing of the kind. What might have been and should have been a grand example to all living as well as to all succeeding public men has proved exactly the reverse. The plea may now be set up by those in office, with Mr. Mowat's example before them, that they have high precedent for following

The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

THE LIBERAL DISRUPTION IN ENGLAND.

LORD HARTINGTON's speech at Edinburgh is ominous. It marks a new departure in the Liberal ranks when he gravely announces that he sees in the conduct of the present Liberal party a toleration of doctrines which are doctrines of revolution and not of reform. It points anew the warning that Mr. Gladstone has not yet taken to heart, even when he sees a former Liberal premier, the former leader of the old Radical school and the present leader of the new Radical school, all in temporary alliance with the Conservatives. There is a great dislocation in the English Liberal party, and no one can tell what may be the end of it. One thing is tolerably evident, the Conservatives will be gainers. The admirers—perhaps we might as well say adorers—of Lord Beaconsfield will probably claim that in making his Reform Bill as broad as he did, he foresaw that a great temporary increase in the Liberal majority would be necessarily followed by the breaking up of a party too unwieldy to hang together. Some years ago the prophets who are versed in the signs of the political sky predicted that the Irish question would be the rock on which the Liberal ship would split. Meanwhile, Mr. Gladstone stands firmly at the helm, and with a courage and enthusiasm to which his opponents grant an unwilling admiration, continues, and apparently will continue, to guide the vessel, as long as her timbers hold together.

A COLONIAL PEERAGE.

LORD ROSEBERRY's proposal to give the colonies representation in the House of Lords is remarkable for originality, but singularly deficient in any more practical qualities. To give us representation in such a manner as to render available in an advisory capacity a few of our best statesmen of the most ripened experience, without disturbing the balance of the House of Commons, seems a very brilliant idea, but how would it work in practice? How many of our statesmen are willing to retire on their laurels, and able to com-

mand at the same time a dignified social position in England and the pecuniary means to sustain it with propriety? It is quite certain that the Lords would resent the intrusion of any body of men not so qualified, and there is no doubt that even such men would find themselves more at home outside the House of Lords.

UNWARRANTABLE WARRANTS.

IN the debate on the issue of Governor General's warrants for large amounts during the Parliamentary recess, Mr. Mitchell very well earned his title to be called an independent member. He laid down the principle which party men are so slow to admit, that if one party does what is wrong the other party is not justified in following the bad example. If Mr. Mackenzie's Government issued an extravagant number of such warrants, it is not necessarily the duty of Sir John Macdonald's Government to imitate them. It may be taken for granted that any exercise of the Governor General's prerogative that is calculated to lessen the practical control of the House of Commons over the finances of the Dominion is unconstitutional, and threatens the original foundation on which the whole fabric of representative government was built up. That system has grown steadily from a small beginning, the power to grant or refuse money subsidies, and if that power is even weakened, a government is practically despotic, at least until the next general election.

THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND SUBSIDY.

THE "Little Jack Horner" who sits in a corner of the Dominion is Prince Edward Island. That lucky boy has already got his plum in the shape of an additional subsidy of \$20,000 a year from the Dominion Treasury. One effect of this will be to encourage extravagance in an Assembly less numerous, less important and less wealthy than several of our county councils, and to delay the union which must sooner or later take place between all the Maritime Provinces. Another will be seen at the next general election, when there will certainly be a break in what is now a solid delegation of Reform members.

WOMAN TO THE FRONT.

THEY are a progressive people out west. This we say in perfect candour, and not at all by way of a sneer. The town of Arigonia, in Kansas, has made a new departure from established precedent by electing a woman as its mayor. Not only so, but the experiment, so far, has proved eminently satisfactory to everybody concerned. The mayor-elect is a Mrs. Susanna Medora Salter. She is twenty-seven years of age, the wife of a resident lawyer, and the mother of four children. She is represented as no Draco in petticoats, but as an intelligent, attractive and thoroughly sensible woman, who is fully alive to the responsibilities of her situation, and who manages to do her duty by her husband and children as well as to the municipality. It is said, indeed, that the one line of duty does not in any respect clash with the other, and that Mrs. Salter is known to all the town, not only as a model chief magistrate but as a model wife and mother, being at once beloved by her family, and respected by the community as an upright and thoroughly competent official. There are some—but we hope not many—readers

of this item of news who will turn up their noses in disdain and mutter something about woman's proper sphere and the leavening character of United States institutions. But woman's proper sphere is wherever she can be most useful, and if there are a good many Mrs. Salters in Canada we should gladly see some of them occupying important public offices. We have a pretty good mayor in Toronto, and have no desire to part with him for some time to come, but there are plenty of communities where a mayor like Mrs. Salter would be a veritable God-send.

MR. RUSKIN ON THE BICYCLE.

MR. RUSKIN, having failed to annihilate the railway, has fallen foul of the bicycle. He does not denounce it in so glowingly picturesque terms as he applied to the steam horse, but his objection has the same foundation. It is unnatural. Man was formed for walking, and no machine formed by man's hand should prevent the natural exercise of his legs. Mr. Ruskin is as doleful a prophet as Jeremiah, and the Egypt he denounces is the whole civilized modern world. He prophesies against friends as well as enemies like the other prophet, and his theme is somewhat similar. Everything is idolatry in his eyes unless it is "fresh from Nature's hand." But he forgets that Nature has implanted in man's breast principles as natural as arms and legs, and one of these is the love of variety, which is really the law of Nature herself. As long as man can get pictures and jewels he will not be content to admire nothing but flowers. In this Mr. Ruskin concurs, but when man gets tired of using his legs and supplements their use by varied forms of locomotion, Mr. Ruskin anathematizes him and his work. We should like to have Mr. Ruskin's opinion on the use of Nature's own means of locomotion in six day go-as-you-please contests. Probably such a brutalizing exhibition would produce an addendum to his jeremiads equivalent to the Book of Lamentations.

THE TIMES AND THE IRISH MEMBERS.

SOME very smart fencing has been exhibited in the Imperial Parliament during the debate on the attack of the *Times* on Mr. Parnell. The Irish members are very anxious to keep out of the courts of law, and their opponents are eager to get them there. A severe cross-examination under oath would be a trying ordeal for men who have long been working and scheming against the Government, though they have no right to assume that their schemes have been successful against the law. But a case conducted by a committee of the House of Commons would be a different matter, and the Irish members could fairly count on a consideration from their fellow-members that they would not look for an impartial judge. The law, as a rule, is no respecter of persons. In such a case it would be only fair to allow equal latitude to the defence, and this would render such an investigation a dignified farce, for the *Times* would employ counsel fully capable of making the most of the situation.

O'BRIEN AND THE DAILY NEWS.

THE way red-hot partisans can injure the cause they have at heart is well illustrated by Mr. O'Brien's last exploit before leaving Ireland. This was to turn out of a meeting

which he was addressing the representative of the *Daily News*, a paper which supports Mr. Gladstone and is a warm friend of the Nationalist party. The gentleman whom he addressed, and who was afterwards roughly handled by the mob, was remarkable for the fairness and impartiality of his reports, and this was exactly what the paper he represented wished to present to its readers. But fairness and impartiality did not suit Mr. O'Brien. Every man must be either a partial friend or a bitter enemy. He could not issue a course more likely to set fair-minded men against each other, and to convert lukewarm friends into opponents. He is like his fellow-countryman immortalized in the old story, who was desirous of being tried, not by a *just* judge, but by one who would *lane a little*. It is true that the dictum, "that is not with me is against me," is of divine origin, but it is applicable only to a divine cause, and its use must be arrogated only by those whose principles are above human criticism. Mr. O'Brien should take pattern by his leader, whose remarkable success has been chiefly gained by wonderful self-control. Mr. Parnell never loses sight of his end in object, and never for a moment forgets that the means adopted to reach it must be reasonable and practicable.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN TORONTO.

THE Governor-General's reception in Toronto, from the moment of his arrival down to the present moment, has been enthusiastic almost beyond precedent. This is doubtless due in part to the feeling that honour and respect are due to Her Majesty's representative, but it is also due in no slight measure to the impending O'Brien invasion. Our citizens feel it incumbent upon themselves to signify in the most unmistakable manner that they have no sympathy with the efforts of a professional Irish agitator to introduce foreign troubles into Canada, and that in coming over here to assail the Governor-General he is running his head into a hornet's nest. If all we hear be true, some of the Orangemen are preparing a veritable hornet's nest for the editor of *United Ireland*. We trust that there is no truth in current rumours, and that the would-be disturber of the public peace will be permitted to come and go without molestation. An attack upon him would almost certainly be productive of a riot. A riot would not only be a public disgrace, but would introduce elements of discord into our population which would not be quieted down for years to come. O'Brien, during his stay in Toronto, should be left to the attentions of those of his own way of thinking, and should be simply ignored by the rest of our citizens. This would be the most dignified and effective method of convincing him of the fruitlessness of his mission.

THE COMING POPE.

PERHAPS the humorous description of the future pope, as given by Dr. Edward McGlynn in his lecture before Henry George's new organization—The Anti-Poverty Society—was calculated to raise a smile on many faces and a frown on others; but the explanation he has added touches the very spot of the religious decadence of this age. "A democratic pope, walking down Broadway with a stove-pipe hat on, and an umbrella under his arm," may seem at first glance a

somewhat irreligious remark. At any rate such a public spectacle would be a startling ending to the magnificent array of pontifical despots who have reigned over the Christendom recognised by the Romish Church; but the originality and broad burlesque of the remark will be forgiven after Dr. McGlynn's defence of it has been thoroughly digested. His short comparison of the Galilean church of the Apostles and the present Romish Church is very damaging to the latter, and his statement that "the genius of Christianity is its simplicity," is beyond all possible cavil. Dr. McGlynn has virtually severed his connection with the Romish Church. He is wise in not visiting the eternal city. A few more democratic sentiments regarding the hierarchy to which he belonged will probably result in his excommunication from a church for which he is unfitted.

THE AFGHAN TROUBLES.

THE Ghilzai rising in Afghanistan seems to be of more serious importance than the first reports warranted. If the report be true that Ghazni is surrounded, that Khala't-i-Ghilzai is captured, and that Kandahar is threatened, the trouble matter presents a truly formidable aspect. It is probable that Russian intrigue is at the bottom of the present insurrection, as it has been the cause of many Central Asian troubles during the present century. Not a little significant is the coincident report that the Russian and British boundary commissioners are unable to agree, and that a suspension of their relations has occurred. If it is at all possible, Russia will occupy Afghanistan. It is impossible for her to do so by a coup-de-main; but by topographical stealth and local rebellions she will be able to do much. Such has been the Russian programme in Central Asia, and it has resulted in her virtual annexation of the whole of Turkestan. The Ghilzais are the strongest of the several Afghan tribes. Their history is remarkable, and they entertain both inveterate hatred to foreigners and strong hopes of regaining their long-lost possession of the country. Vambéry, the highest authority on Afghan matters, has shown the course of Russian design, and proved that Herat is the key of India. Events are not unlikely to verify the view of the great *savant*, unless the Ameer's authority is supported by British force. The recent history of Russian policy on the Afghan frontiers demands a more than ordinary defence of India's only weak side.

POLITICAL POETS.

SOME time since we mentioned our objections to political parsons. From other reasons we now beg to object to political poets. The mission of the seer is not that of a party singer or a rhyming hack, and when men like Lord Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne drag the muse into the depths of political mire they unconsciously degrade the art of which they are "very noble and approved good masters." Poetical licence is all very well; but such descriptions of Mr. Gladstone as "the hoary henchman of the gang," or "the good grey recreant," are all licence and no poetry. Politics are too solidly prosaic to be blown into the beautiful soap-bubbles of Swinburnean poetry with any other result than the author of political metre writing himself down in unmistakable black and white—an ass. Certainly, Canada has an exception. The sweet singer of Niagara has done much to sepulchre the knotty problems of Dominion politics, but the peculiarly funereal style of his verse has been especially adapted to enwreath political remains, after his wisdom had embalmed them.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, MAY 14TH, 1887.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

Terms, in advance, \$2.00 a year, or \$1.00 for six months. Subscribers not paying in advance will be charged 50c. extra. Clubs of three, \$5.00; clubs of five or more, to one address, \$1.60 each. Subscriptions may begin any time.

Advertisements.—\$4.00 per line per annum; six months, \$2.50; single insertion, 20c. per line. No advertisement charged less than five lines.

Business communications should be addressed, Business Manager, ARCTURUS, Room U, Arcade (Victoria Street entrance), Toronto.

To Contributors.—The Editor cannot undertake to return MSS. by post, even when they are accompanied by stamps to pay return postage.

HENRY GEORGE AND HIS DOCTRINES.

THE editor of the *Standard* is not by any means having it all his own way just at present. Dr. Johnson once remarked, apropos of a political pamphlet which he had recently published: "I have not been attacked enough for it; I never think I have struck hard unless the blow rebounds." Judged by this measurement, Henry George may hug the flattering unction to his soul that he has dealt a crusher, for no writer of the present day comes in for so many editorial rib-roasters. Some of his assailants are violent; others deal blows with a moderation apparently begotten of conscious strength. Mr. F. T. Jones, in *Home Knowledge*, denounces the Georgian phrase "Nationalization of Land" as "simply a euphemistic catch-phrase to denote the wholesale plunder of landowners." Nor has this writer any more respect for Mr. George's doctrines than for his phraseology. "No Dr. Dulcamara," says he, "ever waxed more eloquent over the wonderful properties of the potent elixir which he offers for sale to a crowd of gaping rustics than does Mr. George over the virtues of the economic St. Jacob's Oil which is to be the cure-all for every ill which afflicts the body politic." He then goes on to demolish what he characterizes as "Mr. George's fallacies" respecting land, wages and population. The argument is too long to be set out in detail here, but it seems to us that Mr. Jones presents his side of the case with much plausibility. Referring to the Georgian axiom that a labourer's reward ought in justice to be measured by the share contributed by him to the product, he replies that the labourer must wait for his share till the product is sold and paid for, and that he must bear his proportion of loss in the event of the products turning out to be defective or unsalable. If the labourer is morally entitled to share in the gains, he is equally bound to share in the losses. He must therefore in all fairness provide a fund to insure payment of his share. In three cases out of four he would be unable to do this, and if he did he would be a partner, and not a mere wage-receiver. His inability either to wait or to provide a fund makes present payment of wages a necessity; and of course he cannot hope to receive both present wages and future profits. Such is a general outline of one of Mr. Jones's arguments. It remains for the author of *Progress and Poverty* to point out the weak spot in it. To us it seems to be tolerably clear and conclusive.

Mr. Jones handles Henry George without gloves. "It has been pleaded in behalf of Mr. George," he writes,

"that even his failings lean to virtue's side; that his errors are those at least of a man who wishes well to his race." The plea, even were it deserved, would be a weak one. Benevolent intentions do not make false doctrines less false, or immoral schemes less mischievous. The melancholy truth is, that the good intentions of ignorant zealots have been at the root of a vaster sum of human misery than that due to any other cause known to history. To the benefit of this plea, however, poor though it be, it is by no means certain that Mr. George is entitled. Of his work on *Progress and Poverty* tens of thousands of copies have been sold in the United States alone. We do not learn, however, that Mr. George has shared his handsome profits with the compositors, proof-readers, pressmen, folder-stitchers, and binders without whose labour he could have made little or nothing. In his own case he appears to have acted in accordance with the ordinary theory that the capitalist's duty is satisfied by the payment of regular wages at lowest competition rates. Mr. George, the capitalist and wage payer, denouncing capitalists as wage-payers, suggests an unpleasant parallel. Saving reproving sin is not an edifying spectacle. When the stern denunciator of wickedness is himself guilty of the very wickedness he denounces, one's faith in his sincerity is not apt to be childlike. When Mr. George's practice squares with his precepts—then, and not till then, can the plea of benevolence be allowed. Benevolence at the expense of others is a cheap commodity. The benevolence which puts itself into the market with such profitable results as to make a comfortable annuity out of a single book is cheap still. If Mr. George wishes men to take his benevolence at his own valuation, let him put it into some shape more tangible than words. In the meantime, and until he does so, plain men, not possessed with an itch for notoriety, anxious to pose as friends of humanity, may be excused for being as sceptical about his honesty and his singleness of purpose, as they are assured regarding the immorality of his doctrines.

So far Mr. Jones. Dr. Lyman Abbott pipes to the same tune in the *Christian Union*, but he pipes to a much calmer note. His words seem to us to be words of wisdom. "Mr. Henry George," he writes, "thinks the land question is the one question; that private ownership of land is the cause of poverty and insufficient wages; that if all the taxes were laid on the land the labour problem would be solved. I cannot say that I agree with him, though I have been fascinated with his writings, and they have neither shocked nor frightened me. But whether he is correct or not, land reform, if it is reform, is a long way off. It will take a great many years of agitation and education to persuade the agricultural population of this country that the land should pay all the taxes, and that all improvements, all factories, houses, railroad stocks and bonds, etc., should be financed. This does not at first commend itself to a man all of whose savings are in his farm, and who is struggling hard to keep down the interest and pay off the mortgage. The other day, in Cincinnati, Mr. George could not even get the United Labour Party to adopt his principle. I am looking as a practical man for something that can be done to-day, and to land reform must certainly wait till to-morrow; apparently till a good many to-morrows."

Mr. George is an enthusiast. He is possessed of firm and honest convictions, which he has for several years been doing his utmost to bring home to the understanding of workingmen all the world over. Mr. Jones's argument, quoted above, that the author of *Progress and Poverty* has reaped

rich harvest from the sale of his book, proves nothing. Mr. George lays down general rules for the guidance of mankind. These rules must be generally adopted before anybody can safely act upon them. A man cannot be expected to subject himself to exceptional conditions so long as the ordinary business of the world continues to be carried on in the old way. But whether Mr. George is right or wrong in his theories, he has directed attention to subjects which must sooner or later claim a large share of the attention of mankind. He has caused many men to think for themselves who had previously been accustomed to take things for granted. Whatever stimulates honest thought on subjects of great practical interest to humanity is for the common good, and this Mr. George may justly lay claim to having accomplished more fully than any other man of this generation.

Poetry.

THE SEARCH.

TRACKING each inlet
Painfully, well,
Lonely she wanders
Down in the dell;
There, while the night-winds bleak
Whiten her wasted cheek,
Something she seems to seek,
In the pale starlight
Down in the dell.

And there is one who
Knows very well
Why she walks nightly
Down in the dell—
Knows where the maid, unseen,
Weeps like a Magdalene,
And what the searchings mean,
In the pale starlight
Down in the dell.

Covered up somewhere,
He knoweth well,
Lies a rich treasure
Down in the dell;
She to and fro doth flit,
Thinking to find it yet
Where he hath hidden it,
Under the alders
Down in the dell.

Cold is the starlight,
He knoweth well,
Chill sweep the night-winds
Down in the dell—
Ten times more chill and cold
That which her arms would fold
Rests underneath the mould,
By the dank alders
Down in the dell.

Seemeth too surely
Something not well,
Where blow the night-winds
Down in the dell:
He, who in cradle deep
Laid there a babe to sleep,
Never once paused to weep,
Where the leaves whisper
Down in the dell.

Hollow-eyed dreamer,
God guard thee well
From the dread secret
Down in the dell!
Better in wildered brain
Feed a false hope in vain,
Than by its father slain
Find thy lost darling
Down in the dell!

P. S. WORSLEY.

Book Notice.

POEMS. By Phillips Stewart. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. Toronto: R. W. Douglas & Co. 1887.

This little volume is issued by one of the most enterprising of English publishing houses, and comes to us with all the advantages derivable from attractive mechanical externals—to wit, good paper, plain, tasteful binding, and nearly faultless typography. The author, we understand, is a young Canadian who up to a recent date attended University College, Toronto, and is now travelling for his pleasure in Southern Europe. We have not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, but we should think he must be revelling in a large share of complacent bliss. A young man into whose nature the poetic element enters so largely can hardly fail to derive exquisite enjoyment from travelling for the first time in such climes, and amid such scenes; hallowed, as they are, by countless memories of the past.

Want of time and want of space prevent us from doing full justice in the present issue to the quality of this author's work, which is of a very different quality from that of the ordinary Canadian rhymester who from time to time inflicts himself upon us in some of the periodicals. Of the twenty little poems which go to make up the volume, nearly all are remarkable for a melody of expression such as is not often found in the first efforts of a young poet. In several of them the thought and feeling reach a loftiness and a beauty which, so far as our observation has extended, have not been surpassed by any Canadian poet of the present day. The opening lines, in blank verse, "To My Mother," contain some very sweet and tender passages—passages which touch the heart of the reader in spite of his memory of Cowper's beautiful poem on the same subject. "De Profundis," "Corydon and Anaryllis," and "Evermore" have each a distinctive character, albeit they contain passages here and there which are strongly suggestive of the influence of Tennyson's earlier manner. We hope to find room for one or two of the shorter poems in an early number, when we may possibly have something more to say about the author and his methods.

Literary Notes.

JOHN BRITNELL, of 298 Yonge Street, Toronto, has recently issued a 32-page catalogue of second-hand books. This catalogue is well worth the attention of book-buyers, more especially of those interested in *Canadiana*, as it quotes a large number of books and pamphlets bearing upon Canadian history and affairs. It is for free distribution, and any one who wants it can have it for the asking.

Two important books on the Irish question are about to be issued in London. One of them, by the Rt. Hon. G. J. Shaw-Lefevre, deals with the political relations of Peel and O'Connell to Ireland. The other, from the pen of Edmund Robertson, M.P. for Dundee, gives a description of the U.S. Government as bearing on the question of Irish Home Rule. The book is to have the title, "American Home Rule."

WE think that man was excusable who, when he was informed of the birth of his eleventh child, cried, "Chestnuts."

NIGHT ON AN OCEAN GREYHOUND.

A FEW months ago the magnificent liner *City of Rome*, freighted with nearly a thousand human souls, with whom the present writer must be numbered, was ploughing her rapid course over the ocean highway, heading for the new world. It was the fourth day out from Queenstown, and apart from the fact that the weather had been rather rough and disagreeable, producing much sickness among the passengers, the voyage, thus far, had been uneventful enough.

Of course we were surfeited with the usual games. We had played shuffle-board on deck, and whist and chess and chequers in the saloon; had indulged in the usual criticism of our rather mixed assemblage; had got through with a little harmless flirtation, seasoned with a good deal of less harmless gossip; and were now reduced to the discussion of the forthcoming lecture and the inevitable concert. All this was little better than the ordinary hotel-life in a fashionable watering-place, and we might well ask ourselves what had become of the weird and poetical influences of the mighty sea? Had Old Ocean, then, degenerated into a veritable fish-pond, that one thought no more of crossing it than he would of stepping from one street to another?

The fourth day was warmer and pleasanter than any since the beginning of the voyage, and indicated that we had got into lower latitudes. The heavy ocean rollers which had accompanied us almost all the way from the Irish coast had subsided, leaving the illimitable plain of the sea as placid as "love's sweet dream." In the evening, after supper, instead of trying to beguile the hours with a book, I took a turn on deck, which I found unusually crowded with promenaders. Feeling the dreamy mood strongly upon me, I strolled past the attractions of the library saloon, with its chess and whist-parties, the smoking saloon, with its pool sellers, its poker players, and its good-natured chaff. I threaded my way between little knots of animated gossipers, until I found myself in a deserted and altogether lonely part of the ship, near one of the great anchors, as far forward in the bows as anybody not a sailor could well get. Here, comparatively safe from intrusion, as I fancied, and isolated from the human life of the vast steamer, which made itself apparent only by far away murmurs, emphasized occasionally by a silvery laugh made infinitely musical by distance, I could indulge as much as I liked the reveries created and fostered by the unwonted beauty of the night, and the near proximity of the now silent, azure, "vast deep." The time was early August, and a full moon was riding high, shedding a flood of silvery radiance as far as the eye could reach upon the dancing and shimmering wavelets. The sky was almost without a cloud, although occasionally a white fleecy phantom would mysteriously glide across the heavens, coming from nobody knew where. The immense plain of the sea stretched all around, quiet, lovely, infinitely impressive. Measured by miles it would not be contemptible; measured by the eye and the imagination from the bows of a steamer by night it seemed illimitable and impressive almost beyond the power of words to express. Silent and half asleep, caressed by the moonbeams and gentle zephyrs, it gives slight premonitions of its tremendous and dread potential power. Yet, notwithstanding its present demeanour, the imagination can scarcely refrain from dwelling upon its more terrible and forbidding character, so easily roused, so implacable, and destructive of human life.

Sitting there in the moonlight, sailing swiftly over its broad bosom, it was not very long ere the many sinister tales of the sea I had heard and read from early childhood downward, came thronging into my memory—tales of endurance, of suffering and danger, of mysterious disappearances, of death and devastation—and straightway the tender beauty of the great lonely sea changed, and assumed the aspect of an insatiable monster awaiting the favourable moment to spring upon its prey. What a small mouthful, I thought, would the magnificent liner prove? Looking backward, however, the enormous bulk of the great ship, driven so swiftly by her powerful engines, was reassuringly imposing, and carried conviction of security from danger. Yet, after all, who could predict what an hour might bring forth?

Where was the *Oregon*, and many a thousand stanch and sea-worthy craft beside? But banish dismal thoughts! Hark to the merry sounds from the crowded decks. Clearly there is no presentiment of danger—no thought of disaster and a watery grave—to disturb the pleasures of that merry party. They are dancing, and the sweet strains of music, intermingled with laughter and shouts, are intermittingly borne on the night-wind. Why should the harmless pleasures of this world be clouded and embittered by continually brooding on evils and disasters that may never come?

The great steamer held on her course. By and by the dancing ceased, the music and laughter died away, the passengers, one by one, went below, and silence came brooding down over the forsaken decks. Then the mysterious influences of the mighty sea encompassed the soul, and bore it far away from the busy everyday world of substantial cares and worrying troubles, until they became but a distant memory; and a new world, of inexpressible aspect, expanded before the eyes, wherein Space and Time were obliterated, and nothing took definite shape save the Spirit of Loneliness—a solitary and gigantic figure—which had wandered ever over the dim waters since the dawn of things. The moon climbed higher in the great vault of the heavens, the far-off constellations quivered with intenser fires, the ocean glittered and sparkled with multitudinous flashes of light, the night breezes sighed in faint monotonous through the steamer's rigging. The scene altogether was entrancingly beautiful, and yet melancholy and never to be forgotten. The hour grew late. Bathed in that glorious flood of moonlight one scarcely heeded the flight of time. Suddenly, without warning, and with startling clearness, a female voice from the steerage broke into song. The voice, although uncultured, was remarkably sweet and harmonious, and went echoing over the waters with a soft melody. The wailing cadence of the refrain stirred the mind strangely, and all the vague unquiet thoughts, so recently banished, returned with redoubled force and impressiveness. The last plaintive notes lingered on the air after the song had ceased, as they lingered in the memory when the physical vibrations were felt no more. Then all became still, and no sounds broke upon the ear save the throb of the machinery and the swash of the waters as our good ship swept them from her sides. Finally, even these sounds faded into infinite distance and the senses were scarcely cognizant of them.

By some imperceptible and mysterious gradations difficult to follow accurately, the aspect of the night, radiantly bright as it was, seemed to change. The moon grew dim; the stars one by one went out; puffs of wind tormented the placid surface of the sea. Hard, cold, grayish fogs crept up from the horizon and enveloped the ship in their thickening folds, curled around the tall masts, and then floated past like gigantic phantoms. Every successive wave of fog grew darker and darker, until the moon was blotted out completely. Then, I thought, the hoarse fog horn began to sound its wild alarms at short intervals over the darkened waters. The wind, rising rapidly to a gale, surged through the rigging with a shrill intonation that was almost a succession of shrieks, and the great black waves rose against the ship, flinging the spray high into the air, to fall in showers upon the decks with quick pattering sounds. I could now hear, over the commingling noises of the tempest, the boatswain's whistle calling up all hands, and the loud commands of the officers, soon followed by the clank, clank of the deck machinery, as the men lowered the sails. At this stage I would have left my position and sought safety and comfort in my stateroom, but curiosity impelled me to remain where I was. As a matter of fact I tried several times to make my way aft, but could not—I had lost all power of movement.

The night was now grown very dark. A pitchy, oppressive ponderable blackness that could almost be felt had settled down upon the sea, hiding from view even the curling tops of the hissing waves. Ever and anon one of these, running higher than its fellows, would break upon the deck with thunderous sounds, sending great drops of spray hurtling through the air like shot. And through all this wind and darkness and threatening sea drove the great ship, shuddering from stem to stern every time the screw rose out of the water, but still holding her course with only

lightly impaired speed towards the distant harbour of refuge. As the thick darkness of the night was suddenly rent by a blinding flash of lightning that seemed to quiver and burn for a second or so ere it went out. By its momentary glare I caught a glimpse of the angry tumbling waves crowding one upon another in mad confusion, with great valleys between, reaching far down to the depths of the ocean. I began to realize with horror what storm meant at sea. Those curling foam-flecked sinister waves welled ghastly in the quivering light, and our vessel was now rolling and tumbling like the veriest cockle-shell. The lightning flashed again and again, succeeded by the dread roar of successive thunder claps. The rain burst upon us, not in drops or showers, but in apparently continuous sheets. The instantaneous blue light showed the great banks of impenetrable fog surrounding us on all sides. They also gave one a view of the decks, which I saw deserted still, save by the sailors, who were moving to and fro in obedience to the commands of the officers, whom I could see in their oilskins pacing backwards and forwards on the bridge. A double watch was set, and the men stood immovable, gazing intently into outer darkness, through which came the awful and continuous roar of the storm. Still the great liner drove on. No doubt its vast bulk was the merest plaything of the waves; yet I felt it tunneled through them somehow, and made headway. The powerful engines, throbbing painfully with their exertions, turned the screw with irresistible force, and the gallant ship cleared her way onward through the dark and howling chaos. The storm now reached its culmination and began to abate. The furious wind blew gaps or rifts in the thick banks of fog through which the pallid moonbeams with difficulty found their way, lighting up the roaring pandemonium of waters with faint certain gleams. I shall never forget the aspect of the dark amy-capped mountainous waves as they rushed headlong down upon us with frightful speed, and broke against the iron sides of the steamer with a continuous succession of reports like thunder. The sky rapidly cleared, the wind chasing the mists far astern, and in a moment the moon and stars crowded through the azure heaven, flashing with their old-time splendour. And they never shone upon a wilder scene, a more tumultuous boiling cauldron ofething waters. The steamer dashed on from one wave to another, staggering under the blows, but never seeking to avoid them; like a sentient being, determined to conquer or die. Once more a wall of gray fog stood before us, but we soon plunged through it. When we emerged I noticed a peculiarity sometimes seen at sea. The heavens were clear and bright, but looking on the surface of the waters, obscuring the lost depths, was a vast field of turbulent curling fog, stretching as far as the eye could reach, hiding the waves as with a garment. It seemed to arch but slightly higher than the hull of the ship, and out of the hidden profundity beneath came the roar of the clashing upheaving waves, until the great vault of heaven rang with their pulsations. Our after hour seemed to pass, and still the gray fog stretched endlessly, on all sides, to the horizon. Still the steamer swept on. Suddenly, afar off, it seemed at the very verge of the horizon, I saw a beacon-light, or an immense star, I could not determine which. It was too high to be from a ship, and yet it burned in military grandeur too low for it to be a star. The question of identity, curiously enough under the circumstances, became with me an absorbing one. We were heading in its direction, and consequently I could soon gratify my wishes. Nearer and nearer we approached, but as the distance between lessened, the higher the star, or whatever it was, burned. Pitching on the waters, now down, now again high aloft, the vessel was alternately above and below the surface of the rolling volumes of fog, so that every moment the light was lost only to reappear more brilliant than before. Strange to say, the beacon, as from some great light-house built on a rock was apparently not susceptible to the motion of the sea, but was fixed, or seemed to move but slightly. All at once it dawned upon my brain with terrible significance that that steady sinister light proceeded from no star, was evolved from no ship, but was the concentrated rays of the bright moon reflected from the topmost pinnacle of a vast iceberg. The moment I realized the truth every drop of blood congealed in my veins, for I saw that the ship's course, unless speedily changed,

would bring her against that mountain of ice, and that she would be dashed to atoms. I turned to call the watch and apprise them of my awful discovery, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and refused to articulate a syllable. Then I tried to rise, with the intention of going to them and pointing out the danger, but to my horror my limbs would not budge an inch. Helpless and frozen with fear, I was forced to sit and watch the frightful danger grow more and more real, though ever and anon striving to utter shrieks of warning which never came. Closer and closer drove the ship. Not a sound could be heard save the mighty commingled roar of the winds and the waters. Directly ahead arose in awful grandeur the sharp outlines of the tremendous fragment of some great Arctic glacier, now become an erratic wanderer, unpiloted save by the winds, on the wild sea. For nearly a thousand feet above the sombre mists towered its broken and battlemented sky line, adorned with innumerable spires and pinnacles of crystal, glowing pale white in the moonlight. Its cold silent ghost-like beauty was awful to contemplate, impossible to describe. The head of the monster glowed with a thousand incandescent lights, as the moonbeams played among the irregular and rough-hewn spires, but all the gigantic body was sheeted and pallid—hushed in a cold, mysterious, death-like repose, a million times more impressive than any other aspect could be. Around the hidden foundations beat and fret the impotent waves with unavailing moanings: the huge monster regarded them not.

All this I had time to observe as we rushed with unabated and resistless speed straight to our destruction. Once more the thought flashed through my mind that the collision might still be prevented. Where were the eyes of the watch? Why was not the warning signal given? What were the officers doing? Were they all struck blind?—"O God! See this noble ship with her sleeping unconscious freight flying to her doom! Will no hand be stretched out to save us? We shall all go to the bottomless depths of the sea, and wailings of despair arise from hundreds of desolated homes—Save, O save!" These words I endeavoured to cry aloud with a passionate emphasis born of utter despair, but no sound came from my parched lips. Then indeed I realized how helpless and forlorn I was—in the grasp of a blind, pitiless fate, deaf to human entreaty. The end now was very near. I braced my nerves for the dread encounter which would be all over in a brief moment. I knew it was a case of a ram butting a mountain, involving the inevitable result. Onward and still onward. Now the great berg towers far above us, and against the forbidding beetling wall the *City of Rome* drives with all her power. As the expected moment of impact comes I feel rather than hear a frightful crash, a grinding, gnashing, devilish, confusion of awful sounds, and I clinch my teeth, as I prepare for the expected stroke from the uplifted hand of the Angel of Eternal Darkness. The blood surges through my veins—I whisper a last good-bye to the world—the stroke falls!—But stay: From afar off, from another world almost, came faintly the hardly understood words, "Wake up! Wake up!" Confused, and in sore agony of mind, I try to listen. Yes, sure enough, I hear the voice again, and the self same words. With a great effort I try to disencumber myself of the earthy dross which impeded the spiritual flight, and I happily succeed. I am transfigured. The other world opens upon my vision radiant and beautiful, calm and benign. But it was hardly the world I half expected to find. I was still on board the *City of Rome*, and around me stretched the solemn and silent ocean. The moon had sunk far to the west, but her radiant and level beams still shot athwart the calm atmosphere. The stars in the blue vault twinkled brightly and cheerily. Standing by my side I see the familiar form of Mr. Morrison, the chief mate of the *City of Rome*, and he is waiting evidently for me to speak. I enquire feebly what was the matter? and I hear the laughing answer—"The night is getting cooler. You ought not to sleep there any longer."—"Yes—yes—what do you say?" I stammer,—"I thought we had a dreadful storm and collided with an iceberg, and were all dashed to pieces, and—and—" "O no, not so bad as that," was the placid answer. "I think it was nothing but Welsh rarebit."

R. W. DOUGLAS.

THE LITERARY LIFE.

I BEGIN by saying that probably the greater number of those who try to find their way into literature never think of preparing for it at all, and that some of those who read this will no doubt wonder what kind of preparation can be possible or desirable. Let me be excused for being autobiographical; it will prove the shortest way of getting into the heart of the subject.

The Scripture-loving people among whom my lot was first cast used to say of me that I had "the pen of a ready writer," from the time when I could use the pen. But long before I had learned writing I had a style of what shall I say?—slate-pencilmanship of my own, and, on the slate, "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." By the time I was ten years old I had produced plenty of verse, which, merely as such, was good, and which probably contained some faint elements of poetry. But my shyness and self-distrust were extreme, and this continued up to long after the time when it had been proved that other people were willing to hear me or read me. These lines may possibly, nay probably, be read by an editor who will remember something of a poetical contributor whose rhymes he used to print, but who utterly disappeared and shot suddenly down the horizon upon being politely requested in the correspondents' column to furnish his name and address. This, which I suppose would have set the hair of many contributors on end with rapturous visions of cheques and conversaziones, was quite sufficient to shut me up, though I was a grown man with children. The good-natured editor had heard his first and last of me, unless he recognizes me under this fresh disguise. I will help his memory, if he yet lives, in the following manner: Supposing I wanted to get hold of him by advertisement, I should insert in the agony column of the *Times* or *Telegraph* a notice beginning—"The Ascent of the Peter Botté. If the Editor who once," etc., etc. Further than this I decline to go, we have all our feelings. The upshot of this is that I had always a certain amount of "encouragement" given to me, especially in matters of verse. My rhymes were almost always inserted, and promptly; and a distinguished man of letters (never mind how I happened to get into communication with him—it cost me agonies) told me that verse was my "spere." While I write this I am thinking of Dickens' old stager, who failed to make a journey by rail, getting miserably lost at stations, and whose wife was told by the housemaid that "railways wasn't master's spear."

It is not an impossible thing to make money by writing verses, but in order to do so you must either have an independent standpoint to begin from, or you must be in such a position that you can afford to go through a long probation *before* you arrive at the period when you can make poetry pay. Even then the chances are a million to one against success. My own position and feelings at the time when I began to think about writing for money, are expressed in certain paragraphs from my own pen, which I will quote directly. And I should never have begun to think of writing for money at all if it had not been that I was, in a manner, driven to it by finding certain occupations, which I need not describe, telling on my health.

The passage I was about to quote is as follows:—

"Any one who wishes to make a serious mark upon the literature of his country had better, if he possibly can, find some other means of getting his bread than writing. To write for immortality, and for the journals too, is about the most harassing work a man could engage in. There are, of course, cases to the contrary—cases of men who have a fine physique to back the large brain, and whose genius is consequently of the productive and popular order. Such men can kill the two birds with one stone, but woe betide the weakling who tries the same thing!

"In all cases where the brain, whether intrinsically or by association with a capricious physique, is delicate and incapable of incessant production, the problem—difficult of solution, but not always insoluble—is to find some not too uncongenial employment, which shall yield the nucleus of an income, and leave a good deal of leisure too. Not a clerk's place, if the man be of the Campbell order, but something less continuous, if even more arduous. Men of imaginative mould should choose, if they can, pursuits which

leave large gaps of leisure, even if they pay for that advantage by being overworked at occasional times."

I must here say, harsh as the judgment will seem to a good many people, that it is all but impossible for a person to use any form of teaching (except the most mechanical, and scarcely then as a means of earning a livelihood, and yet maintain perfect independence and purity of conscience. Journalists, who are bent the yoke, will scoff at this; but the fox without a tail laughs at the world over at the fox who insists on keeping his; and I maintain that what I say is true. At all events I thought so, and determined that I would, at whatever cost, find out some way of earning at least bread and water, so that I might leave myself without excuse if, at the end of every writing day, I could not say, "This hand has never written what this brain did not think or this heart did not feel."

Besides this difficulty, there were others in my way which forced themselves upon my attention. My natural inclination was always either to look at things "in the abstract" and run off into metaphysics, or else to be what people called transcendental, or florid, or, still more frequently, mystical. And I uniformly observed that writing to which the people I knew—my fool-ometer in fact—would apply these terms, was certain to be rejected by editors. I also observed, and past experience has amusingly confirmed this, that editors who will look very jealously after what you say while your articles are new to them, will let you write almost what you please after a little time. Putting one thing with another, I began a determined course of preparatory study—this is to say, I minutely analyzed the sort of writing for which I found there was a market. In this way I pulled to pieces every novel and every leading article that I came across. Thus, I took some many pages of a story and chopped it all up into incident, conversation and comment. Leading articles gave me a great deal of trouble. I found that I could write articles that were printed when the subject excited me, or when the appeal in the discussion was to first principles. Hence, an article of mine on a revolution or on the law of husband and wife, would, I found, be welcome; but for politics, in the ordinary sense of the word, I had not the whiff of instinct. Although I always could, and can, adapt means to ends by dint of hard thinking, yet I found myself destitute of all sagacity in dealing with the by-play of minor motives; and utterly lost—though scornfully as well as consciously lost—in handling what people call politics. I shall never forget, and my friend now beyond the grave will perhaps remember in Heaven the outcome of his asking me to attend vestry meetings—and edit a local newspaper. This was not from any contempt of common things, but from a sense that everybody would get a rise out of me which would make my attempt to fulfil editorial duties a farce. My instinct was a true instinct; and after accepting the engagement, I gave it up, because I was satisfied that, by attempting to keep it, I should put him to more inconvenience than I could possibly do by breaking it. He perfectly understood, laughed and remained my friend to the last.

The things, then, that gave me the most trouble, considered as studies, were leading articles and essays on current politics. With regard to the latter, or indeed both, I never could get a firm footing to begin with. It was Austria wants to do this, and Prussia wants to do the other; the Bourbons aimed at so-and-so, and Spain had her reasons for standing aloof. But I was, for one thing, unable to see that there was any ground for all this sort of thing, outside the fancy of the *rédacteur*; and then, again, I could never personify Austria, or Spain, or Prussia, or France. My mind, or as Lord Westbury puts it, what I was pleased to call my mind, said—"Austria? But what is Austria? It is so many rods of ground." It was intelligible to me that a man should want to marry a particular woman, or to secure a particular estate, for its beauty or use; but that Schwarzenburg, and Thiers, and Palmerston, and A. and B., and who-not, should be playing a political "game" with earnestness enough to deserve or justify a serious leading article, was to me utterly unintelligible. This was not for want of strong English feeling and even passionate pride in "speaking the tongue that Shakspeare spake," but from my general incapacity to understand why people should be always meddling with each other. When I was a little boy I remember

neering a shock-headed wart-nosed tradesman, brandishing a ham-knife, holding forth thus: "What does a man go and be a politician for? His own aggrandizement. What makes a man go and be a clergyman? His own aggrandizement. What makes me go and keep a 'am-and-beef shop? My own aggrandizement." Well, I had been brought up in some loneliness, and chiefly in the society of those who had a consuming desire to make certain opinions prevail; the opinions being rooted in first principles, and the only means dreamed of being fair persuasion. And up to this time of my life, late as it was, I had only a very faint appreciation of the activity of the "aggrandizement" motive in the affairs of the world. Besides this obstacle to my appreciating current political, or even much of different social criticism, there was another difficulty. Leading articles seemed to me to begin from nothing and to lead to nowhere, and it was not till after most persevering study that I succeeded in cutting open the bellows and finding where the wind came from. Then, again, I carefully examined the magazines, and very carefully indeed the Notices to Correspondents. But at thirty years of age I was still so green as to write one day to the *Times*, pointing out an error of fact and a clear fallacy of education in one of its leaders, doing this in the full undoubting expectation that they would make the necessary correction. About this time I had an introduction to Mr. Mowbray Morris, and saw him in his room in the *Times* office. Nothing came of it, and I expect he thought I was a real Arcadian. I was.

My letters of introduction were rather numerous, and addressed to people who could probably have helped me if they had taken pains—nay, some of whom would probably have done so if I had pushed a little. But this was impossible to me; and I was much surprised that clever men—as I had reason to suppose many of these persons to whom I had letters really were—did not seem able at a glance to feel sure that this real Arcadian had a share of honesty, application, and versatility which might make it politic, merely as a matter of business, to treat him civilly. The only person, however, who was really insolent, was a man who had written chiefly on "love" and "brotherhood." I am not writing down a cynical fib, but the simple truth. He certainly annoyed me, and I thought to myself, "One of these days I will serve you out." I have, of course, never served him out; the only effect of his rudeness has been that I have been able to speak of him with cheerful frankness. There was some fun in situations of this kind; and I used to enjoy the feeling, that while perhaps some one to whom I had a letter was snubbing me, or at least treating me *de haut en bas*, he was behaving thus to a stranger who would be able to his dying day to describe every look of the superior being's eyes, every line of his face, every word he said, the buttons on his coat, how high the gas was, and what tune the organ-grinder was playing in the next street while the little scene came off.

After a time I was told by an old friend of a gentleman who, he thought, might help me. Him I hunted up, by a circuitous route, though I knew neither his name, his qualifications, nor his address. He is a man of genius and of good nature, and through him I got really useful introductions. From this time there were no external difficulties in my way. But conscientious scruples, and personal habits of my own remained to constitute real and very serious obstacles. I was not what Mr. Carlyle, describing the literary amanuensis who helped him in his Cromwell labours, calls "hardy." The manner in which the ordinary journalist knocks about was always a wonder to me. I could neither stand wine, nor tobacco, nor pottering about, nor hunting people up in the intervals of literary labour, nor what those who know me have (too) often heard me call "jaw." I mean the kind of debate which goes on at discussion societies, and among even intelligent men when public topics arise after dinner. It is half sincere; it is wanting in the nicety of distinction which love of truth demands; it is full of push, and loudness, personal vanity, and the instinct of combat: so it seemed to me that no one could have much of it without loss, not only of self-respect, but also of fineness of perception and clearness of conscience. As unpleasant in another way was what we may perhaps call the clever "club" talk of literary men. Here you find men trying apparently which can say the smartest thing—to quote a *mot* of a living writer of admirable *vers de société*, "they call their jokes 'quips,' but the

work is so hard that they might just as well be called 'cranks.'" On the whole, my tastes and habits were about as unfavourable for making way in journalism as could possibly be supposed. The necessity of keeping a conscience—and obstinately keeping it under a glass case, too—was a far more serious matter.

It so happened, however, that immediately on starting with my pen in a professional way, I got a character for writing good critical papers. The very first critical essay I ever wrote was quoted, and noticed in high quarters; and it was passed round that I had a quick scent in literary matters. But the way in which this worked was very amusing. Everybody went about to flood me with reviewing work. It was quite natural, but rather wide of the mark. When a man who possesses a pretty good critical scent takes up a book that is either by goodness or badness suggestive, there are "three courses" open to him. He may characterize it in a few sentences; but half-a-dozen lines, even if they are bright and exhaustive in their way, are not a review—are not, in fact, what is wanted of a journalist. Or he may make it a topic, and produce an article as long as a small book. This, again, however good, is not what is wanted of a journalist. The third course, to write a column or two about a book that has no particular life in it, is the arduous one. And arduous indeed it is.

There was another difficulty which stood in my way as a journalist. There is a class of article for which there is always a demand. I mean the kind of article which teaches one-half of the world how the other half lives. I hope literary beginners who may read these lines will take notice of that. For this kind of writing I had some qualifications—quickness of eye, a tenacious memory of detail, and a lively sense of fun; but then I could not knock about and come up to time. A day in Spitalfields would make me ill. There was a case in which, under unusually favourable conditions, I had to refuse a task of this kind. The kind and discerning friend who proposed it I met by exposing my own unfitness in the matter of knocking about, and I said, "Mr. So-and-so is your man; he will do it better than I shall in many respects." My friend answered, "No, not in every respect; he will not put into it the feeling that you will." In spite of this encouragement I declined the work, and for the soundest reasons. But any beginner who can do writing of this description, with plenty of detail—and without inter-spaces of meditation, such as would come down by main force upon my pen—may make sure of earning money by literature.

The practical upshot of most of the foregoing memoranda is this: It so happened that I usually got into print when I desired it: that my very first article "professionally" written was printed in good company; and that I had few difficulties outside of my own personal peculiarities. But how was this? Just thus (shade of Artemus Ward!): I had for years made the working literature of the day a study; knew the things that tended to exclude a man's writing from magazines and newspapers, and the special points that I had to guard against. Is there anything wrong in suggesting that not one in a thousand of the class called "literary aspirants" has ever made the working literature of the hour a systematic study?

The articles, like the books, of the class called literary aspirants are usually rejected, even when they have merit, upon what may be termed points of literary form. This paragraph is good, and that is good, and this other is really fine; but the whole thing wants licking into shape. Thus, an editor or reviewer of experience and vision can almost certainly tell amateur work at a glance. See some interesting remarks by Mr. Herman Merivale in a recent "Junius" paper in the *Cornhill* upon the ease with which literary work is recognized as that of a practised pen. We are sometimes told—and thousands of "aspirants" think with bitterness—that the distinction between the amateur and the practised writer is idle, because everybody is an amateur to begin with. But I have shown that this is not true. In spite of long practice in the use of the pen, I made working literature a deliberate study, and others have done the same; that is, they have not relied on mere aptitude. "Look," says the writer of a formless novel, "look at 'Jane Eyre'!" Well, by all means look at "Jane Eyre"; you can hardly look at a more instructive case. Currer Bell did not succeed as an amateur; she had been a hard

student of the conditions of success, and she attended to them so far as her knowledge went, and so far as she desired to use them. Of literary ambition proper she had none, nor—if I may speak of myself in the same sentence—have I. But whatever one's motive or impulse may be in writing, he must pay some attention to matters of literary form, and he must comply with such of them as have a just and natural foundation. He is, in fact, as much bound to comply with these as he is bound *not* to comply with those which demand some sacrifice of truthfulness, self-respect, and clearness of conscience.

Paradoxical as some may think it, the chief hindrance to honest literary success is literary vainglory to begin with. This involves splash, false fire, chaotic "out-lay" (to use a surveyor's phrase) of the work, and foolish and exaggerated ideas of the "success" within reach. There was a one-volume novel published a year or two ago, in which a young journalist, whose suit had been rejected by a young lady's "aughty" mother, and who is under a cloud for a time, makes money at a rate which must have set every journalist in England laughing, and then suddenly blazes out in the society of dukes and cabinet ministers because he has written a crushing exposure in a daily paper of the probable working of "clause 5" of a certain bill. This particular book was a very innocent one, and no more vainglorious than Currer Bell's notions of the Duke of Wellington.

In that specimen sheet of her handwriting given by Mrs. Gaskell in the memoir, she shows us the duke at the war-office, putting on his hat at five minutes to four, telling the clerks that they might go, and scattering "largess" among the clerks with a liberal hand as he takes his leave for the day. *Sancta simplicitas!* we cry; and there is an end. But every writing man knows that "aspirants," as a class, are eaten up with vainglory. They want distinction and the run of the pleasures of a "literary" life as they apprehend them. They have visions of the tenth thousand, and flaming reviews, and gorgeous society. I see with infinite amusement the ideas some people have of the sort of life I lead. They think—they almost tell me so in words—that I have always got my pocket full of orders for the theatre; that I can button-hole anybody I please; that I go to the queen's garden-parties; that I sit with a halo round my head in gilded saloons, saying, or hearing said, brilliant *mots*; that I drink champagne with actresses behind the scenes; and that, if they offend me, I shall at once put them in *Punch* or the *Times*. I have also been told—almost point-blank in some cases—that it was only my jealousy and desire to "keep others down" that prevented my procuring immediate admission into periodicals for articles submitted to me by A. or B., which were perhaps of the silliest and most despicable quality. I have had this said or hinted to my face, or behind my back, about articles that were utterly unprintable, at times when my own papers had been waiting months—three, six, or eight months—for insertion in places where I had what is called "interest." People who have—who are *capable* of having—notions of this kind I would certainly do my best to keep out of literature; not, however, from "jealousy," but because they are morally unfit for it.

This opens the way for a word or two which I promised upon "cliqueism." That literary men, like other people, form knots and groups, is a matter of course; and "what for no?" That there must be partiality and some degree of exclusiveness in these is certain. That there are quarrels I am sure, for I hear of them, and discern their consequences. But so there are everywhere. In some hole-and-corner connections there may be jealousy and exclusiveness founded on money reasons. But, personally, I have never once come into collision with anything of the kind. As a hindrance to "aspirants," I do not believe such a thing exists. The chief deterring or exclusive influence I have ever suffered from has been that of a kindness so much in excess of my capacity to make fair returns, that I have flinched from accepting it. Literary men, as I know them, come nearer to Wieland's Cosmopolites ("Die Abderiten") than any other class.—*Masson*.

LAUNDRYMEN are the most humble and forgiving beings on earth. The more cuffs you give them the more they will do for you.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF TEA.

A FRENCH observer has recently tabulated the evil results which, in many cases, follow the excessive use of what is now the favourite beverage of Teutonic and Slavonic nations. The list is a formidable enumeration of neurotic and dyspeptic affections, which are not the less worthy of attention because they are mainly functional disorders, tending to the embittering of existence rather than the shortening of life. English medical teachers are somewhat divided on this question. Some make light of the alleged evils of tea-drinking, and regard the prohibition of tea as, in many cases, merely a professional fad. Others teach that the mischief, of which they admit the existence, is due less to excessive use of tea than to the omission from the regular dietary of the really nutritive and sustaining elements. A third class regard tea-drinking as an evil almost comparable to alcoholism.

Tea has won its way to favour among civilized nations mainly, it would seem, as an agreeable nervine stimulant. As Sir William Roberts points out, in his interesting lectures upon dietetics, a desire for stimulation is one of the most marked characteristics of advanced civilization, although savage man is by no means devoid of its universal human instinct. The stimulants in common use are tea, coffee, tobacco and alcohol—not to mention such agents as opium or *hashish*; which are perhaps less stimulant than narcotic. Of this group, tea and coffee are the favourites, as they suit the taste of both sexes; and their beneficial effects undoubtedly far outweigh the evils which occasionally spring from their abuse.

Tea is an agreeable cerebral stimulant, quickening intellectual operations, removing headache and fatigue, and promoting cheerfulness and a sense of well-being. It is known to all English speaking people as the "cup that cheers but not inebriates"; and it has long been a favourite with students, literary men and others engaged chiefly in brain-work. Tea is also a mild sudorific, and is largely consumed in hot countries, especially our Australia colonies, where it is found to exercise a cooling influence, after the preliminary effect due to the imbibition of a hot fluid has passed off. The influence of tea upon the digestive tract has not been so definitely made out, but the most recent observations seem to show that while it somewhat retards primary digestion, it aids the absorption and appropriation of the food-elements. From such physiological facts, it is clear that tea is chiefly of service during or after physical or intellectual effort, and at the time when absorption of the products of primary digestion is in process. It cannot too strongly be asserted that tea is not in any exact sense a true food, and that its nutritive value, in itself, is practically naught.

As might be conjectured from the nature of the physiological action of tea, the effects of its abuse fall chiefly on the nervous and digestive systems. Nervous irritability, palpitation, insomnia, and sense of brain-fatigue are among the most prominent of the nervous symptoms; and, although it is unquestionable that the symptoms are often directly connected with other sources of nervous disturbance as well as tea-drinking, it is not less clear that they are greatly aggravated by the excessive use of tea. The digestive symptoms are impairment of the appetite, pain and flatulence during the process of digestion and defective intestinal action—the symptoms, in fact, of one of the varieties of atonic dyspepsia. How far these symptoms are due to the thein contained in tea, and how far to its tannin, is a question. Sir William Roberts has shown that the most rapid infusion does not prevent the dissolving out of a large proportion of the tannin, and we are disposed to conjecture that the digestive symptoms may, to a large degree be safely attributed, not to any chemical action but to the same cause which produces the neurotic disturbance namely the thein.

The sufferers from excessive tea-drinking may be grouped into three classes.

First, there is the large class of pure brain-workers who speedily discover that, while alcohol is pernicious to them, tea affords the stimulus which they desire. They indulge in it without fear of mischief, and often to an unlimited extent. Dr. Johnston's tea drinking was proverbial, and many distinguished writers could tell a similar tale. After a time, the nervous symptoms enumerate

move begin to make their appearance, and, in many cases, do much to impair temper, and to limit the capacity for sustained intellectual effort.

Secondly, there is the large class of women of the better classes who, beginning with afternoon tea, often end by using their favourite stimulant in the intervals between all the meals of the day, and as often as the humour takes them. The result is that appetite becomes impaired, and the prostration due to insufficient nourishment is combated with more potatoes of the ever-welcome stimulant, until the vicious circle is well established.

Thirdly, in all our large manufacturing towns there are numbers of factory operatives, especially women, who, finding it difficult to provide a cheap and appetizing mid-day meal, fly to the tea-pot, and do a large amount of severe physical labour on this miserable dietary. It is most important to impress upon this class, who are usually profoundly ignorant of everything concerning health and diet, that tea is not a food, and that the delusive sense of satisfaction which it bestows is a dangerous snare.

In addition to the above classes, there is a small group of persons to whom tea seems a positive poison. We know that idiosyncrasy accounts for the most extraordinary departures from the normal rule in matters of diet or the action of medicine; and the number of persons whose idiosyncrasy includes an intolerance of tea is considerable enough to make the subject worthy of professional attention.

Sufferers from the abuse of tea should abstain from its use, and substitute either coffee or cocoa. It will be found that many of those who are unfavourably affected by tea are equally susceptible to the action of coffee; but this is by no means universally true, and the substitution can often be made with decided advantage. Cocoa suits almost all cases, and, whatever may be its deficiencies in the score of palatability, it is a genuine food, and its modern preparations are becoming more and more elegant and pleasing to the taste.—*British Medical Journal*.

THE LOST COLONY.

ALTHOUGH now consisting of little else than barren rocks, mountains covered with snow and ice, and valleys covered with glaciers,—although its coasts are now lined with floods of ice, and checkered with icebergs of immense size, Greenland was once easily accessible; its soil was fruitful, and well repaid the cultivation of the earth. It was discovered by the Scandinavians, towards the close of the tenth century, and a settlement was effected on the eastern coast, in the year 982, by a company of adventurers from Iceland, under command of Eric the Red. Migrants flocked thither from Iceland and Norway, and the results of European enterprise and civilization appeared on different parts of the coast. A colony was established in Greenland, and it bid fair to go on and prosper.

Voyages of exploration were projected in Greenland, and carried into effect by the hardy mariners of those days. Papers have been published by the Danish Antiquarian Society at Copenhagen, which go far to show that those bold navigators discovered the coast of Labrador, and proceeding to the south, fell in with the Island of Newfoundland; continuing their course, they beheld the sandy shores of Cape Cod, centuries before the American continent was discovered by Christopher Columbus! It is even believed that these Scandinavian adventurers effected a settlement on the shores of what is now known as Narraganset Bay, Rhode Island, and in consequence of the multitude of grapes which abounded in the woods, they called the new and fruitful country Vinland. But owing to the great number of hostile savages who inhabited these regions, the colonists, after some sanguinary skirmishes, forsook the coast and returned to Greenland. The colony, however, continued to flourish, and the intercourse between it and the mother country was constant and regular. In the year 1400 it is said to have numbered one hundred and ninety villages, a bishopric, twelve parishes, and two monasteries. During this period of four hundred years, vessels were passing at regular intervals, between the Danish provinces in Europe and Greenland. But in the year 1406 this intercourse was interrupted in a fatal manner. A mighty wall arose, as if by magic, along

the coast, and the navigators who sought those shores could behold the mountains in the distance, but could not effect a landing. During the greater part of the fifteenth, the whole of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Greenland was inaccessible to European navigators. The whole coast was blockaded by large masses and islands of ice, which had been drifting from the north for years, and which at length chilled the waters of the coast, and changed the temperature of the atmosphere, and presented an impassable barrier to the entrance in their ports of friend or foe. The sea, at the distance of miles from the land, was frozen to a great depth, vegetation was destroyed, and the very rocks were rent with the cold. And this intensely rigid weather continued for ages!

The colony of Greenland, after this unexpected event took place, never had any intercourse with their friends in the mother country. They were cut off from all the rest of the world. And by this sudden and unanticipated change of climate they were also doubtless deprived of all resources within themselves. Their fate, however, is a mystery. History is silent on the subject. All which is known of this unfortunate people is, that they no longer exist. The ruins of their habitations and their churches have since been discovered along the coast by adventurous men, who have taken advantage of an amelioration in the climate to explore that sterile country, and establish settlements again on various parts of the coast; and also by missionaries, who have braved hardships and perils to introduce among the aboriginal inhabitants the blessings of civilization and Christianity. No other traces of those early European settlers have been discovered, and we can only speculate upon their fate.

It would require no vivid fancy to imagine the appalling sense of destitution which blanched the features and chilled the hearts of those unhappy colonists when they began to realize their forlorn condition; when the cold rapidly increased, and their harbours became permanently blocked with enormous icebergs, and the genial rays of the sun were obscured by fogs; when the winters became for the first time intensely rigid, cheerless, and dreary; when the summers were also cold, and the soil unproductive; when the mountains, no longer crowned with forests, were covered with snow and ice throughout the year, and the valleys filled with glaciers; when the wonted inhabitants of the woods and waters were destroyed or exiled by the severity of the weather, and their places perhaps supplied by monsters of a huge and frightful character.

It were easy to follow this people in fancy to their dwellings; to see them sad, spiritless, and despairing, while conscious of their imprisoned and cheerless condition, and impending fate; to watch them as their numbers gradually diminish through the combined influence of want and continual suffering; to behold them struggling for existence, and striving, nobly striving, to adapt their constitutions, their habits, their feelings, and their wants, to their strangely changed circumstances, but all in vain; to behold them gazing from their icy cliffs, with straining eyes, to the eastward, towards that quarter of the globe, so far distant, where their friends and relations reside, in a more genial clime, surrounded with all the blessings of life, but compelled to rest their eyes on a vast, dreary and monotonous sea of ice, a mass of frozen waves, surrounding myriads of icebergs, extending to the utmost limit of their vision.

Fancy might even go farther than this, and portray the last of these unhappy colonists, who had lingered on the stage of life until he had seen all of his companions, all, of each sex and every age, die a miserable death, the prey of want and despair. Poets have described, in lines of beauty and sublimity, the horrors which may be supposed to surround "the last man"; but there seems to be a remoteness, and indeed an air of improbability about the subject, which robs it of half its force and majesty. But here is an event which has actually occurred, and worthy of being commemorated by the ablest pen in the land. Here, indeed, we may imagine, without offending probability, the wild horrors, invading the very temple of reason, and accumulating, until madness takes possession of the mind. Here we may look for the reality of the fanciful picture, presented with so much terrible distinctness by the poets.—*John S. Sleeper*.

The Literary Wayside.

IN the way of fiction there was never such an abundance, and such a poverty, too, it seems to us, as now; for fiction has long since ceased to have a rational cause for being; everybody writes it, and it is quite badly done. All writing is getting overcrowded, the whole public has discovered that there is no difficulty in using pen and ink, or perhaps lead-pencil, and saying something about all manner of subjects by means thereof. The profession of author is suddenly found to be attainable by anybody, and consistent with any sort of other business. And all the while the scribblers put on the most amusing little airs about it, and an ordinary community is full of distinguished persons who write sketches or stories or poems, and generally all three. "Syndicate" managers exist to pile the papers full of these things; there are even "syndicates" of papers that have a daily story and a daily poem—Apollo, forgive! And now a junta of young newspaper men have started a journal to encourage this sort of thing. It is in Boston, too,—where they have been talking of an authors' club of real authors,—that this scheme of encouraging and instructing "writers" has been deliberately concocted and produced before the world. Are all these things signs of real literary activity, real cultivation of mind, real stirring of ideas or vitality of purpose? No, they are not. There is no more genius, no more thought, than forty years ago; no more writing worth the reading. There is a deal more reading, a deal more diffused information—and much of it is misinformation—a great common stock of expression and fame and sentiment that are easily drawn from—the knack is readily caught. But books of consequence—whether novels or essays—poems that are poetry—are not increased in proportion. You may read long enough in our current literature before you pause and say—here is a treasure that I must keep and read again and yet again.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Mrs. Langtry's Cosy Home.

No. 361 West Twenty-third street is a pretty little house not far from the intersection of the street by Ninth avenue. It hardly looks like a city house, and, indeed, dates back to the days when Twenty-third street was "far up town." It stands well back from the road, and is what is known in country villages as a "double house." This is where during the present season, Mrs. Langtry has ensconced herself whenever her professional engagements would permit of it. She rented it furnished in the fall, but the touch of her skilled hand is perceptible as soon as one enters the dainty little drawing-room on the left of the entrance. On a mother-of-pearl inlaid Turkish octagonal stand is a vase in which fragrant white lilies crowd each other and fill the air with a fragrance which meets, as it were, that pouring from other lilies, roses, mignonette and so forth which fill all sorts of receptacles

in every corner of the room. Near one of the windows whose curtains, by the way, are formed of white otoman silk, stands a rare old crackle white Chinese vase turned to the base uses of a lamp and surmounted by a huge silk umbrella shade. A row of candles on the table are shaded in rather quaint fashion by an oblong shade which serves for them all. In one corner is a mirror canopied, as it were with embroidered silk, and in front of it is a china jardiniere filled with ferns and foliage plants. Gracefully disposed white silk hangings and a profusion of books, a glance into which would disclose the inscription "from the author," add to the artistic but comfortable confusion of the room. On the other side of the hall is a pleasant dining-room, while at the back is the room with its hard floor where Mrs. Langtry develops her muscle and gains fresh graces by her fencing practice.

The curtains in the little drawing-room are drawn, the lamps lighted, and in the soft radiance which comes through the tinted shades sits Mrs. Langtry herself engaged in a quiet after-dinner chat and waiting for her brougham to take her to the theatre. She looks exceedingly handsome as she sits there in her soft brown camel's hair dress with just a suspicion of color in the folds of its front.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The First Pipe.

A LITTLE boy went out one day his father's wood to chop, and saw a big black pipe of clay that tempted him to stop; his father oft admonished him to never use the weed, for, if he did, his trousers then would dusted be, indeed.

The boy looked round, saw no one by, a match he struck and lit, and chuckled as he thought how sly he'd smoke a little bit; so like his dad he puffed away, and blew out clouds of smoke, till beads of sweat upon him lay and nausea in him woke.

Then ghastly white, his nerveless hand dropped in the wood that pipe; his brain it reeled, he could not stand, he struggled with a gripe; that navy plug made him so sick he thought that he would die; but when his dad applied a stick his heels were kicking high.

Full many days have passed and flown since daddy's boy was cured; the lad has now to manhood grown who by that pipe was lured; he tells the story 'bout himself as if a pretty trick, then reaches on the mantel shelf and fills his meerschaum slick.

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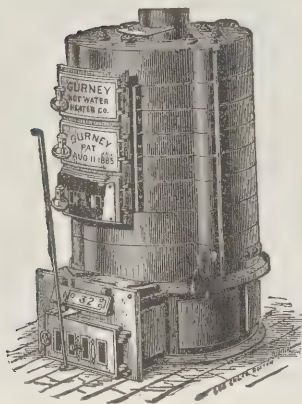
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A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

Vol. I. }
No. 19. }

Saturday, May 21st, 1887.

{ \$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
{ SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

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Editorial Notes.

ANNEXATION.

A RESTIVE citizen of Winnipeg, feeling disgusted at the North-West policy of the Canadian Government, has written a sensational letter to the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, which he gives utterance to loud and bitter complaints, and winds up by enquiring how the United States would likely to receive a proposition of annexation from the province of Manitoba. It seems to be more or less doubtful whether the letter is genuine, as some of the writer's comments do not reflect any phase of Canadian, or even of Manitoban opinion. The editor of the *Pioneer Press* indulges in a few comments which most Canadians who read them will probably regard as "feelers." He refers to the real movement in Nova Scotia, and to the demand of the farmers of Ontario for full trade reciprocity with the States. He remarks that if reflection and discussion in Canada create a sentiment powerful enough to bring about a dissolution of the tie which now binds the Dominion to the Empire, there could be no doubt that "this sturdy, enterprising and self-reliant people, fitted already by everything but addition for independence, would be welcomed with open arms by the nation with whom it would command and meet the destinies of North America, and take the leadership of the English-speaking world." The editor admits, however, that the initiative movement in the direction of annexation must come from our side, and that no overtures looking to such an end must be expected on the part of the United States. The people of Manitoba, he says, must have renounced their allegiance to the British Crown before the question "can even be discussed" by the United States. All of which is well enough so far as it goes, but, in the long phraseology of these latter days, it is altogether too obvious. Whether, in the dim vista of the remote future,

Canada will ever desire and sue for annexation to the States is not a practical question, nor is it one which anybody need waste time in considering, inasmuch as there is certainly no sentiment of the kind in the air at present. The Nova Scotia movement was purely one of local politics, and the movement on the part of the Ontario farmers was not in the least in the direction of "looking to Washington." At no time of late years have we felt "the British yoke" to be very galling, and certainly there is no numerically important element in our population which is consumed by a desire to be relieved from its pressure. It is assuring, however, to be thus apprised of the welcome which will await us when we have cast off the "hated thralldom" which allows us to govern ourselves just as we please, and which does not even protest when we impose hostile tariffs against English manufacturers and merchants.

THE SUBSIDY TO THE C.P.R.

THERE is some hope that the sacrifices Canada has made to build the Canadian Pacific road will be fairly recognized by the Home authorities, and that they will grant a mail subsidy sufficient to admit of the establishment of a line of first-class steamers from Vancouver to Hong-Kong. The advantages to be gained by the Imperial government in having an overland route to India wholly through British territory, telegraph lines with both ends under their own control, and a fleet of first-class steamers available for any emergency in the Pacific, are so great that there ought to be little doubt of the subsidy being granted. The days are gone by when English statesmen said or hinted "So loyal is too costly; fare you well." The Government will remember that Canada was the first colony to put down her rebels with domestic troops alone, and we think the time is yet coming when Canadian affairs will be matter of equal concern to the Imperial Government and our own.

THE NANAIMO DISASTER.

THE Nanaimo mine disaster was terrible in the loss of life it occasioned, and, as usual, some are beginning to enquire what can be done about it. Unfortunately, very little can be done. Since Sir Humphrey Davy invented the safety lamp and George Stephenson improved it the men employed in mines seldom suffer but from the recklessness of some one among them. Nothing can prevent the men from stealing a surreptitious smoke when they think there is no danger, but if ever they make a mistake they pay dearly for their folly. The explosion of an atmosphere consisting of mixed air and coal gas is swifter than gunpowder, and even more fatal, for those not near enough to suffer from the explosion are choked by the after-damp.

THE BUDGET SPEECH.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER'S budget speech shows clearly all the marks of a strong and consistent protective policy. Not content with further protection to many industries suffering from foreign competition, Sir Charles aims to create a new one by a duty on pig iron, which he thinks will lead to the erection of smelting furnaces all over the country. Perhaps he is too sanguine, but Nova Scotia has certainly every facility for iron production, and even in Ontario the production of charcoal iron ought to be profitable. The tax on anthracite coal has been removed, but the operation of carrying fuel to the ore is too costly to be materially aided by so small a bounty. If the land carriage from Pennsylvania were less expensive, we should have little fear of the success of Sir Charles's new "infant industry," but as it is we must confess to doubts. By the way, it is only great men who can make very great blunders, and the reputation of great acquirements is not enough to make any man absolutely accurate. Sir Charles Tupper states that iron and coal are found in close proximity in Canada—a statement altogether erroneous, so far as Ontario and Quebec are concerned, and surely they should count for something. Mr. Blake made a very funny mistake in the debate on the new National Park. He said that a thousand per cent. on an expenditure of \$40,000 amounted to four millions!

PRESS AND PULPIT.

A VERBAL warfare involving questions of some public interest, and also involving a considerable amount of nervous heat on the part of those engaged in it, is at present being fought out from week to week in the columns of *Secular Thought*. The *dramatis personæ* are Mr. Charles Watts, editor of the above-mentioned paper, and the Rev. Hugh Johnston, the popular pastor of Carlton Street Methodist Church, in this city. The original *casus belli* was a sermon preached by Mr. Johnston to his congregation a few Sundays ago, in the course of which that gentleman made use of some exceedingly denunciatory language with reference to "infidels" in general, and more especially with reference to a number of persons who have made more or less mark in the world of literature and politics. Among those so denounced were Thomas Paine, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, and—strange juxtaposition—George Eliot. It is difficult to get at the exact merits of the controversy, owing to the fact that no verbatim report of the sermon was taken at the time of its delivery, and to the additional fact that Mr. Johnston is at issue with some of his hearers as to the precise phraseology employed. The reverend gentleman's congregation were more than a little impressed by the discourse, which must have been of an eminently *ad captandam* character, being full of pointed personal allusions, and in other respects well calculated to arrest the attention of the average church-goer. The popular appreciation was manifested by frequent rounds of applause, and certain passages are said to have evoked demonstrations more befitting to a dramatic representation than to a discourse delivered in a place appropriated to divine worship.

SCEPTICISM AND IMMORALITY.

So far as we have been able to get at the facts of the case they are something like this. The preacher sought to impress upon his hearers the lesson that irregularity and immorality of conduct is the legitimate result of heterodoxy in religious belief. By way of illustration he cited certain actions on the part of the three persons above mentioned. He charged Paine with being "a drunken, blasphemous wretch." Ingersoll was referred to as having pandered to the dissemination of obscene literature. Now, we are not careful to defend the reputations of either of these men. We are content to leave their defence to those who may conceive it to be their business. We would incidentally remark, passing, however, that when a man sets up for a teacher, more especially when he sets up for an expounder of God's Word—he ought to have some knowledge of the subject which he proposes to teach. He ought, moreover, to have some regard for truth, in the abstract. It is quite clear that Mr. Johnston either knows very little of what he is talking about in his sermon, or else that he wilfully perverts the truth. We prefer to believe that he was merely ignorant. But a conscientious man should take pains to inform himself on subjects as to which he is ignorant, instead of sowing foul libels broadcast and at random. If the pastor of Carlton Street Church does not know that Thomas Paine was not "a drunken, blasphemous wretch," it is not for want of an abundance of accessible evidence on the subject. If he had confined himself, however, to maligning Paine, Ingersoll, and others of their kidney, he might have gone to the end of the chapter without interference on our part. But when he assails the memory of George Eliot he touches us more nearly. George Eliot is a name deservedly held in honour by persons of all shades of religious conviction, as well as by persons of no religious conviction at all, and her works are among the glories of English literature.

GEORGE ELIOT.

PRECISELY how far Mr. Johnston ventured to go in his denunciation of the author of *Adam Bede* we do not pretend to say. We were not present on the occasion, and the evidence on the subject is somewhat conflicting. However, one of his listeners was so stung by a sense of the injustice of the preacher's remarks that he forthwith committed to paper such of them as seemed to him the most offensive to good taste and the most contrary to fact. In thus placing the passages in black and white, the reporter does not claim, we understand, to have reproduced the *ipsissima verba* from the pulpit, but he asseverates in the most emphatic terms that George Eliot was distinctly referred to as "a wanton" who had once been a Methodist. The inference sought to be drawn was that in abandoning Methodism, and in throwing overboard the religious beliefs in which she had been reared, she took a clear step in the direction of wantonness, and that her subsequent degradation was nothing more than might have been expected from such proceedings. We would gladly believe that the listener's ears had mislaid him, but his account is confirmed by others who were present, and we notice that Mr. Johnston carefully abstains from

enying the charge. We are therefore reluctantly compelled to believe that a Christian preacher, from his place at the sacred desk, applied to one of the greatest, noblest and purest women that ever lived an epithet which is properly applicable only to the most degraded of their sex.

BELIEF AND CONDUCT.

Now, let us put the best possible face upon the matter. Let it be assumed that the reverend gentleman believed what he said. Does it not strike every reader of these lines that a man who talks so much about that of which he knows little must be a very unsafe guide? Is it not fair to conclude that, since he is hopelessly astray about so many matters pertaining to the life that now is, he cannot be competent to tell us much worth knowing about the life that is to come? George Eliot's record has been before the world for years. Nobody who is interested in her has any excuse for remaining ignorant of it. Certainly no man who assails her memory has any excuse if he does so without making himself acquainted at least with the leading facts of her life. It is clear that Mr. Johnston knows no more about George Eliot's life than he knows about that of the author of *Common Sense*. To say that she was once a Methodist is to betray a depth of ignorance almost too profound to be credited. To use a classic phrase, it is a dead give-away. How would Mr. Johnston like it if the world at large were to say that gross ignorance like this is the direct and inevitable result of entertaining orthodox beliefs? Yet to say so would be just as sensible, just as manly, just as honest, just as truthful, as to say that immoral conduct is the legitimate result of heterodox beliefs.

THE TEACHINGS OF CHRIST AND THE TEACHINGS OF THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON.

BUT to say of George Eliot that she was a wanton—and we ask pardon of her august shade for repeating the foul epithet in connection with her name—is to reach a lower depth still. A man has no right to plead his ignorance in a case of this kind. It argues something beyond and much worse than ignorance. It is indicative of an utter disregard for the plain principle of right and wrong. Does the Rev. Hugh Johnston pretend to teach the doctrines of Christ? The Son of Man, it will be remembered, was the friend of publicans and sinners. In reply to the question: "Who is my neighbour?" he indicated a heretic and an alien. When the woman taken in adultery was brought to him for reprobation, his injunction was: "Let him that is without sin among you first cast a stone at her!" Such was the conduct of the Founder of the Christian faith towards those who were weak and erring, and even towards those who had sinned deeply and often. But George Eliot was a woman of spotless purity, who was led into taking a false position in the eyes of the world through her wish to secure the comfort and happiness of one she dearly loved, and whose comfort and happiness could be secured in no other way. She took this step after mature deliberation and a careful counting of the cost. All to whom her name and fame are dear will regret that she sacrificed herself, but those who are familiar with the circumstances will judge it from an altogether exceptional point of view. No one whose opinion was worth having ever thought the less of her for her sacrifice, whatever they may have thought of Mr. George Henry Lewes. She had the entrée of all that was best and purest in English society. Reverend bishops and prelates entertained her in their houses, and felt

honoured by her association with their wives and daughters. But why pursue the subject further? It is not debatable. The facts are accessible to all the world, and if the Rev. Hugh Johnston had made himself acquainted with them before preaching his sermon he would have acted not only more conscientiously but more wisely, for we should then, doubtless, have been spared the sermon altogether.

GRATIANO'S PHRASE REVERSED.

MR. WATTS, upon being made acquainted with the facts, doubtless felt that such a chance was not likely to come in his way again very soon. He probably regarded the reverend gentleman as his meat, and proceeded to make minced veal of him in his paper, after the most approved receipt. And here Mr. Johnston gave further evidence of his want of worldly wisdom. He allowed himself to be goaded into writing a long reply. This has formed the subject of a further response on Mr. Watts's part, and there have since been rebutters and sur-rebutters. "Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip," says Gratiano, in the play. In the present instance, however, it is clearly the infidel who has his opponent on the hip. The latter is evidently no match for his secular antagonist as a dialectician, and he had, moreover, laid himself open to the mince-meat process by his wild and unfounded statements. We would gladly sympathize with him if we could, but the man who, from a Christian pulpit, refers to George Eliot in such terms as Mr. Johnston has done, richly deserves all he gets.

—"If he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us."

MR. O'BRIEN IN TORONTO.

MR. O'BRIEN has come to Toronto, and has spoken his piece to a great crowd in the Queen's Park; but he and his friends can hardly congratulate themselves upon the result of his mission. Not ten per cent. of those who turned out to hear him received his remarks with any manifestations of favour, and this small percentage included the local members of the league who were in a measure committed to him beforehand. Fully twenty-five per cent. of his audience were actively or contemptuously hostile. His speech, which was from first to last a windy travesty, was not addressed to the people before him, but to the thousands of Irish in the United States who will know nothing about the matter except from newspaper reports. One thing is certain: those who are responsible for O'Brien's mission to Canada are no true friends of Ireland. His visit has been the means of alienating from the Irish cause thousands of persons who have all along been favourable to it, but who have necessarily been driven to the conclusion that no just cause needs to be bolstered up by impudent misrepresentation and lies. He has even been the means of making a popular hero of Lord Lansdowne, a gentleman who had not previously aroused any great amount of popular enthusiasm, and concerning whom most of us were considerably indifferent. Then, he has created ill-blood between persons who have to pass their lives side by side in Canada as neighbours, and who were getting along very smoothly together until he appeared on the scene to set them by the ears. All these things, we repeat, he has accomplished by his flying visit. As to any good which may be set off against all these things, there is not, so far as can be seen, a single particle. We repeat that he has seriously damaged the cause he came to advocate, and that he has created unnecessary prejudice in the minds of the jury. The Irish question fairly palls upon us. So far as Canadians are concerned, they want to hear no more of Ireland and her wrongs for many a day to come.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, MAY 21st, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT, - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

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THE CARDINAL, THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE JESUITS.

WONDERS will never cease. Imagine the great apostle of Liberalism, the chief of the extreme *Rouge* party of Quebec, the leader in progressive politics, espousing the cause of the Jesuits and ultramontane Roman Catholics, and defying the Liberal Cardinal Archbishop in his very diocese! And this is just what Mr. Mercier has done. Those wily priests, the Jesuit fathers, after waiting years for the opportunity of getting their claims recognized—and none know better how to wait than the Jesuits—have at last gained their point. The advent of Liberalism has proved their opportunity, and they were not slow to seize it. But imagine Mr. Mercier being their advocate, and imagine still further, if you can, this devoted son of Liberalism, in this very churchy age, taking up arms against a Cardinal and six bishops. All this he has done, and the letters which he has written to His Eminence show how thoroughly in earnest he is over the whole thing. The devil is said to hate holy water, but the hatred of His Satanic Majesty is nothing compared to the hatred of Archbishop Taschereau for the Jesuits. They are veritable thorns in his flesh. He has never forgiven them for scheming against him, when he first donned the robes of the Archdiocese. He has not forgotten the trick they played him in Montreal, when Dom Smeulders listened to their intriguing tongues, and reported against His Grace's cherished plans and projects. They went about their work of undermining very craftily, but Monsignor Taschereau is a cool hand, and his emissaries kept his ear well supplied with news. Against Liberalism the Jesuits never fought a successful battle, but the Riel rebellion helped them to an ally stronger even than the Cardinal himself. Against Archbishop Taschereau the old, narrow and bigoted ultramontane party of Montréal, and the equally bigoted *Cercle Catholique* of Quebec, could raise no hand. In every encounter they were vanquished, and the Cardinal reigned supreme. But the North-West rising came, and from that *émeute* Mercier sprang a victor. Union with him—though the very idea of such a federation gave their stomachs a turn—was inevitable, but it was effected. The result has exceeded their best anticipations. In the first fight with their old enemy, the Cardinal, their cause has won, and His Eminence has been humiliated at the very base of his throne. He has been trying to get rid of the Jesuits for years. They have stood in his path, and blocked

his plans of reform. They have interfered with his Montreal Laval College, and given him many a sleepless night. When the Pope crowned him with the red hat, he thought his principedom would give him supreme power over the black-robed monsters who tried to pull him down. To make his position more secure, he got His Holiness to grant him a little court. Around his throne half-a-dozen purple-clad monsignors revolve, and do his bidding, and promulgate his theories. Everything was going on nicely. The Cardinal is the chief patron of Laval University. His own politics are Liberal, and so are those of the professional staff of the College. The Liberals have done everything for the Taschereau family, and Mr. Mercier was regarded as a little god by the Laval group. From him they expected to get all sorts of plums, and it was an open secret that at next convocation the premier was to be made an LL.D. But Mr. Mercier is a politician of the exigency stripe. His new allies, the extreme Catholics of the Inquisition order, headed by Senator Trudel, insisted on his support in all things. They made their support a *sine qua non* for his, and though it is really a union of oil and water, strange to say, it is a strong one. They have nothing in common, but they have chosen to join forces together to gain certain immediate objects. In the meantime, it looks as if each wing of the coalition was growing distrustful of the other. Some day the cord will snap, and the stronger of the two will reign. Cardinal Taschereau will bide his time as patiently as he can, but it is a long lane which has no turning. The Jesuits can now own property in Quebec. This they could never do before. After the Lower House passed the bill, His Eminence's henchman, Vicar-General Hamel, one of the ablest priests in the ancient capital, went before the Committee of the Legislative Council, and pleaded his master's cause with real skill. His words fell on dull ears. He pleaded delay, in order that the Churchmen might consider the bill more carefully. But the temper of the Upper House was ruffled, and they passed the bill in defiance of the Cardinal and his benchful of bishops. This is a blow in the teeth of the Cardinal, and the exempted order can scarcely restrain its joy. And yet, it is a pity that Mr. Mercier should humiliate the Cardinal in this way. He is really the most liberal-minded man, and worth a thousand Jesuits though, to be sure, he ordered Mr. Buie's *Lanterne* on the Index Expurgatorius, and even forbade the faithful to attend the lectures of that brilliant but irreverent *littérateur*. His Eminence can do small things occasionally.

Montreal.

A CANADIAN.

THE Chicago *Dial* for May has a long and appreciative notice of Professor Roberts's *In Divers Tones*, to which attention was recently drawn in these columns. "The Canadian poets," says the *Dial*, "are practically unknown in this country, with the exception of Fréchette, and we hardly think of him as an American poet, because he writes in the French language. But a poet of the power of Mr. Roberts ought not to remain unfamiliar to anyone who cares for poetry. . . . The most prominent characteristic of this verse is found in its harmony and its melody. Mr. Roberts has an ear for the music of poetry which is rare even among poets.

Poetry.

ESTRANGED.

I SEE about the city street
My friend of other days,
And coldly we, like strangers, meet,
In outward words and ways.
But if we, by some sudden chance,
Encounter face to face,
The whitened cheek and quailing glance
Our daily mask replace.

Then, longing for the close warm grasp
Renounced so long ago,
Each hand, with one mute, eager clasp,
Might banish pride and woe.
We look into each other's eyes,
We question without speech;
We pause, and doubt, and lose the prize
Once more within our reach.

So, growing old, a separate road
We travel day by day,
Each heart alone with life's dull load,
Goes struggling on its way.
Oh lost, lost love! though lost, still ours,
Oh silent constancy!
Hard fate so rudely crushed your flowers,
They bloom no more for me.

Montreal.

MILETA.

SOUL'S UNREST.

WHEN smiles are brightest off the deepest sighs
Escape unsummoned from the sorrowing heart;
Whilst laughter lingers sometimes there will start
Tears all unbidden to the loveliest eyes;
In merry moments old-time ghosts will rise
And make with unseen touch old heart-sores smart;
The happiest hour is roughly torn apart
By some remember'd wrong in mute surprise.
Though buried long and low the sins of youth
Eternal justice by her stern decrees
Their spirits will raise and rob the soul of ease
When coward conscience doth confront the truth.
Yet this consoling balm to each is given
By true repentance man may enter Heaven.

AMARANTH.

SONNET.—LOVE'S MIDNIGHT.

THE midnight bells chime slowly on mine ear
And I do wonder in the pausing-time
If thou, to whom is consecrate my rhyme,
Wilt ever learn the truth that lurketh here.
We dread to lose the hearts we hold most dear
And thee I love—if love be not a crime—
For art thou not perfections very prime
And all thy nature pure as crystal clear?

* * * * *

The last sound sinks in echoing distress
Adown the silence of the sable vault
And with it dies the hope that did exalt
My heart's desire and thy sweet loveliness.
O! gloom of night! why bearest thou away,
As fear takes hope, the gladness of the day.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

SONNET.—REGENERATION.

THE eloquent appeal of thy sad eyes,
That look'd with soft reproach upon my sin,
Has stirr'd up all the good that in me lies
And all my life anew I do begin.
Name but the task that thy sweet love shall win,
My soul will to the hazard equal rise
And, disregarding all the world's harsh din,
Will aim to re-obtain its Paradise.
I will forswear the ways that made me fall
In thy weak estimation of my worth,
And love's true impulse, taking second birth
From thine indulgence, shall re-conquer all.
Love is the pardoner of errors past
And promissor of all earth's joys that last.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

THE MANIA FOR AUTOGRAPHS.

SHAKESPEARE'S question, "What's in a name?" is quite satisfactorily answered in the pages of "A Catalogue of Autograph Letters," which Mr. W. E. Benjamin, of 744 Broadway, New York, has prepared. This little pamphlet of 48 pages is very entertaining reading; always eminently suggestive, sometimes indeed pathetic even.

The mania for the collection of autographs is doubtless the most rational expression there is of that persistent desire for rarities and curios which stirs the emulation and cultivates the dilettante soul of the virtuoso. It is a mania that is fast becoming a science. Perhaps it betrays one of the ways in which the influence of the Oriental civilizations is making itself felt upon our western mind; for did not the Arabs, too, think it necessary, if not incumbent upon them, to preserve every scrap of paper which they found, lest the name of Allah should be dishonoured by neglect? At any rate, it is a curious and an interesting characteristic of cultivated society, this desire to collect autographs. It can conduce to no evil; it may possibly tend to much good. At the worst, it is only an escape valve in this modern monstrous machine of our civilization for the steam of sentimentalism.

But if it is a science, it is a deceptive one. There are laws in it that as yet we know little of. It would be a dangerous thing, in our present limitations, to attempt to rate worth by the price which single signatures or holographs bring in the dealers' hands or in the auction room. Thus the fame of Anne, Queen of England, to turn to the catalogue before us, is the same as that of Balzac. Mr. Benjamin offers the signatures of these worthies for \$10 each. But Lord Bolingbroke, the prime minister of the weak-willed Queen, surpasses both in eminence, if one may trust this catalogue, for his name is valued at \$21. Signatures of Boswell and Campbell are worth \$17.50. Edmund Burke, greater than either, brings \$5, while Bulwer is rated at \$1 less. Carlyle strikes a happy mean between, and may boast of \$4.50 of fame. Great is the fall to the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," whose signature brings but 75 cents; but misery loves company, and Mrs. Howe has many to console her; such persons as Miss Alcott, Gen. N. P. Banks, Mr. Gladstone, Alexander Hamilton, the Pole Kossuth, Mathews the actor, and Lord Macaulay, none of whom is valued at more than \$1, and the last of whom is worth but 35 cents. This last valuation, however, is really not surprising in an age that follows Matthew Arnold wherever his critical judgment carries him. Colley Cibber's signature, written upon a theatrical bill of supplies, is to be had for \$11.35; an entire letter of Coleridge is worth \$18; but Cowper evidently is a greater man than the author of "Christabel," for \$19 is set upon an epistolary holograph of his; \$125 is the price set upon an entire original manuscript of Nathaniel Hawthorne. The signatures of Dr. Holmes and of Sam Houston are each to be had for \$1.75, and that of "Bob" Ingersoll for but 50 cents less. But at the head of the list are three famous love letters written by Keats to Fanny Brawne. The first is valued at \$150; the second at \$125; the third at \$75. Here are perhaps half a dozen pages that speak of love for \$350! How fast many a struggling better half might become rich if he or she could but sell, at even half this rate, the love letters of his or her forgotten partner.

The perusal of this pamphlet will be fruitful of much amusement. Cynicism will thrive upon it. We must confess too many things are lacking in it. It is woefully incomplete. To appear on these pages, therefore, is not an absolute index of dignity or worth. There's much in a name; there's money in a name. But one may be famous without one. And who would not rather die unknown to fame than have his autograph sell for 15 cents after he is gone? Many with names are but nominally famous.

A YOUNG man "who can milk and take care of furnace" advertises in the New York *Herald* for a situation. Some milk-man should hire him. The pumps could be given a rest with a man on the place who can milk a furnace.

WRITING TO CONCEAL ONE'S THOUGHTS.

DIPLOMATISTS have for many ages been in the habit of corresponding in cipher, when their communications are of a nature intended only for the sovereign or ministers of their own country. There is a key or clue to render the cipher intelligible; each government keeps its own cipher, with its own key to unlock it; and—truth to tell—is not averse to getting hold of the key of any cipher used by a foreign government, if it can be done. Messengers, couriers, spies, scouts, in war time, sometimes carry secrets into or out of the enemy's country, at peril of death if captured. The writing is sometimes on small bits of thin paper, enclosed in a quill, and concealed by the carrier in some inscrutable way. It was by means of this kind that Havelock, Outram, Inglis, and Clyde kept up a scant and uncertain communication, during the eventful scenes at Lucknow. The most humorous and effectual mode of sending a cryptogram, perhaps was that attributed to a Greek, in the old days; he shaved the head of a slave, wrote on the bald pate with indelible ink, allowed the hair to grow again, and sent off the slave; the correspondent or addressee shaved the head again, and there read the message on the pate. The slave carried the cryptogram, not in his brain, but outside it.

Writing with invisible or sympathetic ink is an amusing expedient, but scarcely secret enough for important communications. Many chemical liquids may be used as inks, to produce writing which is invisible until warmed before the fire, or until steeped in some other liquid. Two persons may exercise their ingenuity in this way. Each writes out an extract from a book, no matter what, in ordinary ink; then, with invisible ink, makes dots under such letters, and dashes under such words as suffice to make up the message. The addressee, on receiving the written extract, knows how to read between the lines, by making the invisible ink visible.

More frequently, however, the cryptogram is prepared by taking some liberty or other with the ordinary language in which you write—a liberty known only to you and your correspondent. For instance, you may write out your message, leaving spaces between the words at intervals, and then put nonsensical words in those spaces, so as to make the entire sentence meaningless; your correspondent will know how to separate the wheat from the chaff. Or you may comprise your message in the left-hand half of the several lines, and fill up the right-hand half with words which give a totally different meaning to them; this process requires, however, a good deal of tact. Or you may use all the proper words, but arrange them in a non-syntactical order, so as to destroy their collective meaning; you agree beforehand with your correspondent as to the precise mode of disarrangement, and he will use this clue in interpreting the gibberish you send him. Suppose your message to be "Do not communicate the fact to him until I have supplied you with additional details from headquarters;" by a transposition of words according to a certain rule, this may become, "The until you details do fact I with communicate not to have from head him supplied additional quarters;" how much a stranger could get out of this, the stranger must say. Or you may agree with your correspondent that the message shall form a sort of square, the words exactly under one another in vertical columns; that some lines shall be read forwards, some backwards; some columns downwards, others upwards; some diagonally to the right, others to the left; some lines or columns skipped over, and brought into requisition afterwards. You may indulge in such dodges in great variety, always taking care that you and your correspondent agree on your mode of operation. Or you may melt many words into one, in the belief that outsiders would hardly detect your meaning when you say for instance, "Ishallnotbeattheoffice tomorrow;" and may make it all the more obscure by reversing the order of the letters, "Worromotecifoehttaebtonllahsi," a word that looks as if it would well suit a Zulu Caffre. Or you may offer a mare's nest to an inquisitive intruder, by placing the letters in their proper order, and then separating them at random into different words, perhaps with a capital letter here and there, as thus, "Is hallno TB eattheof Ficet omo RR ow," a somewhat mysterious affair. Or you may use the proper words, separated in the proper manner, but with the letters of each word (treated singly) reversed;

in this way our supposed sentence would become, "I llahs ton eb ta eht eciffo worromot." Or you may place the letters in each word in the array called by children higgledy-piggledy; as thus, "I lalsh nto eb ta teh foceli romotrow." It is really curious to observe how utterly the appearance of a sentence may change under these different modes of treatment.

Anyone can see that this tossing about and overturning of letters and syllables may be varied in an almost infinite number of ways. It is found, however, that the secret may soon be wormed out by a little attention; and that more complexity is needed if the cryptogram is to be intelligible to the sender and the receiver only. A method of substitution is more available—substitution of one letter for another, or of a numeral for a letter. The variations are almost endless. Let our words (anything will do) be "Lord Dundreary and Brother Sam," and let us use, step by step, the next following letters in alphabetical order instead of the proper ones, as *b* for *a*, *c* for *b*, *d* for *c*, and so on; then the words become "Mpse Evoesfbsz boe Cspuifs Tbn," which would certainly be a "widdle" to the noble lord himself. Take the letters next preceding, instead of those next following, the proper ones, and the words present a totally different appearance, "Kngc Ctmqdzqx zmc Aqnsdq Rzl." Quite as unintelligible as before. The reader will not need to be told that the letter selected may be two, three, or more removed from the proper one in each case, and may either alphabetically precede it or follow it. Many of the queer looking advertisements in the "agony column" of *The Times* and other daily papers are constructed in this way. A damsel and her swain not unfrequently do a little billing and cooing by this cryptogrammic agency, but it is well for the lovers to bear in mind that, once the key or clue found out, the message is no longer a secret; and it can without much difficulty be found out if the substituted letter is not many removes from the proper one. For this reason additional difficulties ought to be thrown in, such as some of those already noticed. All the letters of the sentence may be run together as one word; they may be separated into other words or apparent words at random; they may be reversed in position, each word separately, or the whole of them collectively; or capitals may be interspersed among the small letters, for the additional bewilderment of the uninitiated. And there is another wholly distinct course of complication sometimes adopted, of having one system of substitution for the first word, another for the second, another for the third, and so on. A decipherer, not up to the secret, if he succeeded in the first word, might be brought to a standstill at the second, by finding that the key he had used would not unlock the second word. If we had space, and the reader had patience, we might show how many other stumbling-blocks may be introduced in this machinery of substitution; but he can work out this truth for himself.

According to Cocker, 2 and 3 make 5; but in cryptography they may have a great number of equivalents. For instance, 1 may stand for *a*, 2 for *b*, 3 for *c*, and so on up to 0 for *j*; and these numerals may be used instead of these letters throughout a sentence, all being packed together as one word. Thus, for "Captain Webb, the Channel swimmer," we might say, "31pt-19nw522th538l1nn5lsw9mm5r." Or, the whole may be in numerals, using doublets after the ten single numerals have been appropriated. Or we may form a magic square of twenty-five cells, one for each letter—such as many schoolboys are familiar with in another fashion—with the five numerals running along the top and also down one side; each letter could then be represented by the two numerals at the top and side of the cell in which it stands. The outer world may further be thrown off the scent by giving to the numerals values known only to you and your correspondent; instead of the first ten letters being represented by the ten numerals in their proper order, the latter might assume the form, say, 5806371429—5 standing for *a*, 8 for *b*, and so on.

The cryptographic armoury is by no means exhausted by the use of letters and numerals; dots may be brought in as additional weapons. Thus, *a* may be used for *b*, but *a*. for *c*; *b* for *c*, but *b*. for *d*, etc. Some ciphers or cryptogram keys have been adopted in which dots have various kinds of significance given to them, according as they are placed over or under, on the right or the left of letters or numerals.—*All the Year Round*.

TRANSYLVANIA MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

WHEN the young couple go to church the day after the wedding they are met at the church door by a group of masked figures who surround them, singing and hooting, and playfully endeavour to separate the young matron from her husband. If they succeed in doing, then he must win her back in hand-to-hand fight with adversaries, or else he must give a piece of money as her ransom. In general it is considered a bad omen for the married life if the young couple if the wife be separated from her husband on any occasion; therefore, it is customary for the young husband to stand close by the church door while his wife is praying for him, and then be ready to catch hold of her as soon as she appears outside. For greater precaution the man often holds her round the waist with both hands during the dance which immediately takes place before the church, and at which they assist only as spectators, taking no active part, as it is not considered only to dance in the church attire.

As commonly several couples are married at the same time, it is usual for each separate wedding party to bring its own band of music, and dance thus independently of the others. On the occasion of a tripple wedding I lately witnessed it was very amusing to watch the three wedding parties coming down the aisle, each accelerating its pace till it came to be a sort of race up to the church door to secure the best dancing-place. The ground being high and slanting, there was only one spot where anything like a dancing-floor could be obtained, and the winning party at once secured this enviable position, while the others had to put up with an inclined plain or a few hillocks accidenting their ball-room floor. The ten or sixteen couples belonging to each wedding party were enclosed in a ring of bystanders, each rival band of music playing away with heroic disregard for the scorched ears of the on-lookers. "Polka!" calls out the first group; "Walzer!" roars the second, for it is a point of honour that each party should display a noble independence in taking its own line of action; and out of mere coincidence, two of the bands happen to strike up the self-same tune, one of them is sure to change to something wholly different as soon as aware of the unfortunate mistake—caterwauling effect produced by this system baffling all description. "That is nothing at all," said the worthy pastor, from his rose garden I was overlooking the scene, laughing at the evident dismay with which I endeavoured to stop my ears. "Sometimes we have eight or ten weddings at a time, each with their own fiddlers. That is something worth hearing, indeed!"

BRIGHT WOMEN.

BOSTON women are intellectually acute; they are mostly born with brains, or, if they haven't brains, they affect them and play with them. They are wide awake, keen of perception, appreciative to excess; they believe in education and mental improvement; they are morally unhappy and depressed, owing to climatic causes, and they are narrow in their views of the world outside of Boston. But their brightness, where does it come in? The scintillations, the nimble wit, the sense of humour, which are included in this genial quality, belong to a very few. Perhaps there are half a dozen of really bright women in Boston. I can only recall two whose names have any social currency, although it has been impossible to go anywhere this winter without meeting many interesting, cultivated women. This small proportion seems strange to admirers of the gentler sex. We are drawn and attracted to certain people, and we at once invest them with those certain qualities which please us, for nothing is more natural than to see the best in those we like. It is unconscious self-flattering. One of the most brilliant Bostonians, or, rather, cosmopolitans, ever living all over the world, returned here not long ago, and, in the course of time, met numerous leading society women who have been accounted worth knowing. He was not struck by the mental or physical charms of any of them. At last a quiet, unobtrusive little person, whose husband carried this citizen of the world home to dinner one day, became suddenly elevated to the rank of "the brightest woman in Boston." Her sayings were noted far and wide; whenever any one else managed to let fall a pearl it was snatched up, and fastened to her newly-acquired

reputation for making droll, exaggerated speeches. By and by this citizen of the world couldn't endure his native land longer, and he flew back to more congenial Europe, leaving the brightest woman to fight out this battle of wit by herself. The consequence was obvious. She ceased to say smart things. Her inspiration had flown. The mind that had acted on others like flint on steel disported itself in other circles, and drew sparks from quick-witted Parisians instead. I have always surmised this temporary cleverness of Mrs. Humdrum was in reality the witty reflections of this thoroughly witty fellow. He thought she said the bright things, while he was the perpetrator. At all events, it was one of the curious psychological studies which now and then creep in among and enliven the commonplace facts and issues of the day.

SELF-MADE WOMEN.

WE hear a great deal about self-made men, and now Celia Logan, herself a self-made woman, has compiled some interesting facts concerning some women who are well known at the present time, from which it appears that some of the most noted began life very humbly.

Lucy Larcom was a mill hand.

Pretty Maud Granger, with the gold-brown eyes and shapely form, first earned her livelihood by running a sewing machine.

Sarah Bernhardt was a dress-maker's apprentice; so was Matilda Heron.

Adelaide Neilson began life as a child's nurse.

Miss Braddon, the novelist, was a utility actress in the English provinces.

Anna Dickinson began life as a school-teacher.

Charlotte Cushman was the daughter of poor people.

Nell Gwynn sold oranges in the streets and theatres. From the pit, while vending her wares, she took a fancy for the stage.

Mrs. Langtry is the daughter of a country parson of small means, but the old proverb of her face being her fortune proved true in her case.

Edmonia Lewis, the sculptress, is coloured. Overcoming the prejudice against her sex and colour, and self-educated, Miss Lewis is now successfully pursuing her profession in Italy.

The great French actress, Rachel, had as hard a childhood as ever fell to the lot of a genius. Ragged, barefoot and hungry, she played the tambourine in the streets, and sang and begged for a dole. Naturally, she was illiterate and vulgar.

Christine Nilsson was a poor Swedish peasant, and ran barefoot in childhood. Jenny Lind, also a Swede, was the daughter of a principal of a young ladies' boarding-school.

Minnie Hauk's father was a German and a shoe-maker, in the most straitened circumstances. Her voice early attracted the attention of one of New York's richest men, who had it cultivated.

Adelaide Phillips, the singer, now dead, was a very poor girl, and so was Sarah Jewett, the actress.

The mother of Clara Louise Kellogg strained every nerve to give Clara a musical education, and at one time was a professional Spiritual medium. Miss Kellogg failed three times.

Miss Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, was the daughter of a small farmer in Nantucket, who was obliged to eke out his income by teaching school at \$2 a week. Maria was constantly occupied with household duties.

The most renowned woman who sprang from the lowliest estate was Jeanne d'Arc, who fed swine.

A TREASURE TROVE.—A treasure dating back two centuries has been discovered in an old house standing in a garden in the Rue Galande, in Paris. The landlady was having some repairs executed and gas laid on, and the workmen, on tearing down the paper in a room on the ground floor, found, artfully concealed in a recess in the wall, an iron box containing wills and family papers dating from the year 1694, with a quantity of coin, among which were about 160 foreign gold pieces of the size of a double-louis. The next day the workmen, in digging in the garden to lay down the gas-pipes, came upon another box with 1,200 pieces of gold and silver of the same kind.

A TALE FOR TWILIGHT.

As far as I am myself concerned with the following facts, I am fully prepared to vouch for their authenticity; but the reliance to be placed on the other parts of the recital must be at the option of the reader, or his conviction of their apparent truth. I am neither over-credulous nor sceptic in matters of a superhuman nature; I would neither implicitly confide in unsupported assertions, nor dissent from well-attested truths; but at the same time I must confess, that, although rather inclined to be a non-believer, I have sometimes listened to details of supernatural occurrences so borne out by concurring testimony as almost to fix my wavering faith. It is now nearly thirty years since I was a partial witness to the following circumstance at my father's house in Edinburgh; and though, during that period, time and foreign climates may have thinned my locks and furrowed my brow a little, they have neither effaced one item of its details from my memory, nor warped the vivid impression which it left upon my recollection.

It was in the winter of 1798 the occurrence took place; I remember the time distinctly, by the circumstance of my father's being absent with his regiment, which had been ordered to Ireland to reinforce the troops then engaged in quelling the insurgents, who had risen in rebellion in the summer of that year. There was an old retainer of our house who used at that time to be very frequently about us; she had nursed my younger brother and myself, and the family felt for her all the attachment due to an old and faithful inmate. Her husband had been a sergeant in the army of General Burgoyne, and was killed at the attack on Valencia de Alcantara, in the early part of his late majesty's reign, when the British crossed the Portuguese frontier in order to check the advance of the Spaniards upon Alentejo; and perhaps this circumstance created an additional sympathy towards her in my mother's breast. I remember her appearance distinctly; her neatly plaited cap and scarlet riband, her white fringed apron and purple quilted petticoat, are all as fresh in my memory as yesterday, and though nearly sixty at the period I speak of, she retained all the activity and good-humour of sixteen. Her strength was but little impaired; and as she was but slightly affected by fatigue or watching, she was in the habit of engaging herself as a nurse-tender in numerous respectable families, who were equally prepossessed in her favour.

The winter was drawing near a close, and we were beginning to be anxious for the return of my father, who was expected home about this time, when old Nurse, as we always called her, came to tell us of an engagement she had got to attend a young gentleman who was lying dangerously ill in one of the streets of the Old Town; for at that time few of the fine palaces of the New Town had been even thought of, and many a splendid street now covers what was then green fields and waving meadows. She mentioned that a physician, who had always been very kind to her, had recommended her to this duty; but as the patient was in a most critical state, the manner of her attendance was to be very particular. She was to go every evening at eight o'clock to relieve another who remained during the day; and to be extremely cautious not to speak to the young man unless it was urgently necessary, nor make any motion which might in the slightest degree disturb the few intervals of rest which he was enabled to enjoy; but she knew neither the name nor residence of the person she was to wait on. There was something unusual in all this, and I remember perfectly well my mother desiring her to call soon and let her know how she fared. But nearly six weeks had elapsed, and we had never once seen or heard of her, when my mother at last resolved on sending to learn whether she was sick, and to say she was longing to see her again. The servant, on his return, informed us that poor Nurse had been dangerously ill, and confined to her bed almost ever since she had been with us; but she was now a little better, and had purposed coming to see us the following day.

She came accordingly; but oh, so altered in so short a time no one would have believed it! She was almost double, and could not walk without support; her flesh and cheeks were all shrunk away, and her dim lustreless eyes almost lost in their sockets.

We were all startled at seeing her: it seemed that those six weeks had produced greater changes in her than years of disease in others; but our surprise at the effect was nothing, when compared to that which her recital of the cause excited when she informed us of it; and as we had never known her to tell a falsehood, we could not avoid placing implicit confidence in her words.

She told us that in the evening, according to appointment, the physician had conducted her to the residence of her charge, in one of the narrow streets near the abbey. It was one of those extensive old houses which seem built for eternity rather than time, and in the constructing of which the founder had consulted convenience and comfort more than show or situation. A flight of high stone steps brought them to the door; and a dark staircase of immense width, fenced with balustrades a foot broad, and supported by railing of massy dimensions, led to the chamber of the patient. This was a lofty wainscotted room, with a window sunk a yard deep in the wall, and looking out upon what was once a garden at the rear, but now grown so wild that the weeds and rank grass almost reached the level of the wall which inclosed it. At one end stood an old-fashioned square bed, where the young gentleman lay. It was hung with faded Venetian tapestry; and seemed itself as large as a moderate-sized room. At the other end, and opposite to the foot of the bed, was a fireplace, supported by ponderous stone buttresses, but with no grate, and a few smouldering turf were merely piled on the spacious hearth. There was no door except that by which she had entered, and no other furniture than a few low chairs, and a table covered with medicines and draughts beside the window. The oak which covered the walls and formed the panels of the ceiling was as black as time could make it, and the whole apartment, which was kept dark at the suggestion of the physician, was so gloomy that the glimmering of the single candle in the shade of the fireplace could not penetrate it, and cast a faint gleam around, not sad, but absolutely sickening.

Whilst the doctor was speaking in a low tone to the invalid Nurse tried to find out some farther particulars from the other attendant, who was tying on her bonnet, and preparing to muffle herself in her plaid before going away; for, as I said before, it was winter and bitterly cold. She could gain no information from her, however, although she had been in the situation for a considerable time. She could not tell the name of the gentleman; she only knew that he was an Oxford student; but no one save herself and the doctor, had ever crossed the threshold to inquire after him, nor had she ever seen any one in the rest of the house, which she believed to be uninhabited.

The doctor and she soon went away, after leaving a few important directions; Nurse closed the door behind them, and shivering with the cold frosty gust of air from the spacious lobby hastened to her duty, wrapped her cloak about her, drew her seat close to the hearth, replenished the fire, and commenced reading a volume of Mr. Alexander Pedan's *Prophecies*, which she had brought in her pocket.

There was no sound to disturb her, except now and then a blast of wind which shook the withering trees in the garden below, or the "death-watch," which ticked incessantly in the wainscot of the room. In this manner an hour or two elapsed, she concluding, from the motionless posture of the patient, that he must be asleep, she rose, and taking the light in her hand, moved on tiptoe across the polished oaken floor, to take a survey of his features and appearance. She gently opened the curtains, and bringing the light to bear upon him, started to find that he was still awake; she attempted to apologize for her curiosity by an awkward tender of her services, but apology and offer were equally useless; he moved neither limb nor muscle; he made no faintest reply; he lay motionless on his back, his bright blue eyes glaring fixedly upon her, his under-lip fallen, and his mouth apart, his cheek a perfect hollow, and his long white teeth projecting fearfully from his shrunken lips, whilst his bony hand covered with wiry sinews, was stretched upon the bed clothes and looked more like the claw of a bird than the fingers of a human being.

She felt rather uneasy whilst looking at him; but when a slight motion of the eyelids, which the light was too strong for

sured her he was still living, which she was half-inclined to doubt, she returned to her seat and her book by the fire. As she was directed not to disturb him, and as his medicine was only to be administered in the morning, she had but little to do, and the succeeding two hours passed heavily away; she continued, however, to lighten them by the assistance of Mr. Pedan, and by now did then crooning and gazing over the silent flickering progress of her turf fire, till about midnight, as near as she could guess, the gentleman began to breathe heavily and appeared very uneasy; as, however, he spoke nothing, she thought he was perhaps asleep, and was rising to go towards him, when she was surprised to see a lady seated on a chair near the head of the bed beside him.

Though somewhat startled at this, she was by no means alarmed, and, making a curtesy, was moving on as she had intended, when the lady raised her arm, and turning the palm of her hand, which was covered with a white glove, towards her, motioned her gently to keep her seat. She accordingly sat down as before, but she now began to wonder within herself how and when this lady came in; it was true she had not been looking towards the door, and it might have been opened without her perceiving it; but then it was so cold a night and so late an hour, it was this which made it so remarkable.

She turned quietly round and took a second view of her visitor. She wore a black veil over her bonnet, and as her face was turned towards the bed of the invalid, she could not in that gloomy light perceive her features, but she saw that the shape and form of her head and neck were graceful and elegant in the extreme; the rest of her person she could not so well discern, as it was enveloped in a green silk gown, and the fashion at that period was not so favourable to a display of figure as now. It occurred to her that it must be some intimate female friend who had called; but then the woman had told her that no visitors had ever been before; altogether, she could not well understand the matter, but she thought she would observe whether she went off as gently as she had entered; and for that purpose she altered the position of her chair so as to command a view of the door, and fixed herself with her book on her knees, but her eye intently set upon the lady in the green gown.

In this position she remained for a considerable time, but no conversation took place in the room; the stranger sat evidently gazing on the face of the sick gentleman, whilst he heaved and sighed and breathed in agony as if a nightmare were on him. Nurse at a second time moved towards him in order to hold him up in the bed, or give him some temporary relief; and a second time the mysterious visitant motioned her to remain quiet; and unwillingly, but by a kind of fascination, she complied, and again commenced her watch. But her position was a painful one, and she sat so long and so quietly that at last her eyes closed for a moment, and when she opened them the lady was gone, the young man was more composed, and, after taking something to relieve his breathing, he fell into a gentle sleep, from which he had not awakened when her colleague arrived in the morning to take her place, and Nurse returned to her own house about daybreak.

The following night she was again at her duty; she came rather late, and found her companion already muffled and waiting impatiently to set out. She lighted her to the stairs, and heard her use the hall-door behind her; when, on returning to the room, the wind, as she shut the door, blew out her candle. She relighted it, however, from the dying embers, roused up the fire, and resumed, as before, her seat and her volume of prophecies. The night was stormy, the dry crisp sleet hissed on the window, and a wind sighed in heavy gusts down the spacious chimney; amidst the rattling of the shutters, and the occasional clash of a door in some distant part of the house, came with a dim and hollow echo along the dreary silent passages. She did not feel so comfortable as the night before; the whistling of the wind through the trees made her flesh creep involuntarily; and sometimes the underlying clap of a distant door made her start and drop her book, with a sudden prayer for the protection of Heaven.

She was thinking within herself of giving up the engagement, and was half resolved to do so on the morrow, when all at once her ear was struck with the heavy throes and agonized breathing of

her charge, and, on raising her head, she saw the same lady in the green gown seated in the same position as the night before. Well, thought she, this is unusually strange; but it immediately struck her that it *must* be some inmate of the house, for what human being could venture out in such a dreary night, and at such an hour?—but then her dress: it was neither such as one could wear in the streets on a wintry night, nor yet such as they would be likely to have on *in the house* at that hour; it was, in fact, the fashionable summer costume of the time.

She rose and made her a curtesy, and spoke to her politely, but got no reply save the waving of her hand by which she had been silenced before. At length the agitation of the invalid was so increased that she could not reconcile it to her duty to sit still whilst a stranger was attending him. She accordingly drew nearer to the bed in spite of the repeated beckonings of the lady, who, as she advanced, drew her veil closer across her face, and retired to the table at the window. Nurse approached the bed, but was terrified on beholding the countenance of the patient; the big drops of cold sweat were rolling down his pale brow; his livid lips were quivering with agony; and, as he motioned her aside, his glaring eyes followed the retreating figure in the green gown. She soon saw that it was in vain to attempt assisting him; he impatiently repulsed every proffer of attention, and she again resumed her seat, whilst the silent visitor returned to her place by his bedside.

Rather piqued at being thus baffled in her intentions of kindness, but still putting from her the idea of a supernatural being, the old woman again determined to watch with attention the retreat of the lady, and observe whether she resided in the house or took her departure by the main door. She almost refrained from winking in order to secure a scrutiny of her motions; but it was all in vain; she could not remember to have taken off her glance for a moment, but still the visitant was gone. It seemed as if she had only changed her thoughts for an instant and not her eyes, but that change was enough; when she again reverted to the object of her anxiety, the mysterious lady had departed.

As on the foregoing night, her patient now became composed, and enjoyed an uninterrupted slumber till the light of morning, now reflected from heaps of dazzling snow, brought with it the female who was to relieve guard at the bed of misery.

The following morning Nurse went to the house of the physician who had engaged her, with the determination of giving up the task in which she was employed. She felt uneasy at the thoughts of retaining it, as she had never been similarly situated before; she always had some companion to speak to, or was at least employed in an inhabited house; but besides she was not by any means comfortable in the visits of the nightly stranger. She was disappointed, however, by not finding him at home, and was directed to return at a certain hour; but as she lay down to rest, in the meantime, she did not awake till that hour was long past. Nothing then remained but to return for another night, and give warning of her intention on the morrow; and with a heavy discontented heart she repaired to the gloomy apartment.

The physician was already there when she arrived, and received her notice with regret; but was rather surprised when she informed him of the attentions of the strange lady, and the manner in which she had been prevented from performing her duty; he, however, treated it as a common-place occurrence, and suggested that it was some affectionate relative or friend of the patient, of whose connections he knew nothing. At last he took his leave, and Nurse arranged her chair and seated herself to watch, not merely the departure but the arrival of her fair friend. As she had not, however, appeared on the former occasions till the night was far advanced, she did not expect her sooner, and endeavoured to occupy her attention till that time by some other means.

But it was all in vain, she could only think of the one mysterious circumstance, fix her dim gaze on the blackened trellis-work of the ceiling, and start at every trifling sound, which was now doubly audible, as all without was hushed by the noiseless snow in which the streets were imbedded. Again, however, her vigilance was eluded, and as, wearied with thought, she raised her head with a long-drawn sigh and a yawn of fatigue, she encountered the green garments of her unsolicited companion. Angry

with herself, and at the same time unwilling to accuse herself of remissness, she determined once again that she should not escape unnoticed. There hung a feeling of awe around her whenever she approached this singular being, and when, as before, the lady retired to another quarter of the room as she approached the bed, she had not courage to follow her. Again the same distressing scene of suffering in her unfortunate charge ensued; he gasped and heaved till the noise of his agony made her heart sicken within her; when she drew near his bed his corpse-like features were convulsed with a feeling which seemed to twist their relaxed nerves into the most fearful expression, while his ghastly eyes were straining from their sunken sockets. She spoke, but he answered not; she touched him, but he was cold with terror, and unconscious of any object save the one mysterious being whom his glance followed with awful intensity. I have often heard my mother say that Nurse was naturally a woman of very strong feelings, but here she was totally beside herself with anxiety. She thought that the young gentleman was just expiring, and was preparing to leave the room in search of farther assistance when she saw the lady again move towards the bed of the dying man; she bent above him for a moment, whilst his writhings were indescribable; she then moved towards the door. Now was the moment.

Nurse advanced at the same time, laid her one hand on the latch, whilst with the other she attempted to raise the veil of the stranger, and in the next instant fell lifeless on the floor. As she glanced on the face of the lady she saw that a lifeless head filled the bonnet; its vacant sockets and ghastly teeth were all that could be seen beneath the folds of the veil.

Daylight was breaking the following morning when the other attendant arrived, and found the poor old woman cold and benumbed stretched upon the floor beside the passage; and when she looked upon the bed of the invalid he lay stiffened and lifeless, as if many hours had elapsed since his spirit had shaken off its mortal coil. One hand was thrown across his eyes, as if to shade them from some object on which he feared to look; and the other grasped the coverlet with convulsive firmness.

The remains of the mysterious student were interred in the old Calton burying-ground, and I remember before the new road was made through it, to have often seen his grave; but I never could learn his name, what connection the spirit had with his story, or how he came to be in that melancholy deserted situation in Edinburgh. I have mentioned at the commencement of this narration that I will vouch for its truth as far as regards myself, and that is, merely, that I heard the poor old woman herself tell all the extraordinary circumstances as I have recited them, a very few weeks before her death, with a fearful accuracy. Be it as it may, they cost her her life, as she never recovered from the effects of the terror, and pined and wasted away to the hour of her death, which followed in about two months after the fearful occurrence. For my part I firmly believe all she told us; and though my father, who came home the spring following, used to say it was all a dream or the effects of imagination. I always saw too many concurrent circumstances attending it to permit me to think so.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

HOW MUCH SHOULD WE SLEEP?

How much should we sleep? is a question often propounded to the physician, and if considered as applied to the time that should be consumed in sleep by the race, it is vague enough to admit of almost any answer the fancy might suggest; but if the question alludes to an individual or class, then it may be much more definite.

Age, temperament, habit, the amount of fatigue endured, and the condition of health, have much to do with the amount of sleep required; besides these, the quality of sleep modifies the time thus occupied. How much we should sleep, in each individual instance, must therefore be estimated by all the foregoing considerations, and any other that may have direct application to the case in hand.

Some may affirm that six hours in twenty-four is all that is demanded for sleep; others may place the time at seven or eight

hours; but the affirmation is as reasonable that three miles an hour is the nominal rate at which the whole race should walk, or that a certain number of ounces of food a day is the amount that should be consumed by each man, woman and child.

In infantile life, especially during the earlier weeks, the greater portion of time is passed in sleep; likewise, during the entire period of growth the demand for sleep is in excess of mature healthful life in the same individual. And, doubtless, children who are compelled to labour hard and long suffer vastly more from the want of sleep than either the people or the medical profession has been inclined to believe. Old age, like childhood, requires much sleep, and it is evidently a great solace to the declining years.

The influence of temperament is also marked in this direction, the plethoric and lymphatic requiring more sleep than the nervous. Habit, likewise, does much in determining the time demanded for sleep, and may be indulged as to lead, on the one hand, to an unnecessary amount, while, on the other, it may be reduced to a minimum incompatible with long-continued health. It is a common fact, however, that persons who habitually pass but few hours consecutively in sleep have the power quite at will to snatch brief periods of sleep whenever they feel the demand for it, and persons who can do this—physicians, for instance—cannot have failed to notice the great recuperation that comes from a few minutes of sleep so obtained.

Persons engaged in fatiguing labour, as a rule, require more than the average amount of sleep; their sleep, however, is usually very sweet and profound, and hence may not occupy more time than is ordinarily occupied by others. And it must be borne in mind that the recuperation that comes from sleep depends as much on its quiet and soundness as on the time consumed.

The health of the individual also has much to do with the amount of sleep required; the feeble and delicate consuming more of the time in this state than do the robust. And too much attention cannot be given to procuring, in the most natural way possible, that amount of sleep not only for the seriously ill, but for the convalescent, which shall give *rest* to both body and mind.

That so much of one's time, so much of this brief life, should be spent in sleep, seems to some a mere loss; but it is evidently one of the most merciful provisions of the economy of our being; one of the wisest of the Divine plans of our present existence; and all alike must at times have felt its almost omnipotent power to recuperate the tired body, to give repose to the hard-wrought brain; to relieve the body from the sense of pain, and to calm the soul in its hours of sorrow and distress.

How much, then, does body and mind require of this repose-of sleep?

Let this be the measure for every one, for each as applied to himself. Sleep habitually till, when awaking, the mind is clear the brain is rested, and the body recuperated. Practically, this cannot always be done, but it is the condition to be sought after it is the purpose for which sleep was given. The time, considering all the conditions previously alluded to, may be five, six, eight or twelve hours; but if this *rest* be obtained, no time is ill-spent that obtains it. And to study to find the time required for this is highly important to the individual, to the patient and to those who have the charge of the mental and physical well-being of the race.

The conditions that come of oversleep cannot be considered here, but that one word—slothfulness—is sufficiently expressive of the state to make it abhorrent to all good and true men and women.

How to obtain this quiet and sound sleep, that affords the rest and recuperation so much desired, volumes might be written to tell, and then fail of the object; but a suggestion or two here may point in the right direction. First of all, as far as possible, regularity—periodicity—should be sought for the hours of sleep. Again, those of mature years and in suitable health should, in the exercise of body and brain, produce that condition which invites sleep; and with such, sleep ought only to be sought when a demand is felt for it. Tranquillity of mind, and the *will* to sleep have much to do in producing a refreshing repose. Going to bed with the real purpose of obtaining sleep, half the victory of rest

obtained. Children and infants soonest sleep, and those the most quickly who find their rest at regular intervals, and about whom soft influences are brought; and just so the sick and the well will sleep, who best obey those conditions for repose.—*C. E. Miles, M.D., in Home Knowledge.*

Trial by Newspaper.

THE moral effect of the conviction of the New York Aldermen is weakened by the prominence of an evil almost as dangerous to our institutions as bribery itself. The efforts of their accomplices to excite a reaction of public opinion in their favour are encouraged by the resentment felt by many thoughtful men at the conduct of the press during these trials. The safeguards of innocence, which are the distinguishing feature of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, are in need of defence, if our people desire their reservation. Else trial by jury will, in cases that attract public attention, be wholly superseded by trial by newspaper.

The facts that bribery is a crime of all others the most dangerous to the body politic, and that few trained to weigh the value of testimony doubt the guilt of the Aldermen who have been convicted, do not justify the attendant circumstances. Those who feel the most horror at the cause of the public clamour should be the most anxious to secure fair play for the accused. Martyrs, as well as criminals, have been executed after conviction at the bar of public opinion, and the hanging of Mrs. Surratt is a proof that here in this century, as in France during her great revolution, in England after the tale of the Popish Plot, and in Salem, during the ministry of Cotton Mather, the roar of the populace may demand the blood of the innocent. That in peace men should prepare for war is a proverb better observed in Europe than upon this continent. The example of Marshall, when Burr was on his trial, should teach this people, at least, that the Constitution deserves the most respect when its observance blocks the satisfaction of the people's demand for vengeance.

That control over the press which our courts inherited from England was too severe, and was, therefore, long since abrogated. It is high time to consider whether part of this should not be restored. The extent of the power and the justification for its existence are well stated by one of England's greatest chancellors, Lord Hardwicke: "There are three different sorts of contempt. One kind of contempt is scandalizing the Court itself. There may be likewise a contempt of this Court in abusing persons who are concerned in causes here. There may be also a contempt of this Court in prejudicing mankind against persons before the cause is heard. There cannot be anything of greater consequence than to keep the streams of justice clear and pure, that parties may proceed with safety to themselves and their characters." For this reason two enlightened advocates of liberty of the press, Lord Erskine and

Chancellor Kent, inflicted punishment upon those who sought, by words in a newspaper or pamphlet, to influence the decision of a pending cause. With the sentiment expressed by Hardwicke all must agree, however they may differ as to the means which should be employed to purify the streams of justice. The exercise, now and here, of the full power of the English judges would not be tolerated a month. There, a judge imprisoned a litigant for advertising for a witness to a fact at issue in a pending cause. Exercise of arbitrary power under much stronger provocation has frequently caused outbursts of public indignation in this country. Without the State of New York, almost every impeachment of a judge has arisen from his alleged infringement of the liberty of the press. Twice in Pennsylvania has a majority of the judges of a single court been tried at the bar of her Senate for such an exercise of the power to punish contempts. From this resulted the enactment there of the first statute limiting the authority of judges in this direction. The failure of the Senate of the United States to find Judge Peck guilty of an impeachable offence in severely punishing a member of the Missouri bar for a temperate criticism of one of his decisions was the cause of the enactment of the law, proposed by Buchanan, afterwards President, then Manager for the House of Representatives, which prevents the Federal judiciary from again thus offending with impunity. New York probably borrowed her law from Pennsylvania. A court in this State can punish an editor for the "publication of a false or grossly inaccurate report of its proceedings." Attempts to influence the action of judge or jury upon a case on trial, and criticism of them after they have rendered a decision, are in the eyes of our present law equally innocent.

It would be unwise, were it not impossible, to restore to our judges the full power exercised by the English Chancellors. The fate of the party which, despite its glorious history, was destroyed through the indignation engendered by the sedition law, illustrates the abhorrence of the American people at the infliction of special penalties upon *scandalum magnatum*. The common sense of the common people is not at fault. The history of the past, if not of the present, shows that it is well for the bench, as well as the legislature, to be subject to criticism. Though the dignity of our most eminent judges may suffer in the eyes of the vulgar, through the scurrility heaped upon them when their opinions, the results of years of study and experience, do not win the approval of some gentleman whose researches in jurisprudence were confined to his observation while reporting divorce trials and proceedings in police courts; and though that dignity may sink lower in the estimation of men educated to expect a higher standard of judicial decorum, when, to escape attack or to curry favour with the press, judges describe to reporters for publication, the impressions made upon them

by the incidents of trials at which they preside; the histories of George Jeffreys, Samuel Chase, and George G. Barnard are enough to prove the insolence of judicial power, not tempered by moral rectitude, when unbridled by respect for public opinion. One of the last attempts of the ring to perpetuate its misrule in New York city was the introduction of a bill at Albany to allow judges to punish, as a contempt of court, criticism of their judicial conduct. Had the bill been introduced a few years earlier, it might, perhaps, have passed, and thus prevented the splendid aid given by the newspapers to their allies at the bar, when the government was saved from that band of thieves.

The aid of newspapers in ferreting out criminals and in compelling prosecutions have been also indispensable to the public weal. In many recent cases has the perpetrator of a crime escaped the researches of the official detectives, only to be discovered by the ingenuity and energy of a reporter. And to the persistency of the New York *World* is due that legislative investigation which obtained the first evidence for the conviction of the aldermen. In many cases, also, although not under the administration of Mr. Martine, would the hand of justice have been stayed, did not the public prosecutor fear the censure of the press. Thus, those who control and conduct our great organs of public opinion render invaluable service, more now than ever before, in the detection, the punishment, and, consequently, in the prevention of crime. The same motives which inspire them to this have of late driven them beyond the point where their efforts can do good. In the work of a detective and of a historian they excel, but they step beyond their province when they undertake to try causes pending in the courts.

The effect of their efforts in this direction is growing daily more apparent. It is already the recognized duty of those who manage litigation in matters of public interest to see that so much of the evidence as is in their favour is given due prominence in the newspapers. This is effected sometimes by paying the publishers for its insertion in the columns of news; more often by influence, social or political, upon the proprietors, editors and reporters. It is still considered unprofessional by most who adhere to a high standard of professional ethics, for lawyers to attempt to influence the bench by procuring the publication of editorials affecting pending litigation; yet this has been done of late by many who occupy high positions at the bar, and profess an exalted standard of morality. And many of our most eminent counsel have recently given opinions for publication in the newspapers concerning questions pending on appeal. These, let us hope, were printed for their effect in Wall Street, not at Albany or Washington.

Is it not time to pause? Is there not a mean between a return to the tyranny of the Star Chamber and the retainer of an editor as associate counsel in each case

of public importance? For, although I know no metropolitan journal which now sells the use of its editorial page, yet, if the present tendency proceeds, that must be the inevitable result. Even editors are human. If a return to contempt proceedings is deemed too harsh a remedy, why should not it be made indictable to publish any comments other than a fair report upon proceedings pending in the courts? Yet, when we remember the infrequency of convictions for criminal libel, it seems unlikely that many public prosecutors would push such an indictment to trial. A more efficacious remedy is, perhaps, a direct appeal to Caesar.

Ye potentates who rule us with your quills, continue to pillory judges and jurymen whose decisions do not meet with your approval. We do not even offer a remonstrance at your then caricaturing the advocate who has done his best to save an unpopular client. But, while a case is on trial and before it has been decided, stand off and confine your strength to the enforcement of fair play. Without your aid no judge can secure it for the accused.—*Roger Foster, in the North American Review.*

NUDE SHOULDERS IN THE COLD.—Now, what is there in nude necks and shoulders that they should have such a charm for royalty? It would be conceivable if the mania were confined to pretty necks and shoulders. But it is indiscriminate. The most scraggy or the most developed necks of matrons seem to exercise the same fascination on royal personages as those of youthful Hebes. The aged Emperor of Germany expressed his indignation the other day because ladies had attended the christening of his great-grandson in high dresses; and on Friday last the exhibition of semi-nude ladies, young and old, in carriages on their way to the drawing-room, and shivering in the cold, was a sight to excite not only pity, but surprise at the poor things being obliged to risk their lives thus uselessly for their Sovereign. The wind, we are told, is tempered to the shorn lamb. But the freezing March blast seemed little tempered to these lambs and ancient sheep.—*London Truth.*

DR. KLEIN recently exhibited to the Royal Society under the microscope, an illustration of a paper on the etiology of scarlet fever, gelatine cultivations of the *Micrococcus scarlatina*, an organism which has been proved to be present in a certain disease of the cow and in human scarlatina.

MR. W. A. CARTER, in a recent lecture on "Marine and Fresh-Water Fishes," said that fish have the power of influencing one another by sounds and action. He had observed a shoal of carp following the lead of a single one which conducted them to a quantity of food at a considerable distance away. He had also noticed that certain fresh-water fish, such as trout, were subservient to a ruler, which might be seen swim-

ming at the head of his tribe. The same was possibly the case with some marine forms, like the herring and bass.

CARDINAL GIBBONS is spending much time in enquiring into the workingmen's clubs which flourish everywhere in France but in Paris, and now number over 500. Employers and employed belong to them, and they are under the general supervision of the local priests. All questions at issue are discussed in friendly argument; food, clothing and medicines and doctors' services are obtained on co-operative principles, and there is not a trace of anarchism or atheism. The cardinal believes that the like of these clubs ought to be started in the United States.

EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE still bears traces of great and delicate beauty. Her eyes are bright and vivacious, her complexion is admirably preserved and there are tints of pale gold in her hair. She always dresses in deep mourning and carries an ebony stick.

THOMAS A. EDISON says he made experiments while south which convince him that telegraphing through water without the aid of wire will ultimately be made possible, so that for instance, ships several miles apart at sea may communicate with one another.

It is the swell thing now for the groom to give a farewell dinner to his best man and ushers, and the bride a farewell dinner to her maiden friends before the ceremony. This new custom obtained at the marriage of Mayor Hewitt's son in New York recently.

JOAQUIN MILLER tells a pretty story about Mrs. "Bonanza" Mackay and a poor California girl who went to Paris to study art. The girl was dying and had no money to get home, when Mrs. Mackay called on her, bought all her poor little work for \$100 and made the check \$1,000.

ALEXANDER DUMAS, fils, in his recent academy speech on Victor Hugo, said he thought posterity would associate the poet with "La Legende des Siecles," and that the very characteristic of his genius was legendary. "He has left us," said M. Dumas, "a collection of Titanic phantoms, monsters and shadows, whose giant effigies move in a world of their own somewhere between Perrault's fairy tales and the vision of Ezekiel."

"My dear, how can you go on in this way? You are too hysterical. It seems to me the sense of protection which I bring to you—" "Sir, I didn't marry you for protection." "Eh? For what, then, pray?" "For revenue. Now, are you going to get me that Easter bonnet, or aren't you?"

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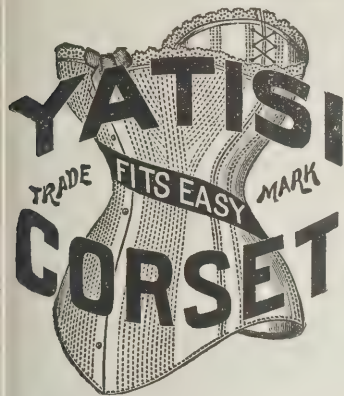
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See testimonials and references from Dr. John H. Castle, President McMaster Hall; John R. Barber, Esq., Georgetown; Barber & Ellis, Dr. Potts, Toronto.

The Rev. G. M. Milligan, pastor of Jarvis Street Presbyterian Church, writes,

384 Sherbourne St., Toronto,
July 26th, 1883.

PROF. S. VERNON, TORONTO,

Dear Sir,—I have not slept for years so soundly as I have done since taking the treatment, and never have I done my work with such comfort and energy as during the past year. The tonic effects of the Electrical applications have been of great benefit to me. I believe every person, whatever his health may be, would find himself benefitted by a greater or less use of Electricity. Very gratefully yours,

GEORGE M. MILLIGAN.

S. VERNON, ESQ.,

Sept. 10th, 1886.

Dear Sir,—I consider it my duty to the public to give the following statement:—I suffered neuralgia of the most excruciating character, in both temples, the pain shooting down into the shoulders occasionally, accompanied by morbid sensations in my extremities. After other means had failed I thought I would try electricity, and, having ascertained that you were the most successful electro-therapist in Ontario, I obtained your services. Through your instructions as to the use of the battery, and from several treatments received at your office, I am now in very good health.

I remain, thankfully yours,

Malvern, P.O.

L. D. CLOSSEN, M.D.

St. Marys, Oct. 13th, 1884.

PROF. VERNON,

Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that after six weeks' treatment with your improved Family Battery, my wife's health is much improved, the neuralgia and pain in her head having entirely succumbed. I would not be without it for three times the price. Will recommend it to others.

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Vol. 1. }
No. 20. }

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A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

VOL. I. }
No. 20. }

Saturday, May 28th, 1887.

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Editorial Notes.

CONTRIBUTORS' MANUSCRIPT.

THE editor once more finds it necessary to call the attention of contributors to the announcement at the head of the editorial page, to the effect that rejected contributions cannot be returned by post, even when stamps are enclosed or that purpose. The number of MSS. received is so great that even the most cursory examination of them involves much time, and to undertake the return of these by post would be to incur a thankless obligation to no purpose whatever. Contributors whose MSS. may not be found suitable for publication must either call or send for them.

THE ANNEXATION CRY.

SOME of the Canadian papers seem determined to fasten upon Erastus Wiman a deep-laid design to bring about the annexation of Canada to the United States. All sorts of rumours, some of which are unquestionably far wide of the truth, are in the air. One of these is to the effect that an arrangement has been come to between Wiman and Mr. Bunting, of the *Mail*, whereby the former is to carry half the capital stock of the late Conservative organ, in return for which the *Mail* is to give itself over to the advocacy of Mr. Wiman's projects. There has unquestionably been a good deal of *rapprochement* of late between the two gentlemen referred to, but whether it bears the interpretation sought to be put upon it is a question which probably cannot be answered by anyone except the parties concerned. Assuming the truth of the rumour, some of the extraordinary utterances of the *Mail* during the last few months are fully accounted for. In any case, we fail to see the justice of some recent ferocious attacks on the *Mail's* policy. That paper is a purely commercial institution, and has a right to dispose of itself in such a manner as, in the estimation of its proprietors, will conduce to its success. And in so doing

it would be acting precisely as its rivals would act under similar circumstances.

THE O'BRIEN RIOT.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. O'Brien was not allowed to march quietly out of Toronto, just as the King of France, with his ten thousand men, marched up the hill—and then marched down again. He would then have accomplished nothing but the easy, if not graceful task, of making himself ridiculous. It would have been clearly seen that the sympathizers with violence and intimidation were a minority in Toronto. He would have injured the cause of Home Rule in this country, but that could not be avoided in any case while the leaders of that movement persisted in sending their most indiscreet champion to exhibit the weakest side of their case, to the exclusion of any other. The two great meetings in the park sufficed to show that Toronto had no sympathy with disloyalty, and no desire to listen to slander and vituperation. The *vox populi* which Mr. O'Brien worships, and which is the breath of his nostrils, declared against him, and unfortunately did not stop there. They proceeded to acts of violence which lowered the fair fame of Toronto, and weakened the force of the verdict they had helped to pass. The weight of Toronto's rebuke to agitation would have been much greater if it had been altogether dignified, and the law-loving citizens are entitled to sympathy in having lost the effect of their dignified protests by the violence of a few roughs. As for O'Brien himself, he certainly deserves no sympathy. He was probably willing, if not anxious, to have his tall silk hat re-baptized with brickbats as a crown of martyrdom, for any person of ordinary prudence would have scented danger in the unanimous deprecation of violence by the speakers at the anti-O'Brien meeting. Had the mob been encouraged by any leaders of weight, or deliberately organized for mischief, the agitator could not have escaped with his life, but as it is he will certainly make the most of the advantage given him. We may take to ourselves the lesson of charity, and in future cease to wonder at the occasional disorders of Ireland, where such provocation to violence as that given by O'Brien is an every-day occurrence.

THE CRIMES BILL IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE debates, or rather obstructions, which continue to impede the progress of the Crimes Bill, have little variety or interest to offer by way of compensation for their inordinate length. It is still debated whether Mr. Gladstone is gaining converts for the Nationalist party by his earnestness and persistence, or losing them by the countenance he gives to the obstructive tactics he so bitterly condemned when

they were used against himself. One thing is certain: the breach between the Gladstone Liberals and the Hartington Unionists is steadily widening. The leaders are no longer on friendly terms, and there is every probability that this section of the House and the influence they carry is permanently lost to the Liberal party.

THE FISHERIES.

It appears probable that our fisheries will be protected this year at least as thoroughly as they were in 1886, and that war with the United States will not be the consequence. The Retaliation Bill has been duly labelled "buncombe," and laid on the shelf by President Cleveland, whose really remarkable common sense would not appear so very remarkable if it were not so strongly in contrast with many of the precedents of his office. An American statesman of high position must be clever, and he may be profound, but good, sound, ordinary common sense is the last thing the American public would expect from a man of eminence in public affairs. He is expected to keep that commodity for his own private use, and in all public matters to act with such brilliancy and originality as would convince even his valet, if he had one, that he is a hero indeed. Or, failing so to distinguish himself, he is expected to do just what the public neither expects nor likes, of course under the pressure of party exigencies, and to be excused accordingly by his party friends and duly abused by his enemies. Mr. Cleveland has broken a precedent, so long set and so religiously followed, that his first term will probably have passed before the public have recovered from their astonishment, and they will give him a second term just to watch what he is capable of doing. So remarkable a phenomenon as the only President, since Washington, able to rise above the conditions surrounding him, deserves careful study, and the newspaper reports of the President's sayings and doings are more worthy of attention than the long articles the *Century* is monthly devoting to Abraham Lincoln, who was just as much a hero or a martyr as was King Charles I. He was simply an honest man, who conscientiously used his abilities to the best advantage in a position of difficulty far beyond the capacity of any ordinary statesman.

PARLIAMENTARY HUMOUR.

THE budget debates have been generally business-like, but occasionally enlivened by flashes of wit and touches of extravagance. Mr. Mackenzie's geniality seems to increase with advancing years, and his innocent enquiries as to the duties to be levied on new portfolios and K.C.M.G. collars set the House in a roar. Mr. Cartwright's criticisms were as severe as the public had a right to expect from that source, but he made only one notable miss and one palpable hit. His laboured proof that the burdens of taxation and mortgage are equal to the value of all the farming land in Ontario proves nothing, for Henry George's millennium has not yet arrived, and land does not bear all the fiscal burdens of the country. His best hit was a comparison of the finance minister's brilliant prophecies of North-West progress with the actual facts of the case. To this no reply

was possible, the mountainous extravagance of the Government having produced little more than the proverbial mouse in the way of results.

UNSPORTSMANLIKE SPORT.

SEVERE, but not altogether unjust, was the witty Frenchman who pictured his ideal Johnny Bull rising on a fine morning and saying "This is lovely weather. Let us go out and kill something." Yet the true sportsman always has liberal notions of the "law" that each species of game is fairly entitled to, and recognizes fully the wide distinction between slaughter and sport. Battue-shooting is not sport, but Canadians cannot afford to throw stones while even worse practices prevail among themselves. Shooting game out of season is the most prevalent, and is not nearly so unpopular as it ought to be among the outside public, who seldom take the trouble to inform against offenders. The terrible slaughter of moose which has almost exterminated that noble game ought to be checked by the recent prohibition of all moose hunting for three years, but nothing can save large game to satisfy the curiosity of future generations but the creation of more national parks like those of Yosemite, Banff Springs and Muskoka. The fact that so many governments are taking steps in the right direction, and assuming that the people they govern have some sensibilities finer than those emanating from their stomachs, shows a trend in the right direction, but there is still something to be done in the way of educating the popular will up to a strict enforcement of game laws. Witness the recent wholesale destruction of fish by dynamite in the river Thames, by which illegal haul hundreds of fishermen will probably lose a good day's sport this summer.

POLITICS IN FRANCE.

THE defeat of the French Ministry on their Budget estimates indicates that the French people are at last beginning to weary under two such intolerable burdens as the interest on their debt and the army estimates. If the prudent and economical, who really form the majority in France, could not have found means to voice their murmurs, there would have been little prospect of stability for the republic that has now lasted longer than the rule of Napoleon I., and which stands third in order of duration among the different governments that have existed since the Revolution. The difficulty of forming a new ministry is one likely to be often met with in a Legislative Chamber divided by more than one principle, and therefore not readily and necessarily divisible into two main bodies—a majority and a minority—like the British House of Commons. There the difficulty is obviated by means of coalitions which have reduced four essentially independent parties into two main divisions.

CHECKMATE TO WILLIAM.

THE Rev. William Inglis has been so effectually sat upon by the Synod of Toronto and Kingston that the public have probably heard the last of him and his grievances for some time to come. This is well, for he had come to be generally regarded as a nuisance which it was highly desirable to abate. On the 5th inst. he addressed a letter to

e Moderator, assigning certain reasons for "dropping" his appeal. His letter was quite unnecessary, as everybody connected with the Synod knew perfectly well that he was ready to prosecute his appeal, and that he would find some pretext or another for not proceeding with it. His communication, as we learn from the *Presbyterian Review*, was received with derisive laughter, after which he was permitted to withdraw his appeal. This chosen but most unsavoury vessel has probably gained wisdom in the school of experience during the last few months, and it is not likely that he will think fit to intrude himself or his affairs upon public notice again for many a day.

HENRY GEORGE'S DIFFICULTY.

THE great land reformer, or, to speak more correctly, the man who will be great when his land reform is effected, has been among us, and some of us have heard him. Not all of us. Not so many as should have listened, considering that many of us have not read his books, and that some have only a vague notion that he is a mild kind of Socialist—perhaps a communist in disguise—or only a very-much-diluted nihilist. To speak plainly, all such persons are neglecting their plain duty they owe to society and themselves: the duty of informing themselves fairly on a public question before it becomes a party question. Having once entered the latter stage, every chance of calm consideration and fair discussion will be lost. In partisan literature the truth will be told, but unfortunately more than the truth—the amount of error and unessential verbiage spread over the gist and truth of a controverted idea being like the proportion of rick to head in that famous old tavern score of which all of us have heard. It is therefore our bounden duty to acquire a competent knowledge of the subject while it is yet debatable, for the time may soon come when all will be eager to talk, but when none will be willing to be convinced. The rapidity with which the Knights of Labour have spread their organization over Canada may assure us that if once the Land Nationalization question takes root in the United States it will quickly become a living question here. Mr. George has already been a candidate for the mayoralty of New York, and has polled a large vote. Nothing now keeps his theories in the background but their undeniable corollary—that when all the taxes are paid by the land, protection must cease to exist and free trade will become universal. The workmen of America are strongly in favour of protection, and as long as they remain united neither capitalists nor farmers can carry a vote in favour of free trade. But protectionists assure us that before long the keenness of home competition, aided by the use of the best machinery and the most economical methods, will reduce American products to the price of importations from Europe. When that time arrives, workmen will vote to throw down the partition wall of custom houses that now hedges in the Atlantic coast, and ask for a chance to compete in the markets of the world. If Commercial Union should become an accomplished fact, Canada would be obliged to go with the States. If not, there is little doubt that our manufacturers would be strongly influenced by the example of our prosperous neighbours.

No one can tell how long or how short may be the time when American industry will be able to go alone, without the leading-strings of protection; and whenever that time arrives we may venture to predict that Henry George's theories will become a subject of serious discussion to the many who now ignore them. The vote of the manufacturing classes will by that time probably be stronger than that of the farmers and land-owners, and these classes will be selfishly inclined to consider so tempting a proposal as that of shifting all taxes, to the shoulders of the land-owners. The increase of mortgages upon land, too, is even now beginning to effect the transfer of land to the capitalist, and gradually alienating it from the tillers of the soil, who will therefore have less interest in resisting the change. Business men and manufacturers, too, will see a prospect of evading most of the taxes that now fall on them, for they will pay very little in comparison with the present scheme of taxation; first, because the land used by them is small in value compared to the capital otherwise invested; and second, because Henry George proposes to tax only the value of the land itself, and not the value of any houses or other improvements placed upon it. Even the farmer will find his cleared, fenced and improved land only rated at the value of equally fertile wild land in the same position, and at a valuation very much less than land in cities, which has a value derived from its position independent of any improvements made upon it. The agriculturist, then, might be induced to join the ranks of the land reformers on finding that his land taxes would be much lower than those of town land-owners, and thus Henry George, if he should live to see that time, would be left to fight the capitalist owner of land alone. The latter would be the only one personally interested, the selfish interests of all other classes being either antagonistic or nearly neutral, and his only friends would be those who object as a matter of principle to the sacrifice of vested interests. Protection, then, as we take it, is the only great barrier in the way of Henry George's scheme, and if that were once removed he would see a hope of ultimate victory. But it is quite probable that the present apostle of land reform may not live to see that barrier removed, and must leave his mantle for the shoulders of those who may fight the battle of the future with better hopes of success. Protection has taken firm root in Canada, though not yet ten years naturalized in our soil. The political battles of the future are likely to be fought only upon tariff details, and not on the broad principle of free trade. The Reform party already shows symptoms of common sense and adaptation to circumstances. Even if circumstances should change; if Canada should become self-supporting in staple manufactures, national jealousy and commercial selfishness would unite to keep up the barriers long after they had ceased to be useful as a protection to native industry. At present the outlook is not rosy for Mr. George's theories, and yet we repeat that a competent knowledge of them ought to be part of the intellectual stock-in-trade of every man—at any rate of every young man—who desires to be so well acquainted with the present aspects of thought on political and economic questions as to be prepared for what the future may bring forth.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, MAY 28TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

PARTY journalism is often justly blamed for captious and unnecessary criticism of opponents, and for blundering and insincere attempts at defending party coadjutors. The fictions embodied in Parliamentary procedure and rules of debate have long helped to keep the debates of the House of Commons at a higher level than the wordy combats of newspaper hacks, but it is becoming more palpable every session that restraining decencies are losing their hold, and that our great representative body is degenerating from the true spirit and form of its great prototype in its best days. That model of all representative assemblies in Great Britain is now struggling for its very existence in the choking gripe of closure and obstruction. But our experience is different and Canada's statesmen have not just now to deal with questions involving issues of such gravity as the Irish Gordian knot. Yet our Parliamentary debates have been marked, at intervals during last session and the present, by episodes tending to lower not only the characters of individual members but the dignity of the whole House. The debate on the manner in which the returns of the recent election were gazetted furnished a strong instance of this. In the first place the matter was comparatively a trivial one. The neglect and delay might have been quite accidental, and it could not operate, to the detriment of any member who had a clean record and a good defence against any possible election petition. Yet, to read some of the speeches, one might imagine that Magna Charta had been violated and the Bill of Rights endangered. The debate ended with an anti-climax more humiliating to the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery and his friends than anything the Opposition could do—the reading of his letter of explanation. Probably in a whole library of public documents no letter could be found written by a gentleman and a man of business that would cause the writer to cut so contemptible a figure. No whining schoolboy could produce anything equally destitute of grammar and sense, and looking, on the face of it, so much like a “shuffle.” Of course it may be a perfectly truthful statement of the case, but it looks so much like a confession of carelessness or incompetence that most men would have preferred to confess the truth of the accusation of partiality, and to brave the consequences. No one likes a subordinate who has the habit of making lame excuses. Nothing is so destructive of dignity on the one

side and temper on the other; but as in this case the House has very little of either to lose, it may, and we hope will, let the matter drop.

Book Notice.

THE CANADIAN BIRTHDAY BOOK. Compiled by Seranus Toronto, C. Blackett Robinson.

In the entire lack of a comprehensive collection of Canadian verse, this Birthday Book will doubtless be welcomed by some readers. The selections are drawn from many sources, and, generally speaking, they have been judiciously made, so far as the limitations which the compiler set herself would permit. Much good verse has thus been rescued from undeserved oblivion and given a new chance for fame through her efforts. Further, the work is valuable in calling attention to the quantity and quality of French-Canadian poetical literature. Among our English-speaking people M. Louis Fréchette has hitherto been looked upon as the embodiment of this literature, and his reputation among them is due rather to the honour conferred upon him by the French Academy than to a knowledge of the comparative merits of our French writers.

Still, all books of this class are open to a serious objection. It is of course a graceless task to attempt to show that what has been done might have been done better. But this is precisely one of the chief functions of the reviewer of a growing literature. Indiscriminate eulogy harms both writer and reader, and in every way injures the cause which the over-benevolent critic has most at heart. Mediocre books of native writers have been so unduly puffed in Canada that when a really good book is written people are incredulous about its merits. The author's chances of success are thus greatly lessened, and a serious injustice is done. The growth of a native literature cannot be forced by any such hot-bed methods, and it is time the attempt were given over.

The fault of this book from a literary point of view is the exceedingly fragmentary nature of the selections. Perhaps it will be said that this was necessary from the very nature of the work which the compiler set out to accomplish. If this be the case the necessity is greatly to be deplored. It cannot at any rate be said that a birthday book was itself at all a necessity. Most earnest readers of this collection would probably have been more than willing to dispense with the birthday pages entirely. Looked upon as a work of art, a perfect poem is an organic unity from which no part can be taken without injury to the whole. Though no perfect poems have been written in Canada, it is likely that most of our poetic writers had an ideal of the kind referred to before them as they wrote. They made their work as nearly perfect as they were able. A much more satisfactory view of our literature therefore would be obtained from a collection of complete poems, even if fewer writers were represented. A shattered Venus is better than none, no doubt, but let us not therefore wilfully break up our statuary for convenience of packing away, or for other

trivial reasons. It has been said that such a collection of verse as is here spoken of would not repay the cost of publication—would not sell, in fact. This may be doubted, but even if true it is not sufficient justification for the publication of a quasi-literary work if its chief merit were to be that of the famous Yankee razors that were not made to cut but to sell. It is a degradation of our literature thus to submit it unnecessarily to the mercenary conditions that govern the sale of soap and candles. As we were to have a birthday book, however, it would have been an advantage if the compiler had stated even the names of the poems from which the extracts were taken. This could have been done without loss of space by putting them in small type at the foot of the author's name, and in the same line with it.

Objection may be taken to some of the statements made in the critical notices of writers that are appended to the collection. Charles Pelham Mulvany (not "Mulvaney") wrote verses poetic, tender or clever, but he can hardly be said to have been "a brilliant and powerful poet." It is said by the critic also that the writings of Alexander McLaughlan "contain some of the finest abstract thought that Canadian literature possesses." This opinion will probably stagger some of Mrs. Harrison's readers. Of a living Toronto writer the critic says that he "has published one or two volumes of verse." Surely if the matter were worth referring to at all it was worth while to be definite when the knowledge could have been so easily obtained. If it is permitted to descend to the trivialities of verbal criticism, the observation may be made that it is a somewhat irregular way of speaking to describe Miss Crawford's verse as "intinct with a *breadth* . . . surpassed by few living writers." Nor can it properly be said that "Mr. Watson's untimely death should render his powerful and imaginative verse particularly *important* to us." And by no means could the Birthday Book, or any other book, "*achieve the position* of a complete anthology of Canadian verse."

Of course no two persons will quite agree as to what poems should be inserted and what omitted in a collection of this kind. Yet there are some omissions which are not easy to account for. Such, for instance, is Mrs. Moodie's "Indian Summer." With the possible exception of James Russell Lowell's poem on the same subject there has never been written any poetical description of this charming season at all equal to Mrs. Moodie's. The admirers of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts will be disappointed, too, by the absence of his strong, vigorous, patriotic poems "Canada," and the "Collect for Dominion Day." Both of these appeared not long ago in American magazines, and to them Mr. Roberts has given the place of honour in his new volume.

There are some verses in this collection, too, that might well have given way before Mr. W. W. Campbell's "Orpheus" and "A Canadian Folk-Song." The latter poem appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* two years ago. It was copied in many Canadian journals, and universally admired for its vigour and picturesqueness. Among those who have written occasional poems of high merit, and who are yet not

noticed in this book at all, might be mentioned Mrs. Rothwell, E. G. Garthwaite, and the young university poets Phillips Stewart, F. H. Sykes, and W. J. Healy.

The mechanical work on the cloth edition of the book is good on the whole, and reflects credit on the publishers, though the lettering on the cover is too gross for the style of the volume. But in the interests of honest bookmaking a most emphatic protest is called for against advertising the leather covered edition of the book as "morocco" when in reality it is nothing more than a poor sheepskin imitation.

A. STEVENSON.

Poetry.

FRENCH WITH A MASTER.

TEACH you French? I will, my dear;
Sit, and con your lesson here.
What did Adam say to Eve?

Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

Don't pronounce the last word long;
Make it short to suit the song;
Rhyme it to your flowing sleeve,

Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

Sleeve, I said—but what's the harm
If I really meant your arm?
Mine shall twine it (by your leave),

Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

Learning French is full of slips;
Do as I do, with the lips;
Here's the right way, you perceive,

Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

French is always spoken best
Breathing deeply from the chest;
Darling, does your bosom heave?

Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

Now, my dainty little sprite,
Have I taught your lesson right?
Then what pay shall I receive?

Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

Will you think me over bold
If I linger to be told
Whether you yourself believe

Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre?

Pretty pupil, when you say
All this French to me to-day,
Do you mean it, or deceive?—

Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

Tell me, may I understand,
When I press your little hand
That our hearts together cleave?

Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

Have you in your tresses room
For some orange-buds to bloom?
May I such a garland weave?

Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

Or, if I presume too much,
Teaching French by sense of touch,
Grant me pardon and reprieve!

Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

Sweetheart, no! you cannot go!
Let me sit and hold you, so—
Adam did the same to Eve!

Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.—Theodore Tilton.

ONE of the officials of the public library in Chicago states under his own signature in the *Chicago Tribune* that the books which are circulated from the library are so defiled by all manner of obscene and filthy writings on the margins that he questions whether the library does not do more harm than good. According to his statement, what Chicago needs is the abolition of the public library and the enlargement of the Bridewell.

COMMERCIAL UNION BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA: A DISCUSSION.

NOVA SCOTIAN ARGUMENTS AGAINST COMMERCIAL UNION.
(*The American.*)

THE discussion on the question of Commercial Union between the United States and Canada which is being carried on through the columns of *The American* will have a tendency to bring out all obtainable information bearing on this important subject, and finally present it in such shape that the public will be able to judge of the question in its largest light. This may be a step toward discovering how a majority of intelligent citizens really look upon the proposition to remove all commercial barriers between the English-speaking nations of North America. So far, this question, of such vital interest to every resident of Canada, and so widely important to millions of Americans, has not reached the stage where the average man is likely to take it under serious consideration. The papers in all sections of the Dominion have had a great deal to say about commercial union. These arguments, for and against, are almost innumerable, and usually attractive enough when one does not hear the other side. But, as a rule, these expressions do not come from those who are in a position to comprehend the magnitude of the proposed business revolution, or of the questions which will demand answers immediately after it has been brought about. Some of the articles that have recently appeared in Canadian journals, presuming to show why this radical change should be effected at once, are surprisingly vague and illogical, and many effusions presenting the opposite view are equally general, inconclusive, and wide of the real mark. On the one hand, fishermen, farmers, lumbermen, and miners, seem to desire commercial union; on the other, manufacturers and a large proportion of wealthy merchants do not want the custom-houses abolished, or any reduction of the duty on American goods, except in a few instances. The first class is undoubtedly the most numerous; but the latter is the most influential. Thus far the Canadian money kings have been able to control the views of the leaders in both political parties. Both of the classes mentioned argue from their respective standpoints, and neither is able to look the question squarely in the face and decide upon it after studying its full import.

If we are to investigate this matter upon an international basis, where we will find the only ground from which a final decision can be reached, we must consider the respective wants and preferences of Canada and her gigantic neighbour. In the first place, we see a young country still trammelled by the difficulties which beset all infant nationalities. The expenses incurred that the country's resources may be developed have rolled up an enormous public debt, and this weight hangs like a millstone about the neck of the Dominion. Canada may be a youthful Titan, but all her strength is required to carry this load and at the same time support her enormously expensive civil service. With the present revenue it is nearly impossible to meet obligations as they become due, and any change which would tend to materially contract this income must occasion national bankruptcy. How would the revenue of the Dominion be affected by commercial union? The large sums received from duties on goods imported from the United States would be totally lost, and we cannot doubt that many Canadian manufacturers would suffer to a serious extent, without a counterbalancing advantage to others. Thus, the country would not only lose the frontier tax, but also experience a severe reduction of internal revenue. It is also evident, that, with a free entry of Yankee productions many of our heaviest merchants would be unable to retain a large share of their most valuable trade. The present monetary situations of Canada and the United States are such that whenever their interests come in contact upon anything near equal chances, the smaller country is bound to suffer. With no other defence save that provided by distance the Canadians cannot hope to hold their own. The advantages which unlimited commercial intercourse with American traders would bring to Canadians who are not in any way connected with our manufacturing, must be considered as very great, but hardly sufficient to offset the loss that would fall upon the national revenue. These are some of the strongest arguments which may be urged against

commercial union, and their force is generally admitted by those who are earnest advocates of a national reciprocity. As for the Americans, whose factories are usually able to turn out more productions than they are able to dispose of, we cannot blame them for wanting additional markets, and a free swing through Canada to them would certainly be a great advantage.

But there is another and more potent reason why the portion of Canada west and north of New Brunswick should hesitate before removing all restriction to the introduction of American merchandise. The maritime provinces are distinguished from the rest of the Dominion, because, as has often been proved, their most important interests are separate. In the true Canada one may observe the germ of nationality. But the Atlantic States exhibit no qualities which could make them full portions of such a country. If the Dominion is ever to become a nation in the fullest sense of the term, it will only find elements of weakness in the people residing in that part of its territory from which the rest of it is partially separated by the obtrusive prominence of Maine. The union between these sections was never either natural or happy, and the quicker a complete separation is brought about, the better it will be for both parties. If the Canada we have designated becomes commercially united with the Republic, a firm protective tariff against the rest of the world will be the natural sequence. These new world countries would thus enter into an offensive and defensive business alliance against the goods of other nations, and practically exclude the greater part of that which is produced beyond their own borders. On such a foundation only one structure can be erected. When the interests of all occupations have become the same as they would be if there were only one country, an absolute and permanent business union has been accomplished; and the road upon which we travel to reach this stage will certainly lead us onward to a political consolidation. For Canada, commercial union with the United States, means the annexation of Canada to the United States. The more thoughtful and reflective statesmen on both sides of the line see that such an end is not desirable. Under an honest government Canada will have every prospect of increasing in population and national strength, until the time when in the natural course of events her people have reached the position that will entitle them to rightfully demand independence. There is a certain amount of annexation talk in some Ontario and Quebec papers; but the real sentiment of these provinces is clearly unfavourable to any such movement. Judging from the most reliable accounts that come from the States, we should say that the bulk of American people are not anxious for Canada to become a part of their country, which is already extensive enough to suit the most ambitious. Some ten or fifteen years ago, the citizens of Chelsea, Massachusetts, by a large majority voted in favour of annexation to Boston. But the gentle citizens of the "Hub" saw through the business, and by a most emphatic verdict at the polls, refused to accept the gift of the town while it was staggering under an enormous municipal debt. If Canada should ask for admittance to the Federal Union while bending under its present immense obligations, our Yankee friends might wisely invite her to stay at home, and explain that their shoulders are already burdened with all the national debt they care to sustain.

ADDISON F. BROWNE.

Halifax, N.S., May 11.

A Lesson in Practical Anthropology.

SIR C. W. WILSON, in a paper read in the British Association on "The Wild Tribes of the Soudan," after describing the tribes and their clans, with their divisions and alliances, remarked that it was interesting to observe how thoroughly General Gordon had understood the situation in that region, and at once pointed out the remedy. When he left England, his instructions had been to proceed direct to Suakim, open up communication with the supreme sheik of the Hadendowas who had taken no part in the rebellion, and isolate and crush Osman Digma by raising against him the surrounding tribes, whose sheiks he knew personally. There can be little question that if this policy had been carried out early in 1884, before Sinkat fell and Baker Pasha had been defeated, it would have been successful. But, unfortunately General Gordon's plans were changed and he proceeded up the Nile

A READER OF CHEAP BOOKS.

THE clock in the City Hall tower said it was 5.02; my watch told me it was 5.04, and, with great respect for the venerable clock that has beamed upon me like a full moon so often in the comfortable hours between midnight and daylight, I had more confidence in my watch, for I had compared it that morning with the clock in the ferry house (which never was known to vary the adth of a compressed hair) and found it right. So, with only minutes to catch the 5.15 train for New Jersey, and with the roadway sidewalks crowded, and the roadway blocked with cars, I had no time to spare. Going part of the way down Grand street, and then sheering off into Liberty street, I found myself a mite in a crowd of hurrying men with bundles and packages, all bent upon catching that same train, or similar trains, for Jersey and home. It seemed as if all New York had moved across the North River. Could there be anybody left in the city, when all those people were gone? Would the theatres be empty that night, and the hotel corridors and the streets be deserted? But it always seems so in a crowd in New York, as if there could be nobody left to be anywhere else.

It was a Saturday evening and a very bad one. Hardly even yet by the clock—only a few minutes after 5—but evening was on its way, and the darkness; by the little patches of foggy air around the lamposts; by the gas jets burning in all the streets. Though in midwinter, it was a foggy evening, with a chilly rain falling and treacherous icy spots hidden beneath slushy water on the sidewalks. A nasty evening to be hurrying over crowded pavements in the city; a beautiful evening, though, to reach home early and find dinner on the table, and a fire in the grate and an easy chair in front of it, and slippers warming on the fur rug. Reaching the corner of West street I noted that I was in good time without the trouble of looking at my watch again; for there were two young gentlemen in front of me, walking arm in arm under the same umbrella, and when they reached the corner, and were in the glare that shines through the big windows of the saloon there situated, one of these young gentlemen stopped and said to the other:

"Let us go in and have something to keep out the wet."

"We will miss the train," the other replied.

"Oh, no," said the first, looking at his watch, "we have plenty of time; we have nearly two minutes."

I was so occupied in thinking about this cheerful custom of standing up in front of a shelf and pouring down strong waters down then hurrying across the street to catch a boat, all within the space of two minutes, that I nearly walked between the wheels of a truck in West street. In the ferry house about as many wet and steaming people were gathered as could well gather, and every second was bringing more. Among them was a gentleman of middle age who lives in a town not far from mine and whom I knew to be on his way to as beautiful, cheerful and comfortable a home as there is in all that land of homes called Central New Jersey. Chance, or fate, or any lucky thing you will, threw us together in the crowded room, and we were about to push our way nearer the gate when he said:

"Wait till I go up to the news stand and get something to read for Sunday."

"You will not have time," I told him; "the gates are just about to open, and there is such a crowd about the news stand you will hardly be able to reach it."

"Oh, there's plenty of time," he replied. "Why we have nearly half a minute yet!"

It had surprised me before to hear two minutes called "plenty of time" but "nearly half-a-minute" beats the record, as they say in the sporting newspapers. And in that half minute he did show his way through the crowd in front of the news stand, and ran rapidly over a pile of cheap books standing there, and selected one, and bought a handful of evening papers, and paid for them all, and still we had a few seconds to spare.

"What in the world do you suppose all those people read, who are pushing up to the news stand?" he asked me, when we were comfortably seated in the ferryboat.

"Newspapers, I suppose," I told him.

"Yes, of course, they all read the papers," he replied, "but not half of that crowd about the news stand were buying newspapers. Most people buy their papers before they start for the ferry. I have often noticed that the crowds are bigger in front of the piles of cheap books than in front of the place where the newspapers are. A man generally has his papers in his pocket when he leaves his office; but the ferry house is the last chance to secure other reading matter, for that day at least; and every evening, but particularly on Saturday evenings, they must sell enough cheap books to stock a library."

"Well," I said, "I see you have been buying one of the cheap books yourself. Perhaps you can judge from your own selection something of what other people read."

"I just picked up a little story of adventure," he replied. "It is the hardest matter in the world for me to find anything I care to read in all those heaps of paper-covered books."

"You ought to be able to find almost anything you want among them," I told him; "for they include nearly everything under the sun, and some things that seem to have been born under the influence of the moon."

"A little 'looney,' do you mean?" he laughed. "Well, some of them are. It has often struck me that a poor book must sell nearly as well as a good one in this cheap form, if it only has a good title—for people standing in a crowd in front of a counter do not have a chance to examine a book; they take their chances and consider that it's only the loss of a quarter at the worst. I'm afraid that I'm getting pretty nearly 'read out.' Sometimes I have to fall back on my own library and take down Scott or Dickens or Thackeray again, for I find that Dickens for the twentieth time is often more entertaining than a 'modern' novel just off the press. You know I read for amusement, pure and simple; if a book amuses me, I call it good, if it doesn't, I call it bad."

"You are very frank to admit it," I said.

"It is no more than the truth," he replied. "And it is the same, in my opinion, with nine-tenths of the people who read. Some people, of course, are amused or 'pleased,' if you choose to put it so, with books of a more solid sort. The ministers, for instance, read McCosh on *The Supernatural in the Relation to the Natural*, not because they believe that McCosh can tell them much about it, but because it amuses or pleases them. Doctors read the new medical works, nine times out of ten, because, being interested in the subject, the works interest them, and in a sense amuse them. If you look at it closely I think you will find that where one person reads for instruction, a hundred read for amusement. Sometimes, of course, we get instruction and amusement at the same time, as in the case of histories and some scientific works. Think of what you read yourself, and see if you do not read almost entirely for amusement. If you find that a book does not amuse you how soon do you lay it down?"

I was forced to admit not only that my own reading was almost wholly for amusement, but that most of my acquaintances had the same laudable end in view.

"I think that my case," my friend continued, "is the case of the mass of the American people, I read enough solid things in my early days, in school and college, to satisfy what desire I had for information. I am tolerably familiar with ancient and modern history, and know something of the classics. After a good day's work in the office I want something at home to interest and please me, in other words, to amuse me. Even the newspapers I read solely because they interest me, and therefore amuse me. So do most people, I imagine. So when I take up a book I want to find it as interesting, as amusing as possible. And it is the hardest thing in the world for me to find anything new that does amuse me. Has it ever occurred to you that there is nobody living just now who can write?"

"It has occurred to me," I replied, "that there are a great many people living just now who do write."

"They think they do," he went on, "but they don't. What would be the sensations of any reader of fiction, do you think, if he could go into a bookstore and buy a new novel by Dickens, or by Scott, or Thackeray? Do you think he would stop to look over the list for a work by any author now living?"

"He would be an exceedingly funny fellow if he did," I replied.

"No," he continued, "there are no Dickenses, no Thackerays just now—if there are, they don't write. Why don't some of you newspaper fellows, who always have your hand in, give us a new *David Copperfield*, or a new *Vanity Fair*?"

"I intend to some day," I told him, "but just now I really haven't the time. You know there is no newspaper man in the world, who isn't just about to write a novel, or thinking seriously of it, or picking out the characters for one; but we are always so busy. Besides there is no money in it, and time is money in Printing House Square. As long as the publishers can have a good English novel for the asking they can hardly be expected to pay much for an American one."

"That is true, to a certain extent," he replied, "but it applies only to works of an inferior sort. If an American will write a book that is entitled to rank with the two I have just named, he will not have any difficulty in getting his own price for it. You take a new *Copperfield* or a new *Pickwick* down to Harper's, or any of the other big publishers, and see how long they will hesitate to buy it. They cannot 'borrow' such things from England, because England is not producing any. As long as it is a question between taking wishy-washy English novels for nothing, and buying wishy-washy American ones for a price, of course they will continue to take the English ones. It is only a choice between two evils, both for the publisher and for the reader."

"My dear sir," I interrupted, "you cannot mean to classify all the current novels under the heading wishy-washy?"

"That term is a little ambiguous, perhaps, but still it describes pretty well what I think of them. Our novel writers, just now, are too infernally æsthetic (excuse the emphatic way I put it). They dig so deep into motives, feelings, and dispositions that they get out of the scope of fiction entirely. The æsthetic in art has spread into literature, and a bad mess it makes for us poor readers of fiction. I was very much amused the other day by somebody's description of George Eliot. 'Other writers,' this somebody said, 'describe bodies: George Eliot painted souls.' Precisely, and there are too many soul painters among our present novelists to my way of thinking."

"You do not object to character painting in a work of fiction?" I asked.

"Certainly not," he replied; "provided it is well done, and the characters themselves are worth painting. But I do not think that most of the characters in our new novels are worth the paint. If a character is a strong one, and well drawn, it is the best part of a novel. But a description of some every-day person, of his thoughts and desires, his mannerisms and eccentricities, be it ever so well done, is very stupid reading. I find more amusement just now in reading the opinions of some of our modern novelists about the great novelists of the past than in anything else they write. It is always amusing to see a slight young fellow flare up at a giant, and try to thrash him. We had an opinion from one of them not long ago, perhaps you remember, that the writings of Dickens would not be tolerated in this age. Well, perhaps not; it is barely possible that we have deteriorated to such an extent that we could not appreciate him. But there was something extremely funny about that, considering what people do tolerate in the pages of the modern novel."

Long before this we had left the ferryboat and taken our places in the train—that part of the train given up to smokers, emigrants and inebriates. My friend took a magazine from his overcoat pocket.

"Let me read you," said he, "(it is only a few lines,) what one of our modern novelists has been writing about Dickens. He is talking about Christmas literature, and it is almost a wonder that he will condescend to mention Dickens in connection with that subject: 'The might of that great talent,' he says, 'no one can gainsay, though in the light of the truer work which has since been done his literary principles seem almost as grotesque as his theories of political economy.' Now, if a man wants to read for amusement, where can he find anything more amusing than this? 'In the light of the truer work which has since been done!' Why, I have a Texas donkey out in my barn that would smile from the tip of one ear to the point of the other if I could

translate that sentence to him. But let me read you a little more of it: 'Very rough magic, as it now seems, he used in working his miracle, but there is no doubt about his working it.' * * * The pathos appears false and strained, the humour largely horse play, the character theatrical, the joviality pumped the psychology commonplace, the sociology alone funny.' His types of humanity 'were as strange as beasts and birds talking.' His ethical intention told for manhood and fraternity and tolerance, and when this intention disappeared from the better holiday literature that literature was sensibly the poorer for the loss. 'It imbued subordinate effort and inspired his myriad imitators throughout the English-scribbling world, especially upon its remote borders, so that all holiday fiction, which was once set to the tunes of the *Carol* and the *Chimes*, still grinds no other through the innumerable pipes of the humbler newspapers and magazines, though these airs are no longer heard in the polite literary centres.' Could a man ask for anything more amusing than that?"

"You are making that up as you go along," I said; "you do not mean to say seriously that you have been reading from that magazine you have in your hand?"

"Every word of it, my dear boy," he answered. "Every word is here just as I read it." And he showed it to me. "I think you think an ordinary person like myself would be using such high-flown words as 'commonplace psychology,' 'sociology,' and 'ethical intention?' It is all here, every word, from the 'light of the truer work which has since been done,' straight down to the airs that 'are no longer heard in the polite literary centres.'"

"Then from your own standpoint," I told him, "I think you ought to be thoroughly satisfied, for I do not know where you could find any more amusing reading than that."

"These few lines I have read you," he went on, "illustrate better than anything I could say what I consider the objectionable features of the modern novel and novelist. When I am home tired and get settled in front of the fire I don't care about being bothered with commonplace psychology, sociology, and ethical intention. Ethical intention be hanged. What I want is a good story, to carry me out of New York and New Jersey for a while, and make me laugh, and perhaps make the children shed a few tears. And when I read to the youngsters to-night what I have just read to you I think there will be an outbreak of indignation. Boz is too intimate a friend of my little ones; he has sat with them too often around the fireside of a winter's night for them to sit quietly and hear him abused. And I feel as warily towards him as they do, for that matter."

"That is the true test, after all," I said. "If I could write few books that would take such a hold upon the hearts of the readers as would make them indignant to hear me abused I should be willing to be thumped at forever by all the critics in the world."

"Hold upon the hearts!" he exclaimed. "Why, Dryden is there a household in all this land, a household, at least, where the people can read and write, where, if there should be a knock upon the door this stormy winter's night, and a cold, wet traveler should introduce himself by saying: 'I am the father of Little Nell and Agnes Wickfield; I am the friend of Mark Tapley, Wilkins Micawber, of little David Copperfield, of Captain Cuttle, of Oliver Twist, of Betsey Trotwood, of Nicholas Nickleby, of poor Smike; I am the creator of the Artful Dodger, of Sampson Brass, of Barkis, who was willin', of Alfred Jingle, of Pecksniff, of Steerforth; I am the destroyer of Fagin, of Uriah Heep, of Quilp and of Squeers—is there a household, I ask you, where Charles Dickens would not be seized in loving arms and drawn bodily and warmed at the fire, and feasted at the table and favoured with the sparkling eyes of the children, and worried with the fond kindness of their parents?—and all this notwithstanding the truer work which has since been done?'"

"I think," I replied, "that it would be hard to find a household where Dickens would not be welcomed very much as you describe."

"But do you know," he asked me again, "of any of our modern writers—I mean writers now living—who have such a hold upon the hearts of their readers?"

I had to confess that I did not.

"These cheap books," he continued, "have made great changes in literature, and they are destined to make more yet. They themselves have changed, as you may have noticed, since they first made their appearance. Most of them started out as dime publications, and for some time they were sold at that price. But the prices are too low. Even when the matter of the book was 'borrowed' from England and cost the publisher nothing, the expense of the mechanical work was too great for such a price. Now, as you know, most of the cheap editions are sold for either 20 or 25 cents. This allows a fair margin of profit to the publisher, even when he pays the author for his work; so there is every probability that the cheap editions will last. Perhaps you do not know how much the simple little machine has done towards making cheap literature possible—I mean the machine that binds pamphlets with a tiny bit of wire, much faster and cheaper than they can be sewed. I think that some of the publishers (presumably those who do not publish any 'cheap editions') complain that these cheap books are to be found even in the houses of wealthy people, 'who would hesitate to pay \$150 for a single chair.' Why should they be? It is a homely old saying, but a very true one, that what sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The publishers will not pay in America for what they can get for nothing in England; they then should readers pay \$2 for what they can buy for 20 cents? I do not believe, however, that the cheap books interfere with the sale of the well bound, handsomely printed books that will last. They can only help the sale of any book that is worth preserving."

"I almost suspect," I told him, "that you must have been in the publishing business yourself at sometime or other."

"No, I have not," he replied; "but I have a friend who is a publisher, and so, perhaps know more of the ins and outs of the business than I otherwise should. I think the cheap editions help to sell good books in this way: they give readers a chance to buy and examine them in the cheap form, and then, if they prove to be worth preserving, the reader buys a bound copy for his library, and most likely he would not have bought it if he had not read the cheap edition. This, of course, is looking at the matter from the publishers' standpoint. For the public I think the cheap editions are a great boon. They give everybody an opportunity to keep informed of the literature of the day at small cost. Even the boys are reading them. Not long ago, if I called an office boy, I would see him stuffing some miserable dime novel, Indian story, or one of those flashy boys' papers into his pocket; now I frequently see them reading books of a much higher class, because they are equally cheap and equally interesting, even to a boy with any brains. If cheap works, by good authors, can drive out the wretched stuff that has heretofore been sold to boys and girls in this country, it at least is a sufficient excuse for their existence. I can tell you of another good work they are doing."

"What is that?" I asked.

"They are disgusting people with the nauseating Sir Charles and Lady Clare Marble Hall type of novel, in which impossible people who use ridiculously stilted language are put in ridiculously impossible situations, and eventually marry and live happily ever afterwards. Have you not noticed that very few comparatively few—of such books are printed now? It is because the cheap editions have given people such a dose of the real thing. The ordinary reader can stand so much of that sort of thing and no more. And the publishers are not slow in finding out what there is for demand and what there is not. Perhaps a few lovesick girls still read such novels, but hardly anybody else. It was only necessary for people to have a good dose of them, and they have had it. A few years ago I was kept in the house for several weeks by a trifling accident, and I took advantage of the rest to read Wilkie Collins entire, from the first time he published to the last that had come out at that time. Though I am an admirer of Wilkie Collins and always take pleasure in reading his new works as they come out, I never was so tired of anything in my life. One of his deep plots and one set of his odd characters at a time are a pleasure; but take them all in a lump and one tires of them."

"Then what," I asked him, "do you consider has taken the

place of the novels you describe—of the Sir Charles and Lady Clare sort?"

"I will answer your question by asking another," he replied. "Do you know of any living writers of fiction whose works sell more rapidly in this country than those of W. Clark Russell, Robert Louis Stevenson, and H. Rider Haggard? A new book by any of these men is eagerly bought by tens of thousands of the readers of 'cheap editions.' For my part I should not stop to look at the title of any book that had one of these names attached to it; I should simply buy it, and carry it home to read. Now what do they write. Clark Russell's sea stories are tales of adventure, rather than novels. Robert Louis Stevenson's books, without an exception, as far as I can recollect, are all stories of adventure. Mr. Haggard's two books are made up of adventures of the wildest sort; and I wonder that either his works or Stevenson's are classed as novels. But they show what direction the public mind is taking. Unable to get works of fiction that can rank with the publications of a few years ago, and disgusted with the 'soul painting' of the present time, people fall back upon adventure. I have done it myself, and I know that a great many others have. If I cannot get a new *Waverley* or a new *Pickwick* or a new *Pendennis*, I am thankful for a good lively story of adventure. But here is your station. When you are up my way, come in and see whether I do not keep adding as many new books to my library as if there were no 'cheap editions' in existence."

—William Drysdale, in *New York Times*.

THE REFLECTIVE IN LITERATURE.

THERE have been but few volumes of *pensées* or reflections on men and things published within the last five years that have made the world richer by their coming. It requires a rare combination of qualities of mind and heart to write a book of thoughts and reflections that will stimulate nobler thoughts in others. A clear, logical mind, a course of varied and deep readings, quick sympathetic observation, an individuality that rises superior to mere egotism, and a desire for the truth in all things, these rarely exist together. The strong temptation is to sacrifice the truth to brilliancy, to accept the striking at the expense of plainer, simple, yet nobler thoughts. It develops an almost morbid seeking after secondary meanings, turning and twisting the most simple phenomenon in order to torture it into a spiritual or moral truth. All things are made types of something else, and the most trivial commonplace is polished to appear original and brilliant, while the writer unconsciously cheats himself into believing this mechanical colouring of his thoughts with sentimental tints to be genuine poetry. It is not necessarily so, for sacrificing ideas to mere prettiness of expression is never poetry.

These diaries of nature and humanity, written in a neat running hand, consist chiefly of cheap tinted sentimentality sprinkled with exclamation and interrogation marks:—

SUNDAY.—How calm and beautiful the lake is this evening!

Not a shimmer across its silver bosom, not a ripple, nor a sound. No motion, merely waiting! Glorious emblem of a joyous resting life. Am I happy? Can I rest calm and serene at night like this placid lake? Answer, my soul!

MONDAY.—I have just seen the first crocus, happy herald of the returning spring. As it lifts its pretty head to me while I gaze upon it, it seems to have some message, which it fain would tell. Where shall I be next spring, where the spring after, where in the long years that may follow? Alas, I know not, and yet, and yet, I know not why. How that rock shades and protects it! Yes, but its presence lends beauty to the grim old rock. Thus is not all the good we do in life meted back to us? Oh, that I could take this more fully to my heart!

WEDNESDAY.—How happy nature looked as I took my morning walk. I saw a pig trying to get under a gate; as the porcine thrust his nose under the sharp stakes, the staples hurt him and chafed him, yet he pressed on. Blind, foolish pig! Vainly seeking to war against the inevitable and cope with events beyond its strength! Oh, man; dost thou not often try to get under gates when thou canst not!

THURSDAY.—It is just two years ago to-day since Herbert left. That day might be twin to this, the blue sky was then cloudless as it is now, not a breath moves the leaves. I recall so many trifles that then I did not notice. How wonderful is memory! how useful! Do the winds remember that day, and bear some message of it to Herbert, in far-off India? How pretty and poetic my thoughts are when I think of Herbert! Why?

FRIDAY.—I found a dead robin on the porch, this morning. It had probably fallen from the eaves. Mayhap it tried to leave the parent nest before its wings were strong enough. Weak little bird why did you not trust your mother, and tarry at home until you had permission to go? Am I wiser than the robin, do I always obey as I should? Alas, will my pinions ever be strong enough to bear me? Doubt! doubt! doubt! How can I see the light?

The musical sound of the phrases seems to imply a poetical feeling which really does not exist. Many respected critics have been deceived in their hurried superficial estimates of such writings and works not a whit more sensible than this fragmentary collection of rural *pensées* have been praised as “delicate,” “dainty,” “brimful of love for nature,” with all the standard adjectives made for such occasions. The world cannot have too many books of chaste, refined and exalted thought, yet mere air-blown fancies with no depth nor strength will never enrich our mental scope in the slightest.—*Book Chat.*

OUR LAST ROYAL JUBILEE.

THE autumn of 1809—and the loyal subjects of His Most Sacred Majesty George the Third were becoming daily more and more Jubilee-mad. It had required a vast amount of eloquence and persuasion, in the first instance, to work up the national spirit to the required pitch of enthusiasm, but, this once accomplished, our grandfathers held to their purpose with a tenacity which, under the circumstances, did them infinite credit. Truth to tell, the political and social outlook both at home and abroad was at its gloomiest at the very time when arrangements were being made for general rejoicings; and the man who could persuade himself that he meant what he said when he joined in the great thanksgiving services for “peace and plenty,” must have been a very enviable individual. That the long-drawn-out Napoleonic wars were becoming a sore drag both upon the hearts and the purses of those at home; that the depression in trade, though temporary, was great; that the Portland Ministry had quarrelled and had sent in their resignation, after the failure at Walcheren had cost the lives of some twenty thousand of our soldiers, these were amongst the many thoughts which were stirring in the minds of the people that autumn; and a certain Mr. Waithman expressed pretty accurately the feelings of many thinking men when he declared that to waste money in bonfires, when the people were at their wits’-end to pay their taxes, was opposed to his own notions of common sense. This was at the Court of Common Council which was held on September 15th to consider the all-important question of the celebration. If they merely wanted to forward the King an address, well and good; if the Lord Mayor chose to invite the Corporation to turtle and venison, he for one would accept a seat at table; but to ask an impoverished nation to spend more money was, in his opinion, ridiculous. The suggestion, he added, could only have been made to cover the disgrace of the ministers.

This worthy obstructionist was calmed down at last, and, through him, the bulk of the people, by hearing a fuller explanation of how the great day was to be kept. It was to be no question of giving; it was all to be getting. This of course put a different aspect on affairs. Every one suddenly remembered what a bluff, soft-hearted, hard-headed old Englishman had been reigning over them for forty-nine long years. They told each other long-winded yarns of how he had trotted (in a very unkingly but very lovable fashion) in and out of every cottage round Windsor or Kew, and how he gave to one old biddy “five guineas to buy a jack,” and to another substantial help towards her boy’s schooling, and so on. Old men who could relate, or invent, anecdotes of the monarch’s young days were in high requisition, and their tales

fell on delighted ears. That with all his bigotry and with all his ignorance he had tried to do his duty in a brave uncompromising fashion, went for very little by the side of his own personal act of kindness; and, once assured that the Jubilee meant no more than that the fatherly old king was arranging a universal holiday, the matter was taken up with zest and the enthusiasm spread like wildfire. Even the news that no single member of the royal family would be in town upon the great day could not damp the eagerness of the Londoners. It seemed to be pretty generally understood that it was more natural for the homely, popular king to spend it at Windsor, where every petty tradesman or chubb Eton boy was almost a personal friend, than in the capital, and no dissatisfaction was shown.

The morning of October 25th dawned clear and bright, and before even early risers had left their beds, London was roused by the joy-bells pealing madly from every church-tower and steeple. Every one was early a-foot, dressed as befitted so festive an occasion, and in recalling the scene it should be remembered that a crowd of nearly eighty years ago was better worth surveying from an artistic point of view than is one of to-day, while the many flags and banners which were being hung from every house gave a holiday appearance to the whole. All business was suspended by mutual consent, and every doorway and window was gay with ladies and children, brave in holiday attire, and wearing, for the most part, ribbons of garter blue, to which were attached the medals which had been struck for the occasion. The sovereign’s head was represented in profile, and was declared to be an excellent likeness, while the obverse of the coin bore suitable legends and inscriptions.

The centre of attraction was now the Guildhall, where the Lord Mayor, gorgeous to behold in his state coach drawn by six prancing and beribboned greys, was joined by the members of the Corporation, and thence proceeded in solemn state to St. Paul. The procession was swelled by several regiments of volunteer and various city companies, and, with bands playing and banners waving, it was altogether a goodly show for the patient and delighted mob. St. Paul’s Cathedral crowded, and every member of that crowd—from the sweet-voiced charity-children to the gruffest-toned verger—joining in the glorious National Anthem must have been a thing to remember; and so too, though another way, must have been the sudden desertion of the streets as every place of worship—Roman Catholic, Protestant, Jewish and Nonconformist—was suddenly carried by storm. Volunteers attended *en masse*, and, service once over, they made their way to Hyde Park, where they held a grand review, and fired countless *feux de joie*.

Meanwhile, a universal feeling was in active preparation for George the Third’s Jubilee was altogether very typical of the time in which it was held. With one exception, there does not seem to have been a man, woman or child in the kingdom who did not consider that to eat a good dinner was the acme of human bliss, and to bestow one the highest form of Christian charity. Every person was, indeed, so eccentric as to hint that the building of some almshouses would be a good way of commemorating the anniversary, but nothing came of the idea. As to imperial institutions, clergy houses, cottage hospitals, and the like, nothing so unsatisfactory was even suggested. To prove a nation’s joy in eating roast beef and plum pudding and drinking quarts of beer was pre-eminently British, and, therefore, to do anything else would have been flat heresy and disloyalty. So it comes to pass that in reading the records of this most auspicious twenty-fifth of October, one’s mental horizon becomes darkened with myriads of plum puddings, and rejoicings under the third George take the form of one long perpetual dinner list. In every town and hamlet throughout England an ox was roasted whole, and the dinner was the one event of the day, Dunstable boasting itself the most loyal because at the town hall the diners sat down to table nearly a thousand strong. In all British ports our sailors managed enough rum to float a man-o’-war; while in London itself the notion of the singleness of idea, as far as enjoyment went, may be gathered from the fact that the governor of St. Bartholomew’s Hospital, in the goodness of his heart, ordered plum pudding to be sent to every patient there!

The one exception amidst all this wasted money to which notice is already been drawn, was in the case of the poor debtors. These unfortunate men were certainly given cause to bless the Jubilee, for not only all debtors to the crown were released, but the King headed a subscription for the remainder with 4,000*l.*, and his example was loyally followed by all classes of men, amongst the larger sums being 500*l.* from the Quakers and 1,000*l.* from the Corporation. All deserters from fleet and army were granted free pardon; those confined for military offences were released; officers of both services received general brevet promotion; and prisoners of war on parole were sent back to their own countries, with the exception of those poor wretches who happened to be French. This was as a matter of course at a time when the requirements of pastors and masters were fully satisfied by Paterfamilias taking young Hopeful on his knee, and repeating the accepted formula: "Be a good boy. Say your prayers, love your mother, and hate the French." It would indeed have been almost an insult to the unbounded patriotism which was then rampant had helped any poor "Mounseer," and amongst these otherwise very general rejoicings I can find but a single instance. Messrs. Pirbright, of Portsmouth, gave three-pence each to the Frenchmen who were on board the prison-ships which were quartered there, "in consequence," as they said, "of the humanity shown by Marshal Mortier to the British sick and wounded after the battle of Talavera." Let us hope that the kindly Mortier, who was then leading his victorious armies against the Spaniards, heard of the to come of his good deeds, and rejoiced that his old soldiers had not been left entirely out in the cold.

Nightfall in London brought the revellers into the streets, which were lighted with thousands of little coloured lamps, while every coffee-house, public office, and building of any note, besides many private houses, were literally one blaze of light. Transparencies, showing the King under every guise, were exceedingly popular, and the streets were crowded with merry, jostling sight-seers who waited until the lights were extinguished before walking statelyly home with, it is to be hoped, a deepened sense of the national glory to balance the many inevitable headaches of the crowd.

At Windsor the day was passed in the humdrum, staid style which one would have expected under Farmer George. A whole hog was roasted, and the Queen, with four dandified sons and one y-cheeked daughter, went to inspect and taste this delicacy. The cooks wore new blue suits and white silk stockings, which were supposed to have created an immense excitement amongst the good people of Windsor. They cheered her majesty, the silk stockings, the bowing princes, and the roasting ox, and every one was exceedingly jubilant. The one touching incident in this somewhat staid picture is the absence of the good old king himself. It is only a year, remember, before his insanity was again openly declared, and the courageous little queen had probably good reason to be glad of her own for keeping him not only from the Metropolis, but also as far as she could from the Windsor gossips upon such an exciting day as that of the Jubilee. He was visible at chapel, again when they fired a *feu de joie* in the Long Walk and he bade the men and responded silently to their salute, but this was all. Even at the grand *fete* which Queen Charlotte gave at Frogmore, where for once the etiquette-loving woman laid aside her notions of what was permissible, and invited not only the nobility but the tradesmen and their wives; and where for once, her sons merged their horror of the slowness of the Court in their enjoyment of the novelty—even at Frogmore the King did not put in an appearance. This unexplained absence is the one which redeems the whole useless and resultless pageant; and the thought of the old man wandering alone through the rooms of his palace holds more poetry than any or every grandiloquent verse which was written for the occasion, and echoed across the dinner-tables of enthusiastic and toast-loving subjects. The one thing there was, and only one, to sustain the character of the much vaunted "good old times." Ireland not only joined in the Jubilee, but found three days instead of one barely sufficient to express her overflowing devotion to the powers that were. Universal thanksgiving; reviews; public dinners, public fireworks, public balls; everyone asked everywhere, everyone—high and

low—responding eagerly; the King's health drunk with enthusiasm; all local magnates cheered to the echo. And following on all these good things, a certain magisterial notice which ought to be made a matter of history: "*not a single individual was charged on the watch.*" One reads of such things with envious eyes, and the men of the Georgian Jubilee—these Englishmen who drank and swore, who held "foreigners" and "Popery" in equal detestation, and whose notions of a fifty-years celebration could rise no higher than freeing their poorer brethren from debt and giving themselves and their children an extra good dinner—they rise considerably in our estimation. In spite of their narrowness and ignorance they had brains enough to keep themselves and their fellow subjects in good order, and sense enough to prefer fighting a mutual foe to quarrelling amongst each other. The obstinacy, the pig-headedness of these grandfathers of ours is almost proverbial, but much as we may pride ourselves on the different and enlightened spirit in which we are proposing to keep our own Victorian Jubilee, this sore question of Irish loyalty should not be let slip. For it was this "obstinacy" which kept Ireland, this "pig-headedness" that saved the England of eighty years ago from the (then) un-English sin of vacillation; and if we would honestly seek the primal cause of our present trouble, we should find that in ridding ourselves of this, possibly, undesirable quality, it has only been to cultivate a process of thought which these ancestors of ours so wisely abhorred.

Thackeray closes his history of the Georges with an allusion to the Queen we all love so dearly, and as it was her Jubilee which suggested this chit-chat on that of George the Third, I cannot perhaps conclude better than by echoing the great writer's words: "The heart of Britain still beats kindly for George III.—not because he was wise and just, but because he was pure in life, honest in intent, and because according to his lights he worshipped heaven. I think we acknowledge in the inheritor of his sceptre a wise rule and a life as honourable and pure; and I am sure the future painter of our manners will pay a willing allegiance to that good life, and be loyal to the memory of that unsullied virtue."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

MR. HOWELLS'S THEORY.

NECESSARILY the whole argument of the so-called realists is one that degrades. Every instance it cites must be one involving a descent toward, if not to, the level of man's basest relations with man and of his grossest attitudes before women. "Why," says Mr. Howells's theory, "this is what a certain class of men and women know of one another's souls. It is true to their dirty lives, therefore it is full of divine and natural beauty." Assuming the point of view from which the Zola "school" of realists look at fiction-making, Mr. Howells cannot afford to turn his back upon naturalism; for a minute description of how a brutal husband beats his wife is just as "true" as the description of a young girl's first dream of love, and therefore just as full of "divine and natural beauty," and an author must show no undue preference for either. In any event the heroic must be avoided.

Now, I dare say that every sane mind of mature proportions will admit that realism, properly so-called, is necessary to the best fiction. No character in a novel should transcend the limit of human possibility, if put forward as a strictly human character. Scott's and Shakespeare's and Hugo's do not, nor do Nathaniel Hawthorne's. But Mr. Howells is impatient with everything save analytical commonplace. He appears to be unaware (in his critical mood) that heroism is a human possibility, or that it has ever displayed itself as a verity in Homeric proportions. The soldier who rushes "to glory or the grave," for his country's sake, would be (in his eye) a Jack the Giant Killer, if put into a novel. The man who should stalk through a fiction as Napoleon I. stalks through a period of history would be condemned as an impossible character and his originator as a fibreless romancer by Mr. Howells, according to the standard of his theory. I do not speak here of Mr. Howells's novels, for they are pure, and although they are in the minor key of analysis, they are interesting and in a way strong; he makes them please by the force of a genius able to do wonders despite the hindrance wilfully thrown before it. But when he attempts to teach the art of fiction-writing, and to set

up his method as the only standard by which all others must be gauged, he lacks that reserve of perfect impartiality which gives greatest value to criticism. An extremist partisan is dangerous in proportion to his ability, his ingenuity, and his wrong-headedness. If Mr. Howells's theory is wrong, then is his teaching too dangerous to be passed over in silence. It would seem to me that between the extreme of visionary romance, on one hand, and the extreme of commonplace analysis, on the other hand, should lie the safe ground, and upon this ground is founded the romances of Scott, Hugo, Dickens and George Eliot, the plays of Shakspeare and of Bulwer, and the best lyrics of Tennyson, Burns, Wordsworth and Longfellow. I speak of this as the safe ground for the author, and it is the only ground upon which the critic can afford to stand.—MAURICE THOMPSON, in *The Independent*.

A New African Region.

THE Rev. David Asante, a native missionary of the Basle Gold Coast mission, Africa, recently visited during a journey of exploration the hill-country of Booso, where he says the temperature is cool, rains are frequent, and rivulets numerous. The country is thinly peopled by a population subject to goitre and extremely dirty, whose children and bachelors wear no clothing. Wives, being harder to get—by the process of wooing and winning their consent—than in most African countries are treated well. The fetich-worship is less subtle than on the coast, but the poison-ordeal is frequently resorted to, and accounts for the small population. When a person dies, a whole village sometimes submits to take an infusion of a poisonous bark. Quarrels are settled by resorting to the same dangerous arbiter, thefts are discovered by it, babies who cry much are made to swallow the infusion to prevent their growing up wicked, and parents who lose several children in succession take it in order that the cause of their affliction may be discovered.

Petroleum Products as Fuel.

THE residues of the distillation of petroleum have been employed in the Caucasus for several years as a combustible, and have appreciated from having no value in 1874 till they command a price six times higher than crude naphtha, which is now employed as a cheaper fuel. Naphtha has been considered dangerous on account of its explosive qualities, but it has been found that they disappear when the liquid has been exposed to the air for a few days till it has lost its volatile constituents, which compose about fifteen per cent. of its substance. Crude naphtha, right from the springs, is burned in the locomotive-furnaces of the Balachanskoi railroad, and there are no accidents. Naphtha is the fuel that develops the greatest quantity of heat, and it also possesses the great advantage of not containing sulphur or other injurious substances. Ninety per cent. of the

theoretic calorific power can be realized from it, while not more than sixty per cent. can be got from solid combustibles. In 1859, doubts were expressed in Russia as to whether petroleum could be used as a combustible; now it is employed exclusively on all the ships in the Caspian Sea, and only half as much of it is required as used to be consumed of coal. The maximum force to be obtained from petroleum is equivalent to two and a half times what coal will furnish; and experiments on the railroad from Baku to Balachan show that a given weight of naphtha will take the place of eight and a half times the weight of wood, although the theoretically calculated difference in calorific power is only as three to one. Petroleum is very conveniently introduced into the furnaces of locomotives with the injectors that are used; the combustion is very easily regulated, and the furnaces last well in the absence of sulphur, while no smoke, sparks or ashes are emitted.

Medicines and Digestion.

DR. ROBERT G. ECCLES lately called the attention of the Brooklyn Pathological Society to the importance of regarding the effect of medicines to be administered upon digestion. "We never stop," he says, "to question the wisdom of pouring into the stomachs of the sick, in the most promiscuous manner, drugs that inhibit, or check the production of life-and-health-giving peptone. In all chronic diseases, the paramount consideration is that of the patient's nutrition. When we can not destroy the pathogenic micro-organisms outright, the patient's only hope in the struggle for life lies in the strength of his cells, and their power to triumph over their foes. The most important considerations at those times is digestion. To interfere with it, or check it, is in many cases criminal. When our remedies are incompatible with the gastric juice, the time of taking is likely to be of far more importance than the medicine itself. To weaken patients by the production of artificial mal-nutrition, gives their diseases the advantage over them, when a little more knowledge would have enabled us to aid the vital forces instead of handicapping them." The author described the properties of various remedies in this light, and gave accounts of a large number of experiments which he had made on the subject.

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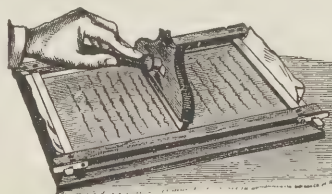
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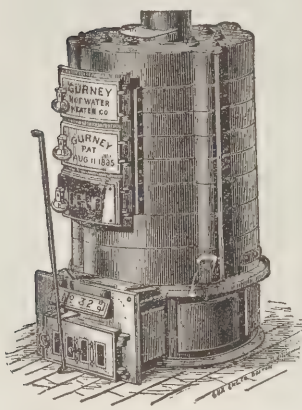
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Editorial Notes.

THE PARISIAN HORROR.

THE fearful loss of life consequent on the burning of the *era Comique* at Paris should read us a lesson we are by means too ready to learn. The French authorities are being just as we often do—shutting the stable door after the steed is stolen. They are shutting up other theatres on the ground that they are as deficient in means of exit as was the burned building, and they will probably be content with economical half-measures, like our own ruling powers, and allow these theatres to be re-opened before they are safe. Both here and in France we want a touch of paternal socialism to leaven the ancient institutions of stiff bureaucracy and unchecked individualism under which we respectively suffer. The public is not able to take care of itself, though vanity will not allow the public to acknowledge so much, and the powers that be are quite willing to evade a responsibility which is not forced upon them. But the public has enough intelligence to take care of itself, and this assertion does not contradict the last. Public intelligence needs organization, and as the brain directs the body, so should the best intelligence of the country be devoted to the country's service. The brain does not contain the nerve-matter, nor even all the will-power, of the body; yet as the most intelligent portion of our being it assumes the responsibility of directing all the rest. So in the body politic the minds of leading and intellect should take the responsibility of directing all individual acts which lead to humanity. It is not enough for the law to restrain actions individually hurtful. It should also regulate such individual acts as are liable to become dangerous by mere number, and among those specially liable to dangerous consequences are the assemblage of great crowds in public buildings. Our theatres are probably safer than the *Opera Comique*, which was old and badly built, but we need go no

farther than any of our great hotels to see that hundreds of travellers are nightly exposed to dangers greater than those threatening lovers of the Thespian muse. When a great fire occurs, like the one at Buffalo lately, public attention awakens for a moment, but quickly drops again, for it is nobody's business in particular to examine the means of exit from hotels, and "nobody's business" is proverbially ill attended to. We are far from wishing for the French bureaucratic system, which renders official authorization necessary for many of the most ordinary acts of private business; but we wish to see a recognition of the principle that means of public amusement or of public accommodation which are sure to bring large masses of humanity into close contact, or even into similar conditions, are fit subjects for legislative care and supervision. Next to theatres and public halls come public conveyances and hotels, and if we profit by the misfortunes of others we shall find none of them the worse for stricter supervision and regulation in the public interest. Legislation could do nothing to help one sad and disgraceful incident of the fire, but fortunately we are not likely to see such an incident in Canada. "The bodies of eighteen ladies, all in full dress, were found lying at the bottom of a staircase. These ladies all had escorts to the theatre, but no remains of men were found anywhere near where the women were burned to death." It seems as if all Parisian husbands were as selfish and unloving as the average French novel or play depicts them, and that these unfortunate ladies were all married—and deserted.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

WE are really tired of the O'Brien controversy as still pursued by both American and Canadian papers, pro and con. Mr. O'Brien did not beard the Governor-General in his den, nor did he hunt him ignominiously out of Canada. When an admission fee was charged he had a good meeting, consisting entirely of friends, who came to listen and get the worth of their money; while in open meetings the crowd was divided, and at the largest meeting refused to hear him at all. He went out without police protection, though he must have known it was needed, and suffered slightly at the hands of a few roughs in Toronto and Kingston, but no attempt was made to murder him, or it would certainly have succeeded. We know now that Mr. O'Brien is not personally popular in Toronto or Kingston, and also that there are a few tough citizens in each place who think that the word should entail personally disagreeable consequences, though the majority of citizens do not agree with them. All these facts are undisputed, and the rant about free speech and attempts to murder is too silly to be dis-

cussed seriously. The accusations against those who spoke at the Toronto meeting, and recommended peace and moderation, are simply disgusting. They can hardly be called silly, for the writers are presumably not children.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

OUR American cousins are of course more liberal in their legislation than an effete and corrupt monarchy like that under which we have the misfortune to groan. Having made this admission we would wish to point out one or two spots on the sun that lights this hemisphere—in short the American Constitution. Its almost immaculate system of jurisprudence has not yet abolished the truck system prohibited in England about 40 years ago, and American employers are still allowed to pay their workmen with store orders (the store being kept by the employer) for goods priced at fifty per cent. above their real value. The workman is thus reduced to a condition of actual slavery, and his freedom of body is as much gone as if he were bound by a chain. Overcharges soon get him in debt to the store, and he cannot leave his employer without sacrificing the poor little sticks of furniture that make up his Lares and Penates. The Hazelbrook coal-mine in Pennsylvania has a record that could not be surpassed by the worst employers in England before the passing of the Truck Act. On another point the American law—and we are sorry to say the Canadian too—lacks at least consistency, if not justice. Eviction for non-payment of rent is practised in most of the States of the Union and the Provinces of Canada, even in those whose legislatures have passed strong resolutions in favour of the party which in Ireland is fighting the Plan of Campaign. In America, too, the tenant has no bill to secure him the Ulster privileges. He has no Compensation for Disturbance Bill to fall back upon, and he has no Land Court to fix the amount of his rent.

THE DISALLOWANCE QUESTION.

THE Manitobans seem determined not to submit to the disallowance of their often-projected railways. They insist that the failure of their Province to grow as rapidly as Dakota is due to the want of sufficient railway accommodation. But they have failed to prove their case. The Government refuses to budge an inch, and the House of Commons has defeated Mr. Watson's motion by a majority of 48—a majority which the Government could not get on a straight party vote. The most definite grievance the Prairie Province can claim is that of high freights, for it is clear that they pay more, in some cases very much more, for freight carried by the C.P.R. than their neighbours pay to the Northern Pacific. If the Government persist in their policy of disallowing lines across the boundary, they should at least give the North-West the benefit of rates which will allow them to compete on fair terms with Dakota and Minnesota wheat-growers. The stand taken by the C.P.R. authorities is by no means likely to enhance the popularity of the line, for they threaten to shut up the car-shops at Winnipeg—a mere bit of bluster which they cannot legally put in force—and they threaten to shut up the direct line north of Lake Superior. The latter would be a direct slap

in the face to the Government which has done so much for them, the great expense of constructing that section having been undertaken expressly to make the C.P.R. a truly national work, built entirely on Canadian soil. The Company may do this as soon as they have built their line from Sault Ste. Marie to Chicago, but it would be poor policy of them to kill the goose that has laid them so many golden eggs.

THE GAME OF GRAB.

THE meeting of Provincial premiers may turn out to be as harmless as a Quaker gun. There is little doubt that the meeting will be conducted harmoniously, that good sense will be manifest in its counsels, and that the result will be the adoption of resolutions tending to maintain the interests of individual Provinces against any possible encroachment by the Dominion legislature. But what will be the result? History relates that the rats once hatched a notable scheme to outwit their ancient enemy, the cat, by fastening a bell to her collar, and the felicitous idea only failed of accomplishment because no one was able to fix on the bell. Even if seven rats had been found to volunteer for the dangerous service, would they ever have fixed the warning alarm in position? Probably not; and the seven premiers, bold as they may be, will probably fail to out-general the big cat of Ottawa. The secession cry in Nova Scotia and the provincial rights issue in Ontario seem to work well at Provincial elections, but when a general election comes on, where are they? It is the strongest proof of the strength of our Confederation and the growth of a national feeling among Canadians, that general elections are carried exclusively on Dominion issues, and that sectional issues have no appreciable weight. The hope of securing extra plunder from the general treasury is so general that it cannot be called sectional, nor indeed can it be called national. The principle is as wide as human nature, and almost as old, for the Talmud tells that one of the sons of Adam was called by the name of Grab or its Hebrew equivalent.

THE IRON DUTIES.

It is not surprising that the British iron-masters and their employees are indignant with the new protective duties levied by our Minister of Finance; for there will be an appreciable and damaging effect upon the British iron trade, although not to the extent prophesied by some of the Manchester papers. The experiment of building up a large iron industry in Canada, however, may not prove so thoroughly successful as Sir Charles Tupper anticipates. The natural advantages of the old country with regard to this particular business are considerably greater than are possessed in Canada at present, and the qualities of the iron that may be manufactured here will have to be fully equal to those of Great Britain, or the article will fail to become established as a native product. In the growth of a community of essays towards "doing for itself" are not always crowned with success any more than are the ventures.

THE FERGUS RESURRECTION CASE.

It is to be hoped that no effort will be spared to discover the perpetrators of the foul outrage committed in Fer-

metery a fortnight since, and that an exemplary punishment will be meted out to them. It has already been alleged as an exonerating excuse for the stealing of Mrs. Ordiner's body that the provisions of the Anatomy Act have not complied with by the Superintendents of Public Institutions, whereby the authorized dissecting rooms are unable to obtain a sufficient number of subjects for their requirements. In the training of medical students it is necessary that human anatomy be practised, and, considering the number of students, a corresponding number of subjects is needful. If these bodies can be obtained by legal methods, members of the profession of Galen will not be able to desecrate the resting places of the dead; but if authorized means subjects are not forthcoming, the zeal of scientific research will speedily prevail over scruples of sentiment, and body-snatching must be expected. Before the law provided facilities for obtaining bodies for anatomical purposes in England, a certain class of men carried on a regular business with medical men and schools by procuring subjects. These illegal purveyors of corpses were numerous in London, and many curious tales of their practices are on record. What is wanted is a proper carrying out of the Anatomy Act. There are many people who die without friends in this Dominion, and in the interest of humanity their remains should be handed over to our doctors, as the bodies of the dead gladiators were given to the Roman physicians.

THE AGE OF STONE.

THE undoubted discoveries of native stone implements of the pre-historic period in Africa establishes the fact that the whole human race have passed through the lithic stage of development, just as the remarks of certain old classical writers indicated. Hesiod referred to the Stone Age of human existence. Three quarters of a century before the Christian era, Lucretius said, "Man's earliest arms were fingers, teeth, and nails, and stones, and fragments from the branching woods." Horace, a little later, asserted that men were originally savage and little removed from the brutes, "fighting for acorns and hiding places with nails and fists; then with clubs, and lastly with arms." So that even the pre-lithic remains of man, which seem to our civilized minds so primitive, were probably the result of a long process of the growth of reason in humanity. At any rate the mythical theories of Oriental religions must be treated as allegorical stories or be absolutely discarded. Modern discovery has found out too much to permit the human mind to be blinded by the hallucinations of ignorance. Fifty years ago, to doubt that the world was created in six days or twenty-four hours per diem, or that man came upon the scene of his remarkable history exactly in the year 4004 B.C. was to be guilty of heresy, and to be regarded with official aversion. But the researches of scientists and philologists during the last half century has rendered Bishop Ussher's carefully calculated date for the beginning of the world's actuality a mere instance of human error, and 4004 B.C. is not recognized to-day as representing anything but a big mistake. A more critical knowledge of

the Hebrew language has also made it clear that in the Biblical account of the Creation of Man, the story is twice told, and with some difference in the telling. Expede Herculem.

CHANGES IN THE TARIFF.

AMONG the various changes in the tariff which the Dominion Government have seen fit to bring into operation within the past month, there is one calling for especial notice on the part of a journal which specially addresses itself to the literary portion of the community. The change consists of the imposition of fifteen per cent. by way of import duty on all books not hitherto subject to such conditions. As most readers of these columns are aware, the importation of books into Canada was until a few years ago untrammelled by any question of import duties. The latest issues of the British and foreign press could be bought in this country at prices little, if at all, higher than in the land of their publication, and were promptly and regularly imported by the principal dealers. The Canadian reader was not handicapped in his love of literature, and the Canadian bookseller was not handicapped in his endeavours to cater to a taste which certainly deserves encouragement rather than repression. Several years ago a change was brought about by the imposition of a duty of fifteen per cent. on all books published within seven years of the date of importation. This was a blow to the book-trade, as it rendered necessary an addition of fifteen per cent. to the price of all modern books. It was a blow to the reading public in general, as it compelled them either to pay this additional price, or to forego their inclination to buy books and to form libraries. It bore with especial hardness on the poor student, to whom the buying of books is a necessity, and whose purse is seldom in a state of repletion. Still, we had all become accustomed to the burden, and had ceased to murmur at it.

AN ADDITIONAL TAX ON KNOWLEDGE.

BUT now we are subjected to an additional load. The fifteen per cent. duty has been extended to all books whatsoever, irrespective of their date of publication. This provision strikes a serious blow at the second-hand book-trade. It will doubtless lead to the closing of not a few of the second-hand book-stores, and, by reducing competition, will still further increase the cost of books to the purchaser. We regard this new imposition as singularly inopportune and ill-advised; not only because it imposes an additional tax on knowledge, but because it places unnecessary restrictions upon a business which deserves encouragement rather than discouragement. The burden is one specially grievous to be borne, for it will very largely fall upon a class ill able to bear it. So far as to the point of view of the bookseller and his customers. But on the other hand, it will produce no material addition to the revenue, and will thus rob Peter without paying Paul. The booksellers—and more especially the second-hand booksellers—ought to rise up as one man to protest against this blow to their interests. It is probable that a vigorous representation of the facts to the Minister would bring about a reconsideration and repeal of the obnoxious clause.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT, - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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ADOPTED IMMIGRANTS.

CERTAIN amiable personages who fancy themselves to be philanthropists have been writing to the English and Canadian papers to protest against the inhumanity of sending orphans and other waifs out to Canada for distribution among farmers and others needing children for adoption. Their complaints appear to establish the facts that the unfortunate waifs are separated from their relatives and their native land, and that in Canada they have to work hard and do not have silver forks at table. These complaints are all founded on indisputable facts, but why should any one be so foolish as to complain of a work at which every lover of humanity should be glad to assist? It is true that the children leave their country, and it is well for them that they do. In England they would be placed in workhouses, where they would be as well fed as in Canada and better clothed. They would have less work to do, go more steadily to school and be put out to work at the proper age. After a few years they would be found to have gone the way of other workhouse children in cases where their future has been watched. Three-fourths of the boys "go wrong"—that is become thieves or vagabonds—and more than three-fourths of the girls. The workhouse system, which separates the sexes and drills the young into as close a resemblance to machinery as God's image can be made to assume, is the curse of the English poor, and the inhumanity of shutting up such schools would be open to question. The workhouse school feeds the prison and the brothel, for it fails to teach the only things which the poor *must* learn or perish—in industry and family affection. An adopted child, even if ill-treated, as most of our poor little immigrant waifs are not, learns more of these indispensables than the best-trained workhouse child; and it is certain that as few of our adopted children "go wrong" as if they were the actual children of their adopters. It is not simply foolish, but wicked, for ignorant busybodies to attempt interference with the plans of those who are trying to provide homes for those whose natural protectors are dead, or worse than dead, as far as their children are concerned. The Scotch system of farming out pauper children is far better than the English workhouse system, but far inferior to the emigration plan, and as long as Canadian farmers want children to adopt, they are not likely to lack help in procuring them.

Correspondence.

The Irish in Canada.

Editor ARCTURUS:

THE visit of Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Kilbride, and its object, may not be without benefit, if they turn the minds of Canadians to the consideration of certain questions which bear closely on the best interests of our country. In stating these, it may be said at the outset, that there is no intention of running amuck at the Irish population, or of advocating any ideas of Know-nothingism either in regard to that or any other nationality of which the somewhat mixed population of Canada is composed. We are all living under one system of laws, in which, theoretically at least, there is no distinction of nationality, class, or creed. All are equal in the eye of the law, and, so far as the laws of the land are concerned, there are no privileged classes.

But when we turn to the practical working of the law, it is undeniable that a certain portion of the population demand rights and privileges denied to Canadians as such. It seems almost necessary to repeat—to prevent, so far as that is possible—either misunderstanding or misrepresentation that there is no intention to attack the Irish as such, for among that population there are as fair-minded, honourable, and law-abiding men as can be found in any part of the community. These remarks do not apply in the slightest degree to them. There is no prejudice against Irishmen as Irishmen, when they become Canadians, with all that that implies—namely, that they are satisfied to share all the benefits to be derived from being a constituent part of the community, entitled to receive fair play at the hands of their fellow-citizens, and to aspire to such distinction as their merits deserve.

But there is a class of Irishmen which refuses to become Canadian, or to stand on an equal footing with the Canadian people. This class insists on being recognized as a separate nationality, holds itself aloof from everything tending to the general good of Canada, insists on proclaiming itself alien in the land, yet demands, on this very ground, to receive exceptional privileges, to have the highest honours of the State bestowed on its members, and to have offices of emolument reserved for them, to which the Canadians have no right or title. It is not long since the whole Province of Ontario was agitated over the squabble for an appointment at Ottawa in the gift of Mr. Mowat's Government. So far as the two candidates individually were concerned it is unlikely that any human being beyond their friends cared whether one or the other of the two men received the appointment; but the principle was coolly assured that this special office could only be given to an Irish Roman Catholic, no matter how unfit he might be for the position. In like manner Irish Roman Catholics must be foisted into the Cabinets, Federal and Provincial, on the simple ground of their nationality and creed, not because of the fitness. Were there exceptional laws, the danger of oppression or of persecution, any single thing necessitating the presence of these men to guard the interests of their fellow-countrymen, they might be some justification for this policy—for it is now a policy—but if they refuse to become absorbed in the common citizenship of Canada, what possible ground can there be for fostering and encouraging by premiums and rewards the continuance of a danger to the country, which stirs up a feeling of irritation, that may smoulder sullenly, and some unhappy day burst into a destructive flame?

The boast has been made in some of the American papers that O'Brien was accompanied by a band of armed ruffians, ready to shoot down our own people on the slightest provocation. The statement may be true or false—probably the latter—but it is the statement of the Irish themselves, and shows at least the disposition, if not the ability to import hired assassins to carry out the behests of the leaders in carrying into Canada the faction fight with which we have no concern. The ludicrously false reports in the American papers of the enthusiastic reception of O'Brien and the middleman Kilbride, ought to teach, and probably will teach us a lesson, to distrust the reports of the outrages committed in Ireland, received by telegraph through the Associate

ess despatches; the accounts being spiced to suit the Irish American palate. But this visit should teach practically the duty of Canadians to put an end to the existence of a privileged class, whose rule is worse than that of the old Family Compact, and as that was in many respects.
D.
Ottawa.

Poetry.

CASTING FLOWERETS ON THE STREAM.

CASTING flowerets on the stream,
In the Maytime's merry weather,
Fred and Phyllis, in a dream,
Tied a bud and spray together.

They were children both, at play,
Startled, as the silent river
Bore the little bud and spray
Onward from their sight forever.

Phyllis sighed to see them go—
"Gone!" she said, and tears had started;
"Will they on together flow?
"Will the bud and spray be parted?"

"Yes or no," said Fred, and smiled
Lightly in a sage endeavour
To console the weeping child,
Gazing sadly down the river.

Answers she by falling tears,
And by silent lips that tremble;
Telling tales the coming years
Will have taught her to dissemble.

"Back," said Fred; "we to the hill,
Where are other flowers in waiting;
We may pluck them at our will,
Bud and spray together mating."

Phyllis, dreamy little maid,
While their hands were lock'd together,
Look'd from dewy eyes and said,
"Fred, I do not wish another."

"To-day whatever songs we sing:
With whatever flowers we deck us:
Back the coming day will bring
But the faded leaves and echoes!"

"I cast the little bud away,
Heeding nought if it should leave me;
It can never more be May—
Fred, it was the first you gave me!"

"Life's deep tide has not the power
Back a single joy to give us;
We have pluck'd our spray and flower,
All but mem'ry's dream must leave us!"

D. McCaig.

FISHERIES FALLACIES.

(From the N. Y. Nation.)

It was stated not long since in the *London Times* that the Earl of Rosebery declared, when resigning office, that the most serious question he left behind him was the dispute between the United States and Great Britain respecting the fisheries. Lord Iddlesleigh is reported to have made, shortly before his death, a similar declaration as to the ravity of the controversy. Both these statesmen betrayed, by these expressions of opinion, an intelligent apprehension of the character of the dispute, and of the consequences not unlikely to result from its continuance. A prolonged controversy between nations, while always fraught with danger, is peculiarly liable to end in hostilities when waged, as the fisheries dispute actually is, between contiguous countries and in a spirit of exasperation on both sides. The history of the oyster fisheries in the Chesapeake Bay is a strong domestic illustration of the difficulty of maintaining good relations between the hardy champions of rival fishing interests, even when they belong to friendly communities under one central government, with no questions of tariff or of rival nurseries for seamen to excite cupidity or inflame national pride and resentment.

Three modes of settling the fisheries dispute have been suggested. One is that recently made by Lord Salisbury, as at least a temporary expedient, of an exchange of free fishing in Canadian waters—with the same privileges and regulations for American as for British fishing vessels—for a free market for Canadian fish in the United States. Another mode is that proposed by Mr. Bayard, of a permanent settlement on the lines of the treaty of 1818, by a definition of the limits of the exclusive and common fishing grounds under that convention, a joint system of police by the two Governments, and the admission of American fishing vessels into Canadian ports for the purchase of bait and other supplies, etc. A third mode of settlement which has been proposed, is to abrogate the Treaty of 1818 and fall back on the Treaty of 1783.

It is to the last mode that we wish to direct attention, for, while it is not a new idea, it has lately been accepted in certain quarters with not a little favour, and has received at the hands of Mr. John Jay, late Minister to Vienna, a very thorough and deliberate exposition, published in the form of a letter to Mr. Evarts. An examination of Mr. Jay's pamphlet will lead to the disclosure of fundamental fallacies in his position, and throw not a little light on the general aspects of the dispute.

Under the Treaty of Peace in 1783, between the United States and Great Britain the fishermen of the United States had, as is generally known, the right to take, dry, and cure fish in the territorial waters and on the coasts of British North America. The enjoyment of this right was suspended by the war of 1812; and when, after the close of that conflict, the American fishermen sought to resume their rights under the Treaty of 1783, the British Government objected, on the ground that the war had put an end to the treaty. This was denied by the United States, which contended that the Treaty of 1783, being a treaty of separation and settlement, for the division of common property, and not a grant of rights and privileges by the mother country to the United States, was permanent in its character and not affected by war.

The Treaty of Ghent, concluded December 23, 1814, for the purpose of ending the war of 1812, contains no mention of the fisheries. It is known, however, that they formed a frequent topic of discussion between the negotiators of that convention, and that the British Commissioners unequivocally declared that they would not thereafter "grant" the liberty of fishing, and drying and curing fish, within exclusive British jurisdiction without an equivalent. (Memoirs of J. Q. Adams, vol. iii., p. 119 *et seq.*, December 22, 1814.) The American Commissioners maintained the position that the rights of the American fishermen were not affected by the war, and thus the issue was made. The disagreement was complete.

The controversy thus begun continued until the conclusion of the Treaty of 1818. The intervening period was one of great irritation, and the two countries were continually on the verge of a hostile outbreak. Mr. Adams gives in vol. iii. (p. 265 *et seq.*) of his Diary an account of an interview with Lord Bathurst, in London, in September, 1815, in which his Lordship declared that American vessels could not be permitted to fish in British territorial waters; to which Mr. Adams replied, maintaining the American position, and promising soon to address his Lordship a note on the subject. In volume iv. of the Diary we find an account of a conversation between Mr. Adams and the British Minister at Washington, on the 18th of March, 1818, in which the latter stated that Admiral Milne, commanding the Jamaica station, had issued orders, like those of the preceding year, to seize all American vessels which might

Rockwood, Ont.

be found fishing within the British jurisdiction. Mr. Adams replied at length, and closed by saying that the United States would probably have to fight for the matter in the end. The Minister replied that Great Britain had gone as far in the direction of accommodation as she could go.

The orders issued by the British Admiralty from 1815 to 1818 to seize American vessels found fishing in British waters were not continuously enforced, but were at various times, and for various periods, generally with a view to negotiations, suspended. But the Diary of Mr. Adams, as well as other contemporaneous records, shows that many seizures were actually made.

Such was the condition of things when, on the 20th of October, Messrs. Gallatin and Rush concluded the Treaty of 1818. By that convention the United States "renounced forever any liberty heretofore enjoyed by the inhabitants thereof" to fish within three marine miles of any of the "coasts, bays, creeks, or harbours" of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America not included within certain limits, in which the right of fishing was expressly reserved to American fishermen by the Treaty. This in terms constituted a permanent settlement of the boundaries between the common and exclusive fishing grounds.

We are now prepared to consider the proposition, as advocated by Mr. Jay, to settle the present dispute by abrogating the convention of 1818, and resting on that of 1783. In support of the right of the United States to abrogate the Treaty of 1818, he cites the annulment by Congress in 1798 of the treaties of 1778 with France, for the reason, among others, that those treaties had been repeatedly violated by the French Government. He also cites the opinions of several publicists to show that the violation of a treaty by one contracting party releases the other. This proposition no one will controvert.

But when he comes to apply this doctrine, Mr. Jay is not so fortunate. After saying that the violation of the Treaty of 1818 by the Canadians has given us a right to abrogate it, he declares "that its abrogation would restore to force article 3 of the Treaty of Peace in 1783, the operation of which was suspended by the Treaty of 1818, but which would revive in its original force were the Treaty of 1818 abrogated; precisely as the latter treaty, after being suspended by the adoption of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, was revived by its termination in 1866, and, after being again suspended by the Treaty of 1871, was again restored by its termination in 1885."

The fundamental fallacy of this deduction is the singularly erroneous assumption that the treaties of 1854 and 1871 "suspended" the Treaty of 1818. The Treaty of 1818 has, in fact, remained in force from the moment of its ratification to the present time. Both the Treaty of 1854 and that of 1871 provided, in terms, that "in addition to the liberty secured to the United States fishermen" by the convention of 1818, they should enjoy for a certain time a common right of fishing with her Britannic Majesty's subjects on certain other coasts than those to which such right was confined by that convention. In a word, the treaties of 1854 and 1871 temporarily restored what the Treaty of 1818 had renounced. They did not supplant nor suspend a single right enjoyed under it. The Treaty of 1818 was made as a permanent settlement of the whole subject; and, if its abrogation, instead of restoring to American fishermen the enjoyment of the rights and liberties defined in the Treaty of 1783 merely remitted us to the disputes of 1815-1818, the practical side of the suggestion advocated by Mr. Jay could not be regarded as of more value than its argumentative basis.

Another prevalent fallacy is the criticism of the negotiators of the Treaty of 1818 for having yielded without cause

the rights of the United States in the fisheries. However sound may have been the American position as to the permanency of the fishing articles of the Treaty of 1783, we have seen, from the review of the situation between 1815 and 1818, how little the argument availed the American fishermen in practice. Nevertheless, Mr. Blain declares, in his *Twenty Years of Congress* (p. 617, vol. ii.)—and his views have been widely spread—that the Treaty of 1818 was "altogether the most inexplicable in our diplomatic history." He says that "neither in the minute and important Diary of Mr. Adams, nor in the private letters, as published, of Mr. Gallatin and Mr. Rush, is there the slightest indication of any reason for recommending, or any necessity for conceding, the treaty." And, to complete the case against the negotiators, he finally states (p. 619, vol. ii.) that "of this extraordinary renunciation Mr. Rush wrote many years after: 'We (Mr. Gallatin and himself) inserted the clause of renunciation; the British plenipotentiaries did not desire it.'"

We have already seen what the Diary of Mr. Adams has to say on the subject, and that in March, 1818, he expressed to the British Minister the opinion that the matter would probably have to be settled by war. Such was doubtless the apprehension of Messrs. Gallatin and Rush; and the latter, in an appendix to his *Residence at the Court of London*, giving an account of the negotiations, expressly so declares. "Neither side," says Mr. Rush, "yielded its convictions to the reasoning of the other. This being exhausted there was no resource left with nations disposed to peace but a compromise. Great Britain grew willing to give up something. The United States consented to take less than the whole." The compromise having been agreed upon, the question of phraseology arose. The American plenipotentiaries inserted and insisted upon the word *renounce*, not, as Mr. Blain would lead us to suppose, for the purpose of giving up something the British plenipotentiaries did not wish them to yield, but for the following reasons, stated by Mr. Rush in the appendix above quoted: "(1) To exclude the implication of the fisheries secured to us being a new grant (2) to place the rights secured and renounced on the same footing of permanence; (3) that it might expressly appear that our renunciation was limited to three miles from the coasts." It thus appears that the *renunciation* was a final reassertion by the American plenipotentiaries of the permanency of the fishing articles of the Treaty of 1783. Compelled, as they believed, to yield something for the sake of peace, they *renounced* what they gave up, so as to preclude the supposition that in making the compromise they had abandoned the principle.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.—In a leading restaurant in St. Petersburg six officers of the Imperial Horse Guards sat recently it is stated, drinking champagne. Not far from them sat an insignificant little man, with a shabby coat and unkempt beard, and a glass of liquor in front of him. It was not long before he became aware that he was being ridiculed by the officers aforesaid. By and by, as they became more offensive in their remarks on his personal appearance, the cheapness of what he was drinking, etc. he called the waiter and said; "Bring me six bottles of your best champagne." The waiter hesitated. "Do you hear what I said?" asked the little man. The waiter brought the wine and six glasses. "Take these glasses away, and fetch a basin—one as large as you can find." The waiter again hesitated, but obeyed instantly, at the peremptory repetition of the order. "A piece of soap," was the next order. It was brought. "A towel." The waiter handed him one. "Now open the bottles." The waiter did so. The little man now filled the basin with the contents of the six bottles, rolled up his sleeves, washed himself in the costly fluid, wiped his hands, laid £10 on the table, and, casting a look of withering contempt upon the officers, strutted out of the room.

"WEARING OF THE GREEN."

"So you are really going to Ireland, old fellow, and at such a time?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Look out for the Fenians! See that they don't capture you, and keep you as a British hostage."

"Stuff! There are no Fenians."

"Oh aren't there, though! Yes, by St. Patrick, and Fenianesses too—just ask Gerald Barrymore!"

"Why, I am going over to Gerald Barrymore. I am going to spend the time with him, hunt and course and fish, and all the rest of it."

"Well, *he* says there are Fenians no end."

"Don't believe a word of it, although I am sure he thinks it if *he* says so. There isn't pluck enough in the population to make anything like a formidable movement of any kind. I'll undertake to rout any band of Fenians that may come in my way with this cane."

"Misguided young man, farewell! If you should fall a victim to your rashness, I'll write your epitaph!"

"Thank you, my dear fellow? That is indeed adding a new terror to death. It will make me doubly careful of my precious existence?"

So the two friends parted, smiling. This dialogue took place one soft bright day of late autumn in the pleasant Temple Gardens, in the heart of London—the Temple Gardens of York and Lancaster, and the Red and White Roses; of Addison, Steele and Sir Roger de Coverley; of Ruth, Pecksniff, and Tom Pinch; of Arthur Pendennis and Stunning Warrington.

The two friends who thus talked and parted were Tom Gibbs and Laurence Spalding. Both were young barristers; both were as yet briefless; both were writers for newspapers and magazines; both were distinguished and active members of the Inns of Court Volunteer Corps, familiarly known as the "Devil's own."

Laurence Spalding was a tall athletic young fellow, who delighted in the drilling and the rifle-shooting, and the privilege—few, strange and dear to young lawyers—of wearing the mous-tache. He it was who, on the eve of a visit to Ireland, was speaking scorn of Fenianism, and the natives of Ireland generally. He had never been in Ireland; and this was just the time when the air was rife with rumours of projected Fenian insurrection, and before any actual rising had taken place to divulge the real proportions of Fenianism's military strength. Laurence Spalding was to be a guest of his old chum and fellow-student, Gerald Barrymore, a young Irishman who had eaten his way to the English bar, and hoped to distinguish himself there, although, unlike most of his compatriots, he was heir to some property in Ireland which was actually unencumbered. Spalding was longing to see Ireland; longing to enjoy his friend's hospitality; longing to be introduced to his friend's beautiful sister, of whom he had heard so much.

Barrymore was going over to Ireland that night. Laurence was to follow in two or three days. Barrymore was to meet him in Dublin, and show him over the city; then they were to go on together to Barrymore's home in a mountainous, sea-washed, south-western county. The railway would only carry them a certain way; the rest of the journey must be made by carriage or on horseback over mountain roads.

Now it so happened that Tom Gibbs, who was a good deal of a chatterbox and a little of a mischief-maker, met Gerald Barrymore half an hour after the conversation just reported, and told him with perhaps some flourish and embellishment, what Laurence had been saying about Fenianism and the dangers of Irish rebellion. Barrymore's cheek reddened. He was, like most Irishmen, rather sensitive of ridicule; and, moreover, although a loyal British subject, he had been descanting somewhat largely at the dinner in the Temple Hall on the formidable nature of the Fenian movement. So he felt a good deal annoyed for the moment at what Gibbs told him; but his manly good nature presently returned, and he resolved to think no more about it. Unluckily, however, when he got to his Irish home, he told his sister something of the story, and that young lady's pretty cheek and bright eye glowed with pique and resentment.

Grace Barrymore was a bright, animated, beautiful girl, with a noble queenly figure and curling fair hair. She was highly educated, had lived in France and Italy, had all the culture of an Englishwoman of the best class, and yet retained an exquisite flavour of her own racy nationality. She was a motherless girl, and she ruled her father and the estate and the tenantry, and the whole district generally. Like many other true-hearted Irishwomen who have seen other countries besides their own, she scolded her compatriots a good deal for their own benefit, but would not hear a word said against them by a foreigner, especially a Saxon. She was always warning all the "boys" of the place against mixing themselves up with the dangerous follies of Fenianism; and she did not at present know of the existence of a single Fenian in the neighbourhood; but she clenched her little fist, and bit her red lip, and mentally vowed vengeance when she heard that a young Englishman had dared to sneer at the courage of Fenianism and the danger of Irish insurrection.

Two or three days passed away, and Laurence Spalding landed for the first time at Kingston, the port of Dublin, where his friend Barrymore received him. They spent two or three other days very joyously in the pleasant city. Everywhere they heard talk of Fenianism, and expected "risings" of the most dreadful kind, having for their object the overthrow of throne, church, altar, private property, and everything else that respectable persons hold sacred. Gerald Barrymore shook his head gravely; Laurence Spalding laughed loudly.

"Laurence, my dear fellow, I do wish I had been more fortunate in choosing my time to bring you over here. Down in my neighbourhood they say things are beginning to look very bad."

Laurence only laughed again, and wondered at the credulity of his friend. Laurence was one of that class of Englishmen who never believe in anything unusual until they see it; who ride out beyond bounds in Naples and Sicily, scoffing at stories of brigandism, and get taken by brigands; who ramble heedless outside the lines of camps; and bathe in shoal water where sharks are said to abound, and do other such deeds of blunt bold scepticism.

The two friends went by the railway as far as they could go. Then a carriage met them, and they prepared for a journey which Spalding was given to understand would last a couple of days. The carriage had a pair of strong sinewy horses. The driver and the postillion were both armed with pistols. Gerald Barrymore deposited pistols in the carriage holsters.

"I wish we were safe at home, Masther Gerald," observed the driver.

"So do I, Tim. How are things looking just now?"

"Terrible bad, Masther Gerald!"

"Thru for you, boy!" growled the postillion, in assent.

"The whole side of the country is up, I'm tould," said the driver.

"More power to 'em!" growled the postillion.

"What nonsense!" laughed Laurence, and he turned to Barrymore. "Do you really believe such talk as this?"

"My dear Spalding, you don't know anything of this country. I only hope you may not be compelled to learn by disagreeable experience."

Laurence shrugged his shoulders. His friend was evidently not amenable to reason on this subject, which Laurence had settled beforehand by process of intuition—the best possible way of dealing with difficult political and national questions.

They drove on for some hours, Spalding and Barrymore smoking and pleasantly chatting, although Barrymore was continually casting anxious glances on either side of the road, and every now and then examining his pistols. At last they came into a dark and gloomy defile—a narrow gorge almost as wild as an Alpine pass, and which seemed to stretch on for miles.

"If we were through this," said Barrymore, in a low tone, as if speaking to himself, "I think we should be safe for this day."

"Are there highway robbers about?" asked Spalding.

"Highway robbers here? Oh no!"

"What else, then?"

"The Fenians!" said Gerald, in a low and solemn voice.

Laurence threw himself back in the carriage and quietly laughed.

Just at that moment a shot was heard, and the driver pulled up the horses.

"Begorra, they're on us, sure enough?" he exclaimed.

"We're taken, Spalding!" said Gerald, calmly.

Laurence craned his neck out, and saw that a small body of men, armed with guns, were drawn across the road, and that two were at the horses' heads.

Before he could leap out of the carriage, a dozen men were at the side of it. One had a sword. They wore a sort of uniform, and each had a green sash.

"Surrender, gentlemen!" said the swordsman, politely.

"Surrender to what?" demanded Gerald, fiercely.

"To the soldiers of the Irish Republic!" was the reply.

"Look at our flag!" One of the men was indeed bearing a green flag.

Gerald's answer to the summons was the discharge of one of his pistols, which, however was discharged in vain. Laurence fired the other, but it too failed of its object. Then both the young men leaped from the carriage and gallantly attacked the troops of the Irish Republic. Laurence hit out with good scientific arm, and knocked two Republican warriors over; but *ne Hercules contra duos*—what could two do against twenty? Our poor friends were very soon bound round the arms with stout cords, and rendered incapable of resistance.

The driver and postillion had from the beginning fraternized with the Fenians.

"You see, gentlemen," said the swordsman, "how useless was your resistance. If you had shot one of our men, I probably could not have saved your lives."

"I suppose this means robbery," said Laurence. "If so, you may as well rifle our pockets at once."

"As you are an Englishman, and of course ignorant of Ireland," said the leader, calmly, "I excuse your insolent remarks. But you had better not let any of the men around hear you speak of them as robbers."

"Then, if you are not robbers and cut-throats, what the devil are you?"

"Fenians!"

"Fenians be—blessed!" observed our British hero.

"You had better, for your own sake, sir, be silent. Get into the carriage."

Laurence and Gerald were promptly lifted in. The leader and another man got in likewise. The word to march was given, and the carriage went on. Laurence could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. He felt like a man in a dream—like the victim of a night-mare. He gazed at Gerald, who sat silent and sullen, bearing defeat ungraciously. As he turned round rather abruptly, his elbow struck against something hard. It was only a revolver, which one of his guards was kindly holding toward his prisoner's breast as a little measure of precaution.

"In the name of the devil, Gerald," said Laurence, speaking now in French that his captors might not understand, "what is the meaning of all this? Is it a dream? Is it a practical joke, or a piece of mummery? Who are these *canaille*?"

"M. Barrymore has no difficulty in comprehending," said the man with the sword, in fluent French, and with excellent accent. "He understands his country, although he refuses to fight in her cause, and has degenerated so far from the patriotism of his ancestors as to show himself the enemy of her flag. M. Barrymore was offered a command only the other day, and he refused. He will have to answer now for his desertion."

Laurence looked at Gerald. "They did offer me a command," said Barrymore, coolly. "Of course I declined. I am a loyal man. Now I am in their power. Let them kill me if they choose—they are quite capable of it."

Again Laurence mentally asked himself, "Am I dreaming? Am I mad? Is this the year 1867? Was I reading the *Times* this morning?"

He gave up the whole conundrum in despair.

A dreary hour or two passed away, and Laurence actually fell fast asleep. He only woke when some of his captors were lifting him out of the carriage. He now found himself standing on the edge of a grassy lawn or field in front of a large and partly ruined

castle. There were cannon at the gates of the castle and on the roof, and a green flag was flying. Near the castle was a whole mass of armed men. Laurence could see the gun-barrels glittering in the autumn sunset.

"Bring up the prisoners at once," said a messenger who came down to meet the Fenian band and their captives.

"Is the Chief here?" asked the man with the sword.

"No; the Chief's across the river. He's to attack in the morning airily, I'm tould. But *she's* here—bedad the worse luck for some people, I'm thinking!" and he cast a glance at Laurence and Gerald.

"Gentlemen," said the man with the sword, "you are about to be brought before the Chief's daughter. In the absence of the Chief she commands. For your own sakes, I earnestly recommend prudence."

Gerald shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. Laurence began to think the whole affair rather interesting. The two young men were led between armed ranks toward the crowd in front of the castle. As they came near the crowd divided, and a lady on horseback rode forward, then checked her horse, and with a commanding gesture indicated where the prisoners were to stand. She was a young woman, very handsome, with fair hair and a superb form, and she sat her horse like a queen. In all his bewilderment Laurence could observe her deep blue lustrous eyes, her clustering fair hair, her graceful gestures, her full noble bust. She wore a green riding-habit, and a cavalier hat with a green feather. She had pistols in her belt, and a sword hung at her side.

"Am I assisting at a scene in the Opera Comique?" Laurence asked of himself. The ropes which bound the prisoners were removed, and the first use Laurence made of his freedom was to take off his hat and bow to the beautiful Amazon. She acknowledged his salute with grace and dignity.

"You are the Englishman?" she asked.

"I am an Englishman, certainly. May I ask whom I have the honour of addressing?"

"All that it concerns you to know, sir, is that I am at present in command of this castle and these Fenian soldiers. My name your countrymen may know some day."

"Pray excuse me," said Laurence, "if I ask you one question. Do you really mean to tell me, madame, that these fellows are Fenians—that there is a Fenian army?"

"Your ignorance, sir—the blind perverse ignorance of your countrymen—may perhaps be allowed to excuse your question; but I have no time to answer such folly. Look around you if you would learn. Now we have something else to do. Gerald Barrymore!"

Her loud clear tone rang like a trumpet-call. Barrymore stood forward silently, and bent his head.

"Gerald Barrymore, you have openly declared yourself a traitor to the cause of your country. You have refused to join us; you have done all you could to betray us to the enemy; to-day you actually dared to fire upon our flag. What have you to say why you should not die a traitor's death?"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Laurence; "can this be serious?"

"I have nothing to say," replied Gerald, calmly, "except that I am no traitor to my country, but a true patriot. I care little to say even this to you. I know I can expect no mercy, and I don't ask any. Do your worst."

"Gerald Barrymore, I need not tell you that I would spare you if I could; that I have tried to win you to the true cause you know only too well. But the time has come when we can no longer hold any terms with traitors. This Englishman is only a foreign enemy—you are a renegade, a deserter, a traitor; and your doom is death!"

"Heavens, what a fury!" thought Laurence. Then he thrust his friend aside, and broke out into a regular oration addressed to the Amazon. It was a piece of impassioned declamation blended with high forensic argument. Never had Laurence before known how eloquent he was, and how he had mastered all the principles of constitutional, international, and martial law. He was Erskine, Choate, Webster, and Jules Favre all in one. Utterly forgetting his principles and his nationality in the

cause of his friend and client, the devoted advocate actually besought the Judge-Amazon not to sully the noble flag she had raised, not to bring dishonour on the great cause she represented, by violating the fundamental principles of honourable warfare. He thought he saw a softening expression on her features—nay, she actually did for a moment cover her mouth with her handkerchief, to hide her emotions no doubt—but she controlled herself and said, with some severity in her tone—

"In your zeal for your friend, sir, you forget yourself. You forget that *we* have no cause, no flag, no battle-field, no principles—nay, that there is no Fenianism, and that there are no Fenians!"

"The court is against me," thought poor Laurence, sadly; and abandoning the high ground of argument, he was about to move simply in arrest of judgment, when the Fenian Chieftainess cut him short.

"Spare your eloquence, sir. We have little time here for the making of speeches. Gerald Barrymore, you have until sunrise to-morrow morning to decide your fate. If then you join our ranks, and pledge your word of honour to serve us faithfully, you shall live. If not, you shall be shot at once as a traitor."

"On my word, Gerald," exclaimed Laurence, "I do think you had better join these people. After all, you are an Irishman, you know; and I suppose it is somehow or other your national cause."

"The Englishman," said the lady, with a sweet smile, "is an honourable enemy, and teaches a recreant Irishman his duty. Remove the prisoner! Mr. Spalding—that, I think, is your name!—you will do me the honour of dining with me. In my father's absence I am host and commandant."

"Much honoured, I am sure," faltered Laurence; "but my poor friend Barrymore! How can I leave him?"

"My invitation, Mr. Spalding, is a command! We dine at seven."

She bowed; one of his captors touched him on the arm and led him away. He was conducted to a small room in the castle. He passed armed men everywhere. At seven o'clock an armed escort came for him, and led him into a large dining-hall well set out and lighted. He was placed at the right hand of the hostess, who looked unspeakably lovely in her complete evening toilette. A large number of retainers, a few of whom were the hostess's women attendants, dined at the table. Laurence drank liberally of champagne, and grew into a condition of wonder and ecstasy such as he had not believed it possible this later age could bring to mortal. His hostess was fascinating, bewitching. Nothing could surpass her brilliancy and beauty—not even her condescending, encouraging, almost tender friendliness. Laurence's susceptible soul was melting under her sunny influence. A harper played during the dinner some delicious plaintive Irish airs, and sang Irish words to them. Laurence knew nothing of music, and did not understand a word, but he demanded an *encore* enthusiastically.

The lady talked with him frankly and fervently of Fenianism, its strength and its hopes. She expressed utter amazement at the ignorance that prevailed on the subject in England.

"I declare to you," said Laurence, "if I were to go back to-morrow, and tell people in London what I have actually seen here—seen with my own eyes—they would not believe me!"

"Extraordinary and infatuated people!" said the lady. "You shall return, Mr. Spalding, and endeavour to enlighten England. You shall go to-morrow if you will, if you are anxious to go. I will not detain you."

And he thought he heard a faint sigh; and her eyes rested for a moment on his. Alas! by this time the thought of returning was hateful to Laurence's soul.

"Not to-morrow—oh, not to-morrow!" he pleaded. "In fact, you know, in order to do any good in England, I ought to see a little more of the strength of your movement. I had better wait—much better."

"To-morrow," said the lady, with another half-sigh, "we hope for a decisive engagement. Should my father drive the enemy from the field, we push forward; should he fail, we defend this castle until each man and woman in it perishes amidst the ruins!"

Laurence started. This exquisite creature to die, and by the weapons of his countrymen! He began to think whether it would be utterly disgraceful for an Englishman to adopt the

cause of Ireland. After all, did not the Geraldines do this; and who could be finer fellows than the Geraldines? Why, confound it all! what was Silken Thomas, of whom he had heard his friend Barrymore speak in moments of exaltation? And, by-the-way, there was Barrymore, whose awful situation he had almost forgotten; of course, if he joined the Fenian ranks, Barrymore would do the same, and his life would be saved! The only disagreeable thing would be, that perhaps Barrymore might become too agreeable to the Chieftainess! There certainly was a tender tone in her voice that day as she addressed poor Barrymore, even while she was pronouncing his death sentence.

"No, Mr. Spalding," said the lady, gracefully rising from her seat, and looking at our hero with eyes of soft and melancholy expression. "You are a brave and generous enemy, and I cannot allow you to peril your life for no purpose in our dangers. Return to England—the life of your friend Barrymore shall be spared for your sake—return, and report us and our cause aright to the unsatisfied! You are free—you shall be safely escorted to the English camp. If we triumph, you and I may meet again; if we fail, remember me sometimes as a friend. Leave us, and farewell!"

"Never!" exclaimed Laurence, passionately. "I will stay by you—fight for you! I renounce everything for you! I am a Fenian for your sake; I will die for you, but I will not leave you!"

She took, without speaking, a green ribbon from her corset, and passed it through his button-hole. At the same time she made a signal to one of her attendants. Laurence pressed the ribbon to his heart, then clasped her hand, bent over it, and touched it with his lips.

A peal of laughter rent the air, and Laurence, looking up amazed and angry, saw Gerald Barrymore and several men whom he had met in Dublin standing around, and holding their sides in mirth as they pointed to poor Spalding and his green order of Fenianism.

"Three cheers," cried Barrymore, "for the Fenian volunteer!" and oh, how uproariously echoed the wild response to the invitation!

The Fenian Chieftainess had fled, leaving the echo of a silvery peal of merry laughter behind her!

Poor Laurence Spalding! Cruel, cruel Grace Barrymore! Treacherous friend, Gerald Barrymore! The whole affair from beginning to end was a wicked practical joke to punish Laurence Spalding for his saucy sneer at Irish insurrection and the reality of Fenianism. The armed Fenians were the Barrymore tenantry and servants; the man with the sword who spoke French was a Barrymore cousin, and the French Amazon was, of course, the charming Grace herself!

Only fancy Laurence's feelings as he came down to breakfast next morning and met the laughing eyes of his hostess. But he had taken heart of grace; he had risen to the height of the situation, and he appeared in the breakfast-room with the green ribbon adorning his button-hole.

He spent a few delightful weeks with the Barrymores, and was well repaid with hospitality and friendliness for his droll humiliation. And the upshot of the whole affair is that he has turned the tables, that he has made a captive of his fair captor, and that she is to be Mrs. Laurence Spalding; and he vows that all his life through he will be proud of his wearing of the Green!—*Justin McCarthy*.

BEN BLOWER'S STORY; OR, HOW TO RELISH A JULEP.

"ARE you sure that's the *Flame* over by the shore?"

"Certain, manny! I could tell her pipes acrost the Mazoura."

"And you will overhaul her?"

"Won't we though! I tell ye, stranger, so sure as my name's Ben Blower, that that last tar-bar'l I hove in the furnace has put jist the smart chance of go-ahead into us to cut off the *Flame* from yonder pint, or send our boat to kingdom come."

"The devil!" exclaimed a bystander who, intensely interested in the race, was leaning the while against the partitions of the boiler-room. "I've chosen a nice place to see the fun, near this infernal powder-barrel."

"Not so bad as if you were in it," coolly observed Ben as the other walked rapidly away.

"As if he were in it! in what? in the boiler?"

"Cert'ing! Don't folks sometimes go into boilers, manny?"

"I should think there'd be other parts of the boat more comfortable."

"That's right; poking fun at me at once't: but wait till we get through this brush with the old *Flame* and I'll tell ye of a regular fixin scrape that a man may get into. It's true, too, every word of it, as sure as my name's Ben Blower."

"You have seen the *Flame* then afore, stranger? Six year ago, when new upon the river, she was a raal out and outer, I tell ye. I was at that time a hand aboard of her. Yes, I belonged to her at the time of her great race with the *Go-liar*. You've heern, mahap, of the blow-up by which we lost it. They made a great fuss about it; but it was nothing but a mere fiz of hot water after all. Only the springing of a few rivets, which loosened a biler-plate or two, and let out a thin spurting upon some niggers that hadn't sense enough to get out of the way. Well, the *Go-liar* took off our passengers, and we ran into Smasher's Landing to repair damages, and bury the poor fools that were killed. Here we laid for a matter of thirty hours or so, and got things to rights on board for a bran new start. There was some carpenters' work yet to be done, but the captain said that that might be fixed off jist as well when we were under way—we had worked hard—the weather was sour, and we needn't do anything more jist now—we might take that afternoon to ourselves, but the next morning he'd get up steam bright and airy, and we'd all come out *new*. There was no temperance society at Smasher's Landing, and I went ashore upon a lark with some of the hands."

I omit the worthy Benjamin's adventures upon land, and, despairing of fully conveying his language in its original Doric force, will not hesitate to give the rest of his singular narrative in my own words, save where, in a few instances, I can recall his precise phraseology, which the reader will easily recognize.

"The night was raw and sleety when I regained the deck of our boat. The officers, instead of leaving a watch above, had closed up everything, and shut themselves in the cabin. The fire-room only was open. The boards dashed from the outside by the explosion had not yet been replaced. The floor of the room was wet, and there was scarcely a corner which afforded a shelter from the driving storm. I was about leaving the room, resigned to sleep in the open air, and now bent only upon getting under the lee of some bulkhead that would protect me against the wind. In passing out I kept my arms stretched forward to feel my way in the dark, but my feet came in contact with a heavy iron lid; I stumbled, and, as I fell, struck one of my hands into the 'man-hole' (I think this was the name he gave to the oval-shaped opening in the head of the boiler), through which the smith had entered to make his repairs. I fell with my arm thrust so far into the aperture that I received a pretty smart blow in the face as it came in contact with the head of the boiler, and I did not hesitate to drag my body after it the moment I recovered from this stunning effect, and ascertained my whereabouts. In a word, I crept into the boiler, resolved to pass the rest of the night there. The place was dry and sheltered. Had my bed been softer I would have had all that man could desire; as it was I slept, and slept soundly.

"I should mention though, that, before closing my eyes, I several times shifted my position. I had gone first to the farthest end of the boiler, then again I had crawled back to the manhole, to put my hand out and feel that it was really still open. The warmest place was at the farther end, where I finally established myself, and that I knew from the first. It was foolish in me to think that the opening through which I had just entered could be closed without my hearing it, and that, too, when no one was astir but myself; but the blow on the side of my face made me a little nervous perhaps; besides, I never could bear to be shut up in any place—it always gives a wild-like feeling about the head. You may laugh, stranger, but I believe I should suffocate in an empty church if I once felt that I was so shut up in it that I could not get out. I have met men afore now jist like me, or worse rather, much worse—men that it made sort of furious to be tied down to anything, yet so soft-like and contradictory in

their natures that you might lead them anywhere so long as they didn't feel the string. Stranger, it takes all sorts of people to make a world; and we may have a good many of the worst kind of white men here out west. But I have seen folks upon this river—quiet-looking chaps, too, as ever you see—who were so teetotally *caranankerankerous* that they'd shoot the doctor who'd tell them they couldn't live when ailing, and make a die of it, jist out of spite, when told they *must* get well. Yes, fellows as fond of the good things of earth as you and I, yet who'd rush like mad right over the gang-plank of life if once brought to believe that they had to stay in this world whether they wanted to leave it or not. Thunder and bees! if such a fellow as that had heard the cocks crow as I did—awakened to find darkness about him—darkness so thick you might cut it with a knife—heard other sounds, too, to tell that it was morning, and scrambling to fumble for that manhole, found it, too, black—closed—black and even as the rest of the iron coffin around him, closed, with not a rivet-hole to let God's light and air in—why—why—he'd a *sounded* right down on the spot, as I did, and I ain't ashamed to own it to no white man."

The big drops actually stood upon the poor fellow's brow, as he now paused for a moment in the recital of his terrible story. He passed his hand over his rough features, and resumed it with less agitation of manner.

"How long I may have remained there senseless I don't know. The doctors have since told me it must have been a sort of fit—more like an apoplexy than a swoon, for the attack finally passed off in sleep. Yes, I slept; I know *that*, for I dreamed—dreamed a heap o' things afore I awoke: there is but one dream, however, that I have ever been able to recall distinctly, and that must have come on shortly before I recovered my consciousness. My resting-place through the night had been, as I have told you, at the far end of the boiler. Well, I now dreamed that the manhole was still open, and, what seems curious, rather than laughable, if you take it in connection with other things, I fancied that my legs had been so stretched in the long walk I had taken the evening before that they now reached the whole length of the boiler, and extended through the opening.

"At first (in my dreaming reflections) it was a comfortable thought, that no one could now shut up the manhole without awakening me. But soon it seemed as if my feet, which were on the outside, were becoming drenched in the storm which had originally driven me to seek this shelter. I felt the chilling rain upon my extremities. They grew colder and colder, and their numbness gradually extended upward to other parts of my body. It seemed, however, that it was only the under side of my person that was thus strangely visited. I lay upon my back, and it must have been a species of nightmare that afflicted me, for I knew at last that I was dreaming, yet felt it impossible to rouse myself. A violent fit of coughing restored at last my powers of volition. The water, which had been slowly rising around me, had rushed into my mouth; I awoke to hear the rapid strokes of the pump which was driving it into the boiler!

"My-whole condition—no—not all of it—not yet—my *present* condition flashed with new horror upon me. But I did not again swoon. The choking sensation which had made me faint when I first discovered how I was entombed gave way to a livelier though less overpowering emotion. I shrieked even as I started from my slumber. The previous discovery of the closed aperture, with the instant oblivion that followed, seemed only a part of my dream, and I threw my arms about and looked eagerly for the opening by which I had entered the horrid place—yes, looked for it, and felt for it, though it was the terrible conviction that it was closed—a second time brought home to me—which prompted my frenzied cry. Every sense seemed to have tenfold acuteness, yet not one to act in unison with another. I shrieked again and again—imploringly—desperately—savagely. I filled the hollow chamber with my cries, till its iron walls seemed to tingle around me. The dull strokes of the accursed pump seemed only to mock at, while they deadened, my screams.

"At last I gave myself up. It is the struggle against our fate which frenzies the mind. We cease to fear when we cease to hope. I gave myself up, and then I grew calm!

"I was resigned to die—resigned even to my mode of death. It was not, I thought, so very new after all, as to awaken unwonted horror in a man. Thousands have been sunk to the bottom of the ocean shut up in the holds of vessels—beating themselves against the battened hatches—dragged down from the upper world shrieking, not for life, but for death only beneath the eye and amid the breath of heaven. Thousands have endured that appalling kind of suffocation. I would die only as many a better man had died before me. I *could* meet such a death. I said so—I thought so—I felt so—felt so, I mean, for a minute—or more; ten minutes it may have been—or but an instant of time. I know not, nor does it matter if I could compute it. There *was* a time, then, when I was resigned to my fate. But, Heaven! was I resigned to it in the shape in which next it came to appal? Stranger, I felt that water growing hot about my limbs, though it was yet mid-leg deep. I felt it, and in the same moment heard the roar of the furnace that was to turn it into steam before it could get deep enough to drown one!

"You shudder. It was hideous. But did I shrink and shrivel, and crumble down upon that iron floor, and lose my senses in that horrid agony of fear? No! though my brain swam and the life-blood that curdled at my heart seemed about to stagnate there forever, still I *knew*! I was too hoarse—too hopeless—from my previous efforts, to cry out more. But I struck—feebly at first, and then strongly—frantically with my clenched fist against the sides of the boiler. There were people moving near who *must* hear my blows! Could not I hear the grating of chains, the shuffling of feet, the very rustle of a rope—hear them all, within a few inches of me? I did; but the gurgling water that was growing hotter and hotter around my extremities made more noise within the steaming cauldron than did my frenzied blows against its sides.

"Latterly I had hardly changed my position, but now the growing heat of the water made me plash to and fro; lifting myself wholly out of it was impossible, but I could not remain quiet. I stumbled upon something; it was a mallet!—a chance tool the smith had left there by accident. With what wild joy did I seize it—with what eager confidence did I now deal my first blows with it against the walls of my prison! But scarce had I intermitted them for a moment when I heard the clang of the iron door as the fireman flung it wide to feed the flames that were to torture me. My knocking was unheard, though I could hear him toss the sticks into the furnace beneath me, and drive to the door when his infernal oven was fully crammed.

"Had I yet a hope? I had; but it rose in my mind side by side with the fear that I might now become the agent of preparing myself a more frightful death. Yes; when I thought of that furnace with its fresh-fed flames curling beneath the iron upon which I stood—a more frightful death even than that of being boiled alive! Had I discovered that mallet but a short time sooner—but no matter, I would by its aid resort to the only expedient now left.

"It was this. I remembered having a marline-spike in my pocket, and in less time than I have taken in hinting at the consequences of thus using it, I had made an impression upon the sides of the boiler, and soon succeeded in driving it through. The water gushed through the aperture—would they see it? No; the jet could only play against a wooden partition which must hide the stream from view; it must trickle down upon the decks, before the leakage would be discovered. Should I drive another hole to make that leakage greater? Why, the water within seemed already to be sensibly diminished, so hot had become that which remained; should more escape, would I not hear it bubble and hiss upon the fiery plates of iron that were already scorching the soles of my feet? * * *

"Ah! there is a movement—voices—I hear them calling for a crowbar. The bulkhead cracks as they pry off the planking. They have seen the leak—they are trying to get at it! Good God! why do they not first dampen the fire? why do they call for the—the—

"Stranger, look at that finger; it can never regain its natural size; but it has already done all the service that man could expect from so humble a member. *Sir, that hole would have been*

plugged up on the instant unless I had jammed my finger through!

"I heard the cry of horror as they saw it without—the shout to drown the fire—the first stroke of the cold-water pump. They say, too, that I was conscious when they took me out—but I—I remember nothing more till they brought a julep to my bedside arterwards, *AND that julep!*—"

"Cooling, was it?"

"STRANGER!!!"

Ben turned away his head and wept—He could no more.—
Charles Fenno Hoffman.

SHAKING HANDS.

THERE are few things of more common occurrence than shaking hands; and yet I do not recollect that much has been speculated upon the subject. I confess, when I consider to what unimportant and futile concerns the attention of writers and readers has been directed, I am surprised that no one has been found to *handle* so important a matter as this, and attempt to give the public a rational view of the doctrine and discipline of shaking hands. It is a theme on which I have myself theorized a good deal, and I beg leave to offer a few remarks on the origin of the practice, and the various forms in which it is exercised.

I have been unable to find in the ancient writers any distinct mention of shaking hands. They followed the heartier practice of hugging or embracing, which has not wholly disappeared among grown persons in Europe, and children in our own country, and has unquestionably the advantage on the score of cordiality. When the ancients trusted the business of salutation to the hands alone, they joined but did not shake them; and although I find frequently such phrases as *jungere dexteras hospitio*, I do not recollect to have met with that of *agitare dexteras*. I am inclined to think that the practice grew up in the ages of chivalry, when the cumbrous iron mail, in which the knights were cased, prevented their embracing; and when, with fingers clothed in steel, the simple touch or joining of the hands would have been but cold welcome; so that a prolonged junction was a natural resort, to express cordiality; and as it would have been awkward to keep the hands unemployed in this position, a gentle agitation or shaking might have been naturally introduced. How long the practice may have remained in this incipient stage it is impossible, in the silence of history, to say; nor is there anything in the chronicles, in Philip de Comines, or the Byzantine historians, which enables us to trace the progress of the art into the forms in which it now exists among us.

Without therefore availing myself of the privilege of theorists to supply by conjecture the absence of history or tradition, I shall pass immediately to the enumeration of these forms:

1. The *pump-handle* shake is the first which deserves notice. It is executed by taking your friend's hand, and working it up and down, through an arc of fifty degrees, for about a minute and a half. To have its nature, force, and character, this shake should be performed with a fair steady motion. No attempt should be made to give it grace, and still less vivacity; as the few instances in which the latter has been tried have uniformly resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the person on whom it has been attempted. On the contrary, persons who are partial to the pump-handle shake should be at some pains to give an equable, tranquil movement to the operation, which should on no account be continued after perspiration on the part of your friend has commenced.

2. The *pendulum* shake may be mentioned next, as being somewhat similar in character; but moving, as the name indicates, in a horizontal instead of a perpendicular direction. It is executed by sweeping your hand horizontally towards your friend's, and after the junction is effected, rowing with it from one side to the other, according to the pleasure of the parties. The only caution in its use which needs particularly to be given, is not to insist on performing it in a plane strictly parallel to the horizon when you meet with a person who has been educated to the pump-handle shake. It is well known that people cling to the forms in which they have been educated, even when the substance is sacrificed in adhering to them. I had two acquaintances, both

estimable men, one of whom had been brought up in the pump-handle shake, and another had brought home the pendulum from a foreign voyage. They met, joined hands, and attempted to put them in motion. They were neither of them feeble men. One endeavoured to pump, and the other to paddle; their faces reddened; the drops stood on their foreheads; and it was, at last, a pleasing illustration of the doctrine of the composition of forces, to see their hands slanting into an exact diagonal—in which line they ever after shook. But it was plain to see there was no cordiality in it; and as is usually the case with compromises, both parties were discontented.

3. The *tourniquet* shake is the next in importance. It derives its name from the instrument made use of by surgeons to stop the circulation of the blood in a limb about to be amputated. It is performed by claspings the hand of your friend, as far as you can, in your own, and then contracting the muscles of your thumb, fingers, and palm, till you have induced any degree of compression you may propose in the hand of your friend. Particular care ought to be taken, if your own hand is as hard and as big as a frying-pan, and that of your friend as small and soft as a young maiden's, not to make use of the tourniquet shake to the degree that will force the small bones of the wrist out of place. It is also seldom safe to apply it to gouty persons. A hearty young friend of mine, who had pursued the study of geology, and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion gave his gouty uncle the tourniquet shake with such severity as nearly reduced the old gentleman's fingers to powder; for which my friend had the pleasure of being disinherited, as soon as his uncle's fingers got well enough to hold a pen.

4. The *cordial grapple* is a shake of some interest. It is a hearty, boisterous agitation of your friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure, and loud, cheerful exclamations of welcome. It is an excellent travelling shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed.

5. The *Peter Greivous touch* is opposed to the cordial grapple. It is a pensive, tranquil junction, followed by a mild subsidiary motion, a cast-down look, and an inarticulate inquiry after your friend's health.

6. The *prude major* and *prude minor* are nearly monopolized by ladies. They cannot be accurately described, but are constantly to be noticed in practice. They never extend beyond the fingers; and the prude major allows you to touch even then only down to the second joint. The prude minor gives you the whole of the forefinger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing these, with nice variations, such as extending the left hand, instead of the right, or stretching a new glossy kid glove over the finger you extend.

I might go through a list, of the *gripe*

royal, the *saw-mill* shake, and the shake *with malice prepense*; but these are only factitious combinations of the three fundamental forms already described as the pump-handle, the pendulum, and the *tourniquet*; as the *loving pat*, the *reach romantic*, and the *sentimental clasp*, may be reduced in their main movements to various combinations and modifications of the cordial grapple, Peter Greivous touch, and the prude major and minor. I should trouble the reader with a few remarks, in conclusion, on the mode of shaking hands, as an indication of characters, but I see a friend coming up the avenue who is addicted to the pump-handle. I dare not tire my wrist by further writing.—*Edward Everett.*

A Curious Will.

THE remarkable will of Lord Gifford, a distinguished Scotch jurist, lately deceased, is attracting much attention in England. It provides generous bequests to the four Scotch universities for the foundation and endowment of chairs of "Natural Theology," the lectures to be open to the general public without matriculation, and the fees to be as low as possible. Lord Gifford thus states his purpose: "Having been for many years deeply and firmly convinced that the true knowledge of God—that is, of the Being, Nature and Attributes of the Infinite, of the All, of the First and only cause—that is, the One and Only Substance and Being, and the true and felt knowledge (not mere nominal knowledge) of the revelations of man and of the true foundations of all ethics and morals—being, I say, convinced, that the knowledge, when really felt and acted on, is the means of man's highest well-being and the security of his upward progress. I have resolved, from the residue of my estate as aforesaid, to institute and found, in connection, if possible, with the Scottish universities, lecture-ships or classes for the promotion of the study of said subjects, and for the teaching and diffusion of sound views regarding them among the whole population of Scotland."

The most curious feature of the will is that the "Natural Theology" may be taught by individuals of any Church or of no Church, of any creed or of no creed. As, however, the choice will rest in each case in the hands of the University Senate, there is not much ground for fear on this account.

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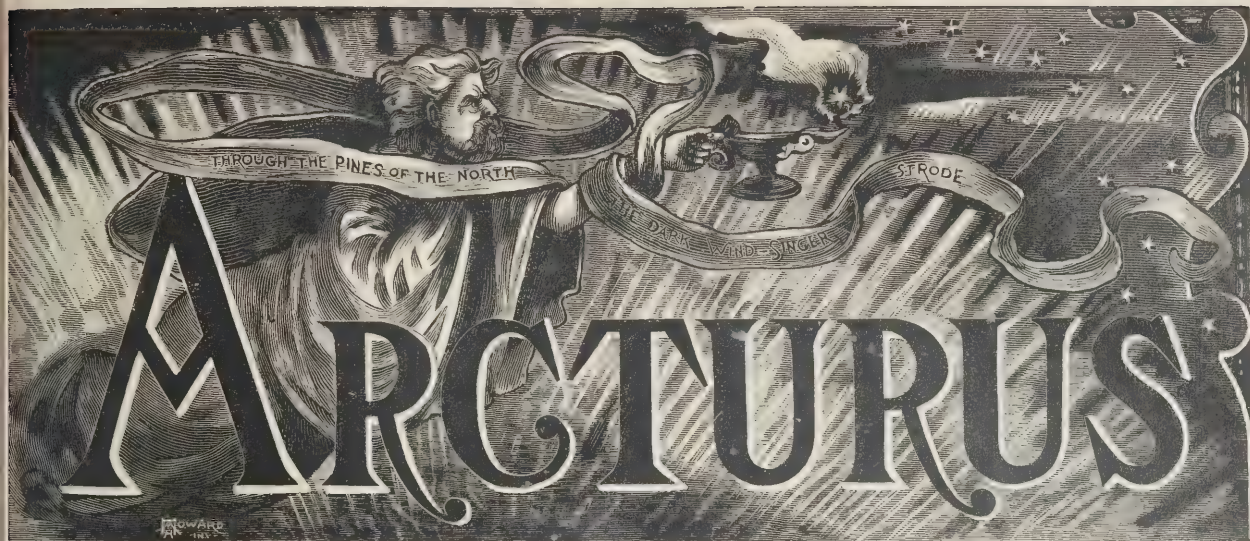
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VOL. 1. }
No. 22. }

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Editorial Notes.

CANADA'S FUTURE.

So far as may be judged from present indications, our country is on the eve of momentous changes of one kind or another. The signs of the times stand out on the horizon with sufficient clearness to show that they *are* signs, though they are conceived in language not very easy to read, and anybody who attempts to spell them out is likely enough to find himself involved in a labyrinth of mere speculation. Until, it is hard to refrain from making some endeavour towards deciphering the handwriting on the wall. It is hard, in all events, to avoid recognizing certain obvious facts, and speculating upon certain probabilities. One fact which can hardly escape observation is that the public mind is permeated by a vague, indefinite, yet withal a very general feeling of suspense and unrest—a feeling that our affairs are in a transitory and unsettled condition, and that something of importance is looming before us. This state of things is the early inevitable precursor of political change, and that it exists in Canada at the present time is sufficiently obvious to anyone who looks about him with his eyes open.

ANNEXATION TALK.

As to the precise nature of the impending changes, he would be a very bold man who would venture to pronounce a dogmatic opinion. The agitation in favour of commercial union is certainly, as far as it goes, an indication of a desire to bring about closer relations with the United States. The advent of an American economist and an Americanized Canadian, both of whom have given free utterance to their views, and who have borne themselves as though they felt that they had a clearly-defined mission to fulfil, are also not without significance. Then, it is certain that very many reformers are weary of the perpetual exclusion of their party from power at Ottawa, and that they are ready to

welcome almost any change that the whirligig of time may bring about. This feeling is especially prevalent among the young and enthusiastic spirits of the Reform party, as has been made sufficiently apparent by the speeches of certain young Liberals on several recent occasions. But what may be called "annexation talk" is not by any means confined to the Young Liberals, nor even to members of the Reform party. There is more or less of it among persons of all shades of political opinion, and even among persons of no politics at all. And the significant feature is that this talk is indulged in freely and openly, without any pretence of concealment. It is probable enough that the agitation, such as it is, will probably tide over for the present, after which we shall hear no more of it until a commercial crisis or some other extremity again brings the question to the front.

WHAT NEXT?

BUT it is not only with respect to our relations with the United States that the public mind is more or less exercised just now. Any change in those relations, of course, naturally involves changes in our relations to the mother country, so that the one may be regarded as the concomitant of the other. Imperial Federation does not appear to be making seven-league strides. Independence we have practically at the present time. If we had the appointment of our own Governor-General and the negotiation of our own treaties with foreign nations without reference to any authority but our own, we should be as independent as any nation under the sun; and these privileges, we presume, may be had whenever we deem them of sufficient importance to press for them. The only thing certain is that no thinking man seems to regard our present relations with Great Britain as permanent, or even as likely to see the nineteenth century to its end.

OUR POLITICAL LEADERS.

THEN, there are indications of momentous internal changes. Mr. Blake has grown weary of being in perpetual opposition, and is about to withdraw from public life, leaving the Reform party without a head. This is the opportunity for which Sir Richard Cartwright has waited, and the next few months will probably witness the fruition of his hopes. Such is the opinion of those who profess to know whereof they speak. But there are many Reformers who will refuse to accept the headship of Sir Richard Cartwright, and their defection would cause serious disorganization in the ranks. On the Government side, things are in an equally unsettled condition. That Sir John Macdonald will remain much longer at his post is what nobody believes. It is rumoured that he is to receive a peerage and take up his abode in Eng-

land immediately after the close of the present session of Parliament. Such tales have been current before, but the present version is repeated with great confidence, and may possibly enough be true. His only possible successor as head of the Government would be Sir Charles Tupper, who is as distasteful to many Liberal Conservatives as is Sir Richard Cartwright to many Reformers. In short, the withdrawal of Sir John would probably enough wreck his party, and bring about the very thing most repugnant to Liberal Conservative traditions.

THE COMING MAN.

SUCH are a few of the indications of impending changes external and internal, in the Canadian horizon. All things considered the future is ominous, but there is no reason to anticipate serious calamity, or to fear that the earth will cease to perform its diurnal revolution upon its axis. In the future, as in the past, public events will probably accommodate themselves one to another, and a state of chaos will be avoided. It is certainly hard to see who is to be THE COMING MAN in Canadian politics, but we do not despair of seeing him in the fulness of time.

THE IRISH NATIONALISTS.

ALL true friends of Irish liberty—and there are many to be found on both sides of the Home Rule controversy—will regret the position in which the Nationalist party now find themselves. Mr. Parnell's persistent efforts to bring the struggle within the bounds of constitutional forms seemed for a moment to be on the eve of accomplishing a brilliant victory, when he secured the powerful alliance of Mr. Gladstone. But that success was delayed by the Unionist secession. We say "delayed," because it is quite possible that prudence and moderation would have made Time himself an ally of the Grand Old Man, for all things are possible to him who can wait. But Mr. Gladstone is still as impetuous as in his younger days, and he flung himself into the arms of his new allies without reserve, thereby producing consequences that threaten disaster both to the Liberal party and the Home Rulers. The continuance of obstruction in the House of Commons by a powerful party is a far more serious matter than obstruction by a minority who have no other way of making themselves heard. The countenance lent to it by Mr. Gladstone has seriously injured his influence with the party, and possibly with the electors. The Plan of Campaign, too, was pushed beyond reasonable limits when so excellent a landlord as Lord Lansdowne was attacked and reviled. Mr. O'Brien's mission to Canada has been a disastrous failure, not only in awakening the feeling of loyalty in Canada and arraying it against the Nationalist cause, but in cooling many friends of Home Rule who were not prepared to go too far in its advocacy. Mr. O'Brien has accentuated his egregious failure by refusing to remain in Canada on the Queen's birthday, by making violent speeches to disloyal Irishmen and avowed enemies of Great Britain in his United States campaign, and by absolute falsehoods respecting the state of affairs in Canada. He represents the Governor-General as unpopular here, surrounded by a little knot of Orange sympathizers, and actually countenancing

and encouraging the violent assaults made on the Irish emissary. Our newspapers, including those friendly to Mr. O'Brien, give the most unqualified contradiction to all such statements, and the question will surely be asked: What credence can be given to Mr. O'Brien's statements with regard to affairs in Ireland when he cannot tell the truth about Canada? Mr. Parnell, too, made a grave mistake in refusing to ask legal redress for the injuries inflicted on him by the *Times* newspaper. He professes to doubt the impartiality of an English jury, when a few weeks ago he saw an English court inflict a fine of £500 on the publisher of the Black Pamphlet for making unproved accusations against himself and other Irish leaders. Such tactics as these have produced a most unfavourable impression, both in England and Canada, among persons who are at the same time lovers of justice, friends of Ireland, loyal to their Queen, to law and order, and to the institutions of their country. The Nationalist party had a great chance, but they have already done much to destroy it.

THE QUEEN'S COUNTY ELECTION CASE.

THE division on the Queen's County election case gave the Government the smallest majority of this session; a result scarcely to be wondered at considering the cause of dispute. Injustice, or even the appearance of injustice, is repugnant to every well-constituted mind, and the fact that a man may be allowed to retain his seat in Parliament after polling the minority vote requires a great deal of explanation to make it appear equitable, even to a thorough-going partisan. Mr. Baird made a very clever speech in defence of his position and conduct in the affair and avowed his willingness to resign his seat if assured of a square vote on a fair and complete voters' list when he might offer himself for re-election. This produced a strong impression in his favour, but the fact remains that he did not get a majority of the votes cast, and that, pending another election, his opponent is entitled to the seat unless legally displaced. Several Conservative members appear to entertain this view. Prominent among these is Mr. Patterson, of Essex, well known to be one of the strongest Conservatives in the House. He is always foremost in opposition to anything savouring of trickery or unfairness, in which respect he is an honour to his party and an example to every man who thinks of his country first and his party next. There are too many bitter partisans on both sides who can only look at questions of right and wrong through party spectacles, and if there were more men like Mr. Patterson the case would have been settled in a manner much more satisfactory to the Government than the present result of a small majority after a bitter and noisy party wrangle which reflects little credit on either side.

IMMIGRATION AND EMIGRATION.

THE expenditure on immigration is being gradually reduced by our Provincial and Dominion Governments, and in both cases the opposition are trying to make it still smaller. Meantime the exodus—denied by the Grits in Mr. Mackenzie's time and by the Tories under the present regime—continues, and is an acknowledged fact on the other side of the

boundary line, however it may be disputed here. The Washington Government has issued instructions to admit the horses and agricultural implements of farmers coming from Canada free of duty, a fact which proves that they look upon Canadian immigration as something more than a myth. The strength of the Disallowance agitation in Manitoba points to the same conclusion, that settlers in the North-West have more than sentimental grievances to contend with, and that the C.P.R. is not all that is necessary to the rapid settlement of that great territory. We can only hope that the Government will give proper attention to so serious a question, and that the sacrifices made by Canada for the sake of this magnificent territory will not have been made in vain.

MR. BLAKE.

THE deluge has come, and the Liberal party is without a leader. Mr. Blake has been long prophesying, though not so long as Noah, of the coming misfortune which continued ill-health has rendered inevitable. Mr. Blake's highly nervous organization has broken down under the strain to which he has long subjected it, for his speeches have been works of labour as well as art, and a great effort has more than once laid him up for a day or two in enforced seclusion. Mr. Blake's retirement is a misfortune to the country, for he gave his opponents valuable aid in legislative work, and fulfilled to perfection the duties of a constitutional Opposition. But the loss to his party is an uncertain, perhaps a negative, quantity. True, he led them ably and conscientiously. He was acknowledged their leader, even when they sometimes refused to follow, and he never allowed the tail of the party to wag the body. But on the other hand he disregarded the tail as severely as Mr. Mackenzie had done before him, and those who were not willing to follow him were never reconciled, for Mr. Blake has little diplomacy. As an Irishman totally destitute of *blarney* he is a phenomenon, and his inability to compromise always made him restless in a subordinate position. As a leader, his greatest error was in taking up the Riel question as he did, whereby he weakened his party in Ontario and helped them but little in Quebec. The consequence was a split in the Reform ranks, for many absolutely refused to condone or countenance rebellion in any shape, even though they might have been willing to form an alliance on other questions with the Quebec malcontents, and to arraign the general policy of the Government in the North-West. The accusation that Mr. Blake had no policy did his party much damage, and he lent it countenance by refusing to speak out boldly on such vital questions as the National Policy. He saw clearly that Canada was committed to the principle of a protective policy, and he said so, but in such a half-hearted manner and with so many provisos and reservations that the mass of the electors not only knew him to be a Free Trader on principle, but believed that he would again avow himself one if opportunity offered. His hair-splitting destroyed the hopes of his party in Ontario, and in other cases of less gravity Mr. Blake's too apparent fondness for forensic debate and fine-drawn distinctions has lost him the confidence of many who

were disposed to trust in him. Of his sincerity there can be no doubt, but in the appearance of frankness and enthusiasm that makes a public man magnetic he is totally destitute, and many men of less honesty and sincerity have gained credit for more of these qualities than he possessed. His great abilities and energies have not been wasted in the service of his country, but to his party they have been of little profit.

PARTY LEADERS.

AND after the deluge, what then? Mr. Blake is not a young man at fifty-five, and his constitution does not promise another twenty years of such activity as the green old age of Sir John Macdonald presents. These great chieftains may quit the stage together, and what will then be the condition of the parties they have led? The Liberals have no one fit to succeed Mr. Blake, and the Conservatives would be equally at a loss to find shoulders able to bear the mantle of their present chief. The result will certainly be the same as in England, where a re-arrangement of parties has followed the death of Lord Beaconsfield and the decadence of Mr. Gladstone. The National Policy will cease to be an issue in Canadian politics, for Sir Richard Cartwright is the only leader of note who has nailed his colours to the mast, and who appears likely to sink with the Free Trade pennant flying. The distinctive marks of the old parties are worn out or disused, for Sir John's Franchise Bill is the half-way house to universal suffrage, and the National Policy as daring an innovation as any Radical could have schemed. The old issues being gone, party badges are simply shams, and the sheep who follow the leaders bearing them without any clear notion of the questions now dividing parties are little better than voting machines—counters which politicians use in the great game of Government. With a re-settling of party lines we shall see the names of Prohibition, Provincial Independence, Catholic domination and Commercial Union inscribed on the banners of the political leaders of the future. Which will first press for solution, who can tell?

THE SABBATH OVERDONE.

WE have called attention to the absurdity of allowing the ferry boats to carry over crowds of pleasure seekers to the Island on Sunday, while the street cars and other vehicles are not permitted to be used by the public who may wish to travel rather long distances on very warm days. The consequence is in the latter case that crowds of persons swarm our streets on Sunday all the day in a perfectly aimless manner, wandering along up one street and down another, chattering and gossiping. These crowds are composed chiefly of young artisans and work-girls, who, if they could get into the country, even a few miles out of the city, would be all the better for it. Street cars would afford the requisite facilities at a nominal cost; but the privilege is denied to the poor artisans and working girls, though Dives rolls in his carriage on Sunday to his heart's content, and plumes himself upon escaping the penalties imposed upon Adam's less fortunate descendants. It is such anomalies in our boasted civilization as these which give rise to socialistic and communistic agitation.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 11TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT, - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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To Contributors.—The Editor cannot undertake to return MSS. by post, even when they are accompanied by stamps to pay return postage.

SIR JOHN, SIR HECTOR AND MR. CHAPLEAU.

AND so Mr. Chapleau is to be next Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. The idea is startling when one comes to consider the character of the game that he has been playing during the last year or two. A few months before the elections he held the hand of the desperate gamester. He had staked much on Chambly, and Chambly went dead against him. Langevin and Caron took no such odds. They knew their people better, or perhaps they thought they did, and when Chapleau lost a seat in his district they simply laughed, for there is no love squandered between the rivals for Cartier's mantle. Chapleau gave Sir John a turn last winter, when he threatened to leave his ministry unless certain conditions were fulfilled; and if the chieftain had not acceded to his Secretary of State's wishes at that time, who can say where the ancient statesman would be to-day? We must not forget the overtures which Mercier made to Chapleau. We must not forget the significance of Chapleau's position in the Cabinet, where he was forced to play second fiddle to a man he hates with an inveterate hatred and whose downfall he is ever praying for. Sir John is a jealous chieftain, and Sir Hector's too palpable bids for the Premiership, during those memorable trips through Ontario, spread alarm in his breast. He could not brook a rival so near the throne, and he at once took steps to circumvent his soaring assistant. To that end he sent for Chapleau, translated him from Quebec to Ottawa, and forthwith provided himself with a dual French leadership. Open revolt was out of the question between these two, but the private bickerings must have been intense, and what they said about each other to personal friends must have made the gods blush. Sir John, astute observer that he is, knew his men, and no one now talks of Sir Hector as a possible successor to the chief. Tupper is the light of the Tory camp, and to him the faithful will look when the old man dies, or enters the British peerage, which is the same thing. Well, Sir John, when cornered by Chapleau, gave that distinguished supporter all the promises he asked. But in this instance—the first time on record, probably—he has been compelled to keep his word, and the Senecals and the Churches and the brothers of the Minister and the Würteles and the Dansereaus have all been provided for. The Secretary of State, too, complained that his office in the government was not good enough. Sir John promised to

regulate that too, because he understood his man, and he knew, moreover, that Mr. Mercier stood outside, ready to make an alliance with his colleague for defence or offence. Sir John never yields to dictation unless compelled to do so, and this time he found his friendly adversary too many guns for him. Well, the elections came, and were carried by the Conservatives, but while Langevin and Caron failed entirely to carry their divisions against the tactics of Laurier, Langelier and Mercier, Chapleau won all along the line in his part of the country, and knelt for his beloved chieftain's blessing. Then he pressed more friends on Sir John, and the premier, it is said, cried when he had to accept Ouimet, the hero of the North-West Rebellion, for first Commoner. He wept again when another suggestion was made, but gulped down his feelings, and listened to the voice of the siren. But everyone here is asking: What is to become of Montreal when Chapleau goes to Quebec? Montreal is all right. In Chapleau's place there will be Mr. Lacoste or Senecal if Chapleau insists upon it. We have already Abbott leading in the Senate, and if Sir Adolphe Caron is sent to the right about, Ouimet will take the fighting minister's place, and Girouard will take the hat and miraculous robes of the Speaker. It is all planned, and the Quebec district which did so badly for the party must shift for itself.

But Langevin will lead. Of course he will. He will be a sort of *locum tenens*, as it were. Chapleau, at Spencer Wood, will do as he has ever been doing since he embarked in politics. He will look after the particular fortunes of Mr. Chapleau, and if, after a while, Mr. Mercier wants an ally badly, he won't have to look far for one. A few months ago he offered Mr. Chapleau the leadership of his countrymen. Circumstances at that time forbade the acceptance of the honour. Langevin never offered to do as much for Chapleau. Mercier is the only rival Chapleau ever feared, and when a man cannot fight an enemy, there have been instances when a combine has been effected. If Chapleau remains at Government House a full term, what is to prevent him coming down to active politics again, and making the best bargain he can with Mr. Blake, or Sir Charles Tupper, or Sir Richard Cartwright, or Mr. Mills, or whoever may be at the time the party of the second part? Chapleau always works for Chapleau. He will pull no wrong strings as governor. The Letellier spectre will keep him straight on that score. Besides, he has in Mercier a man of iron nerve to deal with. This he knows by past experience, and it is a significant fact that the Mercier statesmen are all delighted to hear that Chapleau is coming to them for advice. If Mercier and Chapleau do not really effect a combination before many months have passed away, we shall all be greatly surprised. The translation, it is said, will not take place until July 1st. What a delightful way to celebrate the natal day of the Dominion!

There was a rumour some time ago that the next Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec would be an English Protestant. I think I told you not long since that it was an unwritten law that the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec must be

Frenchman and a Roman Catholic. In this part of the world we live up to our institutions.

Montreal.

A CANADIAN.

Correspondence.

Sunday Observance.

Editor ARCTURUS:

A LETTER from the Rev. A. H. Munro, of St. Thomas, on the subject of Sunday railway traffic, appears in last Saturday's *Mail*. The clergy seem determined to have the feast day of the ancient pagans observed as a Jewish Sabbath. Mr. Munro threatens Senate and Commons alike with destruction unless they aid in the "removal from our land of the curse and shame of the habitual and defiant violation of divine and human law in the desecration of the Sabbath by railway traffic."

The people of Canada may be trusted to see that the law with regard to the day this reverend gentleman is pleased to erroneously designate the "Sabbath" is duly observed. They will assuredly do so in the long run, if it is found conducive to the well-being of the greater portion of the community. It is a question, however, whether most men would not rather earn two or three dollars on Sunday in preference to hearing a long sermon on original sin in the morning, and one on predestination in the evening. Ministers had better close their churches on Sunday and keep them open every other day as an earnest of their good faith in this crusade ostensibly for the workingman's benefit.

If Mr. Munro's knowledge of Divine Law is on a par with his knowledge of human law he is not a safe guide. He says it is the duty of the Legislature to insist upon the Government's enforcing a law already upon the statute book. In this assertion he is clearly wrong. Neither the Government nor the Legislature has anything to do with enforcing the laws. When the Canadian people rise in their majesty at the bidding of the clergy, and ordain the observance of the Sabbath as of old, the 20,000,000 church members, and the 40,000,000 church-goers (which by the by make up the whole population) of the United States are about as likely to endorse the scheme as they are to elect Mr. Munro to the Presidency as a recognition of his great efforts.

"What has been the history of Christianity from the beginning, but the conflict of a few and apparently weak against the many and seemingly strong?" asks Mr. Munro. Surely he knows that this is an absurd question. The history of Christianity, whatever good it has done—and that it has done great good I am free to admit—is, as regards Sabbath observance and kindred questions, the record of a trail of blood which becomes narrower as Science increases and lets into the soul "new light through chinks that time has made." I claim to have as much sympathy with the workingman as has Mr. Munro or any other clergyman or layman, but I assert that cast-iron laws for *Sunday* observance are not in the least calculated to ameliorate his condition. If Mr. Munro would urge Henry George's doctrine of land tenure and taxation, he would prove himself a much truer friend to workingmen and a much more faithful follower of Jesus Christ.

Monday, June 6, 1887.

JOSHUA DAVIDSON.

A NEW literary weekly will appear in Boston in the autumn called *The Twentieth Century*. The staff includes Messrs. Henry A. Clapp, C. A. Ralph, Bernard Berenson, Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, and Mrs. Louise Guiney.

Book Notice.

WE have received from Mr. S. G. Dunlop, 77 Nelson St., Toronto, a copy of the May number of *The Inland Printer*, a monthly periodical published at Chicago, and devoted, as its name imports, to the interests of the printing profession. It contains some exquisite specimens of letterpress printing, and some of the engravings are brought out with wonderful skill. We are glad to hear that the journeymen printers of Canada are subscribing liberally to this periodical, which cannot fail to teach them much that it is desirable for them to know, and which is consequently well deserving of their support.

Poetry.

A BALLAD OF THE PERIOD.

PART I.

THE auld wife sat at her ivied door:
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*),
A thing she had frequently done before;
And her knitting reposed on her aproned knees.

The piper he piped on the hill-top high
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*),
Till the cow said, "I die," and the goose asked "Why?"
And the dog said nothing, but searched for fleas.

The farmer he strode through the dim farm-yard
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*);
His last brew of cider had turned out hard—
The connection of which with the plot one sees.

The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*);
She hears the rook caw in the windy skies,
As she sits at her lattice and shells her peas.

The farmer's daughter hath ripe red lips
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*);
If you try to approach her, away she skips
Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*);
And I met with a ballad, I can't tell where,
Which mainly consisted of lines like these.

PART II.

She sat with her hands 'neath her dimpled cheeks
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*);
And spake not a word. While a lady speaks
There is hope—but *she* didn't even sneeze.

She sat, with her hands 'neath her crimson cheeks
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*);
She gave up mending her father's breeks,
And let the cat roll in her best chemise.

She sat, with her hands 'neath her burning cheeks
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*),
And gazed at the piper for thirteen weeks;
Then she followed him out o'er the misty leas.

Her sheep followed her, as their tails did them
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*);
And this song is considered a perfect gem;
And as to the meaning, it's what you please.

MARIETTA HOLLEY, known in literature as "Josiah Allen's Wife," has sent a card to various New York papers from which it appears that she has a substantial grievance. A book entitled *Miss Jones's Quilting* has her name on the title-page. Of the 206 pages of the book the lady says she wrote only twelve. The opening sketch was written by her for a magazine years ago. As to the remainder of the book, making up over 194 pages, she disclaims all responsibility. She does not know who the author is.

TIDD'S ISLAND MOUND.

You will search in vain on a map of Ontario for Tidd's Island, just as you may for hundreds of other islands, and for hundreds of lakes, any one of which would be reckoned of no small importance in most European countries. The group of which Tidd's is a small member forms what is by general consent the most beautifully picturesque archipelago in America. Of all sizes, from the area of a small garden to that of a township—gently sloping to the water's edge, or rising abruptly with a face of old Laurentian aspect—treeless, partly cleared, or thickly wooded—with here a nestling cot and there the palatial summer residence of some Canadian or American nabob, the ever-changing scenery in the Lake of the Thousand Islands charms the tourist on the river St. Lawrence. Most of the intervening channels are deep, and all are well stocked with pike, muskallonge, sturgeon and other kinds of fish.

Situated as these islands are, they must have formed admirable hunting grounds for the aborigines, besides affording convenient resting-places to canoe-parties crossing from side to side. Gananoque valley offered a convenient trail to the northern *habitat* of the large game, and no doubt the site of the present pretty and industrious town at the mouth of the river, whence it derives its name, was the scene of many a landing and departure of the ancient people, on their way to and from the Algonkin and Iroquois countries.

Every child in Gananoque knows the situation of Tidd's Island, and herein the Gananoque child has the advantage over millions of outsiders. Indeed, Tidd's Island requires but a bridge three-fourths of a mile in length to connect it with the mainland. It takes its name from a Teutonic settler who pitched his tent, or rather built his log shanty, here about seventy years ago. At present it is owned by several persons, and as it is fully half a mile long, and from an eighth to a fourth of a mile wide, it affords plenty of room for residences and gardens. The western end is the property of Mr. C. A. See, who has built a commodious hotel on an eminence facing Gananoque. The grounds are a favourite summer resort, known as Tremont Park, and on what is almost the highest point of the property Mr. See accidentally discovered a mound which examination has proved to be a place of sepulture, and to contain some specimens of aboriginal workmanship that are remarkable for the hugeness of their proportions, if not for the elegance of their outline.

Acting for the Canadian Institute, the writer had the pleasure of completing the examination of the Tremont Park Mound, and succeeded in finding even a larger number of stone and copper relics than had been taken out by Mr. See. That gentleman having very generously added his "find" to the writer's, and the Canadian Institute is now in possession of all that the mound contained. Valuable as this is it does not form the only interesting feature of the discovery. Other points may be enumerated thus:—1st, The structure was a real mound; 2nd, It is probably the most easterly example of its kind in this Province; and 3rd The evidences favour the view that the Mound Builders (in this case, at all events) were Indians. Unfortunately, the contents had been considerably disturbed before the Institute was privileged to make an examination, but from the observations of Mr. See and those of the writer it may be noted that the mound was almost perfectly circular, about forty feet in diameter at the base, and rising to a height of four and a half feet at the crown. In the centre, and on a level with the base, a quantity of charcoal and ashes told their own tale, and at a distance of five feet south-east of this fire-place was a structure about four

feet in length composed of stones set on edge in two rows, from ten to twelve inches between the rows, and covered with other stones, so as to give the whole a drain-like appearance. The presence of human remains indicated the purpose of the mound, although these were so much decayed as not to warrant any statement being made regarding the exact number interred. Perhaps fifteen would not be far astray, and the bodies appeared to have been placed in a circle, the heads about six feet from the base of the mound, and the feet pointing to the centre. Large stones were placed above and around the heads, close to which were found the various relics now in the Archaeological museum.

Messieurs Louis Bedard and L. O'Neil, who own property on the same island, kindly gave the Institute permission to open what appeared to be a similar structure further to the east, and to claim all it might contain; but a section made from the edge to the centre proved its sedimentary origin, although the outside deposit exhibited traces of Indian occupation.

In the report which the Institute purposes to issue at the close of the season, full descriptions, with diagrams, will be given of the principal objects from Tidd's Island and elsewhere. Meanwhile, correspondence is solicited from all persons who can in any way contribute to the stock of information now being gleaned by the Institute relative to places connected with early Indian life, habits and occupation.

Toronto.

DAVID BOYLE.

A PLUCKY GIRL.—A story is told in the Washington correspondence of the Baltimore *Sun* of a young lady, the orphan daughter of an army officer, who, to assist in supporting her mother and sister, applied for an appointment in the Treasury Department. John Sherman was then Secretary. The courageous little girl called upon the Secretary and stated her case. She said she was willing to do almost anything that would enable her to provide for her mother. The Secretary said he had nothing for her to do, but assured her that he would cheerfully assist her whenever an opportunity presented itself. The little girl insisted that there was plenty of work around the Department which ought to be done, and she expressed herself willing to turn her hand to any grade of employment. She became so persistent that the Secretary was at a loss for a pretext to get rid of her. She surveyed him from head to foot, and, observing that his boots were not well shined, remarked with much earnestness: "Mr. Sherman, I think there is something I can do for you if you will permit me, and that is to give your boots a first-class shine. My case is more desperate than you imagine, and I will accept a position as department bootblack." The Secretary was so astonished that it was several seconds before he recovered sufficiently to direct his clerk to have the young lady appointed to a \$900 clerkship. She has since married and is doing well.

COLD BATHING.—The *Lancet* says the use of cold water as a bath for ordinary health purposes is only useful, or even safe, when it produces a rapid return of blood to the surface immediately after the first impression made, whether by immersion or affusion. The surface must quickly redden, and there must be a glow of heat. If these effects are not rapidly apparent, cold bathing is bad; and no such effects are likely to be produced unless the circulation be vigorous, and both the heart and blood vessels are healthy. Great mistakes are made, and serious risks are often incurred, by the unintelligent use of the cold bath by the weakly or unsound. Moreover, it is necessary to bear in mind that there is seldom too much energy to spare after middle age, and it is seldom expedient for persons much over forty to risk cold bathing. We would go so far as to say that no one above that age should use the tub quite cold unless under medical advice.

THE MONEY DIGGERS AND OLD NICK.

ON the rough and rocky coast of Maine, about ten miles to the eastward of Portland harbour, lies Jewell's Island. It is a bright and beautiful gem on the ocean's breast, full of various and romantic scenery. It has its green pastures, its cultivated fields, and its dark shaggy forests. Its seaward shore is a high and precipitous mass of rock, rough, and ragged, and projecting in a thousand shapes into the chafing ocean, whose broken waves dash and roll into its deep fissures, and roar and growl like distant thunder. On the inland side of the island, there is a grassy slope down to the water's edge, and here is a little, round, quiet harbour, where boats can ride at anchor, or rest on the sandy beach in perfect security. The island has been inhabited by a few fishermen, probably for a century, and recently works have been erected upon it for the manufacture of copperas and alum, the mineral from which these articles are produced having been found there in great abundance.

This island has been renowned as a place for money-digging ever since the first settlements were planted along the coast; and wild and romantic are the legends related by the old dames, in the cottages of the fishermen, when some wind-bound passenger, who has left his vessel to spend the evening on shore, happens to make any inquiry about the money-diggers. But of all these wild legendary narratives, probably there is none more authentic, or supported by stronger or more undoubted testimony, than the veritable history herein recorded and preserved.

Soon after the close of the revolutionary war, when the country began to breathe somewhat freely again, after its long deathlike struggle, and the industry of the inhabitants was settling down into its accustomed channels, a sailor, who had wandered from Portland harbour some forty or fifty miles back into the country, called at the house of Jonathan Rider, and asked for some dinner. "But shiver my timbers," he added, "if I've got a stiver of money to pay for it with. The last shot I had in the locker went to pay for my breakfast."

"Well, never mind that," said Jonathan, "I never lets a fellow creetur go away hungry as long as I've got anything to eat myself. Come, haul up to the table here, and take a little of such pot-luck as we've got. Patty, hand on another plate, and dip up a little more soup."

The sailor threw his tarpaulin cap upon the floor, gave a hitch at his waistband, and took a seat at the table with the family, who had already nearly finished their repast.

"What may I call your name, sir, if I may be so bold?" said Jonathan, at the same time handing a bowl of soup to the sailor.

"My name is Bill Stanwood, the world over, fair weather or foul; I was born and brought up in old Marblehead, and followed fishing till I was twenty years old, and for the last ten years I've been foreign viges all over the world."

"And how happens you to get away so far from the sea now, jest as the times is growing better, and trade is increasing?"

"Oh, I had a bit of a notion," said Bill, "to take a land tack a few days up round in these parts."

"Maybe you've got some relations up this way," said Jonathan, "that you are going to visit?"

"Oh no," said Bill, "I haint got a relation on the face of the arth, as I know on. I never had any father, nor mother, nor brother, nor sister. An old aunt, that I lived with when I was a little boy, was all the mother that ever I had; and she died when I was on my last fishing cruise; and there wasn't nobody left that I cared a stiver for, so I thought I might as well haul up line and be off. So I took

to foreign viges at once, and since that I have been all round the West Indies, and to England, and France, and Russia, and South America, and up the Mediterranean, and clear round the Cape of Good Hope to China, and the deuce knows where."

"But you say you haint got no relations up this way?"

"No."

"Nor acquaintances nother?"

"No."

"Then, if I may be so bold, what sent you on a cruise so fur back in the country, afoot and alone, as the gal went to be married?"

"Oh, no boldness at all," said Bill; "ask again, if you like. Howsomever," he added, giving a knowing wink with one eye, "I come on a piece of business of a very particular kind, that I don't tell to everybody."

"I want to know!" said Jonathan, his eyes and mouth beginning to dilate a little. "Maybe, if you should tell me what 'tis, I might give you a lift about it."

"By the great hocus pocus!" said Bill, looking his host full in the face, "If I thought you could, I'd be your servant the longest day I live."

"You don't say so?" said Jonathan, with increasing interest; "it must be something pretty particular then. I should like mighty well to know what 'tis. Maybe I might help you about it."

"Well, then," said Bill, "I'll jest ask you one question. Do you know anything of an old school-master, about in these parts, by the name of Solomon Bradman?"

"No—why?"

"Never heard anything of him?" said Bill, with earnestness.

"Not a word," said Jonathan; "why, what about him?"

"It is deuced strange," said Bill, "that I never can hear a word of that man. I'd work like a slave a whole year for the sake of finding him only one hour. I was told, the last he was heard on, he was in some of these towns round here, keeping school."

"Well, I never heard of him before," said Jonathan; "but what makes you so mighty anxious to find him? Did you go to school to him once, and have you owed him a licking ever since? Or does he owe you some money?"

"No, I never set eyes on him in my life," said Bill; "but there's nobody in the world I'd give half so much to see. And now we've got along so fur, jest between you and me I'll ask you one more question; but I wouldn't have you name it to anybody for nothing."

"No, by jings," said Jonathan, "if you're a mind to tell me, I'll be as whist about it as a mouse."

"Well, then," said Bill, "I want to know, if you know of anybody, that knows how to work *brandy-way*?"

"Brandy-way? what's that?" said Jonathan. "If you mean anybody that can *drink* brandy-way, I guess I can show you one," he continued, turning to a stout, red-faced, blowzy-looking man, who sat at his right hand at table. "Here's my neighbour, Asa Sampson, I guess can do that are sort of business as fast as anybody you can find. Don't you think you can, Asa?"

Asa Sampson was a hard one. He was helping Mr. Rider do his haying. He had been swinging the scythe, through a field of stout clover, all the forenoon, during which time he had taken a full pint of strong brandy, and now had just finished a hearty hot dinner. Mr. Sampson's face, therefore, it may well be supposed, was already in rather a high glow. But at this sudden sally of Mr. Rider, the red in Asa's visage grew darker and deeper, till it seemed almost ready to burst out into a blue flame. He choked and stammered, and tried to speak. And at last he did speak, and says he:—

"Why, yes, Mr. Rider, I guess so; and if you'll jest bring your brandy bottle on, I'll try to show you how well I can do that are sort of business."

Mr. Rider, thinking his joke upon Asa was rather a hard one, as the most ready means of atoning for it, called upon Mrs. Rider to bring forward the bottle at once.

"Come," said Mr. Rider, "let's take a drop," turning out a glass himself, and then passing the bottle to the sailor and Mr. Sampson.

"I can drink brandy all weathers," said Bill Stanwood, filling up a good stiff glass; "but if I could only jest find somebody that could show me how to work brandy-way, I should rather have it than all the brandy that ever was made in the world."

"But what do you mean by this brandy-way you talk about?" said Jonathan. "Seems to me that's a new kind of a wrinkle; I don't understand it."

"Why, I mean," said Bill, "I want to know how to measure brandy-way; that is, how to measure off so many rods on the ground brandy-way. I never heard of but one man that fully understood it and that was Master Bradman; and I've been told that he knew it as well as he did the multiplication table. I've been hunting for that man a fortnight all round in these towns about here, and it's plaguy strange I can't hear nothing of him."

"Well, I don't know anything about your measuring brandy-way," said Jonathan, "and as for Master Bradman, I'm sure there haint nobody by that name kept school in this town these twenty years. For I've lived here twenty years, and know every schoolmaster that's kept school here since I came into the town. But, if I may be so bold, what makes you so anxious to learn about this brandy-way business?"

"Why, I've reasons enough," said Bill; "I'll tell you what 'tis, shipmate," he added, giving Jonathan a familiar slap on the shoulder, "if I could only learn how to measure fifteen rods brandy-way, I wouldn't thank King George to be my grandfather. I should have as much money as I should want, if I should live to be as old as Methusaleh."

"You don't say so?" said Jonathan, his eyes evidently growing larger at the recital. "I should like mighty well to know how that's done."

"Well, I should a good deal rather see the money than hear about it," said Asa Sampson, whose ideas were somewhat *waked up* by the effects of the brandy.

"Then you don't believe it, do you?" said Bill. "I could convince you of it in five minutes, if I'd a mind to; for I've got the evidence of it in my pocket. If I could only measure brandy-way, I know where I could go and dig up lots and lots of money, that have been buried in the earth by pirates."

"Are you in earnest?" said Jonathan.

"To be sure I am; I never was more in earnest in my life."

"Well, now do tell us all about it, for if it's true, and you'll give me a share of it, I wouldn't valley taking my old horse and wagon, and going round a few days with you to help hunt up Master Bradman. And if we can't find him, perhaps we can find somebody else that knows how to do it. But do you know pretty near where the money is?"

"Yes, I know within fifteen rods of the very spot."

"And you are sure there's money buried there?"

"Yes, I'm sure of it. I've got the documents here in my pocket that tells all about it. I'm most tired of hunting alone for it, and if you're a mind to take hold and follow it up with me, I've a good mind to let you into the secret, and let you go snacks with me; for, somehow or other, I kind of take a liking to you, and don't believe I shall find a cleverer fellow if I sail the world over."

"That's what you won't," said Mrs. Rider, who began to feel a strong interest in the conversation of the sailor. I've summered and wintered Mr. Rider, and know just what he is; and I don't think you'll find anybody that would help you more in looking for the money, or any cleverer man to have a share of it after you've found it."

"Well, that's jest what I want," said Bill; "so, if you say so, it's a bargain."

"Well, I say so," said Jonathan; "now let's see your documents."

Bill Stanwood deliberately drew from his pocket an old rusty pocket-book, carefully tied together with a piece of twine. He opened it, and took from its inmost fold a paper much worn and soiled.

"There," said he, "that's the secret charm. That's worth more than King George's crown; if 'twasn't for that plaguey little botheration about measuring fifteen rods brandy-way. New I'll tell you how I come by this ere paper. About three years ago, we was on a vige round the Cape of Good Hope, and we had an old Spanish sailor with us that was a real dark-faced old bruiser. He was full of odd ways. It seemed as if he'd got tired of the world and everybody in it, and didn't care for nobody nor nothin'. And every soul on board almost hated him, he was so crabbed-like. At last he was took sick, and grew very bad. Day after day he lay in his berth, and only grew worse. The captain used to send him some medicine every day, but never would go near him, and none of the hands didn't go nigh him, only jest to hand him the medicine when the captain sent it. And he would take the medicine without saying a word, and then lay down again, and you wouldn't know but what he was dead all day, if it wasn't once in a while you would hear him fetch a hard breath, or a groan. I began to pity him, and I went and stood, and looked on him. The cold sweat stood in drops on his forehead, he was in so much distress. And says I, 'Diego, can't I do something for you?' And I s'pose I looked kind of pitiful on him, for he opened his eyes and stared in my face a minute, as if he heard some strange sound, and then the tears come into his eyes, and his chin quivered, and says he,

"'Bill, if you'll only jest get me a drink of cold water, for I'm all burning up inside.'"

"And I went and got him some water, and he dranked it, and it seemed to revive him a little. And says he to me, 'Bill, I'm jest going off upon my last long vige.' And then he put his hand in his pocket, and took out this very paper, and handed it to me; and says he,

"'I meant to have kept this in my pocket, and let it be throwed with my old carcass into the sea; but you have been kind to me, and you may have it; and if ever you go into that part of the world again, it will show you where you can get as much money as you want.'"

"That night poor Diego died, and we took and wrapped him in his blanket, and put a stone to his feet, and threw him overboard; and that was the end of poor Diego."

"Poor soul," said Mrs. Rider, brushing a tear from her eye, "how could you bear to throw him overboard?"

"Oh, we couldn't do nothin' else with him, away off there to sea. When a poor fellow dies a thousand miles from land, there's no other way but to souse him over, and let him go. I pitied the creetur at the last, but no doubt he'd been a wicked wretch, and I suppose had lived among pirates. He had scars on his face and arms, that showed he'd been in some terrible battles."

"Well, what was in the paper?" said Jonathan, beginning to grow a little impatient for the documents.

"I'll read it to you," said Bill.

So saying, he opened the paper, which was so much worn

at the folds as to drop into several pieces, and read from it as follows:—

In the name of Captain Kidd, Amen.—On Jewell's Island, near the harbour of Falmouth, in the District of Maine, is buried a large iron pot full of gold, with an iron cover over it, and also two large iron pots full of silver dollars and half dollars, with iron covers over them; and also one other large iron pot, with an iron cover over it, full of rich jewels, and gold rings and necklaces, and gold watches of great value. In this last pot is the paper containing the agreement of the four persons who buried these treasures, and the name of each one is signed to it with his own blood. In that agreement it is stated that this property belongs equally to the four persons who buried it, and is not to be dug up or disturbed while the whole four are living, except they be all present. And in case it shall not be reclaimed during the lifetime of the four, it shall belong equally to the survivors, who shall be bound to each other in the same manner as the four were bound. And in case this property shall never be dug up by the four, or any of them, the last survivor shall have a right to reveal the place where it is hid, and to make such disposition of it as he may think proper. And in that same paper the evil spirit of darkness is invoked to keep watch over this money, and to visit with sudden destruction any one of the four who may violate his agreement. This property was buried at the hour of midnight, and only at the hour of midnight can it ever be reclaimed. And it can be obtained only in the most profound silence on the part of those who are digging for it. Not a word or syllable must be uttered from the time the first spade is struck in the ground, till a handful of the money is taken out of one of the pots. This arrangement was entered into with the spirit of darkness, in order to prevent any unauthorized persons from obtaining the money. I am the last survivor of the four. If I shall dispose of this paper to any one before my death, or leave it to any one after I am gone, he may obtain possession of this great treasure by observing the following directions. Go to the north side of the island, where there is a little cove, or harbour, and a good landing on a sandy beach. Take your compass and run by it due south a half a mile, measuring from high-water mark. Then run fifty rods east by compass, and there you will find a blue stone, about two feet long, set endwise into the ground. From this stone, measure fifteen rods brandy-way, and there, at the depth of five feet from the surface of the ground, you will find the pots of money.

(Signed) DIEGO ZEVOLA.

When Bill Stanwood had finished reading his "document," there was silence in the room for the space of two minutes. Jonathan's eyes were fixed in a sort of bewildered amazement upon the sailor, and Mrs. Rider's were riveted intently upon her husband; while Asa Sampson's were rolling about with a strange wildness, and his mouth was stretched open wide enough to swallow the brandy bottle whole. At last, says Bill,

"There you have it in black and white, and there's no mistake about it. It's all as true as the book of Genesis. I've been on to the ground, and I've measured off the half a mile south, and I've measured the fifty rods east, and I've found the blue stone, but how to measure the fifteen rods brandy-way, I'll die if I can tell."

"Well, that's a tremendous great story," said Asa Sampson; "but according to my way of thinking, I should rather have it in black and white, than to have it in red and white. Somehow or other, I never should want to have anything to do with papers that are signed with men's blood. I

shouldn't like to be handling that paper that's buried up in one of them pots."

"Poh, that paper's nothing to us," said Bill; "we didn't write it. I should as lives take that paper up and read it, as to read the prayer-book."

"Mercy on us," said Mrs. Rider; "read a paper that's writ with men's blood, and when Old Nick is set to watch it too? I wouldn't do it for all the world, and husband shan't do it neither."

"But does it say we must have anything to do with the paper, in order to get the money?" said Jonathan.

"Not a word," said Bill. "I tell you that paper has no more to do with us, than it has with the man in the moon."

"But," said Mrs. Rider, "It does say the old evil one is set there to watch the money. And do you think I'd have my husband go and dig for money right in the face and eyes of Old Nick himself? I should rather be as poor as Job's cat all the days of my life."

"There's no trouble about that," said Bill; "all we've got to do is to hold our tongues, while we're digging, and the old feller will keep his distance, and won't say a word us. At any rate, I'm determined to have the money, if I can find it, devil or no devil."

"But that confounded brandy-way I don't know how to get over that. That's worse than forty Old Nicks to get along with."

"Well, I'll tell you what 'tis," said Jonathan, "if you can get within fifteen rods of the money, I can find it without any help of your brandy-way, that you tell about."

"You can?" said Bill, eagerly.

"Yes; if you'll carry me within fifteen rods of where the money is, I'll engage to find the very spot where it is buried in less than one hour."

"You will?" said Bill, springing on his feet, and giving Jonathan a slap on his shoulder, "Can you do it? Do tell us how."

"Yes, I can find it with a mineral rod."

"What's a mineral rod?" said Bill. "Now none of your humbugs; but if you *can* do it, tell us how."

"There's no humbug about it," said Jonathan, tartly. "I know how to work a mineral rod, and I believe I can find the money."

"But what *is* a mineral rod?" said Bill.

"Why, don't you know? It's a green crotched branch of witch-hazel, cut off about a foot and a half or two foot long. And them that has the power to work 'em, takes the ends of the branches in each hand, and holds the other end, where the branches are joined together, pointing up to the sky. And when they come near where there's minerals, or gold, or silver, buried in the ground, the rod will bend that way; and when they get right over the spot, the rod will bend right down and point towards the ground."

"Now, is that true?" said Bill.

"True? yes, every word of it. I've seen it done many a time, and I've done it myself. The mineral rod won't work in everybody's hands, but it'll work in mine, and once I found a broad-axe by it that was lost in the meadow."

"Well, then," said Bill, "let us be off forthwith, and not let that money lie rusting in the ground any longer. Why not start off to-night?"

"Well, I don't know but we could start towards night," said Jonathan; "but I shall have to go out first and hunt up a witch-hazel tree to get some mineral rods."

"It's my opinion," said Asa Sampson, "you had better wait a day or two, and finish getting in your hay before you go; for if you should come back with your wagon filled with money, you'll be too confounded lazy ever to get it in afterwards."

"No, you shan't stir one step," said Mrs. Rider, "till that hay is all got in. There's two loads out that's made enough to get in now, and you know there's as much as one load to mow yet."

Mrs. Rider's will was all the law or gospel there was about the house. Of course her husband did not undertake to gainsay her dictum, but told Bill they could not possibly get ready to start before the next night, as that hay would have to be taken care of first.

"Well, then," said Bill, "call all hands, and let's go at it. Come, where's your scythe? I'll go and finish mowing that grass down in the first place."

"But can you mow?" said Jonathan, doubtfully.

"Mow? I guess you'd think so, if you should see me at it. I worked on a farm six weeks once, when I was a boy, and learnt to pull every rope in the ship."

All hands repaired to the field. Bill Stanwood took a scythe and went to thrashing about as though he were killing rattlesnakes. He soon battered up one scythe against the rocks, and presently broke another by sticking it into a stump. It was then agreed that he should change works with Asa Sampson, and help get the hay into the barn, while Asa mowed. The business then went on briskly. The boys and girls were out spreading and raking hay, and Mrs. Rider herself went on to the mow in the barn to help stow it away. The next day the haying was finished, and all things were in preparation to start for Jewell's Island. Mrs. Rider, however, whose imagination had been excited by the idea of Old Nick being set to guard the money, was still unwilling her husband should go; and it was not till he had solemnly promised to bring her home a new silk gown, and a new pair of morocco shoes, and some stuff to make her a new silk bonnet, that she finally gave her consent. When the matter was finished, she took a large firkin and filled it with bread and cheese, and boiled beef, and doughnuts, for them to eat on their way; and Bill said there was a great plenty to last till they got down to the pots of money, and after that they could buy what they wanted.

Asa Sampson, who was at work for Mr. Rider, agreed to go with them for his regular daily pay, with this proviso: if they got the money, they were to make him a present outright of a hundred dollars, which he said would be as much money as he should ever know what to do with.

As a parting caution, Mrs. Rider charged them to remember and not speak while they were digging, and told them, lest some word might slip out before they thought of it, they had better each of them tie a handkerchief over their mouths when they begun to dig, and not take it off till they got down to the money. They all agreed that it would be an excellent plan, and they would certainly do it.

Mr. Rider's old horse was tackled into the wagon, the baggage was put on board, and the three fortune hunters jumped in and drove off for Falmouth. It was a long and lonesome road, but the bright visions of the future, that were dancing before their eyes, made it seem to them like a journey to Paradise.

"Now, Mr. Rider," said Bill, "what do you mean to do with your half of the money, when we get it?"

"Well, I think I shall take two thousand dollars of it," said Jonathan, and buy Squire Dickinson's farm, that lives next neighbour to me. He's always looked down upon me with a kind of contempt, because I wasn't so well off in the world as he was; and I should like mighty well to get him out of the neighbourhood. And I guess he's drove for money too, and would be glad to sell out. And now, neighbour Stanwood, I'll tell you what I think *you* better do. You better buy a good farm right up there alongside of

me, and we'll build each of us a large nice house, just alike, and get each of us a first rate horse, and we'll live together there, and ride about and take comfort."

"By the hocus pocus!" said Bill, "I hope you don't call that taking comfort. No, none of your land-lubber vices for me. I'll tell you what I mean to do. As soon as I get my money, I mean to go right to Boston and buy the prettiest ship I can find—one that will sail like the wind—and I'll have three mates so I shan't have to stand no watch, but go below just when I like; and I'll go cap'n of her, and go away up the Mediterranean, and up the Baltic. And then I'll make a vige straight round the world, and if I don't beat Captain Cook all to nothin', I think it's a pity. And now you better sell out your old farm up there among the bushes, and go with me. I'll tell you what 'tis, shipmate, you'd take more comfort in one month aboard a good vessel, than you could on a farm in a whole year. What comfort is there to be found on a farm, where you never see anything new, but have the same thing over and over forever? No variety, no change, but everything always the same—I should get as tired as death in a month."

"Well, now, neighbour," said Jonathan, "you are as much mistaken, as if you had burnt your shirt. There's no business in the world that has so much variety and so many new things all the time, as farming. In the first place, in the spring comes ploughing time, and then comes planting time, and after that hoeing and weeding; and then comes haying time; and then reaping time; and then getting in the corn and potatoes. And then, to fill up with a little fun once in a while, we have sheep washing in the spring, and huskings in the fall, and breaking out the roads after a snow storm in the winter; and something or other new most all the time. When your crops are growing, even your fields look new every morning; while at sea you have nothing new, but the same things over and over, every day from morning till night. 'Yo do nothing but sail, sail, all the time, and have nothing to look at but water from one week's end to another."

Here Bill Stanwood burst into a broad loud laugh, and says he:—

"Well done, shipmate. I must say you are the greenest horn I've met with this long time. No variety and nothing new to be seen in going to sea! If that ain't a good one! The very place, too, to see everything new and to learn everything that there is in the world. Why, only jest in working the ship there's more variety and more to be seen than there is in working a whole farm, to say nothing about going all over the world, and seeing everything else. Even in a dead calm you can see the whales spouting and the porpoises rolling about. And when the wind is slack, you have enough to do to stick on your canvas. You run up your topgallan-sels, and your rials, and out with your studdensels, and trim your sheets, and make all the sails draw. And then you walk the deck and watch the changes of the wind and if a vessel heaves in sight what a pleasure there is in taking your spy-glass and watching her motions till she's out of sight again; or, if she comes near enough, how delightful 'tis to hail her and learn where she's from, and where she's bound, and what her captain's name is! And when it comes on a blow what a stirring time there is! All hands are out to take in the light sails; down goes the topgallan' yards; and if the wind increases you begin to reef, and if it comes on to blow a real snorter, you furl all sails and scud away under bare poles. And sometimes, when the storm is over, you come across some poor fellows on a wreck half starved or half froze to death, and then you out with your boat and go and take 'em off, and nurse 'em up and bring 'em to. Now here's some life in all this business."

some variety, and something interesting, compared with what there is on a farm. You better pull up stakes when we get our money, sell your old farm and go to sea along with me."

"Well," said Jonathan, "I'll tell you what 'tis neighbour, I'll leave it out to Mr. Sampson here to say which is the best and pleasantest business, farming or going to sea. If he says farming, you shall pay the toddy at the next tavern, and if he says going to sea, I'll pay it."

"Done," said Bill. "Now, Asa, give us your opinion."

"Well," said Asa, "all I can say is, if going to sea isn't pleasanter business than farming there isn't much pleasure in it, that's all."

"But that ain't deciding anything at all," said Bill; "you must tell us right up and down which is the best business."

"Well, if I must say," said Asa, "I should say going to sea was the best and the pleasantest."

"There, I told you so," said Bill. "Now how fur is it to the next tavern? I want that toddy."

"It's jest to the top of this hill," said Jonathan; "and bein' the hill's pretty steep, we'll jump out and walk up, and give the old horse a chance to breathe."

So out they jumped, and Jonathan drove the horse up the hill, while Bill and Asa loitered along a little behind.

"How upon arth," said Bill, "come you to decide in favour of going to sea? Did you ever go to sea?"

"I? No I never set foot aboard a vessel in all my life."

"Then how come you to know so much about going to sea?"

"Poh!" said Asa, "all I knew about it was, I knew Mr. Rider had some money, and I knew you hadn't, and I wanted the toddy. How *could* I decide any other way?"

"True enough," said Bill, "you was exactly right."

When they reached the tavern, Mr. Rider paid the toddy, and, after giving the old horse a little provender and a little time to breathe, the trio pursued their journey with renewed spirits and livelier hopes. When they reached the sea-shore at Falmouth, the sun was about an hour high. They immediately hired a small row boat for two or three days, leaving their horse and wagon in pawn for it, and prepared to embark for Jewell's Island, which was about ten miles distant. Jonathan was a little fearful about being out upon the water in the night, and was for waiting till next morning and taking the day before them for the voyage to the island. But Bill said no, "they could go half the distance before sunset, and as there was a good moon, there would be no difficulty in going the other half after sunset; and he was determined to be on the island that night, let the consequence be what 'twould."

They accordingly put their baggage on board, and jumped in, and rowed off. Bill first took the helm, and Jonathan and Asa sat down to the oars. But being totally unaccustomed to a boat, they made sad work of rowing, and in spite of all of Bill's teaching and preaching, scolding and swearing, their oars splashed up and down alternately in the water, resembling more in their operation two flails upon the barn floor than two oars upon the ocean. Their little bark made but slow headway, and Bill soon got out of patience, and told Jonathan to take the helm and he would row himself. Jonathan, however, succeeded no better at the helm than at the oar; for the boat was soon reading in all directions, and making as crooked a track as was ever made by the veritable sea-serpent himself. So that Bill was obliged to call Jonathan from the helm, and manage to keep the boat as straight as he could by rowing. The slow progress they made under all these disadvantages brought it to midnight before they reached the island. They however succeeded at last in gaining the little harbour,

and it being about high water they drew their boat upon the beach, and walked up on the island towards a fisherman's hut, which Bill had frequented upon his former visit to the place. The moon had set, and the night was now somewhat dark. As they wound their way along through the bushes and under the tall trees, not a sound was to be heard, save the low sullen roar of the ocean, which came like delicious music to the ears of Bill Stanwood, while to Jonathan and Asa it added a still deeper gloom to the silence and darkness of the night.

They had walked but a short distance when a dim light glittered through the trees, and told them that the fisherman's hut was near.

"Ah," said Bill, "old Mother Newbegin is up. I believe she never goes to bed; for go there what time of night you will, you will always find her paddling about the room with an old black night-cap on, putting dishes to rights in the closet, or sweeping up the floor, or sitting down and mending her husband's clothes. She looks more like a witch than she does like a human creature, and sometimes I've almost thought she had something to do about guarding the money that's buried on the island."

"Well, ain't there some other house about here," said Asa, "that we can go to? Somehow, it seems to me I shouldn't like to get quite so near that old hag, if there's any witchcraft about her."

"There's no other house very near," said Bill; "and, besides, I think it's best to go in and see old Mother Newbegin. For if she is a witch, it's no use to try to keep out of the way of her; and if we keep the right side of her and don't get her mad, maybe she may help us a little about finding the money."

They approached the house, and as they passed the little low window, they saw by the red light of a pitch knot, that was burning on the hearth, the old woman sitting and roasting coffee, which she was stirring with a stout iron spoon. They stopped a little and reconnoitered. The glare of the light fell full on the old woman's face, showing her features sharp and wrinkled, her skin brown, and her eyes black and fiery. Her chin was leaning on one hand, and the other was busily employed in stirring the coffee, while she was talking to herself with a solemn air, and apparently with much earnestness. Her black night-cap was on, and fastened with a piece of twine under her chin, and the tight sleeves of her frock sat close to her long bony arms, while her bare feet and bird-claw toes projected out in full view below the bottom of her dress.

"I swow," said Asa, "I believe she has got a cloven foot. Let's be off; I should rather go back and sleep in the boat than to go in here to-night."

"Poh!" said Bill, "that's only the shadow of her foot you see on the floor; she hasn't got any more of a cloven foot than you have. Come, I'm going in whether or no."

With that he gave a loud rap at the door.

"Who's there?" screamed the old woman.

"A friend," said Bill.

"Well, who be ye? What's your name? I shan't open the door till I know who you be."

"Bill Stanwood," said the sailor.

"Oh, is it you, Bill? Come in then," said the old woman unfastening the door, and throwing it open.

"So you're after money again, aint ye?" said the old woman, as they entered the house; "and you've brought these two men with you to help you, and that's what you are here for this time of night."

"I swow," said Asa, whispering to Bill Stanwood, "let's be off, she knows all about it."

(To be concluded next week.)

The Cost of Smoking.

To preach to a smoker about the hurtfulness of using tobacco, is like trying to dip water with a sieve; but I have always noticed that, when all other arguments have failed, there is one which will tell on the most obdurate. Begin to talk *money*, and if the hearer's purse is likely to be affected, you will see his mouth open and his eyes begin to sparkle with excitement, and for this reason I will show the cost of smoking for five years, from which the cost for a lifetime may be easily reckoned. We will say that a young man begins to smoke when he is sixteen, and on an average smokes two cigars per day (which is a very low estimate), and continues until he is twenty-one. Now let us reckon the cost. For the first year he smokes two per day, at a cost of ten cents each, making for a year the sum of \$73. Now, if instead of spending this money he had put it at interest at the end of the first year, during the next year at six per cent. it would have gained \$4.38, which, together with the \$73, which he would smoke up, would give him at the end of the second year \$150.38—which again put at interest, together with the \$73 for this year, would amount to the neat little sum of \$232.40 at the end of the third year. Again getting the amount and adding \$73 for another year, the whole amount is swelled to \$319.34, which he puts at interest at the beginning of the fifth year. By reckoning up his bank account at the expiration of the five years, he is astonished to find his cigars have cost him the round sum of \$411.50—and this is not all. Smoking as well as chewing creates a thirst which must be satiated. For a time water may do, but the smoker will soon find that the terrible craving for drink cannot be satisfied with water, and therefore to "set himself to rights" he must have a glass or two of cider and perhaps something stronger. No less than two glasses for each cigar will answer, for which he will pay five cents each, making another twenty cents per day which he will drink, which at the end of the five years will amount to another \$411.50—making in all \$823—a nice little capital for a young man just starting out in life. I suppose that all I can say about the filthiness and other inconveniences of their habit will be words thrown away, but after considering this subject, I feel as though I could not lay down the pen without saying a few more words to those who have fallen victims to it. Having occasion to go down to the village store on a stormy day, as I entered, my nose, mouth, throat and lungs were filled with a cloud of tobacco-smoke. The shock which it gave me was so great that I came near being sick, and could not relish my food for several days afterwards, while the sickening scent of rank tobacco clung about my clothes for a long time. Now if, besides losing their time, these men could be made to understand what beasts they were making of themselves, and how they were clouding their brains and darkening their intellects with every puff they took, while every particle of air which

they inhale was mingled with the poisonous fumes of poor tobacco, and every cent of money they paid out for the weed was just so much paid out to insure a shortening of the number of their days, they would throw aside the pipe and hasten home, and there set themselves about their business.—*Country Gentleman.*

Queen Victoria.

THE sovereign with whom Queen Victoria is naturally contrasted is Elizabeth, who reigned like a king by virtue of her imperious will, inflexible purpose and unflinching self-reliance. One was an essentially masculine character with few signs of the sensibility and innate gentleness characteristic of her sex. The other has never been unsexed in her long and triumphant reign. She has been a womanly Queen. While she has made a serious business of reigning and has devoted herself with much patience and toil to the arduous political functions of her office, she has exercised a personal influence over the English people that has been as essentially feminine as her rival's was masculine. As wife, mother and widow she has exhaled the purest and tenderest relations of English home life; and the innate womanliness of her character has left a permanent impression upon the social life of English-speaking races the world over. As a sovereign her great merits have been the readiness with which she has adapted herself to the political condition of constitutional monarchy and the influence which she has always powerfully exerted in favour of peace, purity and public morality.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Gospel of Pain.

THE power which rules the universe uses pain as a signal of danger. Just, generous, beautiful Nature never strikes a foul blow; never attacks us behind our backs; never digs pitfalls, or lays ambushes; never wears a smile upon her face, when there is vengeance in her heart. Patiently she teaches us her laws, plainly she writes her warnings, tenderly she graduates her force. Long before the fierce red danger light of pain is flashed, she pleads with us, as though for her own sake, not ours—to be merciful to ourselves and to each other.—*Temple Bar.*

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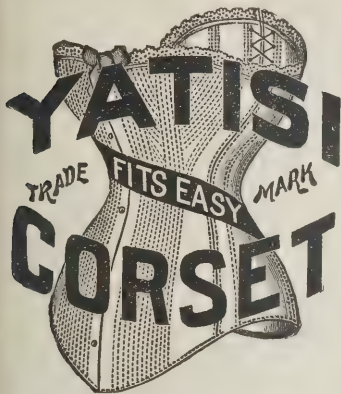
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No. 23. } *Saturday, June 18th, 1887.* { JOHN CHARLES DENT,
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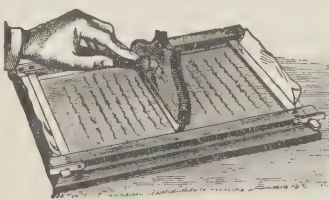
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VOL. I. }
No. 23. }

Saturday, June 18th, 1887.

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Editorial Notes.

PASTEUR AND HYDROPHOBIA.

AT the meeting of the Ontario Medical Association held in Toronto last week, the President, Dr. J. H. Richardson, delivered an address, in the course of which he drew attention to the progress made in the healing art during the last few years. He specially referred to M. Pasteur's crowning triumph over that dread disease hydrophobia—"disease which, in the language of the speaker, had previously "baffled medical skill." The Doctor enlarged upon this theme, and gave his hearers a good deal of more or less accurate information about M. Pasteur's methods. From the tone of his remarks it might reasonably have been inferred that hydrophobia no longer "baffles medical skill," and that the eminent Frenchman's so-called discovery is a veritable boon to humanity. When a doctor undertakes to instruct a body of his professional brethren on matters pertaining to their calling, he should at least take the trouble to inform himself as to easily-ascertainable facts. Dr. Richardson certainly took no pains to so inform himself respecting this "crowning triumph" of M. Pasteur. Those who acts a layman now presumes to place before him. So far from being a "crowning triumph," M. Pasteur's alleged discovery is now regarded by the leading scientists of Europe as one of the saddest, most dismal and most complete of failures. Two years ago they were strongly disposed to believe in him, but the wisest and most learned among them have utterly thrown him over. A writer who has probed his subject to the bottom writes about it as follows:—"A little over two years ago the press of Europe and America seemed with the wonderful and brilliant achievements of M. Pasteur in preventing the development of hydrophobia in persons who had been bitten by rabid dogs, by the in-

oculation of a cultivated virus prepared from the spinal cords of rabbits that had been previously inoculated with true hydrophobic virus. Patients flocked to him from all parts of the world, received the magic injections, and were pronounced safe after a week's treatment. In most cases there was no proof that the dogs that inflicted the wounds were rabid, and in the cases of the Newark children, who went to Paris for treatment, it is a well-known fact that one child who was bitten and remained at home has been equally as free from hydrophobia as the Pasteurized children. It is even asserted that the dog that bit these children never had rabies, and is alive to-day. In spite of all the doubtful circumstances surrounding the cases, the press almost universally approved of Pasteur's treatment, and even those who could produce strong arguments against it were denied a hearing. It was enough that the great scientist claimed he had produced in his laboratory an attenuated virus that would prevent the development of hydrophobia, if used any time within three months after the bite had been inflicted. Soon, however, a patient died, and then it was claimed that the treatment, to be effective, must be received before the thirty-sixth day. The speedy death of another patient who had been pronounced safe upset this theory, and the limit of time was further reduced, first to twenty, and soon after to sixteen days. A succession of deaths occurring among those who had been treated within the shortest time stated led intelligent people to conclude that those who had been really bitten by rabid animals died in spite of the treatment, while those who had not been so bitten, if they survived the treatment, were saved (?) from hydrophobia. M. Pasteur is not to be thus put down, and therefore he must square his theories with the facts. He has made a great scientific discovery, and he must change it with every failure till the poor public is forced to swallow it. In a paper read before the Academy of Sciences of Paris, last September, he said that a sad experience had taught him the necessity of inoculating with a more intense virus. This new virus was used, and a patient treated with it died within a month; and between that time and March 1st, 1887, sixteen deaths have occurred among those so treated. An important fact in connection with the 'perfected' method of treatment is that all the patients died from what is called paralytic rabies, which was unquestionably produced by the new 'intense virus.' It will thus be seen that Pasteur is in an unenviable position. He has himself admitted that mild injections will not save from hydrophobia, and it is proved that his last invention kills instead of cures." So much for Dr. Richardson's "crowning triumph."

THE NEW DUTY ON BOOKS.

THERE is a good deal of feeling just now among the dealers in second-hand books on the subject of the recent imposition by the Finance Minister of fifteen per cent. duty on all literature imported into Canada, irrespective of the date of publication. Until last month the duty was imposed only upon books issued within seven years of the date of publication, but all books are now placed upon an equality in the matter of customs duties, and must contribute their share of revenue to the national exchequer. ARCTURUS had its say about this latest tax upon knowledge some weeks since, but has no hesitation in returning to the subject in the present issue. It appears that some of the largest buyers of second-hand books in Toronto took the new impost as deeply to heart as did the dealers themselves, and that several of them made special appeals to the Finance Minister on the subject. The Rev. William Brookman, among others, wrote a strongly-worded letter, calling the Minister's attention to the retrograde character of the new regulation, and of the different line of conduct pursued by the United States authorities under *their* protective system. The Minister replied to the effect that the tariff admitting free of duty books printed more than seven years had led to innumerable frauds. New publications, it was alleged, had been printed with false title-pages, and brought in as old books. We have been favoured with a copy of Mr. Brookman's response, and as he presents the case strongly his remarks will probably be of interest to readers of this paper. "I would suggest," he writes, "the following course:—Extend the time for the admission of old books free, say, to twenty-five years, or even a longer period; or, which would effect the purpose also, though not so well, limit the period to a certain year, say 1850, or any other reasonable date which may recommend itself to your mind. With regard to old engravings, whether loose or bound up as books, the limit could be well extended as far back as 1835. Such a course would really answer all the beneficial purposes of culture I have in view; and whilst at the same time such a period of limitation would form a line which could not be fraudulently passed in face of ordinary intelligence on the part of the Customs Appraiser, it would also cut off the incentive to fraud which the limit of seven years or any other short period, including really very modern books, would, I am sorry to think, be liable to produce. Thus you would guard your revenue from the mean frauds of probably some half-dozen booksellers or publishers—for I cannot think all or many are so dishonourable—and also preserve us as a people from the literary and artistic loss which eventually, from the very circumstances of the case, would be felt in the future homes of Canada; as every year witnesses the diminution of the sources by the exportation of such literature and art from their fountain heads to this North American Continent. From these sources the literary wealth of the United States is being continually increased, even by the accession, as I see lately, of whole libraries from the Continent and Britain, thus freely admitted. Permit me here to

furnish a little practical illustration of the discouragement such a course as now entered upon has already produced. Encouraged by the previous liberal policy pursued by our statesmen there has been large importations, comparatively speaking, of old literature into this country direct from England to a branch house established here. The intelligence of a duty henceforth to be placed upon such works was cabled home by the agent. What is the result? The branch house receives advice to the following effect: 'In returning thanks to the thousands of our customers and friends, including Members of the Legislature, Ministers of the Gospel, Professors and Teachers in the Universities and various Seats of Learning, for their appreciation of our endeavours to place within their reach a good portion of the best literature of the past, you will have to tell them that the Canadian Government, apparently considering that the continued importation of such good old English literature is not needful for the public welfare, has shown it by enforcing a prohibitory duty thereon to the discouragement of such business; therefore, under such conditions, our next catalogues, after our clearance catalogue, will probably be issued from the United States, where encouragement rather than discouragement is given to such pursuits.'"

ON CERTAIN ARTISTIC CANT.

AN esteemed contributor who has already aired his opinions in these columns on certain matters pertaining to art and artists, writes as follows:—I have no desire to defame in any manner the members of a cultured profession, who have done and are doing so much good in this world. The object of these few remarks is to show that honesty of purpose and purity of deed ought to be clothed in robes of honest manner and pure truth, and not garbed, as they often are, in the clownish patchwork of affectation and the finical finery of foolish pride. I propose to speak plainly on the matter, in the belief that the naked truth can only offend the prurient mind that hates to recognize its own blemishes. It is a common remark that artists are peculiar; that their actions are eccentric, and their natures different from those of average mortals. It is only with reference to those artists whose conduct gives occasion for these and other common remarks that I wish to say a few words. The peculiarity attaching to an artist is not greater than attaches to any other person; but it is often wrongly associated with his calling instead of himself. To take a high example. Blake was not mad because he was either an artist or a poet. His insanity was due to physical causes, no less than were the drunken habits of Poe, and parallels to both may be found in asylums and police cells all the world over. Therefore to excuse the absurdity in attire, irregularity in behaviour, rudeness in conversation and insolence in conduct which characterize many persons who pose as artists is a mistake, and exposes the shallow credulity of their professed admirers. I should like to know by what special arrangement custom has cozened with decency to let certain members of society wear their hair a foot long, their clothes unusually absurd, and their manners threadbare. Artists should conform to the laws

of society, as their works should conform to the laws of Nature. The deception of the senses is no more the duty of the artist than it is the end of his work. The affectation of superiority exhibited by many is merely the arrogance of egregious vanity, for excepting his skill as a workman he is vulgarly human with the rest of us. Does the artist see more than others? No; the same Nature unfolds her store to all alike, and none sees more than others save by infinite study and painstaking to understand the meaning of her many mysteries. Simplicity is the golden rule of great natures, and eccentricity the abnormal development of weaknesses.

A DIVORCE COURT.

A DISCUSSION recently took place in the Senate over a divorce bill, in the course of which the propriety of recognizing divorces obtained in the United States was pretty warmly discussed. There was a strong feeling against the principle of recognizing such decrees without enquiry into the merits of the case; and justly so, considering the varying practice in different States, and the extreme laxity allowed in some of them. To recognize all United States divorce decrees would make a Canadian marriage an obligation more easily evaded than any other contract, as nothing would be necessary to terminate an inharmonious union but a journey to the State in which divorces are most easily obtained. What is urgently needed in Canada is a Divorce Court that will grant divorces for good and sufficient cause without the great expense and delay of obtaining a private bill. We hope to see such a Court before long, though the opposition to its creation will certainly be most bitter. The Prohibition party, if the future should ever see it organized, will probably add that plank to its platform.

JUBILEE CRIMINALS.

IN the opinion of Mr. Sproule it would be a gracious commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee to set free certain of our criminals now undergoing the punishment of their offences. Luckily, it is not probable that the common sense which characterizes our Parliament when not engaged in the discussion of party questions will permit of such an act of folly. Liberty is dear to all; but it might be more in the interests of the public to set free the harmless inmates of our lunatic asylums than the responsible inmates of our jails. As a rule, persons who are lax in morality are not susceptible to great sentiment, and the reprieve of a thief would not likely result in his renunciation of thieving. In more cases than is generally supposed, men are born with certain criminal propensities, and the man with a wolf's nature is hardly to be expected to play the lamb for the rest of his life, as a result of the Queen's Jubilee. Criminals who have forfeited the rights of citizenship by conspiring against the rights of their fellows cannot expect, and should not be allowed to participate in, the pleasures attending those who love the law and obey it; or even of those who obey the law without any particular love for it. Misplaced lenity is even more to be deplored than cruelty.

"OF TWO EVILS," ETC.

THE farmers of Peel and Maryborough have embodied unanimously their sentiments regarding the trade policy of the Dominion, and by the manner in which they have expressed their desires they are not hard to please. They would prefer Reciprocity between Canada and the United States; but should this policy be unattainable Commercial Union with Great Britain and the colonies will suit. Considering the enormous differences that would result to Canada by the adoption of either of these policies it may be inferred that the farmers of Peel and Maryborough do not wish to hamper the Government by an iron support of either Reciprocity or Imperial Trade Federation. It is not likely when the question is definitely brought forward for determination that all Canadians will be so obliging in their views as the above body. It will resolve itself into a straight party question, no doubt, as most matters of vital interest to our Dominion have done, and in the ordinary course of our peculiarly sheeplike political nature, we suspect that the same obliging farmers of Peel and Maryborough will forget their resolution and support the political cow which they believe will yield the most milk to the country.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

UNLESS wisdom prevails the signs of the times indicate that the aboriginal game of this land, which has been fostered into a splendid science by young Canada, will decay. The sporadic mania for baseball, the rupture in the National Lacrosse Association, and, last but not least, the semi-professional element that obtains in most of our clubs are all factors in the threatened corruption and collapse of our national game. Of these the last is the most important. There is at present a great deal of semi professionalism in the game. Many first-rate players find their abilities of such a quality and in such demand that they are able to set a price on the services they can render the club they may join. At the beginning of each season, such players are eagerly bid for by clubs who are desirous of coming out first at the end of their series of matches. By adroitly lying back and waiting for chances, many of our semi-professional lacrosse men are able to add a comfortable sum to their year's income. All of which is destructive of the true interests of the game, and should be remedied by the recognition of professionalism on the same basis as it is recognized in the thoroughly honourable and English game of cricket, in which there is no doubt concerning the status of anyone. Semi-professionalism is the forerunner of a gambling monopoly of a game that should be kept free from all taint if it is to be kept as the national pastime of Canada. There was a time when we prided ourselves upon our champion oarsman. That time is past, and there are many of our best citizens who merely regard him as the man who, consciously or unconsciously, has been the means of bringing more gamblers and demireps to Toronto than any other man of this generation. Aquatics and athletics deserve to be encouraged, but gambling cannot be too severely repressed.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT, - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

Terms, in advance, \$2.00 a year, or \$1.00 for six months. Subscribers not paying in advance will be charged 50c. extra. Clubs of three, \$5.00; clubs of five or more, to one address, \$1.60 each. Subscriptions may begin any time. Advertisements.—\$4.00 per line per annum; six months, \$2.50; single insertion, 20c. per line. No advertisement charged less than five lines. Business communications should be addressed, Business Manager, ARCTURUS, Room U, Arcade (Victoria Street entrance), Toronto. To Contributors.—The Editor cannot undertake to return MSS. by post, even when they are accompanied by stamps to pay return postage.

THE QUEBEC PREMIER.

MR. MERCIER, as appears from the United States newspapers, has been airing his independence opinions in New York. This is an old story with the Premier of Quebec. He has long held the idea that the future of his Province is independence. Five years ago he explicitly stated that we could not remain in the swaddling clothes of Colonialism many years longer. Said he, "We have no field for our young men. We must provide openings for the growing youthhood of Canada. All our sons cannot go into the Civil Service and the Militia." Mr. Mercier thinks that independence would provide fresh occupations for the rising generation. He would probably make a few thousand Canadian youths consuls and mercantile agents in various parts of the world. Of course that would be one way of looking after "our boys." But independence is pretty far off yet.

Mercier will meet his friends on Thursday at St. Hyacinthe, and the leaders will picnic together in the woods. Arrangements have been made at low rates with the Grand Trunk Railway Company, to carry the faithful to the Premier's constituency, and a great time generally is expected. The picnic is likely to prove quite a demonstration, and as Mr. Mercier has had his throat attended to in New York, he will appear at his best.

There is a decided row in the camp. The high-toned Irish are very desirous of getting rid of the low-toned Irish members of the Quebec Cabinet. But Mr. McShane will not budge an inch. He represents the important constituency of Montreal, and his electors stand by him. His place is wanted for Owen Murphy, of Quebec, but Murphy is unpopular, and as his majority at the last election was only nine, it is not probable that Mr. Mercier will take the risk and open so doubtful a constituency to suit the whims of his hot and cold supporter. Meanwhile McShane and Murphy do not speak as they pass by.

The talk is revived here that Mr. Taillon is to be elevated to the Bench, and that Judge Angers is to come down to his old level in the game of politics, to lead the Opposition in the Assembly. Of the necessity of a strong hand in the Opposition there can be no doubt. But will Angers consent to resign his comfortable berth for the stormy arena? He was Attorney-General in De Boucherville's famous Cabinet, and none felt the savage kick of the Governor more than he. De Boucherville held his head high in the air, but the

face of Angers bore the traces of humiliation long after his expulsion from the treasury benches. Some time ago an effort was made to induce a prominent Judge to accept the leadership of the Tory Government at Quebec. This was during the time that Ross and Taillon were passing through the crucial state of their existence, but rumour says that the Judge would not leave his law bench unless thirty thousand dollars were deposited to his credit in the bank. His patriotism has a certain value, evidently. Well, the money failed to be forthcoming, and Ross and Taillon were deposed. Will the wire pullers be any more successful with their candidate now? While he is about it, he might as well ask for something handsome. There is a difference between a Premiership and the leadership of the Opposition, with the odds largely in favour of the former position. But what an outrageous thing is this idea, so freely discussed in this land of ours, of bartering judgeships for political places. One would like to see our judges, at least, far removed from party politics and temptation.

Montreal.

A CANADIAN.

Poetry.

A LOWLY LAY.

[BY A COSTERMONGER.]

WHEN I roamed, a young gutter-boy, through the back street,
Intent upon finding a scrap for my bag,
From a window above, once there fell at my feet,
Screwed up in a paper, a morsel of rag.
It was rough and unpolished and grimly grained,
But my soul soared above all the mud-spattered crew,
When I opened the packet, and found it contained
A piece of blue ribbon once treasured by you.

You dreamed not, perchance, of the luminous flame
Which Cupid can plant in the heart of a child;
In lighting the faggots, love, you were to blame,
For you nodded and winked when I looked up and smiled.
Then your image for aye on my heart was impressed,
And sleeping or waking your form I could view;
I carefully kept 'neath my ragged old vest
A piece of blue ribbon—I prized it for you.

Ah well I remember the day when the law
Laid its hand on my shoulder, and led me along;
I faltered, I trembled not, love, for I saw
Your smile, as you followed my heels with the throng.
Six months were unable my ardour to chill,
For swiftly the days of captivity flew;
I thought of the future while treading the mill,
And kissed the blue ribbon that whispered of you.

We met and we courted; the years sped away;
I saved, and I purchased a donkey and cart;
We were wed for a penny one midsummer day,
And you've reigned ever since in my home and my heart.
When the neighbours are nasty and customers slow;
When the barrow's in pawn, and the rent coming due,
There's a cotton-gowned angel that ceases my woe,
And I bless the blue ribbon that led me to you.

THE report that Mr. Lucy retires from the managing editorship of the London *Daily News* and returns to the reporting gallery of the House of Commons, seems quite in the line of the probabilities. A brilliant reporter is not necessarily an able manager. But whoever assumes the helm in the *News* office at present must expect few roses and many thorns. The paper is suffering from disjointed liberal politics. Both liberal unionists and Gladstonians have stock in that corporation. One day John Morley has his say, and the next Mr. Chamberlain dictates the leader and before the month is over both Labouchere and T. J. O'Connor get in a word after their own heart.

THE MONEY DIGGERS AND OLD NICK.

(Concluded from last week.)

"HOLD your tongue, you fool," said Bill; "if she knows all about us we may as well be here as anywhere else."

Asa trembled a little, but finally took a seat on a bench near the door, ready to run, in case matters should grow desperate.

"Well," said the old woman, "if you get the money, you'll have to work hard for it. There's been a good many tried for it before you; and there's been two men here hunting all over the island since you was here before. They dug round in a good many places, and my old man thinks they found some, for they give him half a dollar for fetching their boat back when she went adrift, and he said the half dollar was kind of rusty, and looked as though it had been buried in the ground. But I've no idea they got a dollar. It isn't so easy a matter; Old Nick takes better care of his money than all that comes to."

"Where is your old man," said Bill. "Seems to me he's always away when I come."

"The Lord knows where he is," said the old woman; he's been out a fishing this three days, and was to a been home last night. I've been down to the shore three times to-day to see if his boat was in sight, but couldn't see nothin' of him."

"Well, aint you afraid he's lost?" said Bill.

"What? old Mike Newbegin, my old man, lost? No, not he. The wind always favours him when he gets ready to come home, let it be blowing which way 'twill. If it's blowing right dead ahead, and he pulls up anchor and starts for home, it will come round in five minutes and blow a fair wind till he gets clear into the harbour."

Here Asa whispered to Bill again, declaring his opinion that the old woman was a witch, if nothing worse, and proposing to leave the house and seek shelter for the night somewhere else. But Bill resolutely opposed all propositions of the kind, and Asa, being too timid to go alone, was compelled to stay and make the best of it."

"Well, come, old lady," said Bill, "you can give us a berth to lay down and take a nap till morning."

"Why, yes," said the old woman, "there's room enough in 'tother room. If anybody wants to sleep, I always let 'em, though, for my part, I can't see what good it does 'em. I think it's throwing away time. I don't think there's any need of anybody's sleeping more than once or twice a week, and then not more than an hour at once; an hour of sleep is as good as a month at any time."

This strange doctrine about sleep caused Asa's knees to tremble worse than ever, as he followed Bill and Jonathan into the other room, where they found a mattress of straw and some blankets, and laid down to rest. Bill and Jonathan soon fell into a comfortable snore, but Asa thought if there was no sleep for Mother Newbegin there was none for him. At least he felt little inclined to trust himself asleep in the house while she was awake. Accordingly he turned and rolled from side to side, for two long hours, but could get no rest. He sat up in bed. By a crack under the door he perceived there was a faint light still glimmering in the other room. He walked softly towards the door and listened. He could occasionally hear the catlike footsteps of the old woman paddling across the floor. Once he thought she came close to the door, and he drew back lightly on his tip-toes to the bedside. He wondered how Bill and Jonathan could sleep so quietly, and stepping to the other side of the room, he seated himself on a chest by a low window containing three panes of seven by nine glass, the

rest of the space being filled up with boards. Here he sat revolving over in his mind the events of the day, and of the night thus far, and more and more wishing himself safely at home, money or no money. The night was still dark and gloomy, but he could now and then see a star as he looked from the little window, and—

Off to the east his weary eyes he cast,
And wished the lingering dawn would glimmer forth at last.

And at last it did glimmer forth; and presently the grey twilight began to creep into the room, and trees, and bushes, and rocks, as he looked from the window, began to appear with distinctness. Asa roused his companions, and they prepared to sally forth for their day's enterprise. In leaving the house, they had to go through the room in which they had left Mother Newbegin when they retired. On entering this room they found the old woman appearing precisely as they had left her, gliding about like a spirit, apparently busy, though they could hardly tell what she was doing. She seemed a little surprised at their rising so early, and told them if they would wait half an hour she would have some breakfast for them. They gave her many thanks, but told her they had provisions with them, and, as their business was important, they must be moving.

"Ah, that money, that money," said the old woman shaking her head; "look out sharp, or Old Nick will make a supper of one of you to-night."

The party left the house and started for the little harbour. Asa seemed rather wild at this last remark of the old woman, and looked back over his shoulder as they departed, till they had gone several rods from the house. When they reached the harbour, they found the boat and all things as they had left them, and proceeded forthwith to commence the important work of the day. They set their compass at high-water mark at the highest point of the harbour, and took a rod pole and measured off half a mile from that point due south. They then set their compass at this place and measured off fifty rods due east. And here they found the blue stone, as described in the "documents" which Bill Stanwood had received from the pirate. The eyes of the whole party brightened as they came to it.

"There 'tis," said Bill, "so fur, exact as I told you, aint it?"

"Yes, fact, to a hair's breadth," said Jonathan,

"Well, now if you can get the fifteen rods brandy-way, you'll find the rest jest as I told you," said Bill.

They then measured off fifteen rods from the blue stone in various directions, and set up little stakes, forming a sort of circle round the stone at fifteen rods distance from it.

"Now," said Jonathan, "I'll take my mineral rod and walk round on this ring, and if the money is here I shall find the spot."

He then took his green crotched witch-hazel bough, and holding the top ends of the twigs in his hand, so that the part where they joined would point upward, began his mysterious march round the circle, while Bill and Asa walked, one on each side of him, at a little distance, and watched the mineral rod. Sometimes it would seem to incline a little one way, and sometimes a little the other, but nothing very remarkable occurred until they had gone about three-quarters round the circle, when the rod seemed to be agitated somewhat violently, and began to bend perceptibly towards the ground, and at last it bent directly downwards.

"There," said Jonathan, "do you see that? My gracious, how strong it pulls! Here's the place for bargains; drive down a stake."

"I swear," said Asa, "I never see the like of that before. I begin to think there's something in it now."

"Something in it!" said Bill Stanwood, slapping his

hands together; "didn't I tell you if we could only find the fifteen rods brandy way, I wouldn't thank King George to be my grandfather? Now, Mr. Rider, jest hand out your brandy bottle. We haven't had a drop to day; and since we've worked brandy-way so well your way, I should like now to work it in Asa's way a' little."

"I second that motion," said Asa, "for I'm as dry as a herrin."

They accordingly took a social drink of brandy and water, and drank health and success to him who should first hit the pot of money; and having sat down under a tree, and eaten a hearty meal from their basket, they returned to Mother Newbegin's to prepare for the labours of the coming night. They brought from their boat three shovels, a pickaxe, and a crowbar. The old woman eyed these preparations askance, and as she turned away, Asa thought he could discern on her features the deep workings of a suppressed laugh. The afternoon wore away slowly, for they were impatient to behold their treasures; and twice they walked to the spot, which was to be the scene of their operations, to consult and decide on the details to be observed. They concluded, in order to be sure of hitting the pots, it would be best to make their excavation at least ten or twelve feet in diameter, and in order to afford ample time to get down to them at about midnight, they decided to commence operations soon after dark.

"And now, about not speaking after we begin to dig," said Bill; "how shall we work it about that? for you know if one of us happens to speak a word, the jig is up with us."

"I think the safest way would be," said Asa, "to cut our tongues out, and then we shall be sure not to speak. However, whether we cut our tongues out or not, if you won't speak, I'll promise you I won't; for I've no idea of giving the old feller a chance to carry me off, I can tell you."

"Well," said Jonathan, "I guess we better tie some handkerchiefs tight round our mouths, as my wife said, and we can't be so likely to forget ourselves."

This arrangement was finally concluded upon, and they returned to the house. That night they took supper with Mother Newbegin, and endeavoured, by paying her a liberal sum for the meal, and by various acts of courtesy, to secure her good graces. She seemed more social than she had been before, and even, at times, a sort of benevolent expression beamed from her countenance, which caused Asa to pluck up a comfortable degree of courage. But when it became dark, and they shouldered their tools to depart, the old woman fixed her sharp eyes upon them with such a wild sort of a look, that Asa began to cringe and edge along towards the door, and when she added, with a grave shake of the head, that they had better look out sharp, or the Old Nick would have them before morning, his knees trembled, and he once more wished himself at home.

The party arrived at the spot. And first, according to previous arrangements, they tied handkerchiefs over their mouths. They then measured a circle round the stake, of twelve feet in diameter, and took their shovels and commenced throwing out the earth. The night was still and calm, and though the atmosphere was not perfectly clear, the starlight was sufficient to enable them to pursue their labours with facility. They soon broke ground over the whole area which they had marked out, and diligently, shovelful by shovelful, they raised the gravelly soil and threw it beyond the circle. In half an hour they had sunk their whole shaft nearly two feet, and were getting along so far quite comfortably, with bright hopes and tolerably quiet nerves. No sound broke upon the stillness around them, save the sound of their own shovels against the stones and

gravel, and the distant roar of the chafing ocean. But at this moment there rose a wild and powerful wind, which brushed down upon them like a tornado. The trees bent and quivered before it, the leaves flew, and dust and gravel and light substances on the ground, were whirled into the air, and carried aloft and abroad with great rapidity. Among the rest, Asa Sampson's straw hat was snatched from his head and flew away like a bird in the air. Asa dropt his shovel, and sprang from the pit, and gave chase with all his might. After following it about fifty rods, it touched the ground, and he had the good fortune to catch it. He returned to his companions, whom he found standing awe-struck, holding their own hats on, and rubbing the dust from their eyes. It was but a few minutes, however, before the extreme violence of the wind began to abate and they were enabled to pursue their labours. Still the wind was wild and gusty. They had never known it to act so strangely, or to cut up such mad pranks before. Sometimes it would be blowing strongly in one direction, and in one minute it would change and blow as powerfully in the other; and sometimes it would whisk round and round them like a whirlwind, making the gravel they had thrown out fly like hailstones. Black, heavy and angry looking clouds kept floating by, and sometimes they heard the distant rumbling of thunder. They had never seen such clouds before. They appeared to them like huge living animals, that glared at them, as they flew over, with a hundred eyes. Asa sometimes thought they looked like monstrous great sea-turtles, and he fancied he could see huge legs and claws extending from their sides; and once he was just on the point of exclaiming to his companions, and telling them to look out, or that monstrous turtle would hit them with his claw as he went over; but the handkerchief over his mouth checked him, and reminded him that he must not speak, and he only sank down close to the bank where he was digging. The clouds grew thicker and darker, but instead of adding to the darkness of the night, they seemed to emit a sort of broken, flickering twilight, sufficient to enable them to see the changes in each other's countenances, and to behold objects rather indistinctly at some rods' distance. Each perceived that the others were pale and trembling, and each endeavoured, by signs and gestures, and plying his shovel with firmness and resolution, to encourage his fellows to perseverance.

It was now about eleven o'clock, and having measured the depth they had gone they found it to be good four feet. One foot more would bring them to the money; and they fell to work with increased vigour. At this moment a heavy crash of thunder broke over their heads, and big drops of rain began to spatter down. Though nearly stunned by the report, they recovered in a minute and pursued their labours. The rain increased rapidly, and now began to pour down almost in one continued sheet. Although the earth below them was loose and open, and drank in the water very fast, still so powerfully did the rain continue to descend that in a short time they found it standing six inches round their feet. One of them now took a pail and dipped out water, while the others continued to shovel gravel. Their resolution seemed to increase in proportion to the obstacles they met, and gravel and water were thrown out in rapid succession. The force of the rain soon began to abate, and they would in a short time have accomplished the other foot of digging, had not the loose soil on the sides of the shaft begun to come in by means of the wet, and accumulate at the bottom faster than they could throw it out. Several times it gained upon them, in this way, to the depth of some inches. While they were battling with this difficulty, and looking up at the bank to see where it would

come in next, a tremendously great black dog came and stood upon the brink, and opened his deep red jaws, and began to bark with terrific power. They shrank back from the hideous animal, and raised their shovels to fright him off; but a second thought told them they had better let him alone and stick to their work.

They measured their depth again, and found it in some places four feet and a half, and in others almost five. They again plied their shovels with all diligence, and as they stepped to and fro at their work, that deep-mouthed dog kept up his deafening bark, and leaping round the verge of the pit, and keeping on the side nearest them, whenever they approached the side to throw out a shovelful of earth, he would spring and snap at their heads like a hungry lion. Asa seized the pickaxe, partly with a view of defending himself against the dog, and partly for the purpose of striking it down to see if he could hit the pots. He commenced driving the sharp point of it into the earth, passing round from one side of the pit to the other, till at last he hit a solid stone; and striking round for some distance they perceived the stone was large and flat. Bill and Jonathan made their shovels fly and soon began to lay the surface of the stone bare. They noticed when they first struck the stone that the dog began to bark with redoubled fierceness, and as they proceeded to uncover it, he seemed to grow more and more enraged. As he did not jump down into the pit, however, they continued to keep out of his reach and pursue their work. Having laid the stone bare, and dug the earth away from the edges, they found it to be smooth and flat, about four feet square, and six or eight inches in thickness. They got the crow-bar under one side, and found they could pry it up. They gradually raised it about six inches, and putting something under to hold it, they began, by means of a stick, to explore the cavity beneath it. In moving the stick round amongst the loose sand under the stone, they soon felt four hard round substances, which they were sure must be the four iron pots. Presently they were enabled to rattle the iron covers, which gave a sound that could not be mistaken. At last they got the stick under one of the covers and shoved it into the pot, and they heard the jingle of money. Each one took hold of the stick and tried it; there was no mistake; they all poked the money with the stick, and they all heard it jingle. All that now remained was to remove the great stone. It was very heavy, but they seized it with resolute determination, and all got hold on one side with the intention of turning it up on the edge. They lifted with all their might, and were but just able to start it. They however made out to raise it slowly till they could rest it a little on their knees, where it became stationary. It seemed doubtful whether they would possibly be able to raise it on the edge, and it seemed almost equally difficult to let it down without crushing their own feet. To add to their embarrassment, the dog was barking and snapping more fiercely than ever, and seemed just upon the point of springing upon them. At this critical moment a person came up to the edge of the pit, and bid the dog "get out." The dog was hushed, and drew back.

"I say, neighbours," continued the stranger, "shall I give you a lift there?"

"Yes, quick," said Asa, "I can't hold on another minute." The stranger jumped down behind them and put his hand against the stone. In a moment the ponderous weight of the stone was changed to the lightness of a dry pine board, and it flew out of the pit, carrying the three money-liggers with it, head over heels, to the distance of two rods.

They picked themselves up speedily as they could, and ran for their lives towards the house. When they arrived they found Mother Newbegin up, as usual, and trotting

about the room. They called to her and begged her to open the door as quick as possible. As the old woman let them in, she fixed her sharp eyes upon them and exclaimed:

"Well, if you've got away alive you may thank me for it. I've kept the Bible open for you, and a candle burning before it ever since you left the house, and I knew while the candle was shining on the Bible for you he couldn't touch you."

They were too much agitated to enter into conversation on the subject, and being exceedingly exhausted, they laid down to rest, but not to sleep. The night passed wearily away, and morning came. The weather was clear and pleasant, and after taking some refreshments they concluded to repair again to the scene of their labours, and see if the money was still there and could be obtained. Asa was very reluctant to go, "He didn't believe there was a single dollar left." But Bill Stanwood was resolute. *Go he would.* Jonathan said "he might as well die one way as another, for he never should dare to go home again without carrying his wife's new gown and morocco shoes."

So, after due consultation, they started again for the money-hole. On arriving there, they found their tools and the general appearance of the place just as they had left them. There was the great flat stone, lying about two rods from the pit. And on looking into the pit, they observed, under the place where the stone had laid, four large round holes in the sand, all of which were much stained with iron rust. They got down and examined the place. There had evidently been iron vessels there; but they were gone, money and all.

"Come," said Asa, "this place smells rather too strong of brimstone; let us be going."

THE END.

MESMERISM, YCLEPT HYPNOTISM.

It is recorded of Jesus of Nazareth, who though not a regularly qualified physician was nevertheless a successful healer of disease, that on one occasion, while in the midst of a crowd, he was unconsciously instrumental in the cure of a disorder concerning which he was entirely ignorant; nor did he even know his patient nor the healing influences of his magnetic force until "he perceived that *virtue* had gone out of him"; that is to say, until, as a magnetic healer, he had experienced the withdrawal of a certain *energy, efficacy or power* from his physical organism which effected the normal removal of a distemper which had for many years afflicted a kindred organization.

I commence this article for *Home Knowledge* by the introduction of this incident written in the Gospels, because, in my judgment, it is a simple narrative which expounds not the manifestation of any miraculous or supernatural power specially characteristic of personal attributes exclusively belonging to the founder of the Christian religion, but an illustration of the healing influences which naturally belong to all healthy organizations when brought *en rapport* by the subtle laws of magnetic attraction with disease and suffering in other persons. What Patrick Henry calls "the lamp of experience" is a wonderful guide and teacher, breaking down all obstacles in the attainment of knowledge, and therefore a mighty factor in forwarding the invincible march of progress. I have found this to be the case in the course of thirty years' public ministry as a clergyman in England and America.

In 1857 I was travelling from London to Birkenhead, of which place I was then the curate, and on entering a first-class carriage of an express train I found a gentleman and his wife with a lovely child who appeared to be in the last

stage of consumption, and whose eyes manifested a brilliancy of a most startling character. This child, about ten years of age, sat on pillows between the father and mother, and continued, with a fixed gaze, to observe me very attentively. I could see that she was suffering intensely. Soon the sad story of her illness was disclosed by the mother, who concluded by informing me that the child was dying for want of sleep. The parents had brought her up to London for medical advice, and they were then returning to their home in Liverpool. As we became more familiar, I fondled the child, who was desirous of leaving her pillows to sit in my lap. I took her in my arms, and, being impressed with a strong and tender yearning to do her some good, and if possible ease her pain, I stroked her beautiful hair and kissed her, when she gently returned my caresses. Using all my will-power as an expert mesmerist, within the space of ten minutes she fell fast asleep, and the mother exclaimed, "Thank God!" while the father looked at me with astonishment, and said, "Oh! sir, this placid and gentle slumber is a message of mercy and hope to our stricken hearts; she is our only child, and has had no sleep for a week. The London doctors have told us that unless she gets sleep she will die."

I answered: "You may calm your minds; this child will now sleep for at least twenty-four hours, and longer if needed."

The father then asked me: "Is she mesmerized?"

I replied, "Yes. When I entered this carriage she gazed so intently upon me, and so continuously, that, by her own effort, she became partially hypnotized; the process is now complete, and she is enjoying the sweets of magnetic sleep. She is mesmerized."

I then placed the child on the pillows in an inclined and easy position, and continued my conversation with my new-made friends, who were ready to grasp at any hope for their darling. The mother became afraid of our talking lest the child should be disturbed. I said: "You need not fear; no physician could now awake her without using remedies that would probably kill her; rest satisfied she is peacefully sleeping. I will satisfy you that you need not fear." She inquired: "How?" "She shall speak to you herself and describe her condition." I then gently told the child to speak to her mother and calm her fears. After a few moments the child did so, and told her not to be afraid, that she heard my voice, that she was without pain, and at perfect rest, "but only a little *too much asleep*."

Having relieved this intensity of sleep, our journey was brought to an end, the child still sleeping and occasionally answering my questions while being removed to her home. I called next day and found her still asleep. I gradually took her out of this magnetic coma very much refreshed. Suffice it to say that from that time she gradually, by no other treatment than the mesmeric sleep, became completely restored to health, and subsequently both parents and child often visited "The Workmen's Church" in Birkenhead, of which I was then the pastor.

Mesmerism, or animal magnetism, is a name given to an art, by the practice of which the vital principle existing in human beings may be transferred from healthy organizations to those that are diseased. It is a curative agent existing in nature and forming an essential element in the human constitution. It varies in degree in different persons, and in this respect is like all other physical and mental gifts. Its origin is probably coeval with creation itself, and began to manifest itself as soon as the process of evolution provided suitable media through which its force materializes. This is the subtle and invisible force flowing through appropriate organic forms which produces in nature

such beautiful and varied phenomena, and which communicates growth to the simplest form of vegetation and life to the smallest insect as well as to the most perfect formation of organic matter, viz., the human form.

This same subtle force has been known in past ages by different names, and gave power to the witchcraft of ancient as well as modern times. The sorcerers of India used it to accomplish those marvels which have puzzled and astonished the world. The Gypsies scattered throughout the European civilization, like the witches in the days of the Puritans, have been persecuted because of their power to control this natural factor in their own interests. The horrible penal statutes against these harmless wanderers continued in force in England for centuries, and were only repealed in 1783, when the science of animal magnetism began to be recognized, and the monstrous paradox of penal enactments against the beneficent action of natural law became somewhat conspicuous.

The physician from whose name the designation "mesmerism" is derived was born at Wieler, in Germany, and has written several treatises on the science. He travelled through Germany, Bavaria, Switzerland, and Swabia, performing many wonderful cures, until his great fame reached the French Metropolis, which he entered in 1778, where he demonstrated by his marvellous skill in animal magnetism the truth of his theory of the existence of a magnetic force under the control of the operator's will-power.

Thousands flocked to hear and see this remarkable man, and became his disciples, hailing the discovery of this natural curative agent as a panacea for the removal of almost every disease. Not a few went so far in their wild enthusiasm as to accept it as a means of restoring youth and invigorating age. Another class of enthusiasts, losing all balance of thought at the extraordinary phenomena and exceptional cures which they witnessed, attributed to this power a supernatural agency; and the extremely superstitious did not hesitate to affirm that it was diabolical.

The late Sir John Forbes, M.D., in his remarkable work entitled "Nature and Art in the Cure of Disease," says: "Diseases have been treated mainly as if nature had little or nothing to do in their cure, and art almost everything; a principle so false, adopted as a ground of action, could not fail to be the source of the gravest doctrinal errors, with practical results of the most deplorable character."

The writer of this article when lecturing in the city of Gloucester, England, before a number of physicians, clergymen, and students, succeeded in mesmerising the son of a surgeon who was present, and who had expressed a decided antagonism to mesmerism. I invited him on the platform to test, while under the mesmeric influence, his son's insensibility to pain, which he did by the insertion of a lancet under the quick of a finger nail, and other means. He became satisfied that the young man was, by the mesmeric process, placed in a cataleptic condition. By a few passes this condition was removed, and the young man, by the operator's will, told the audience that his own father was not his father but a black man. The genuineness of both the physical and mental experiments altered the surgeon's estimate of mesmerism as a curative agent. It is, however, in its relation to health and disease that its practical usefulness becomes apparent.

Disease has been treated as if it were a distinctive substance which needed to be subdued, dissolved, and cast out of the system. It is not a term easy of definition from a professional standpoint, and yet common sense describes it in three words, viz., absence of health, or, in more extended form, it is deranged action of the normal functions of the organism. Now, if disease be perverted action, it can only

be cured by restoring the organic system to its normal condition, for, as already defined, disease being the absence of health, so health is the absence of disease in our organic economy.

It is therefore a mistake to suppose that morbid growths, inflammatory swellings, depraved secretions constitute disease. These are its effects and some of the evidence of its presence; they are symptoms, results. The disease itself is the deranged action of organic functions which produce such results.

The different opinions held by noted physiologists regarding the *modus operandi* of the nervous system require here a passing notice, and as a question of fact, no matter what may be the individual theory held, the motive influence of the nervous system remains still a question of medical speculation. These opinions are somewhat indefinite, but are practically reduced to three modes of action, viz.: that of change of condition, nervous energy, or a subtile fluid, with a common acceptance of the fact that all organic action is dependent on a motive influence derived from the nervous system. It is also conceded that this motive influence originates in the brain, and that the millions of nerves distributed throughout the body act as its conductors, and also that upon this motive influence the actions of the body depend. Now it seems also conclusive that the organic condition or state described as healthy or diseased will likewise depend upon the proper distribution of this motive influence, whether it be a nervous energy, a subtile fluid, or a change of condition.

When this force is duly distributed through the appropriate nerve channels or conductors the result will be health, because, being carried along these tiny but well-constructed avenues, viz., the nerves of sensation and voluntary motion, it gives the requisite capacity of sensation and voluntary locomotion; and also flowing along the ganglionic nerves it gives regulation to the two great processes on which life depends.

The foregoing general abstract of the actual working of the human organization clearly points to the existence of a refined or very subtile force or magnetic current which gives to mesmerism its other and somewhat clearer designation, viz., "Animal Magnetism." This influence the magnetist knows to be the servant of the mind and, within natural limitations, under the control of volition or will-power; but it likewise acts under certain conditions without any appreciable exercise of personal volition, as in the Gospel narrative with which this article opens, and the one following it drawn from the personal experience of the writer as a medical mesmerist. The reader is requested to contrast the leading characteristics of these narratives with the descriptive representation of the working of our organic economy as generally accepted by the best medical authorities, when it will be seen that mesmerism as a curative agent can not be intelligently ignored, and must be, by all who would undertake the cure of disease with any hope of success, recognized as a factor in the God-given art of healing.

The hypnotic state simply indicates the initiatory sleep of the mesmeric process, and absolutely fails to sufficiently or reasonably account for the more striking and exceptional phenomena exhibited by the fully mesmerised subject.

What distinguishes hypnotism as a theory from mesmerism is the existence of a specific influence or effluence used by the mesmerist as a healer in the removal of disease, and involves a discussion of the varieties of power on the part of operators, and of susceptibility on the part of subjects, together with the facts of *cross-mesmerization* as well as the higher and more advanced phenomena of the mesmeric art. Such considerations must be reserved for future considera-

tion; but the writer will be glad to answer inquiries on the subject which may be forwarded to the editor.—Charles P. McCarthy, in *Home Knowledge*.

THE ELK AT BAY.

ONE of the inconveniences—as it constituted also one of the excitements—of this sport was, that you were liable at any moment to come upon game that you were not looking for, and did not want to find. I remember upon one occasion, after listening to the music of the dogs in the distance, as they were apparently crossing some patch of open, to judge from the pace they were going, and after making up my mind as to the direction the elk was taking, and the pool in which he was likely to come to bay—for I knew the country well for miles round—making a rush by the only available path through the dense jungle, and coming suddenly upon the stern of an elephant taking his midday siesta; at least I presumed, from his motionless attitude that he was dozing, and I was thankful for it. He was standing in the narrow path, and completely blocked it up. I was so near him that I could have pulled his tail, had I felt inclined to be impertinent; as it was, the only course open to me was a strategic movement to the rear. The jungle was so thick that it was impossible to turn him without attracting his attention; and, under the circumstances, it seemed a pity to disturb his noon-day dreams. As he was quite alone, he was probably a "rogue" or "must" elephant; and in that case my chances of escape, should he happen to detect me, would have been small. I felt compelled even to deny myself the pleasure of trying to get a glimpse of his head and face. His huge hindquarters towered above me as fixed and motionless as though they had been carved in stone. After staring at them for a minute or two, and turning the situation over in my mind, I retired stealthily, and on tip-toe; and the result was, that before I could strike another path in the desired direction, the sound of the chase had died away.

However, I made steadily for my pool, and as I approached it, knew from the changed notes of the hounds, that what I anticipated had occurred. The elk was standing on the edge of a fall some twenty or thirty feet high, with a part of the pack squatting on their haunches in a semicircle, barking at him, but afraid to go in at him; one foolhardy young cur had apparently been rash enough to venture too near, and got an ugly gash for his pains, which he was now licking disconsolately. The rest of the pack with the seizing hounds and their owner, had apparently gone off upon some other scent, for they were nowhere to be seen, so I had all the fun to myself. No sooner did I appear upon the scene than the elk made a bound, and plunged over the cataract into the pool below. It was a dark, deep-looking hole, some twenty yards in diameter, and here he began to swim about, apparently uninjured. The pack, declining to follow him in his leap, ran round, and jumping in from below, were soon all swimming about him, giving tongue and snapping prudently at his stern. As he apparently shrank from the shallow-water, and kept swimming about the centre, there was nothing for it but to go in after him. So, putting my knife between my teeth, I swam out to him.

When one is young and excited the idea that animals suffer pain does not seem to occur to one; at all events, I look back to my performance upon that occasion with a certain feeling of disgust. The picture of the fine animal, with his head and magnificent antlers thrown back, his eyeballs staring, and his tongue half out, rises before me as vividly as if it were yesterday; but I cannot remember the

details of that horrible struggle. I know that it lasted a long time; that more than once I had to swim ashore and rest; that the waters of the pool were tinged with blood from the repeated stabs I gave the poor beast, for it was difficult, while swimming, to strike a vital spot with sufficient force for it to be fatal; that the dogs, in their excitement, were very apt to mistake me for the elk; that, finally, we all came tumbling into the shallow water together, and that there I dispatched him—a splendid animal of unusual size. I have had several encounters with elk at bay, and more than once seen dogs receive such severe wounds that they have died of them, so savagely has the elk fought; but none of them were so exciting as this—perhaps because I was alone.—*Laurence Oliphant, in Episodes in a Life of Adventure.*

SHORT STORIES.

THE writer of short stories, having to condense in a few pages the events of a whole lifetime, and the effect on his own mind of many various volumes, is bound, above all things, to make that condensation logical and striking, for the only justification of his writing at all is that he shall present a brief, reasoned and memorable view. By the necessity of the case, all the more neutral circumstances are omitted from his narrative; and that of itself, by the negative exaggeration of which I have spoken in the text, lends to the matter in hand a certain false and specious glitter. By the necessity of the case, again he is forced to view his subject throughout in a particular illumination, like a studio artifice. Like Hales with Pepys, he must nearly break his sitter's neck to get the proper shadows on the portrait. It is from one side only that he has time to represent his subject. The side selected will either be the one most striking to himself, or the one most obscured by controversy; and in both cases that will be the one most liable to strained and sophisticated reading. In a biography, this and that is displayed; the hero is seen at home playing the flute; the different tendencies of his work come, one after another, into notice; and thus something like a true, general impression of the subject may at last be struck. But in the short study, the writer having seized his "point of view," must keep his eye steadily to that. He seeks, perhaps, rather to differentiate than truly to characterize. The proportions of the sitter must be sacrificed to the proportions of the portrait; the lights are heightened, the shadows overcharged, the chosen expressions continually forced, may degenerate at length into a grimace; and we have at best something of a caricature, at worst a calumny. Hence, if they be readable at all, and hang together by their own ends, the peculiar convincing force of these brief representations. They take so little a while to read, and yet in that little while the subject is so repeatedly introduced in the same light and with the same expression, that by sheer force of repetition, that view is imposed upon the reader. The two English masters of the style, Macaulay and Carlyle, largely exemplify its dangers. Carlyle, indeed, had so much more depth and knowledge of the heart, his portraits of mankind are felt and rendered with so much more poetic comprehension, and he, like his favourite Ram Dass, had a fire in his belly so much more hotly burning than the patent reading lamp by which Macaulay studied, that it seems on first sight hardly fair to bracket them together. But the "point of view" was imposed by Carlyle on the men he judged of in his writings with an austerity not only cruel but almost stupid. They are too often broken outright on the Procrustean bed; they are probably always disfigured. The rhetorical artifice of Macaulay is easily spied; it will take longer to appreciate the moral

bias of Carlyle. So with all writers who insist on forcing some significance from all that comes before them; and the writer of short studies is bound, by necessity of the case, to write entirely in that spirit. What he cannot vivify he should omit.—*Robert Louis Stevenson, in Familiar Studies of Men and Books.*

STUART ROBSON'S MELANCHOLY.

THERE is a story told of some great comedian—Grimaldi, we think—who consulted a physician concerning the state of melancholy into which he had fallen. The physician who did not know his patient, after listening to his recital, advised him to go and see Grimaldi. "Alas," said the melancholy comedian, "I am Grimaldi."

Not long ago Stuart Robson ran across the anecdote for the first time. "Good snap!" cried Robson, "I'll try it on a doctor myself."

So he went to the office of a physician in the city where he chanced to be playing, to consult him about his melancholy. Robson is far from being a melancholy man himself, though many people consider him to be a very melancholy specimen of an actor. They can't see any more real fun in him than in a brass monkey. Among this class was the physician whom the eccentric comedian consulted.

"You are afflicted with melancholy, are you?" said the doctor, regarding his unknown caller closely.

"Yes," said Robson, putting on an expression that Barrett habitually wears in the most dejected of his impersonations, "I am the most—miserable—of men."

"You look like it," said the doctor.

"Nothing—amuses me; nothing—makes me laugh."

"Hum," mused the physician, tapping his forehead with his finger thoughtfully. All physicians tap their foreheads with their finger, although it often happens that nothing comes out.

"Ever go to the theatre?" he finally asked.

("Now, it is coming," thought Robson, a gleam of expectant triumph lighting up his melancholy for an instant; "wonder what Crane will say to this?") Then he said aloud:

"The theatre? I never—go—to the theatre—when I can help it."

"But you should go occasionally. It will divert you and do you good. Go when there is something funny, though. You want nothing sad or solemn. Now there is an actor playing here now—a comedian, he calls himself—Stuart Robson."

"Yes (eagerly), I've heard of him."

"For God's sake keep away from him. He's the worst in the business. To see him play is enough to drive a sane, cheerful man to the madhouse. I saw him the other night and I've been melancholy ever since."

Robson didn't stay to hear any more, but grabbing his hat he incontinently fled.

A PARABLE FOR HUSBANDS.

As a reward for her twenty-five years of slave-like labour on his farm he had taken his wife to a circus.

When the lemonade man came around, the old lady looked wistfully toward it and said to this champion mean man:—

"That's lem'nade, ain't it, paw?"

"I reckon so," said paw. "Jest look at them elephants, maw."

"It looks like it might be right good," said ma, her eyes still fixed on the lemonade.

"Looks air deceivin', maw; and the best o' lem'nade made ain't fit stuff to put into one's stummicks."
 "I've heerd it was healthy, paw."
 "Well, it ain't; it's—jest see that fool clown!"
 "I'm mighty dry, paw."
 "Well, the show won't last more'n an hour longer, I reckon, an' then we'll hunt up a good well."

VACCINATION.

FOR a time Jenner's discovery was bitterly opposed by the profession; and even some of those who adopted it claimed that inoculation directly from the *grease* of the horse into the human body was as protective as that which passed through the cow. Then came the claim that the virus taken from the person inoculated with the cow-pox could be used to protect other persons; and, as the symptoms thus produced were less severe than direct inoculation from the cow, this method of vaccination soon became the prevailing one. At first, however, it was considered necessary to have recourse to the cow for a fresh supply of virus every few years; but even this was soon regarded as unnecessary, and so the practice of vaccination from arm to arm was almost universally relied upon as a preventive of small-pox for half a century.

At first all agreed with Jenner that one vaccination protected a person for life against small-pox; this, however, was soon found to be untrue. Then one thorough vaccination in infancy and one after puberty were deemed necessary. This also proved a delusion. Its advocates next advised the practice to be repeated at maturity. Then it was thought necessary that it should be repeated every seven years; and now, to insure perfect immunity, it is claimed that every one should be vaccinated every two or three years.

As the question now stands, it is impossible to ascertain what constitutes effective vaccination. In every country where it is practiced, the profession is divided respecting the merits of humanized and bovine virus. One party claims that vaccination from arm to arm is more certain, and that it can do no harm. The other contends that it does not protect, and that numerous diseases are communicated thereby, while they claim that the calf virus is certain and harmless. The calf virus that is used in America, as well as in Europe, was first obtained by inoculation from the spontaneous cow-pox, and Jenner declared that this would not protect against small-pox. Again, some have advocated the inoculation of a cow with small-pox virus to obtain a supply of vaccine virus, while others claim that this only spreads the small-pox.

The truth is that no two physicians agree as to what constitutes effective vaccination; whatever way we look at the question it is certain that none of the methods now employed correspond with the discovery of Jenner; and the time is not far distant when all will be rejected.

Had Jenner been a conscientious searcher after truth he never would have asserted, six years after he commenced his investigations, that the vaccine disease "for ever after secured against the infection of small-pox." Had he been a real scientist he would never have invented new theories to account for every failure in the results of his investigations, at least till a sufficient number of years had elapsed to prove the general truth of his assertion. Had he discovered any actual scientific truth, it would have come down to us precisely as he gave it to the public in 1798.

The great popular dread of small-pox was such at Jenner's time that anything that promised protection from it would have been accepted. Thus the medical profession,

many of whom were opposed to it, soon found it to their interest to accept vaccination, and thus it became rooted in the ignorance and prejudice of the people, and ignorance and cupidity have since combined to uphold it.

It requires but a casual glance to see the similarity of the claims of the methods of Jenner and Pasteur, yet doctors and laymen will uphold the one as proven fact and condemn the other as unworthy of consideration.

"Does not vaccination prevent small-pox?" we are asked. We answer, No! Improved sanitary conditions and the removal of small-pox patients before the stage of contagion develops, have prevented small-pox, and vaccination gets all the credit. Vaccination alone has never been tried; those who are vaccinated are more afraid of catching small-pox than those who have not been vaccinated. Statistics have been falsified as a pretext of continuing this monster fallacy in the interests of those who make money out of it, or are too conservative to investigate the truth for themselves.

"Are not all the leading men in the medical profession believers in vaccination?" we are again asked. Not all. A brilliant array of names are recorded as opposed to vaccination *in toto*, while Huxley, Spencer, Newman, Gladstone, and a host of other leading scientists and thinkers have expressed themselves as in doubt, but unequivocally opposed to any form of compulsory vaccination. But numbers prove nothing in such a case in the face of facts. All doctors refused to give water to fever patients till a comparatively recent date, but now all admit they were wrong. Blood-letting was believed to be the only safety in the treatment of many diseases, but the "cranks" proved the practice wrong, and the doctors were obliged to give up their lancets. Dr. Morton was cast into prison and accused of witchcraft by the doctors of Boston for demonstrating that ether would destroy sensibility to pain, and that, too, as late as 1848; but to-day the civilized world recognizes the discovery of the anæsthetic properties of ether as one of the greatest blessings ever given to mankind. And we fully believe that we will live to see the day when the medical profession will blush for the ignorance that so long upheld the fallacy of vaccination—that remnant of the fetichism of a past age.

WALT WHITMAN said recently that he had never received any "nourishment" from any American poetry, nor from any contemporaneous foreign poetry. The only poetry that had nourished him was Sir Walter Scott's Border minstrelsy, particularly Sir Walter's memoranda of interviews with old Scotsmen and Scotswomen respecting the folk-lore of their earlier days. The folk-lore of witchcraft was especially interesting to him. But he found the Bible to be his best book of poetry, and he never travelled without a copy of it, nor passed a day at home without reading it. His views as to personal immortality became clearer as he grew older, and in no sense of the term did he regard himself as an agnostic. While Mr. Whitman was speaking, two bright boys were clambering up his knees and embracing his snowy head. They called him "Uncle Walt," and he kissed them passionately. They are his favourite playmates when he is visiting this city. Though the venerable poet's mind is in an entirely normal condition, he is unable to walk across the room without assistance. Several painters are painting his portrait, and he declares himself as very rarely suited; in fact, as harder to please in this matter than he was twenty-five years ago.—*The Interior*.

THE Goethe Society has decided to put Goethe's father's house in Frankfurt into the same condition in which Goethe knew it.

Titles of Books.

THE title of a novel is conventionally supposed to be a phrase condensing into a few words a suggestion of the hero, the plot, or some incident of the story. In reality this is not so. In their mad chase for recognition, many novelists, or more properly, writers of novels, have given to their work some puzzling sensational title, thinking in a blind superficial way that it will attract attention to the work by exciting curiosity. In these days when the cheap, catching and deceptive masquerade in titles has become so popular, the potency is lost by its very commonness, and the individuality of the book destroyed by assuming the gaudy uniform of works of inferior rank.

Prompted no doubt by high, honest motives, an English religious publishing house has started a *Penny Library* of the best fiction in order to kill sensational literature among boys and girls by developing a taste for stories of a higher moral and literary tone. Among the early announcements, however, are found three books of strangely sensational titles: *Gone*; *Three Times Tried*; and *Saved by the Skin of His Teeth*. If the plan is a brilliant attempt by strategy to betray the young boy into reading them, in the hope and delusion that the story is as exciting as the title, the scheme will not succeed. The principle is wrong, the idea cheap and petty, and warranted to mislead a wide-awake boy only once. If *Saved by the Skin of His Teeth* indicates the character of the story, the boy would probably be reformed more quickly if he did not read it. If it does not give the spirit of the book, it is not the proper title: either the inside or the outside should be changed for consistency's sake. To the young reader, prepared for that work by a diligent apprenticeship at Indian stories and road-agents' adventures, it would suggest—"Winsome Willy, the Boy Scout, as he leaned over the treacherous precipice, with no hold save the slippery, rain-soaked moss, seemed by an almost superhuman effort to support his body for a second, while with a giant's might he caught the beautiful Indian girl Table-gua from the angry, yawning waters." With such high enthusiastic expectations roused by the title, will not the reader feel disappointed, angered and aggrieved to find that it is only the story that "Herbert Jolly had been led away by evil companions who taught him to drink and steal, and when he was almost ready for the gallows, he reformed, and was thus saved by the skin of his teeth." The reaction from the expectation to the realization is too

strong for him, and the feeling that he has been cheated makes the boy give too little credit to the story he might have thoroughly enjoyed if the title had not led him to expect an exciting and thrilling story of magnificent villainy on a broad scale, instead of a narrative of prosaic, everyday naughtiness developed into unattractive crime.

Perhaps to some persons the title of a book is of trifling import. Dodging behind the ambush of proverbial philosophy, they say, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." But no name but "rose" can bring before the mind the combination of characteristics—colour, form, perfume, texture and velvety beauties—it represents. There is in a name more than any mere reasoning can elicit. Words have a living power of absorbing certain qualities, traits and meanings, which they ever retain. Some slang phrase of odd formation—some striking absurdity, but of no special meaning, passing from lip to lip, by some mysterious accretion gathers to itself a meaning which in a short time it seems nothing else in the language expresses so well. It is difficult to think of any Christian name abstractly, for the mind unconsciously brings with the name the average of the qualities of all our acquaintances bearing that name. The force of a name cannot always be passed over as a mere accident.

Perhaps there may be some law of relationship existing between the work and its name that the qualities necessary for writing a good novel play an equal part in making the title. It can hardly be a coincidence that all the noblest works of fiction to-day, all the classic novels, those that we read with ever-increasing interest and affection, have simple titles. The best ten novels of the world at a recent voting were pronounced to be: *Ivanhoe*, *Adam Bede*, *Romola*, *The Scarlet Letter*, *Les Misérables*, *David Copperfield*, *Henry Esmond*, *Wilhelm Meister*, *On the Heights*, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. These titles are simple, direct, and appropriate.

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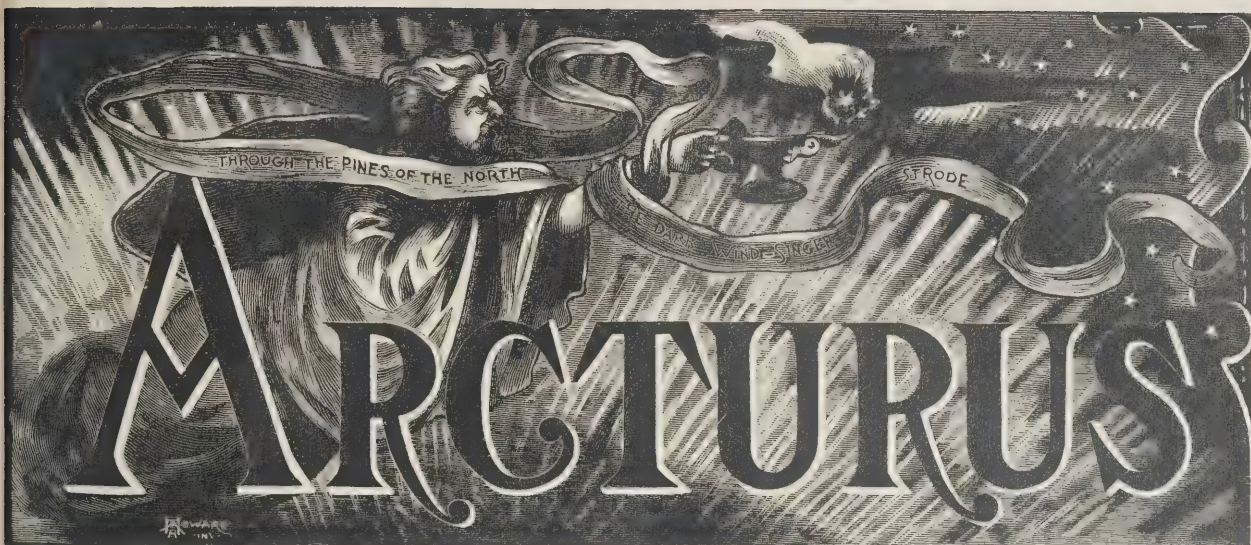
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VOL. 1. }
No. 24. }

Saturday, June 25th, 1887.

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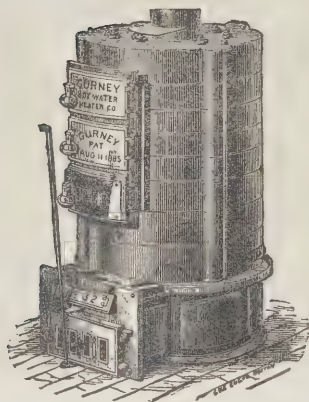
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A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

VOL. I. }
No. 24. }

Saturday, June 25th, 1887.

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PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

The publication of ARCTURUS ceases with the present number. Subscribers whose dues remain unpaid will confer a favour by remitting the sum of ONE DOLLAR by registered letter to

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Editorial Notes.

THE QUEBEC STRIKE.

WHATEVER importance may be attached to labour struggles by the parties interested, it is certain that only a languid interest is taken in them by the outside public. Even those most interested in political economy and the labour question are fully convinced that all strikes, lock-outs and other conflicts between capital and labour are mere episodes in the contest by which neither side can make any permanent gain. But while a solid gain is admittedly impossible, a material and permanent loss is by no means unlikely in the case of the pending strike of the Quebec ship labourers. They may permanently destroy the trade of the port as well as their own means of living, by making Quebec unpopular with vessel-owners, who have considerable latitude in selecting their ports of entry, and can form a very effective combination, against which merchants and shippers have practically no remedy.

THE LIBERAL LEADERSHIP.

As if the retirement of Mr. Blake were not trouble enough, the Liberal party has made a serious mistake in choosing his *locum tenens*. Mr. Laurier is an excellent speaker, and may prove a good tactician; but he is not equal in weight or ability to Sir Richard Cartwright, and the policy of putting forward a Frenchman because he is a Frenchman, and not because he is the best man for the place, will merely imply a continuance of the unfortunate policy of Mr. Blake on the Riel question. Sir Richard is entitled to the position, and the fact that he still carries the Free Trade flag ought not to interfere with his advancement. If he ever comes by succession to the dignity of leader of the party, he will have to build the party platform, and one of the planks in that platform must be either protection or free trade. Till that time arrives, Sir Richard's free trade principles cannot do the party any more harm than they have done already—which is a good deal.

THE NORTH-WEST.

THE murder of one of the police, rumours of trouble among the Indians on the boundary line, and the precautions against surprise adopted by white settlers in the North-West territories have created some apprehension that the rebellion of 1885 will be repeated on a larger scale; larger, that is, as far as Indian participation in it is concerned. But it is rather a hopeful sign that public attention has been early directed to what is going on, and that measures are being taken to prevent any probable mischief. The great danger of the rebellion in 1885 was owing to the fact that the authorities were totally unprepared for the outbreak, and quite unable to estimate its probable importance; and also that a nucleus of disaffected half-breeds was liable to form a rallying point for discontented Indians. All the conditions are altered now, and the country may fairly expect that the Indian rising, if one should occur, will be as easily put down as Big Bear's attempt at insurrection was ended after the half-breeds were crushed at Batoche.

WATER GAS.

THE many accidents that have lately happened to persons using water gas seem to call for some legislation on the subject in the interests of the public. Water gas is cheaper than coal gas, being made from coke and water only, and it is more easily purified; but a peculiar danger lurks in the fact that it contains a large amount of carbon monoxide, a more deadly poison than any of the ordinary constituents of coal gas, and having no disagreeable odour to give warning of its presence when it escapes. If the water gas companies were obliged by law to make their own coke, and to mix the gas obtained in the process with the water gas, the mixed gas would have sufficient odour to give warning of its presence when in dangerous quantity. At present the unfortunate gas consumers have their choice of paying an exorbitant price for coal gas, or of using a cheaper substitute at the risk of their lives. Legislatures are very slow to interfere with vested interests, and we may have to wait for the general use of electricity as a remedy for the evil.

A REPLETE EXCHEQUER.

THE United States Republic is suffering just now from the most unique plethora known in the history of taxation—a superabundance of money in the treasury, and a want of constitutional means of spending it. It is of course unwise to take more money out of the pockets of the community than the needs of government demand, but the means of reducing taxation are not far to seek. To lower the customs tariff would not only defeat protection, which is a settled principle in their fiscal policy, but it would certainly increase the revenue by encouraging foreign importations. Obviously, then, the principle of protection must be pushed to its logical conclusion by raising the tariff on every article of home production till it becomes absolutely prohibitive, and thus ceases to afford any revenue at all. We are then likely to see an interesting experiment in the matter of tariffs—one of Bacon's "extreme instances," in which the principle of protection will undergo a test to which it has probably never before been submitted so thoroughly. This continent has seen many experiments in popular legislation, and many more are still in progress, but this one, which will probably soon be on trial, will rank among the highest in interest and importance. It will be very likely to disturb the balance of trade with Europe, and may lead to some startling and wholly unexpected developments.

BRITISH DEFENCES.

It is the custom in England to have periodically what is called a "scare." A little harmless French bombast produced one in 1859, and the result was the Volunteer movement. The German victories in 1870 and the publication of the "Battle of Dorking" produced another, and the result was seen in a radical modification of recruiting and organizing the Army. Lord Randolph Churchill is now trying very hard to produce another by proclaiming that all the British fortresses that guard the foreign dependencies are practically defenceless, and that the Navy is a mere sham. If Lord Randolph were looked upon as an unimpeachable authority, or even a candid one, his assertions would indeed produce a "scare"; but it is probable that most people will look upon him simply as a disappointed politician in search of a ladder to aid him in again reaching office. It is indeed sincerely to be hoped that his lordship is mistaken, or that he has been misinformed, for such radical defects as some of those he claims to have discovered—such as a destitution of heavy ordnance—cannot be remedied in a hurry. The want of mobilizing power in the army and neglect in victualling fortresses can be readily investigated and soon repaired.

THE IRON DUTIES.

THE new iron duties at first created a ripple of excitement in English commercial circles, but this seems to be subsiding if we may judge from Lord Salisbury's speech in the House of Lords last week. English merchants are already beginning to see that Canada will for some time to come go on consuming English iron, and if our own iron manufactures can be satisfactorily developed it would be foolish to suppose that we should refrain from using them. That the

C.P.R. line of steamers from Vancouver to Japan will suffer vicariously the punishment that British statesmen cannot inflict directly upon Sir Charles Tupper is hardly consistent with our preconceived notions of British statesmanship. At any rate the Pacific line is certain to be a financial success, with or without Imperial subvention, and it is equally sure that the recognition which always attends success will not be denied when success is once assured.

THE PROSPECT IN EUROPE.

FOR some time the general tendency of European news has been to indicate the continuance of peace. Every war cloud that passes harmlessly overhead lightens the blackness of the next threatening portent, and when war does come the bolt will probably shoot from a small cloud in a clear sky, as has often happened before. But some of the later signs are ominous to England, and point indirectly to the interests she is so anxious to protect in Eastern Europe. While Russia has one eye steadily fixed on the Balkan peninsula, the other turns its maleficent glances from east to west, and suspicion, conspiracy and trouble seem to follow its revolutions. Trouble in India seems to be Russia's lure to draw off England's attention from European affairs, and if the Holy Empire had not been so completely exhausted by the Crimean struggle, then just finished, the Sepoy mutiny of 1857 would have heralded a solution of the Eastern question completely satisfactory to Russia. But she was unable to take advantage of her best opportunity in a century, and now she is vainly trying to create one by fomenting rebellion in Afghanistan and lionizing the deposed Maharajah Dhuleep Singh at Moscow. England has little to fear from these puerile attacks. She still has her "scientific frontier" intact; but the signs of Russia's restlessness and animosity are apt to raise fears for the continuance of peace. If Germany refuses to aid Austria against Russia, and Bismarck has lately shown signs of great anxiety to conciliate the latter power, Austria will be left to battle alone for the possession of Constantinople, with only the probable assistance of England and the possible alliance of Italy. If these three nations should hold firmly together, Russia would not dare to attack Bulgaria alone, and a good understanding between them is absolutely necessary for the preservation of peace. Italy's sympathies are certainly with Austria, or rather against Russia, for she is not willing to see either power aggrandize itself in her near vicinity; but whether she will fight without Germany's assistance is at least doubtful.

THE INTER-PROVINCIAL QUESTION.

THE Premier of Quebec has, with great frankness, stated his views in relation to the course he means to propose for the adoption of all the Provincial Governments included in the Confederation. He says that Quebec is unable to pay her way without more liberal assistance from the Dominion treasury, and, that as more cannot reasonably be expected in the way of "better terms," it is necessary that all the Provinces should join in a demand for such a financial readjustment as would leave them all individually richer. If this demand should be supported by the weight of seven Provincial

Governments it might carry a majority of votes at the next general election, and then the Dominion Government would have to consider the only alternatives open to them—either they must add to our already heavy taxation or they must reduce their expenditure. To do the first would be almost impossible, for protective duties raised beyond a certain point cease to be revenue-producers by checking importation; and as Ontario pays about three-fifths of all the Federal taxation it is probable the limit of Ontario's endurance would soon be reached. To reduce expenditure would be difficult, not to say disagreeable, to a Ministry which has always been at least sufficiently liberal; but if it must be done it must, and the general results could hardly be other than beneficial. There would be no money left for railway subsidies or better terms; no more grumbling at an unfair division of favours; for the money left in the treasury would be sufficient only for purposes indisputably necessary, and benefits common to the whole Dominion. The Provinces would have much more for themselves, and with better means at their command they would deserve no sympathy if they failed to spend their money both economically and wisely. Ontario would be the greatest gainer, for an addition to her Provincial revenue would defray many of the expenses now paid by the County Councils, and thus materially lighten our direct taxation for municipal purposes.

MR. GLADSTONE.

It is easy to impute bad generalship to the defeated leader, but the Parliamentary tactics of Mr. Gladstone since casting in his lot with the Home Rulers have been so unfortunate, and so diametrically opposed to his calm and dignified policy when at other times in Opposition, that we should hardly wonder if the disappointed Nationalists were to rebel against the joint leadership of himself and Mr. Parnell. To protract the debate on the Crimes Bill was to give their opponents a chance of which they made full use by deferring any land or local government measures for Ireland for this session, on the ground that Ireland had already taken up more than her full share of the time rightfully belonging to her, and it is likely that the policy of abstaining from voting will work further mischief to the allied parties. The policy of abstention has been a complete and utter failure in Spain, in Italy and everywhere that it has been tried. It encourages an enemy to insolence and aggression, and is only less fatal to the party practising it than the absolutely suicidal policy of abstaining from debate.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

THE fraternity who rejoice in the mystic symbol of the little hatchet, the news-writers and news-mongers who strive at a very respectful distance to imitate George Washington, have not yet contradicted the remarkable canard of two weeks ago asserting the discovery in Morocco of a treasure amounting to £95,000,000; yet its origin is not far to seek. A week or two before the report was cabled that a deceased Indian prince had left hidden at Gwalior a treasure of somewhat less than £5,000,000 sterling, and as this did not create an overwhelming sensation the man who does the romance business in Reuter's agency

just added £90,000,000 to the amount of the recent discovery. Now we must emphatically protest against this style of fiction. There is nothing romantic, nothing of enterprise, not even a touch of literary skill in simply prefixing the figure 9 to an amount already reasonably large, and then changing the locality of the find to make it look like a new item. If this is allowed to be reportorial Art, true genius will be driven out of the field, and the clumsiest romance will be the most successful. The clumsiness of this story exceeds its boldness. The sum mentioned would exceed the joint fortunes of all the Rothschilds and all the Vanderbilts, with Croesus and Monte Cristo thrown in as make-weights. Such an amount of bullion, if placed suddenly in the money market, would derange the finances of the entire planet we live on, and a poor country like Morocco could not save that amount in a century. The Shahs of Persia have been accumulating for generations, but their entire hoard is only estimated at from ten to twenty per cent. of the supposed savings or stealings of a man of whom the world had never previously heard.

THE END OF THE SESSION.

THE end of the session, which has been expedited by every reasonable means in the power of home-hungry legislators, has not come without the usual wail of slaughtered innocents in the shape of little murdered Bills. Mr. McCarthy's railway bill should have been passed by hook or by crook, if it were only for the clauses protecting railway employees. The delay in passing these is the more exasperating from the fact that they were taken from Mr. Fraser's bill, which became law for Ontario three years ago, but was virtually repealed so far as most of our railroads were concerned by the Dominion Act declaring most of the lines in this Province to be lines for the general benefit of the whole country. This at once placed all our main lines under the jurisdiction of the Ottawa Parliament and its Acts, and deprived railway employees of the benefits which Mr. Fraser's Act was intended to confer upon them. We trust Mr. McCarthy will be more successful another year, and that his proposed Railway Commission will be got into workable shape. We need it badly enough here, and can plainly see from the squirming of "soulless corporations" on the other side of the boundary line that the recent railway legislation there has been vastly for the benefit of the general public, and to the detriment of the corporate bodies deficient in soul. There is little doubt that a bill similar to the Interstate Commerce Bill would break the force of the present Disallowance agitation in Manitoba. The people there are not sentimentally dolorous over the fact of having only two railways, they want practical competition and low rates for grain to Winnipeg, and, failing to get these, it is our deliberate opinion that there will be serious trouble in Manitoba and that a virtual state of rebellion will exist there before long. We do not think the Government would go to the extent of ordering out the militia to suppress such a rebellion, nor do we imagine that under such circumstances the militia would go, but nevertheless any attempt to use extreme measures on either side may lead to serious consequences.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT, - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

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MR. BLAKE'S RETIREMENT.

THE exit of a great man from the arena of public life calls forth a chorus of remark in which criticism blends with unusual sympathy. Opponents regret his absence the more easily because they do not feel the keen edge of his logic, or fear the frustration of their plans, while friends look upon his loss as a check to their own advancement and the triumph of their principles. With both friends and foes there is mingled a regret that so much ability and eloquence—so much that made memorable the debate of public questions—have left their wonted sphere. The subject of Mr. Blake's retirement will not be exhausted by the first few weeks of newspaper comment, nor can a fair estimate of his character and influence on Canadian politics be given by the alternating praise and blame that come from friend and foe. Besides, his political career cannot be said to be a completed one, nor can the political forces which he controlled be regarded as free from his future influence. Whether bodily sickness or mental disappointment, or both, have caused him to relax his hold on the Liberal party, it cannot be known yet that he will not return to the leadership. But it must be confessed that Mr. Blake's failures to obtain power have been such as might well produce in him a feeling of disgust, and a resolve to keep clear of interference with the political embroglio.

There is no need to impute, as some have foolishly done, such despair of mind as the words "heart-breaking disappointment" and other phrases bordering on the maudlin would imply; for such despair has no place on the record of duty nobly done. It is not likely that he has reached the last stage of gloomy isolation which compelled another great Irishman, Edmund Burke, to say that he would not give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. While the only known immediate cause of Mr. Blake's retirement is physical illness, it can only be surmised what part mental anxiety and discouragement had in the result. To those who know the methods by which his policy has been opposed, contempt for these methods and disdain of imitating them may well seem to have contributed to it. Still, there is no doubt that some minor personal deficiencies, doubly injurious to a party leader, have partly nullified that largeness and weight of mind which would have had their proper recognition in a political life far larger than our own. Mr. Blake stands a grand and, if the word be no reproach to his dignity, pathetic figure in

the public eye; grand, by reason of the size and cogency of his argumentative powers and unmatched strength in public discussion; pathetic, because crippled by the lack or the unwillingness to practise the lesser arts by which politicians gain friends and tools—not necessarily unmanly arts—but those which are so potent when greatness and suavity meet in their possessor. Sir John has been known to make political converts by slapping them on the back, but has Mr. Blake ever been suspected of so jovial a familiarity? It may be said that these are small obstacles in the path of a leader with a salient policy, but in Mr. Blake's case they are aggravated by irresoluteness in grasping the main chance; and this latter fault, while it is consistent with a profound and comprehensive view of political questions, lets slip by the exigent moment in which a man's enemies are given into his hand. The facts which seem to determine the success of a political leader relate either to his personal qualities or to the inherent strength of his cause. Either he must be capable of uniting various political forces and opinions under a strong personal ascendancy, or the vitality of the principle he contends for must be strong enough to live without aids other than a clear presentation of its truth. Either he must rule a heterogeneous party powerfully, or he must have a policy which alone is the adhesive bond of its supporters, and will inevitably prevail when its claims become evident. In the one case, opposing prejudices and alien sections of the community may be so played against one another that an illusive unity is gained and the temporary aims of a party leader are advanced; in the other, progress depends upon education of the public mind.

Had Mr. Blake remained at the post of honour when his admiring countrymen placed him as leader of the Canada First Party, journalism and all the interests which it voices would not now be looking for the coming man. The latter shadowy personage ought to have been earnestly at work when aspirations for a more vigorous national life began to manifest themselves. As the pioneer and exponent of those aspirations, a little more perseverance would have given Mr. Blake command of all the fine opportunities whose loss has kept him from power. But "Canada First" was left to thrive as best it could, and from that moment Mr. Blake's career has not been successful. He has shown the possession of great powers and has left an example of the purest morality, but has not realized his political ideals because, even if he did anticipate public opinion, he failed to give it voice and direction in its earlier stages.

Is it yet too late? Mr. Blake is by no means an old man in the parliamentary sense, and the possibility of effective work remains to him. Commercial Union is the question which now waits to be solved, and where could it find an abler advocate?

Toronto.

J. W. R.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS are about to enrich their increasing library of American fiction by the addition of an interesting volume from the pen of Miss Mary E. Wilkins. It is a collection of short stories of the Green Mountain region which originally appeared in various magazines. The title is *A Humble Romance and Other Stories*.

Poetry.

THE RED BREAST OF THE ROBIN.

Of all the merry little birds that live up in the tree,
 And carol from the sycamore and chestnut,
 The prettiest little gentleman that dearest is to me,
 Is the one in coat of brown and scarlet waistcoat.
 It's cockit little robin,
 And his head he keeps a-bobbin'.
 Of all the other pretty fowls I'd choose him;
 For he sings so sweetly still,
 Through his tiny slender bill,
 With a little patch of red upon his bosom.
 When the frost is in the air, and the snow upon the ground,
 To other little birdies so bewilderin',
 Picking up the crumbs near the window he is found,
 Singing Christmas stories to the children,
 Of how two tender babes
 Were left in woodland glades
 By a cruel man who took 'em there to lose 'em;
 But Bobby saw the crime
 (He was watching all the time!),
 And he blushed a perfect crimson on his bosom.
 When the changing leaves of autumn around us thickly fall,
 And everything seems sorrowful and saddening,
 Robin may be heard on the corner of the wall,
 Singing what is solacing and gladdening.
 And sure from what I've heard,
 He's God's own little bird,
 And sings to those in grief just to amuse 'em;
 But once he sat forlorn
 On a cruel Crown of Thorn,
 And the blood it stained his pretty little bosom.

THE LONE BUFFALO.

THE last remaining buffalo herd in the Canadian North-West is the property of Warden Bedson, of the Manitoba Penitentiary, who is perhaps to-day the best authority in America on buffalo breeding. Mr. Bedson commenced a few years ago with nine animals, and has now a herd of sixty-eight not including eighteen hybrids, the result of crossing the buffalo bull with a Durham cow. In view of the work of extinction that has been going on so ruthlessly for the past ten years Mr. Bedson can claim to be a public benefactor. While before Senator Schultze's committee of enquiry (which is endeavouring to collect reliable evidence as to the resources and food products of the North-West) Warden Bedson gave some most interesting information about the buffalo and the results of his experiments as a breeder. Crossing the buffalo bull with a Durham cow had produced a hybrid animal, larger, stronger, and heavier than the domestic animal, and one also able to winter out without shelter, even when calved as late as November. The meat of the animal, it is averred, is better than that of the domestic animal and the robe more equally furred and for all purposes better than the ordinary buffalo robe. Mr. Bedson says the crossing is effected without difficulty, and thinks a cross between the buffalo and domestic cow would be still better than between Buffalo and Durham. He has only tried the Durham cow, but proposes to try the Polled Angus and Galloway breeds on account of the darker colour of the robe, one of which would be worth \$75. The hybrids are more useful than the domestic ox, being larger, stronger and hardier, and can be applied to any of the ordinary purposes of oxen. One instance was given where a three-year-old hybrid animal weighed 2,000 pounds, and stood five feet high at the fore shoulders. The hybrid calves need little care, and no evidence of a hump is apparent till about three weeks after birth. The lone buffalo deserves more consideration than he has been getting recently, and it is to be hoped that he will have many more such friends and guardians as Warden Bedson to bring him up in the way he should go.

SELF-CONTROL REQUIRED.

A BRIEF ESSAY ON THE FACIAL EXPRESSION OF STENOGRAPHERS.

IN all the advertisements and circulars which the various shorthand schools and colleges are sending broadcast over the country regarding the qualifications of students whom they have graduated I find one point not alluded to; and as I believe this omitted point something necessary to the success of every one acting as private secretary it seems to me it should be taught, or, at least, spoken of as a necessary requisite in the proficiency of shorthand writers.

In these days when so much attention is given to the Delsarte method of expression by those who are fitting themselves professionally for the stage, and the look without the accompanying words can be made to express emotion of any kind, I would suggest a method—differing from the Delsarte in the opposite extreme—which should be used in connection with every system of shorthand, that pupils may learn not to accompany their dictators' words with varying expressions of countenance, but so train themselves that they can assume a stoical expression which they shall wear at all times, and out of which they will not be surprised under the most trying circumstances.

In my experience as private amanuensis in a large wholesale house I have learned this for myself, and now would help others just entering the field who have no idea how much depends upon the cultivation of facial expression; or rather, the cultivation of non-expression in the face.

Have you a keen sense of humour, and are you unfortunate enough to see the ridiculous side of everything? Then I warn you to so train yourself that, while laughing inwardly as much as you please, not even the fringe of your eye-lids shall quiver, or the corners of your mouth twist, when your dictator expresses himself in so peculiar a manner as to excite your risibles.

If brought up in a conscientious family, with no knowledge of business entanglements which necessitate the telling of "white lies," then again will it be well for you to be versed in facial expression to the intent that when you are receiving words from your dictator's lips exactly contrary to opinions expressed by him in previous letters to other parties, your eyes shall not open wide with a questioning look but will maintain a down-cast, "none of my business" position, which at all times suit your employer, for where is there a business man who wants his conscience sitting at his elbow, ready to say in looks—because it dare not in words—"You are not telling the truth, sir."

If you pride yourself upon your correct grammar and wince involuntarily at the indiscriminate mixing of pronouns and tenses when in the presence of people not related to Richard Grant White, then will it be necessary for you to be well trained that not a shadow of horror will pass over your countenance when your dictator begins a letter in his most consequential manner: "We done the best we could, but it is our intentions to do better," etc., etc., or so mixes his own individual "I" with the firm "we" that you are in doubt as to the proper signature of the same. If you feel each hair rising, each muscle of your eye wincing, and all the wrinkles of your forehead holding an indignation meeting at a common centre, I warn you to suppress them all. Say to each rising hair, "Sit thee down, my child"; to each quivering muscle, "Cease thy sympathetic convulsion," and to the gathering wrinkles, "Depart in peace, this is none of your affair that you should thus show yourselves in battle array."

M. LIGNER, an Austrian meteorologist, claims to have ascertained after careful investigation that the moon has an influence on the magnetized needle varying with its phases.

RICARDO'S BENEFIT.

"RICARDO, THE CHAMPION ATHLETE OF EUROPE, IN HIS WONDER-INSPIRING EVOLUTIONS. RICARDO, THE UNEQUALLED ACROBAT, IN HIS MARVELLOUS, UNRIVALLED PERFORMANCE ON THE VIBRATING WIRE, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE INFIRMARY OF THIS TOWN."

I read the glaring letters rather more thoughtfully than I would have cared to confess, but my eyes rested longest on the one large red line in the centre of the long poster—

"NINETTE, THE EQUESTRIAN QUEEN."

Did Ninette, the star of the Royal Cirque d'Afrique, ever stop, as I did, to read the words that were so familiar? Did she ever feel, as I did, a thrill of pride at seeing our two names the chief attractions in the list? Did she ever feel, as I did, that we two, who were connected so closely—

"Signor Ricardo," cried a gay, clear voice behind me, "does it feel like looking at yourself in a glass?"

I turned quickly to Ninette, the gladness of my heart shining in my eyes as I met hers. And well might my heart and eyes be glad to see Ninette. Ah! so plainly can I recall, as I write of her, the little figure beside which I walked so happily that day—that day, for the last time. The slight, small, supple form whose every movement had a free, light grace which was like the unconscious grace of a little child. The bright, small face whose white skin never needed powder, and whose pink cheeks never needed paint. The big, blue, restless eyes, and the short fair curls which lay flat on the low, white forehead. With the brilliant look of perfect health on her face; with the arch glance in her merry, mischievous eyes; with the tasteful, picturesque dress which she always chose; Ninette was a picture to gladden any heart indeed.

"I see it is a grand new programme on purpose for to-night's performance," I said, as we walked on; "and I see, too, that I am intended to eclipse you all."

"Or rather to eclipse yourself, Ricardo. You surely cannot imagine it would be possible for you to eclipse the Equestrian Queen?"

As Ninette spoke, we passed a high wall on which blazed a huge coloured picture representing a girl in an unnatural costume, standing in an unnatural position, on the neck of a most unnatural horse. I turned away my eyes, for this was supposed to be Ninette.

"What a look of repugnance, Ricardo!" she said, with her young, musical laugh. "Don't you think it like me?"

"As much like you," I answered, "as the bare, sanded circus ring is like a sunlit meadow of sweet flowers."

Looking at her as I spoke, I saw the colour mount in her soft, bright cheeks. Not for a moment did I imagine that my words had called it there, and looking for the cause I noticed that a gentleman who met us had raised his hat to Ninette with a long look of admiration. And then I walked on beside her still more thoughtfully.

"You seem very cross, Ricardo," said Ninette, presently, glancing coquettishly into my face; "I mean crosser even than usual."

"Who was that gentleman, Mademoiselle Ninette?"

"I'm not quite sure about his name," she answered, with cool slowness. "He is a captain in the militia here, and he admires the Equestrian Queen immensely."

"I suppose so."

"Yes; he admires me very much indeed," she continued, carelessly; "so he comes to every performance."

"It is well, Ninette, that you win admiration" I said with quiet coldness; "you love it so dearly."

"Don't be grand, Ricardo," she laughed, saucily; "just because *you* do not win it—nor love it dearly. Why of course I love admiration. Stars always do."

"Do they?" I said, my eyes full of it as I turned to read her brilliant little face.

"The sort of admiration I like," answered Ninette, with complacency, "is Captain—O what shall I call him—Captain Attendant's; it has a charming halo of mystery and romance about it. And the sort of admiration I don't care at all for, is that I win from our own company; your own, Ricardo, for instance, wearies me beyond all words."

"You tell me this very often," I said, speaking unsteadily; "but I cannot help its being yours through all."

"Why don't you give it to Josephine?" inquired Ninette, with nonchalance, "or to one of the other girls?"

"Such an idea is simply ridiculous," I answered in passionate scorn. "My love was won from me before either you or I could prevent it; now it must be yours forever. You know this through all your treatment of me. Whether you are kind in this treatment, your own heart may tell you."

"Thank you, signor; but my own heart is very comfortable. I will not disturb it by unnecessary questioning. I wish you were as comfortable, for your own sake. How are you to get through your marvellous and unrivalled performance on the vibrating wire, O Champion Athlete, if you make yourself uneasy over trifles? Remember what is expected of you to-night. Monsieur says" (we always spoke of the manager as Monsieur) "that every seat will be filled, and that we shall have a grand night. He almost seems provoked about it, because he reaps no benefit; but I say, if we *do* profess to aid the Infirmary, let our aid be worth accepting. I wish I was going to do something great in such a cause, Ricardo, as well as you."

"It was given me to do," I put in, sullenly; "I didn't offer."

"Never mind that. You will help in a good cause; and I should like (in the same cause) to have ridden as I learnt to do in Morocco. I would have performed what Monsieur announced there as my Moorish Feat if he would have permitted it."

"Oh, no!" I cried, quickly. "Never again, I trust, Ninette." For once I had seen Ninette make the daring leap, standing on one foot on Black Hawk's neck, and my heart beat with fear at the very mention of it now.

"Oh! I would," she laughed; "and yet I do believe I'm glad I'm not going to do it. I only feel I ought to have insisted upon it, for I expect Monsieur merely waited for that. As it is, the chief honour of this benefit night devolves upon you, Signor Ricardo, and I am jealous."

"You know as well as I do, Ninette, I answered, rather hotly, "that you are always the one great attraction of the Circus—Monsieur knows it too—and that your name standing alone is a more powerful magnet to the public than mine is with all my feats emblazoned after it."

"Yes, I know it," she returned, laughing coolly. "Now, good-bye. I'm going to drink tea with Monsieur."

With a quick little nod she ran into the manager's lodgings, and I walked on to my own, with my thoughts still full of her. How I loved her! So oddly, too, that sometimes my own love almost bewildered me; its persistency having no hope in it, yet its hopelessness having no despair. It was a love that never was moved by her indifference or scorn, and never weakened by her contempt. She was proud of her own beauty and of her power over us all, and she never attempted to hide this—never domineering over the female performers, who were all older and plainer than herself, but domineering most despotically over every male

performer in the Circus. But she did it so prettily and bewitchingly that I was not the only one who had laid his love at her feet to be trampled on at her girlish pleasure. I had but poor health even then, and this was one source of Ninette's merry sarcasm.

"The Champion Athlete has not an athletic appearance," she used to say. "I fear the signor is weak in every way." And then, with her eyes full of radiant health, she would demurely recommend me a winter in the South—just because the winter was coming on, and we were in the North. "I *must* laugh at you, Ricardo," she would sometimes say; "I get so dreadfully tired of you unless I turn you into ridicule."

And I knew that she spoke truth.

I was thinking, as I ever was, of this love of mine, and wondering how Ninette would choose to treat me to-night, when, with my great-coat over my performing dress, I entered the manager's anteroom. I was late, for I had not been well enough to hasten, and all the company had assembled, lounging or bustling about according to their appointed tasks.

"Late, O Monarch of the Vibrating Wire," said Ninette, as I hesitated before her, looking at her half enthralled and half amused. She was leaning against the table, in her crimson velvet habit—for she had no wonderful feats to perform to-night—the little crimson cap, with its white feather, set coquettishly on one side of her bright, fair curls.

"You look," she continued, saucily, "as if you had risen from a sick bed to perform for the sick. How interesting!"

I moved into the dimly-lighted building which surrounded the tent, and looked in at the performance.

"The Circus is crowded," Ninette whispered, as she sauntered out with me. "I hardly ever remember our having such a crowd, Ricardo."

"And I hope we never shall have it again," I panted, unbuttoning my coat. "The place is stifling."

"O, I hope we shall," she laughed merrily, "I should like to see hundreds turned away from the doors, and no room left inside even for one child more."

Ah! Ninette, how soon you were to have your wish fulfilled!

"We shall have a splendid gift for the hospital," she continued; "but Ricardo, what do you think? A clergyman here, who was going to have a service in his church on Sunday especially for the Infirmary, has declined to do so now because we have taken up its cause. He thinks—he says—" Ninette's voice was low and puzzled here, and her eyes angry; "he says if it will accept money earned—so, his conscience does not allow him to give it money from God's house. Why don't you answer?" she went on, impetuously, as I paused. "Why don't you say something angry?"

"It isn't worth speaking of," I replied, though I think my heart was as hot as her own. "It is only worth laughing over."

And then Ninette, looking searchingly into my face, did laugh, her clear, happy laugh, though the puzzled look still shone in her bright, excited eyes.

"Yes; we shall send a worthy present to the hospital I hope, and trust, and believe," she continued, slowly, "but our help is only to lower it—or, at least," she went on, as I tried to interrupt her in hasty dissent, "good men think so."

"One man—and who *ought* to be good," I put in, contemptuously.

"One man," she rejoined, the puzzled look deepening again, "speaking for many who think as he does, and who understand this as we cannot. And yet—and yet—Ricardo, look at that mass of eager, expectant faces. Why do they come to see us—why do they encourage us—if we sin in

what we do? Why doesn't the world show us so in the only way which there would be no withstanding? Does this thought bewilder you too, Ricardo?"

It had bewildered me many and many a time, but I could not tell her so, for the very shadow of the fear that this life in which we were so much together might be wrong, made me shiver coldly. Her earnestness, which had been almost appealing, vanished suddenly. "Never mind," she said, with her quick laugh, tossing back the bright little head in its velvet cap, "All lives have their aching, troublesome moments I suppose. There! they are waiting for your first feat and your greatest. Go on, signor, and prosper."

With her pleasant words in my ears, I went in amid the deafening applause of the crowd, and, bowing slightly, walked coolly across the ring. I thought nothing of the mass of faces rising in rows, but I remembered that Ninette could see me, and that she had said I was helping in a good cause. I felt that I performed as I had hardly ever performed before, and the long applause was again and again renewed as I left the ring. What would Ninette say? Would she congratulate me? Passing through the dimly-lighted building outside the tent, where the horses waited, I caught sight of two figures standing aside in the shadow—Ninette and the gentleman whom we had met that morning—talking low and earnestly. I had often noticed him in the circus and noticed his evident admiration of Ninette, (but then did not every one gaze at her in admiration?) still I had never seen him out there among us before, and I started as I came up to them in the gloom. Ninette carelessly turned her eyes upon me for a moment, then went on talking; coquettishly and flippantly it seemed to me. I took her horse from the man who was bringing it forward, and myself led it towards her.

"Are you ready, Mademoiselle Ninette?" I asked, my voice trembling against my will.

"Ready? Why?" she inquired, with slow contempt.

"Allow me. O, pray allow me, Mademoiselle," exclaimed the stranger, starting forward. And Ninette, smiling, put her foot into his hand.

Seating herself in the saddle with the utmost ease, she carelessly, as it seemed, backed Black Hawk against me. "Signor Ricardo," she said, haughtily, "is this the spot where the gentlemen of our company usually rest between their exercises in the ring?" An ironical answer rose to my lips, but I withheld the words.

"Stand back, if you please, signor. Must you always follow me? always haunt me? Stand back."

With a quick change of voice, and a bright shy smile, she bent to take her little gilded whip as the officer handed it to her.

"Thanks, Monsieur le Capitaine." And whilst she bent gracefully, and seemed to be only stroking the neck of the splendid black horse, she reined him in, skilfully and imperceptibly, until he touched my shoulder.

"Gently! gently, my hawk," she said, feigning utter unconsciousness of my presence, "would you fly too soon?" Then, with a most demure little face, she cantered through the opening in the canvas.

"A most proud and bewitching little equestrian queen," said the young officer, appearing much amused by my discomfiture, "but, like old Rome, I suppose you can well 'bear the pride of her of whom yourself are proud.'"

I turned away without answering; and for the first time Ninette performed without my eyes following her graceful motions. The strange gentleman moved to the opening into the tent, but when she rode back, flushed and triumphant after her success, he came forward again eagerly. She drew up her lissome little figure with a dash of odd

pride, and turning Black Hawk rapidly aside, sprang to the ground unassisted. Her part was played for that night, and, while the loud clapping within was continued, she walked slowly out into the darkness; her long crimson habit over her arm, her little cap pushed from her bright excited face, and her eyes raised to the young officer who walked beside her.

Thus I watched them going together under the awning out into the night, and then I went back to complete the "wonder-inspiring evolutions" which the crowd waited for; while my heart seemed breaking in its jealousy.

After that, all is a burning confusion in my brain until one evening when I awoke to consciousness in the hospital for which I had been performing, and heard the physicians (who had seen me fall, and had attended pityingly upon me ever since) whisper that all would be well in time.

"Ricardo, dear fellow," said Monsieur, coming forward softly, and bending to whisper to me, "Thank God all will be well. The worst is over."

I hardly know when the knowledge dawned upon me, or how; but as I lay there—my old companions clustering round me—I knew that I had performed among them for the last time. I knew that life had most wonderfully and mercifully been spared me; but that I should never walk again. I do not remember that the knowledge came with any sharp or bitter pain; I think it was a quiet, hopeless conviction from the first. They had given me a small room in the hospital to myself; partly to spare others the sight of my suffering; partly perhaps, as Monsieur said, because I had hurt myself in their cause.

So the days and nights passed on; and slowly, slowly brought me a little ease at last.

One morning Monsieur, entering my room with a brighter face than usual, told me Ninette had come to see me. I felt the blood rush into my wan face as I took her little warm hand in both my own.

"Oh! you are so much better, Ricardo," she said, her small lips trembling a little as she looked at me. "We shall soon have you back in your place among us."

I shook my head slowly. "Never again, Ninette."

"Why?" she asked, in feigned astonishment.

"I shall never walk again anywhere, I think, Ninette; certainly not on the vibrating wire. I know I must be—be lame all my life; and I'm trying, as I lie here, to get accustomed to the thought, and to feel prepared."

"No! no!" she cried quickly. "Don't try to get accustomed to it, Ricardo. Try to think of getting well, and that will help you to do so."

"Will it? Then I will try," I answered, struggling with my sadness. "When do you leave here?"

"Leave here? O, I don't know. Not till you are well, I should think. Why, Ricardo," she added, as I smiled incredulously, "don't you know that to-night we are all going to perform for your benefit? You've not heard, you say? Why, what has Monsieur found to talk to you about then, for he talks to me of nothing else? I wish I could have brought you one of the enormous bills, headed 'Ricardo's Benefit,' in letters as large as myself. You always were fond of reading your own name in the bills, weren't you?"

"Yes—with yours," I answered, intently watching the bright face.

"Well, you would have seen mine too to-day, in letters almost larger, for I'm going to—ride."

"Of course," I answered, with a faint smile, while I wondered a little at the sudden change in her voice. "What audience would there be if you did not, Ninette?"

"None," she laughed. "You must wish me success before I go away. But here's Monsieur come to dismiss me.

I've been telling Signor Ricardo," she added, as the manager joined us, "various particulars of his Benefit. How very willingly we all give our services. How all the town is patronizing us."

"And did she tell you," asked Monsieur, with a pleased and excited look, "how I offered to double the price of admission if anyone would promise a novelty? and how she herself immediately proposed to perform her Moorish Feat? I'll show you one of the handbills. Here it is. 'Mlle. Ninette, the Equestrian Queen, on her magnificent steed Black Hawk, will——'"

"O no, no! you must not let her," I exclaimed, in hasty fear. "Oh! Monsieur, it is most rash and dangerous."

Monsieur smiled as he put the handbill back into his pocket, and Ninette rose with a vexed glance across at him.

"Do forbid her to do this," I cried again.

"Mlle. Ninette is such a superb horsewoman," the manager said, "that, if she feels she can accomplish it safely and brilliantly, I feel it too. And it will make to-night's performance an unrivalled success. She has done it before, you know; and a gorgeous and unprecedented triumph it was."

"It is a wilful risking of life," I faltered, the tears starting in my weakness. "I shall be miserable."

"I shall not," laughed Monsieur, rising. "I have too much confidence in Ninette."

"Don't think about it at all, Ricardo," Ninette said, giving me her hand as she prepared to leave. "I should never have told you myself, because I know how invalids worry themselves about the safest and most trifling things. I have made up my mind to do it, and Black Hawk understands that same entirely."

"Oh! do not venture it, Ninette," I whispered, appealing to her in bitter earnestness. "Say you will not."

"No—for I *must*," she answered, laughing lightly, though she spoke with odd, steady quietness.

Then I covered my eyes with my feeble hands, and let the tears flow on.

"I shall come in and see you before the performance," Ninette said, after a little disinal pause.

"Will you, Ninette?" I asked eagerly, as I battled with my cowardice. "Will you come in just as you go?"

"I hardly know about that," she answered, with a quaint, shy smile; "I have a startling costume in which you will not recognize me."

Monsieur had left the room then, and Ninette was standing opposite me, about to follow him.

"Ninette," I said, slowly, as I feasted my eyes on her sweet face, "when I saw you first you wore an old black habit, quite rusty I remember; and you had a hat in your hand, with a long scarlet plume almost touching the ground. And however I have seen you since, you have always been to me as you were that day—and you always will be, dear."

"I remember that old velvet habit," she laughed. "It is a superannuated article now; and—what did you think of me then, Ricardo?"

"Just what I think now."

She laughed again, but her step was soft and lingering when she left me.

Until evening I lay and thought of her; picturing the beautiful little figure that would come to me in its gorgeous theatrical dress. The twilight glided slowly into my silent room, and then I lay and listened breathlessly, for I knew she must come soon now. Yet so noiselessly she entered at last that even my waiting ears could scarcely catch the light step. Without a word she shut the door behind her. Then she stood looking at me; her red lips parted with an irrepressible smile, and her eyes brimming over with fun. But

she was clad in no gay unusual dress; she stood there holding up in one hand the old black habit; from the other dangled the little hat with its scarlet plume; and her head was only crowned with its bright, fair curls.

"Ninette," I said, breaking my wondering silence, "seeing you so, I feel as if, through all the years that I lie helpless, I could dream that you have been to me all that I wildly dreamed you might be when I saw you so for the first time. Thank you for coming as you are; but you will have to change your dress again, you ride in such a different costume."

The colour rushed to her cheeks, and her eyes grew hot and dark.

"Yes, very different; but cannot you think of me always as you see me now, Ricardo? as you saw me first? The people are passing the hospital gates in crowds," she went on, turning and looking through the window; "I expect a fuller house than we have ever had in England. It is for your sake, signor."

"I wish I thought so," I said, very earnestly; I wish I did not know they go to see your wild and daring leap, Ninette. How terrible it will be to witness—for those who love you!"

She laughed a low, quick laugh, but did not turn to me.

"You are thinking of Captain Attendant, I dare say, Ricardo? But you need not, for I have never spoken to him since the night you—fell; and I never shall again."

A wild proud joy sprang up in my heart. "Ninette," I cried, "my darling turn your face to me. I am so helpless here, and shall so soon lose the face I love. Come to me for these few precious moments."

Very gently she came up to me, and laid her cool hand upon my forehead.

"This excitement, of course, is bad for you, Ricardo," she said, tenderly; "and I know it is bad for me, just now; it unnerves my heart and hand. I think," she added, with a little sigh, "that everything that comes naturally to us seems as if it was to be bad for us. Do you—do you remember what the clergyman here said when we performed for this hospital? O, I should so like to know if that could be true."

"Can it be true, dear, when our Father's mercy is as wide as Heaven?"

"Hush, Ricardo," she interrupted, with a quick breath; "you and I do not understand that kind of thing, and—we may be hoping without foundation. He said—said it, and wrote it, and published it—that no modest English girl would do what—I do; and that no noble and pure-minded man would make himself a spectacle, and wilfully risk his life—as—you did. O, Ricardo, was it true?"

"No," I said firmly and quietly.

"I know I've been thoughtless and flippant," she went on, very low, "I know I haven't tried as I might have tried to make my life noble; but I don't feel that my heart has been different from the hearts of modest English girls; and indeed—indeed—my life has been more full of temptation than that of any girl who has a quiet, guarded home."

She bent her head, and as I laid my weak fingers on the soft curls, one deep sob shook the little kneeling figure, but when she rose her eyes were very bright behind their glistening lashes. She did not say a word of farewell to me. With a strange, brave struggling smile, which would have vanished with a word, she hesitated a moment; her cheeks flushing, and her lips wistful. Then quite suddenly, with just the slight gesture with which she acknowledged the plaudits of the crowd, she left me.

I lay and listened as the carriages rolled past the Infirmary gates; and presently, across the river I could hear

our own band strike up merrily. I could follow in fancy the whole performance, as I lay with the programme before me and the well-known airs to guide me. At last, with a quickened beating of my heart, I felt that the time was come for Ninette's appearance. I knew the very tune with which the band would greet her. Ah! there it was; but drowned almost in a loud, prolonged applause. Then—knowing she was performing—I lay there quivering in every limb.

It was just as one of the hospital physicians and a nurse came into my room, that a great shout rose on the other side of the river, and rolled joyously across to me. My blood burned in my veins.

"That is to greet her after her leap," I said, speaking aloud and rapidly in my intense relief. "Thank God, it is over."

"I, too, am glad it is over," said the physician, gravely, "such a feat should never have been attempted."

"And yet every one is gone to see it," I answered, passionately, as the nurse turned my pillows. "Why did they encourage her?"

"Such things *would* be done in any case," he answered, "at least we judge so; though perhaps we do not try it; for certainly everyone has gone to see this leap to-night; all our own household like everyone else's. Yet how can we help disapproving such a dangerous act, performed too by a young and beautiful girl whose life must be one long temptation to display—if to nothing worse?"

"Listen!" I cried, in sudden terror, pushing away the nurse, and starting up with panting breath, "Did the band stop then—suddenly? Hark! it is all silent."

I remember faltering incoherent appeals to be taken to the circus; and I remember how they tried to soothe me, laying me back upon the bed, and drawing down the blind before my wild and staring eyes. But in that hush across the river I knew that I had had my deathblow.

They brought me no tidings for days. They kept me in darkness within and without. But when at last my brain was calm again, and my eyes had lost their restless fever, they told me some few particulars of that fearful night.

Ninette had performed her dauntless feat with perfect success. While she stood daintily upon his neck, Black Hawk took his leap smoothly and safely. But the astonished crowd had not been satisfied with this; with a persistent cry they had summoned her again; and summoned her in my name.

"As the seats for to-night have been taken at double price," she had said, laughingly to Monsieur, "I owe the audience a double appearance."

And so she had ridden in again triumphantly, and, springing lightly upon the neck of her horse, had prepared again for her wonderful leap.

Then came the hush—though no one could ever tell me exactly how it had occurred; some saying Ninette was unusually excited by her brilliant feat; and some that she was tired. She fell—fell with a light, sudden fall which would not have hurt her, perhaps, but that her temple struck the boards which separated the front row of spectators from the ring.

Thank God that there had been no struggle! There was one deep red stain upon the soft, fair curls; but no anguish on the young dead face when they lifted it so gently.

In the rare, sweet dreams which visit me as I lie here, I always see Ninette just as I saw her first—just as I saw her last. And when I awake, I am almost glad to see, in the faces round me, that the time is drawing very near when I shall see her once again.

POLITICAL SLANG.

(Cornhill Magazine.)

NOT long ago there was published on the other side of the Atlantic a "Dictionary of American Political Slang." In the States the colloquial developments of the language in relation to political parties and subjects have been so many, so various and often so extraordinary, as to render such a glossary a very necessary book of reference. In the Old Country we have hardly advanced so far; but we are getting on. Although we may not be so quick as our cousins in inventing new words and phrases, or in grotesquely applying those already in existence, yet we have been by no means slow, especially of late, in adopting Yankee coinages and giving them extended currency and use. One of the best known examples of this system of adoption is the much used and much abused word "*caucus*." What a *caucus* is, as popularly understood in England, needs no explanation; but the curious thing about the word is the seeming impossibility of ascertaining with any certainty its origin and derivation. The explanation generally given is that it is a corruption of "*caulkers*" or "*caulk-house*." One authority says that the members of the shipping interest, the "*caulkers*" of Boston, were associated, shortly before the War of Independence, in actively promoting opposition to England, and that the word arose from their meetings in the *caulkers' house* or *caulk-house*.

In the "*Life of Samuel Adams*," one of the American revolutionary leaders, sometimes styled "*The American Cato*," his biographer carries the word farther back. We are told that "About fifty years before 1774 Samuel Adams, senior, and about twenty others, one or two from the north end of Boston, where all ship business was carried on, used to meet, make a *caucus*, and lay their plans for introducing certain persons into places of trust and power. It was probably from the name of this political club, composed principally of shipbuilding mechanics, that the word *caucus* was derived, as a corruption of '*Caulkers' Club*.'" In the "*Diary*" of John Adams there is a curious and graphic description of a meeting and proceedings of the *Caucus Club* of Boston. He writes, in February 1763, "This day learnt that the *Caucus Club* meets at certain times in the garret of Tom Dawes, the adjutant of the Boston regiment. He has a large house, and he has a movable partition in his garret, which he takes down, and the whole club meets in one room. There they smoke tobacco, till you cannot see from one end of the garret to the other; there they drink flip, I suppose; there they choose a moderator, who puts questions to the vote regularly; and select-men, overseers, collectors, wardens, fire-wards, and representatives are regularly chosen before they are chosen by the town. They send committees to wait upon merchants' clubs, and to propose and join in the choice of men and measures. Captain Cunnyngname says they have often selected him to go to these *caucuses*." Another derivation has, however, been proposed. In the "*Transactions of the American Philological Association*, 1872," Dr. Hammond Trumbull suggests that the origin of the word is to be found in the native Indian *cau-cau-as-u*, meaning one who advises. Professor Skeat is inclined to support this suggestion, and points out that Captain John Smith, the historian of Virginia, writing about 1607 of the Indians of that country, mentions that they are "governed by the Priests and their Assistants, or their Elders, called *Caw-caw-wassoughes*." Dr. Trumbull's proposal is ingenious, but the "*caulkers*" have a strong case. Perhaps the earliest mention of the word by an English writer is in an article on America by Sydney Smith, in the "*Edinburgh Review*" of 1818. He writes, "A great deal is said by Fearon about *caucus*, the cant word of the Americans for the committees

and party meetings in which the business of the elections is prepared—the influence of which he seems to consider as prejudicial."

Our party nicknames are not many in number. There is not much difference between "*Whig*" and "*Tory*" as regards their derivation: the former is contracted from a corruption of Celtic words meaning pack-saddle thieves, while the latter comes from an Irish word meaning a band of robbers. The name *Whig* was first given to the followers of the Marquis of Argyle in Scotland who were in opposition to the Government in the reign of James I. "From Scotland," says Bishop Burnet, "the word was brought into England, where it is now one of our unhappy terms of disunion." The name of *Tory* was first given, according to Lord Macaulay, to those who refused to concur in excluding James II. from the throne. The "*Rads*" have a name of more modern political application, for the term "*Radical*," as a party name, was first applied to Major Cartwright, Henry Hunt, and their associates in 1818. The Americans have many more or less strange party nicknames, and one of the last-invented has reached this country, only to be in various ways misapplied and misunderstood—we mean the euphonious word *mugwump*. *Mugwump* is an Indian word, and means a captain, or leader, or notable person. From this genuine original meaning it was an easy transition to the signifying a man who thought himself of consequence; and during the last contest for the Presidency the name had a political meaning attached to it, by its application, in derision, to those members of the Republican party who, rejecting Mr. Blaine, declared that they would vote for his Democratic opponent, Mr. Cleveland, the present President. Such is the explanation, doubtless correct, given by Mr. Brander Matthews of New York. The name is now generally applied to those who profess to study the interests of their country before those of their party.

An interesting, but one would hope decaying, class of voters are the "*floaters*," the electors whose suffrages are to be obtained for a pecuniary consideration. There is a story told of a candidate in an American township who asked one of the local party managers how many voters there were. "Four hundred," was the reply. "And how many '*floaters*'?" "Four hundred!" Somewhat akin to the "*floaters*" are those who sit "on the fence"—men with impartial minds, who wait to see, as another pretty phrase has it, "how the cat will jump," and whose convictions at last generally bring them down on that side of the fence where are to be found the biggest battalions and the longest purses. These "*floaters*" and men "on the fence" used in the olden times to be the devoted adherents of the "man in the moon." When an election was near at hand it was noised abroad throughout the constituency that the "man in the moon" had arrived, and from the time of that august visitor's mysterious arrival many of the free and independent electors dated their possession of those political principles which they manfully supported by their votes at the poll. Of course no candidate bribed—such a thing was not to be thought of; but still the money was circulating, and votes were bought, and as it was necessary to fix the responsibility upon some one, the whole business was attributed to the action of the "man in the moon." In the States the money used for electioneering purposes is known as "*boodle*," "*sinews of war*," and "*living issues*."

One can well imagine what influence the "man in the moon" had in days gone by with voters of the class known as "*pot-wallopers*." The bearers of this melodious name were electors whose sole title to the possession of the franchise was the fact of their having been settled in the parish for six months, the settlement being considered sufficiently

proved if the claimant had boiled his own pot within its boundaries for the required period—*wall* meaning to boil. The “pot-walloper,” with many other electoral anomalies, were abolished by the passing of the great Reform Bill; but a cognate abuse, that of “faggot-voting,” survives in some constituencies. What “faggot-votes” are is too well known to need explanation. The name is probably taken from an old military term, “fagots,” defined in Bailey’s “Dictionary” as “ineffective persons who receive no regular pay, but are hired to appear at muster and fill up the companies.” The word is also familiar to lawyers, “faggot-briefs” being those bundles of dummy papers sometimes carried by the briefless ones, with much the same object as Mr. Bob Sawyer had in view when he sent out his pills and other medicaments to imaginary customers and had himself hastily and repeatedly called out of church, while the service was proceeding, to attend patients. Another election term, which will not be so common in the future as it has been in the past, is the expression to “plump,” and its opposite to “split.” With the increase of single-membered constituencies these phrases must fall into disuse, and a “floater” will no longer be able to say with Mr. Chubb, in “Felix Holt”:—“I’ll plump or I’ll split for them as treat me the handsomest and are the most of what I call gentlemen; that’s my idee.” The worthy landlord of the Sugar Loaf had a simple political test—“And in the way of hacting for any man, them are fools that don’t employ me.” This easy way of looking at things has not been altogether unknown even at Westminster itself, among both parties alike—the “ins” and the “outs.” These expressions are of a respectable age; Goldsmith uses them in “The Good Natured Man.” “Who am I?” cries Lofty, in the fifth act of that charming comedy. “Was it for this I have been dreaded both by ins and outs? Have I been libelled in the ‘Gazetteer,’ and praised in the ‘St. James’s’?”

There are many slang terms connected with parliamentary history and practice. Each new reform bill revives our old friend “gerrymander”—a word that has given a rather unenviable kind of immortality to the name of Elbridge Gerry. Gerry was one of the signers of the American Declaration of Independence, and was in office as Vice-President of the United States at the time of his death, in 1814; but it was while he held the post of Governor of Massachusetts, a few years before this date, that the unlucky word “gerrymander” was invented. The Democrats, with a majority in both Houses of the State Legislature, elected Gerry as governor, and then proceeded to so manipulate the boundaries of the electoral districts as to ensure the return of their party to power at the next election, and the disgraceful act received the official approval of the subservient governor. The editor of one of the opposition journals had a map hung in his room, whereon all the towns in one of these new districts were carefully coloured. A painter friend who looked at the map noticed the extraordinary shape of the district, and adding a few touches with a pencil, declared that the thing would do for a salamander. “Salamander?” cried the editor. “Call it *Gerry-mander*.” The word thus strangely called into existence has since been widely used on both sides of the Atlantic.

A Coalition Government in the last century was known by the apt nickname of the “Broad Bottom.” Walpole, writing to Mann in 1741, says: “The Tories declare against any further prosecution—if Tories there are, for now one hears of nothing but the Broad Bottom; it is the reigning cant word, and means the taking all parties and people indifferently into the Ministry.” John Bright invented another apt phrase when he dubbed the seceders from the Reform Party “Adullamites.” Parliamentary tactics have

naturally given birth to many slang phrases. To “rush a bill” is an expression well known in the American Senate, and occasionally also used here. To “hang up a bill” is to pass it through one or more of its stages and then to lay it aside and defer its further consideration for a more or less indefinite period. “Lobbying” is a process familiar to members. “Log-rolling” is a somewhat rare term in England, but is well understood at Washington. When a backwoodsman cuts down a tree his neighbours help him to roll it away, and in return he helps them with their trees; so in Congress, when members support a bill, not because they are interested therein, but simply to gain the help of its promoters for some scheme of their own, their action is called “log-rolling.” Another American importation is “bunkum,” a word generally used to signify empty, frothy declamation. It is said to be derived from the action of a speaker who, persisting in talking to an empty house, said he was speaking to Buncombe, the name of the place in North Carolina which he represented.

The word “platform,” when used for the programme of a political party, is often classed as an Americanism, but it is really a revival of the use of the word that was very common in English literature in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, though less common, perhaps, as a noun than as a verb, meaning to lay down principles. For instance, Milton, in his “Reason of Church Government,” says that some “do not think it for the ease of their inconsequent opinions to grant that Church discipline is platformed in the Bible, but that it is left to the discretion of men.” A word that has been a good deal used of late years in connection with politics is “fad.” It has hardly yet found its way into the dictionaries, but “fads” are many, and “faddists” and “fadmongers” abound. Mr. Sala has suggested that the word is a “corruption of ‘faddle,’ to dandle—in French, *dorloter*.” A “faddist” is continually dandling and caressing his fad.” This seems a trifle farfetched. It is more probably a contraction of “fidfad,” a word that has been long in use with much the same meaning as “fad.” Edward Moore, writing in “The World” in 1754, applies the word to a very precise person—“The youngest, who thinks in her heart that her sister is no better than a slattern, runs into the contrary extreme, and is, in everything she does, an absolute fidfad.” From “fidfad” in this sense to the modern “fad” and “faddist” is not a very violent transition. The tendency to abbreviation is very general. The common parliamentary word “whip” is of course a contraction of “whipper-in.” Dickens in “Sketches by Boz” tells us how “Sir Somebody Something, when he was whipper-in for the Government, brought four men out of their beds to vote in the majority, three of whom died on their way home again.” The phrase the “massacre of the innocents,” as applied to the abandonment of useful measures at the close of a session from lack of time for their discussion, was first used by “The Times” in 1859.

AN important change has just been adopted by the trustees of the British Museum. For some years back the National Library has increased to such an extent that the disposition of the books has become a serious difficulty to the authorities. There is still so much crowding that in a very short time the state of the library will necessitate the building of a new wing, unless other means are devised to obviate the difficulty. The scheme which has now been considered by the trustees, and has received their sanction, is one for the introduction of movable presses into the library. It provides additional shelf accommodation to meet the wants of the library for about fifty years to come.

Strange Medicines.

FROM an almost endless catalogue of healing spells which are to this day practised by the peasantry of various districts in England and Scotland, I will quote a few which are considered certain remedies. The Northumbrian cure for warts is to take a large black snail rub the wart well with it, and then impale the poor snail on a thorn hedge. As the poor creature wastes away, the warts will surely disappear. In the West of England eel's blood serves the same purpose. For goitre or wen a far more horrible charm must be tried. The hand of a dead child must be rubbed nine times across the lump, or, still better, the hand of a suicide. It is not many years since a poor woman living in the neighbourhood of Hartlepool, acting on the advice of a "wise woman," went alone by night to an out-house where lay the corpse of a suicide awaiting the coroner's inquest. She lay all night with the hand of the corpse resting on her wen; but the mental shock of that night of horror was such that she shortly afterwards died.

In the neighbourhood of Stamfordham, in Northumberland, whooping cough is cured by putting the head of a live trout into the mouth of the patient and letting the trout breathe into the child's mouth. Or else a hairy caterpillar is put in a small bag and tied round the neck of the child, whose cough ceases as the insect dies.

A peculiar class of remedy is that of making offerings of hair as a cure for whooping cough. In Sunderland, the crown of the head is shaved and the hair hung upon a bush or tree, in full faith that as the birds carry away the hair, so will the cough vanish. In Lincolnshire, a girl suffering from ague cuts a lock of her hair, and binds it round an aspen tree, praying it to shake in her stead. In Ross-shire, where living cocks are still occasionally buried as a sacrificial remedy for epilepsy, some of the hair of the patient is generally added to the offering. And at least one holy well in Ireland (that of Tubber Quan near Carrick-on-Suir) requires an offering of hair from all Christian pilgrims who come here on the last three Sundays in June to worship St. Quan; part of the ceremonial required is that they should go thrice round a neighbouring tree on their bare knees, and then each must cut off a lock of his hair, and tie it to a branch, as a charm against headache. The tree, thus fringed with human hair of all colours, some newly cut, some sun-bleached, is a curious sight, and an object of deep veneration.

Travellers who remember the tufts of hair which figure so largely among the

votive offerings in Japanese temples may trace some feeling in common between the kindred superstitions of these Eastern and Western Isles.

Hideous is the remedy for toothache practised at Tavistock in Devonshire, where a tooth must be bitten from a skull in the churchyard, and kept always in the pocket.

Spiders are largely concerned in the cure of ague. In Ireland the sufferer is advised to swallow a living spider. In Somerset and neighbouring counties, he is to shut a large black spider in a box and leave it to perish, while in Flanders he is to imprison one in an empty walnut shell and wear it round his neck. Even in sturdy New England a lingering faith in the superstitions of the old mother country leads to the manufacture of pills of spiders' web as a cure for ague, and Longfellow tells of a popular cure for fever

By wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell.

This was the approved remedy of our British ancestors for fever and ague; and I am told that in Sussex the prescription of a live spider rolled up in butter is still considered good in cases of obstinate jaundice.

Many and horrible are the remedies for erysipelas. Thus at Loch Carron in Ross-shire we know of a case in which the patient was instructed to cut off one-half of the ear of a cat, and let the blood drip on the inflamed surface.

It appears that the old superstition may even survive in such an atmosphere of strong common sense as that of Pennsylvania, where so recently as the year 1867 a case was reported in which a woman was found to have administered three drops of a black cat's blood to a child as a remedy for croup. Her neighbours objected to her pharmacy, and proved their superior wisdom by publicly accusing her of witchcraft.

Of the burial of a living cock on behalf of an epileptic patient we have had many instances in the north of Scotland in the present century, but this savours rather of devil-propitiation and sacrifice than of medicine lore.

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384 Sherbourne St., Toronto,
July 26th, 1883.

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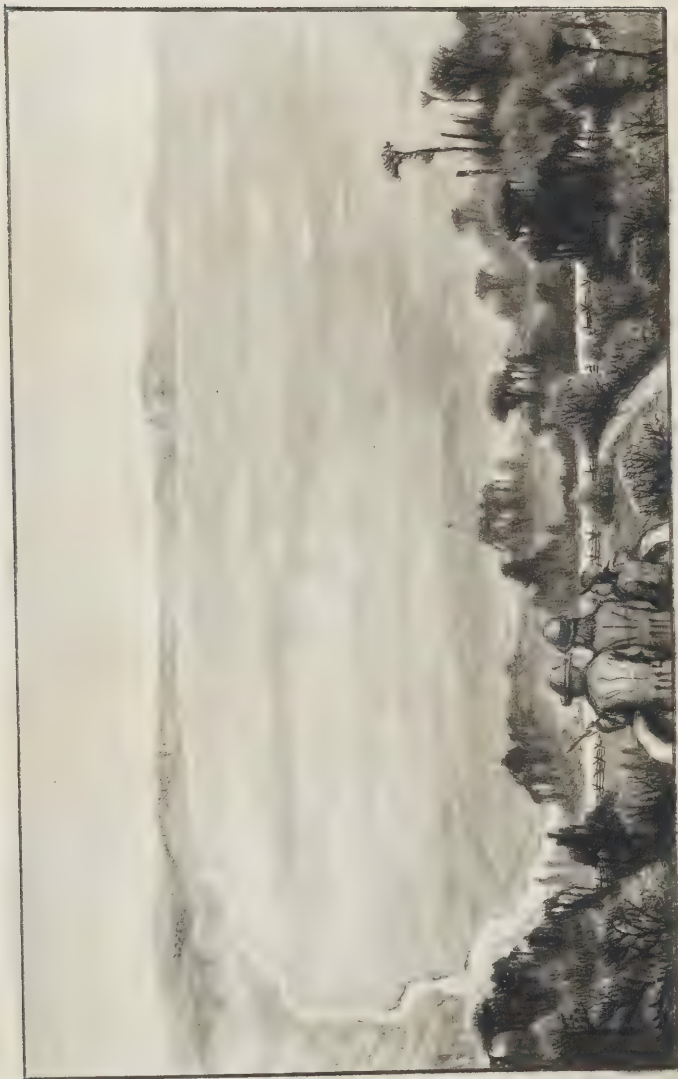
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